

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHAT HAST THOU DONE.

What hast thou done to shew thy love,  
To Him who left His throne above;  
His glorious throne in yonder sky,  
And came to earth for thee to die?  
Tell me, my soul!

What hast thou done in all these years,  
Since Christ in love dispelled thy fears,  
And in their place gave peace of mind,  
And access to His throne to find?  
Tell me, my soul!

Hast thou the world renounced entire,  
And for its praise felt no desire?  
From every folly turned away,  
To seek for joys that last away?  
Tell me, my soul!

When'er a brother in his need,  
Appealed to thee to clothe or feed;  
Did'st thou with generous soul reply,  
And for Christ's sake, thyself deny?  
Tell me, my soul!

Hast thou e'er dried the widow's tear?  
Or sought the orphan's path to cheer?  
Hast thou e'er raised the fallen up,  
And bidden him once more to hope?  
Tell me, my soul!

Or hast thou lived in selfish ease,  
Seeking alone thyself to please,  
Forgetful that thy God would claim  
Thy service, if thou bare His name?  
Tell me, my soul!

Forget not, soul, that by and by  
A reckoning comes in yonder sky.  
When Christ, as Judge, will ask of thee,  
"O soul! WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"  
Remember, soul!

### WHY MAMIE PICKED BLACK-BERRIES.

"I AM so sorry for little Dell Furguson," said Mamie Anderson, one hot August morning.

"How sorry are you?" asked Aunt Mary, who was herself very sorry for Dell Furguson, and who was also anxious to give a practical turn to her niece's sympathy with the sick little girl.

"Why very sorry—as sorry as I can be. What a strange question!"

"I was thinking whether you were sorry enough to try to help her."

"Of course I am. But I don't see as I can do anything. The doctor says if she don't go to the seashore she will die. I can't send her there, can I?"

"Perhaps you could if you should really try."

"Why, Aunt Mary, what do you mean? You must be just a little bit out of your head this morning."

"Oh, no, I am all right," said aunty smiling. "It won't cost much for Dell to go."

"Well it might as well cost much as little. She hasn't a cent."

"You know Mr. Lawton?"

"Yes."

"He was saying yesterday that he was greatly bothered to get help to gather his blackberry crop. The fruit is spoiling on the vines, and the market was at its best now."

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean if you really wish to help Dell, you can pick berries for Lawton and earn fifty cents a day. She told me that if she had

three dollars to start with she would venture to go. Her cousin will board her."

Mamie hesitated. She loved dearly to work out of doors; there was that in favour of the project, but there was one very serious drawback. Mamie had an intimate friend, Maggie Hall, whose father was a rich man. Maggie had a great deal of spending money, wore silk dresses and bracelets.

"What would she think if she should hear that I was picking blackberries like a common working girl?" said Mamie to herself, "Oh, dear, it is impossible."

Still she kept thinking about the matter. Dell would surely die if she did not have a change. And Aunt Mary thought that she could help her. At last Mamie said, "I'll do it," and upon the spur of the moment went directly to Mr. Lawton and made a bargain with him.

The day she began her work, Maggie Hall, all dressed in the prettiest of checked silk, with peach-blow coloured kid gloves and a dainty little hat, came to call on her. Aunt Mary sent her to the blackberry patch.

"You may as well go right over there," aunty said; "Mamie will want to see you."

When Mamie saw Maggie coming, the contrast between her friend and herself was so great, that she felt very much like running away.

"What are you doing?" asked the visitor. "Getting some blackberries for your mother to make jelly of?"

Here was a good chance to evade the truth; and Mamie was strongly tempted to say yes, and let the matter drop. For really Mr. Lawton had told her that he would throw in a few quarts for Mrs. Anderson's jelly. But Mamie struggled with herself again, and conquered; she couldn't quite make up her mind to tell a lie, and she knew that to give a false impression is as really a lie as to speak a falsehood outright. The hot blood surged into her face as she told Maggie what she was doing, and the tears filled her eyes.

"You won't want me to ride with you and visit you any more," she said, "because everybody will know that I am at work here."

"Nonsense," said Maggie. "I will go straight home and put on my old linen suit and come and help you; then you'll tell me all about Dell, and I'll go with you to see her."

How fortunate it was that Mamie was generous and truthful. She gained a new friend for Dell, and won fresh love and esteem for herself. Maggie picked berries all the week with Mamie, and at the end they carried six dollars to the sick girl. And that was only the beginning of what was done for her by Mamie's self-sacrifice. Several ladies, friends of the Andrews and the Halls, hearing of the affair, interested themselves in Dell, and looked out for her wants till she was quite well.

### THE REASON WHY.

"COME, Earnest, and let us have a glass of something to cheer us up. You are as dull as can be, and I am inclined towards the indigo hue, myself," and the speaker attempted to draw his companion into a saloon that they were at the moment passing.

"No, 'Gene, I cannot," replied Earnest Brainard.

"And why not? I should like to know," demanded Eugene, "why it is you never drink with any of the fellows?"

"I will tell you why, if you care to listen to a sad story," said Earnest.

"Of course I care to listen, if it concerns you, old fellow," replied Eugene.

"One year ago," began Earnest, "I was a free and easy, 'happy-go-lucky-go,' sort of a young fellow. I had a beautiful home; my parents were both living, and I had a dear brother and sister, twins, about three years older than myself. Everything, it would seem, that would tend to my happiness. And to-day I am here, hundreds of miles away from the home of my childhood and youth, my parents and brother dead, and my sister almost heart-broken. I will tell you the reason: Wine was often seen on my father's table. He was a moderate man; he never drank to excess, and he despised any one who did. I was much like him. But my brother Frank could not stop when he once yielded to the demon of strong drink. More than once he was brought home drunk. The next day he would heartily repent having brought such a disgrace on the Brainard name, and promise not to drink another drop. He would keep his promise faithfully for a few days, but then his wild companions would tempt him, and he would yield. So the matter went on from bad to worse. At last my father in a fit of anger told him that if he 'did not soon turn over a new leaf, he should never darken his (my father's) doors again.' Frank was fearfully angry, but said nothing, he simply bowed and left the room. In a few days, or rather nights, after this Frank became engaged in a drunken quarrel. His opponent struck him to the ground, and fled. Frank was brought home insensible. For a long time they thought him dead, but finally he began to shew signs of life. He did not die then, but lived on for weeks, suffering the most horrible agony. During this time he could never bear Fannie, my sister, out of his sight, for a moment. I used to think it almost a miracle, that she bore up so, but she had a helper that I knew nothing of.

One day he called me to him and said, 'I am not long for this world, my brother, and I want you to promise me one thing. Promise me you will never touch a drop of liquor as long as you live. I am not afraid you will make such a wreck of yourself as I am, but don't help any other fellow to do so. It is your moderate drinkers that do the most hurt to the cause of temperance. Promise me.' I promised, and up to this time I have kept that promise. He died soon after. In a short time my parents followed him, and now none are left but Fannie and I. And now, Eugene Evans, do you wonder that the very thought of drinking liquor makes me shudder, and turn pale," concluded Earnest.

Eugene grasped his hand. "Earnest," he cried, "I will never again ask you or any one else to drink, and I will never drink again myself, God helping me." And he kept his word.