

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE THREE MISTAKES.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

“THEN it's better to be a true Christian than a queen?” said Beauty, still lingering, and speaking half musingly.

Better! I should think so!” exclaimed Lewie; “why don't you remember what St. Paul told King Agrippa? I had thought once to take St. Paul, only I overheard Charlie say something about it, so I wouldn't; and I do love Lady Jane Grey.”

“Love her?” said Beauty in surprise.

“Yes, of course, I love; we ought to love all Christians,” said the child.

“You don't love me?” said Beauty, with a quickness that made Lewie start; he coloured, and was silent.

“You don't, do you?” she said again.

“Will you slap me?” he asked, with simple seriousness.

“No, never again: I am very sorry I ever did,” said Beauty.

“Thank you: never mind,” said Lewie, soothingly.

“You don't love me; do you?” she again demanded.

“I do,” said Lewie, after reflection; “or, at least, I will, if you are a true Christian.”

“But you love Wellington; is he a true Christian?”

“Yes, I love him; he is so kind and good-natured,” said Lewie.

“But is he a Christian?” said Beauty, impatiently.

“I hope so; I don't know. I never asked him,” said Lewie, getting nervous; “but he behaves like one.”

“Then how do you know I am not; you won't love me till you know about me; you love him without knowing.”

Lewie got much perplexed; and looking up at last, said, “Please to leave me to finish my composition.”

“Yes, I will; but just tell me how you would know a true Christian?”

“By their fruits ye shall know them,” said the child. “Lady Jane Grey was a pious, dutiful daughter; an affectionate sister, an example to her sex in ail wisdom and gentleness, and holiness of life; that's what I am almost going to finish with,” he said reading from his slate.

Beauty was amazed; a dutiful daughter! an affectionate sister!

She left Lewie—to his great relief—and went to her own room to shed tears, but not now in temper.

Mrs. Colchester had for some time noticed an alteration in her. She looked unhappy, but much of her haughtiness seemed to have left her.

Lewie had never repeated the conversation that had passed between them; indeed, he had returned to his beloved essay with too much ardour for it to rest in his memory.

Beauty, however, from that time showed a marked amiability of manner towards him, and seemed anxious to obliterate from his remembrance the blow she now so sincerely regretted.

Every one saw and felt that she was improved; less to be watched, more to be trusted; not the constant interruption she had

been to the plans and plays; but Mrs. Colchester had never allowed what she called “child gossip,” so no remarks had been made about her.

CHAPTER VI.

“Beauty,” said the good lady one day to her, “your poor mamma has been very ill; but the doctors think she is now sufficiently recovered for you to return home for a little time, and her heart yearns over you; are you as anxious to see her?”

Beauty's eyes filled with tears. “I hope I will shew that I love her, if I may go,” she said sobbing.

She went home, and even nurse was obliged to confess to the change; so affectionate and yielding, so patient and unselfish; certainly, Mrs. Colchester's house must be a wonderful place!

The truth was, that Beauty had gone home honestly desiring to behave like a true Christian; and as she believed that Helen was certainly one, she guided all her conduct by what she thought hers would be, and with the exception of a little overshooting and under-shooting her mark now and then, she succeeded to admiration.

This was her first start on a better life, and it was followed up by others. As her heart became affected with true Christian love, or love to Christ, she walked by the rule of his word, and measured herself by his example.

Every time she returned to Mrs. Colchester's, it was with more glowing acknowledgements from home of the change wrought in her. Every time she went home, she carried with her more affection and respect from those she left.

Thus her third mistake was effectually cured; and she learned that truly it is “the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich” in every sense, and that true happiness is the heritage of the Christian, and of the Christian only.

### LOVE OF ANIMALS.

I have lately read with much delight the life of Charles Kingsley. While one cannot agree with everything he said and did, we cannot help thinking that his heart was in the right place, and believing him to have been a thoroughly good man.

Charles Kingsley was a clergyman who did not consider it undignified to bring himself down to the level of little children, and to enter heartily into their plans and sports.

His love for animals was a very marked feature in his character. A fine Scotch terrier was his companion in his parish walks, attending his cottage lectures, and after playing with his children for thirteen years, the faithful creature was buried in the rectory lawn, under a fir-tree, with a fitting inscription on his tomb-stone. Mr. Kingsley had, also, his favourite cats, and he never grew tired of watching their graceful movements.

A large family of toads lived year after year in the same hole, on a shady side of the the yard, and nothing was allowed to disturb them.

A pair of land wasps flourished in a crack of his window, one of which he rescued from drowning in a basin of water, taking it tenderly into the sunshine to dry. Every spring, the same wasps, or their descendants, came

back to spend the summer under his protective care.

Mr. Kingsley encouraged this love of animals in his children—believing that they were all works and wonders from the hands of a living God.

His guests were startled one morning at breakfast, when his little girl ran up to the open window holding a large, frightful looking worm in her hand—exclaiming, “Oh! daddy, look at this *delightful* worm!”

Among all the wonders of God's creation, Mr. Kingsley took most delight in birds, hailing their arrival in the spring with childish joy, and grieving at their departure, when the cold frosts of winter drove them away. He sought every opportunity of directing the attention of young people to such things—lecturing to school boys on the subject, and instructing them how to make valuable collections of fruits and plants, and to preserve stuffed specimens of birds and animals. Some of his happiest days were spent in roaming through the fields and woods, in company with those who sympathized with him in his tastes.

Perhaps the reader of these lines may catch from them a hint which will enable him to turn his own spare hours to better account.—*J. N. N., in Young Churchman.*

### THE SAILOR BOY.

THE *Cordelia* was a good ship, but at one time we feared she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days' out at sea, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us. I must tell you of an act performed by a sailor boy, at the height of a storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing a spelling book than furling a sail in a storm. The ship was rolling fearfully; some of the rigging got entangled at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and put it right. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it. He lifted his cap, glanced at the swimming mast, the boiling sea, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate; he hesitated in silence a moment, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hand upon the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I returned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft. “He will not come down alive and why did you send him?” “I did it,” replied the mate, “to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel; he is more careful; he'll come down safe, I hope.” Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall. In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and walked aft with a smile on his countenance. In the course of the day I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft. “I went sir,” said the boy, “to pray.” “Do you pray?” “Yes sir.” “Where did you learn to pray?” At home; my mother wanted me to go to the Sunday-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God, and so I do.”