

## Our Young Folks.

### THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,  
The gray haired dame and the aged sire,  
Dreaming of days gone by.  
The tear drop fell on each wrinkled cheek,  
They both had thought's they could not speak,  
And each heart uttered a sigh:

For their sad and tearful eyes descried  
Three little chairs placed side by side  
Against the sitting room wall  
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,  
Their seats of fluff, and their frames of wood,  
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the father shook his silvery head,  
And with trembling voice he gently said  
"Mother, these empty chairs—  
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night  
We'll put them forever out of sight  
In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, not yet, not yet:  
For I look at them, and I forget  
That the children are away,  
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,  
With her apron on of checkered blue,  
And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from billows deep:  
Willie wakes from his battlefield sleep  
To say good-night to me.  
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,  
But a tired child whose playing is o'er,  
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now;  
And every time when alone we bow  
At the Father's throne to pray,  
We'll ask to meet the children above,  
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,  
Where no child goeth away."

### GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GAIT.

#### WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS THERE IS—

Quickening of spiritual life,	John vi. 36 ; 2 Cor. iii. 6.
Freedom from the law of sin,	Romans viii. 2.
Consciousness of sonship,	Romans viii. 14-16.
Liberty,	2 Cor. iii. 17.
Grace and supplication,	Zech. xi. 10.
Abounding hope,	Romans xv. 13.
Help in our infirmity,	Romans viii. 26.
Minding the things of the Spirit,	Romans viii. 5.
Sealing to the day of redemption,	Eph. iv. 30.
Resurrection of the body,	Romans viii. 11.
Love, joy, peace, etc.,	Gal. v. 22, 23.
No Spirit in the heart, no salvation,	Romans viii. 9.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

#### WHAT IS TRUTH?

It had been a dry, hot, burning summer, and the wells were mostly empty, when a worn out, haggard-looking wayfarer begged for water at the only dwelling within sight in the dreary bush. The person he applied to was an old philosopher who lived alone, and applied himself in solitude to scientific pursuits.

"I expect a friend to fetch a supply at nightfall," said the scientist, "but there is none at hand now, nor within a mile, and yet, in the twinkling of an eyelid, I can give you a drink of water."

Now, how can this be? If the old man is speaking the truth as to the first fact, how can he be truthful as to the second? He must surely be an impostor, and to the thirsty soul who is perishing for lack of moisture it appears as if he were being mocked. But he has no time to contest the point, or to point out how contradictory the assertions are, or to resent the mockery; his life is at stake; he is fainting, and he clutches at the strangely-implied promise with a faint and doubting faith, as a drowning man at a straw.

"Sir," he pleads, "give me this water that I may live."

"You believe, then, that I am able to do this thing?"

"Sir, I cannot think that you would deceive me. I know not how it may be; but you know I am perishing, help me."

"Drink, then," replied the philosopher, compassionately. "Take this cup, and advance to that glass

vessel, press the under knob, and catch the water; receive as you have asked, drink, and be satisfied."

"Oh, but there is nothing there," sighed the man; "the vase is empty; it is of crystal clearness, and I can see through it. From whence is the water to come?"

"Stretch forth your hand; hold the cup under, commands the sage. The man silently, and with a tremulous hope obeys, and in an instant the sparkling fluid is trickling down the inner sides of the vessel. It runs into the cup, and a life is saved. Oh wise and beneficent charity!

All this seemed like a miracle to the man, and it was indeed a miracle of science. The crystal jar had been previously filled with the gases of oxygen and hydrogen in proper proportions, and a spark of electricity, by a touch upon the instrument at the far end of the room having been passed, by means of a wire, through these gases, they immediately combined into a new form—the form of water. The elements immediately preceding the formation of water are invisible, but water itself is visible as we all know, and may be handled and tasted by any one.

It was not necessary that the recipient of the water should know how the feat was to be accomplished. If he had known of the scientist as a wise and benevolent man who had never been known to utter a falsehood, but to speak the truth at all times, a certain truth, though sometimes spoken in a paradox, he would never have had any real occasion to doubt the word of his true friend. But as he did doubt a little, it was his own ignorance which caused the doubt, not the wisdom of his benefactor. And it was the patient and kind and willing wisdom of him who was able to save which led him gently on to the saving of his life.

#### BOB'S GRUMBLING POINT

Now that was always his trouble. No one could say anything against Bob; he was a good lad, ready to run when called for, truthful, with a clear open face. Bless the boy, was he ever naughty? Oh, yes, as anybody who lived at No. 33 C—— Street knew perfectly well.

It is dinner-time, and Bob is in from school. He is almost out of breath with running, and is telling his mother how he got to the head of his class by spelling that word right.

"That's right, my boy; do your best, and God will bless you."

Dinner goes on until Bob asks for a third serving of apple pie; not a second, mind you—that every boy expects—but a third. "No, Bob, that's all, my boy, and I think you have done pretty well."

But a cloud comes over Bob's face, the smile has quite gone from his lips, through which he is heard to mutter something. There is great silence in the place at the table where Bob is sitting; he is rapidly getting cross, and if he goes to school in that humour some of the boys will catch it. Bob is at his grumbling point.

Now, this is too bad of Bob. His mother is too loving and kind to him, it really grieves her to find her little son so often murmuring and sulking at meal-times. And not only then—for when Bob could not have a new fishing rod, he got to his grumbling point again; and when his father found there was no room in the trap for him to go to the market last Saturday, he had another very severe fit of the grumbles.

Now, we want to tell Bob, and every other girl or boy troubled with grumbling points, that this will not do; that it is not kind to their parents; but the most of all it is not what Christ would like to see in them. Let them add to their prayers, "Lord, give me grace not to grumble any more," and then try to do better in the strength which He will give.

#### WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

This pathetic little incident is dedicated to the "us four and no more" kind. A well known clergyman's little daughter has just been put to bed, and upon the stillness comes a tiny voice in the nightly prayer. Then silence, soon broken by these words: "And, dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she has no shoes or stockings on—and—and—" another silence, as though staggered by the immensity of the problem—"it's none of our business, is it, God?"

#### CONTENT AS A KING.

Once upon a time—so runs the story, and a pleasant little story it is—when Louis XII. of France was at the royal castle of Plesis-les-Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen, where he found a small boy engaged in turning a spit for the roasting of a loin of beef. The lad had a peculiarly light-looking face, keen, bright eyes, and features really fine, and his appearance greatly prepossessed the king in his favour.

Laying a hand upon his head, he asked the little fellow who he was.

The boy, looking up, and seeing a plain-looking man in a hunting garb, supposed he might be speaking with one of the grooms, or perhaps chief riders of the royal stables.

He answered very modestly that his name was Simon, he said that he came from La Roche, and that his parents were both dead.

"Are you content with this sort of work?" Louis asked.

"Why not?" answered the boy, with a twinkle in his eyes, and a suggestive nod. "I am as well off as the best of them. The king himself is no better."

"Indeed? How do you make that out?"

"Why, fair sir, the king lives, and so do I. He can do no more than live. Further I am content. Is the king that?"

Louis walked away in a fit of thought, deep and searching; and the image of the boy remained in his mind even after he had sought his pillow.

On the next day the astonishment of the turnspit may be imagined upon being summoned to follow a page, and finding himself in the presence of the king and the king his visitor of the previous evening.

On the present occasion Louis conversed further with the lad, when he found him to be as intelligent and naturally keen-witted as he had at first appeared.

He had sent for him with the intention of making him a page; but instead thereof he established him in his chamber as a page-in waiting—really the position of a gentleman.

And Louis had not been deceived in his estimate of the boy's abilities.

The youth served Louis faithfully, and in the last years of the reign of Francis I. he was known and honoured as General Sir Simon de la Roche.

#### TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully our duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. Above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from his Church and Sabbath school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honour, truth and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

#### SPEAK KIND WORDS.

"Oh," said a little girl, bursting into tears on hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kindly to Amy."

The last time they were together she had spoken unkindly to her, and the thoughts of those last unkind words now lay heavy on her heart.

Speak kindly to your father, mother, sister, brother, playmate, teacher, to every one you come in contact with. Cross words are very, very sorrowful to think of.