

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NO!

"**N**O!" Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the play-ground of the village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new-comer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in school and the greatest favourite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say no, I mean it."

"Well, any way, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider anyway."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what might be expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered to him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using

that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no,' is reasonably certain of making an honourable man or woman."

"Yes" is a sweet and often a loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner*.

HONESTY REWARDED.

GEORGE and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them, as they settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He said he was very sorry; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to retain. So the young men returned to their boarding-house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, and neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he was the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over their week's wages, Harry said to his friend:

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.

"Oh he was very busy when six o'clock came, and, handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocketbook.

"Well," said Harry, "I'm going to stop as I go to the post office, and hand the money to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George, "What does he care about that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted; and I'm sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid them a quarter of a dollar too much, on purpose, to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep. He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for a few months while he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent.

Five years afterwards, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner; and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common labourer.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

COLERIDGE relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest.

Gold being offered him he refused it, saying his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this:

The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country, does the rain fall there; are there cattle which feed upon the herbs and green grass?" asked the chief.

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the green grass to grow in your country."

HOW TO RETURN A FAVOUR.

IT happened that an old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks, thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favour of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman, too—lifted his cap and said: "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman; "whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

"LET there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee."—*Gen. xiii. 8*.

"COME unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."—*Matt. xi. 28-30*.

HASTY words rankle a wound, soft ones dress it. Forgiveness cures it, and forgetfulness removes the scar. It is more noble, continues Quarles, to avoid an injury by silence than to overcome it by argument. So, in hearing mysteries, keep thy tongue quiet. Five words spoken cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence. God is forgiving. Michael, a messenger of wrath, comes on one wing, but Gabriel, an angel of peace, on two wings. So runs the Jewish proverb.