

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHRIST PLEADING WITH THE SOUL.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. III. 20.

"Lo! I am waiting, waiting,
And patient evermore;
I knock, and still I suppliant stand
Before thy fast-closed door;
Knocking with a wounded hand,
Hauds wounded by thy sin.
Child of My unchanging love,
Fain would I enter in."

"No room, no room have I for Thee,
My soul is full of care—
A weary life of toil and strife
Is mine—no rest, no prayer,
There is no silence in my heart;
Amid its strife and din
I could not hear Thy gentle voice,
Thou canst not enter in."

"O weary one! dost thou not know
The soul that harbours Me
Hath rest in toil and peace in strife,
From care not wholly free?
It still can feel the burden light,
And washed from guilt and sin,
The heart hath joy. Child of My love,
Wilt thou not let Me in?"

"I will, and will not: doubts and fears
Are struggling in my heart,
I cannot bid Thee welcome yet,
I will not say depart.
The shades of night are deepening round,
But darker yet within
My sinful soul. All fair and pure,
How canst Thou enter in?"

"O doubting heart! I am 'the Light,'
Where'er I enter in,
My presence makes it pure and bright,
Though red as blood thy sin;
Though stain'd with deepest guilt thy soul,
Pure as the drifted snow
My blood can wash it. Child of My love,
Thou wilt not let Me go?"

THE TWO PETS.

"POLL! Poll!" cried the spaniel, Fidele, to the new favourite of the family. "How every one likes you, and pets you!"

"No wonder," replied the parrot, cocking her hat on one side with a very conceited air; "just see how pretty I am! With your rough, hairy coat, and your turned up nose, who would look at you beside me? Just observe my plumage of crimson and green, and the fine feather head-dress which I wear!"

"I know that you are a beauty," said Fidele, "and that I am only an ugly little dog."

"Then how clever I am!" continued Miss Parrot, after a nibble at her biscuit. "No human being is likely to care for you, for you can't speak a single word of their language."

"I wish that I could learn it," said Fidele.

"You've only to copy me." And then, in a harsh, grating, unmusical voice, the parrot cried, "What's o'clock?"

"Bow-wow!" barked Fidele.

"Do your duty!" screamed the bird.

"Bow-wow!" barked the dog.

"There's not a chance that any one will ever care for you, you ugly, stupid spaniel!" cried Miss Poll. "You may just creep off to your kennel; you are not fit company for a learned beauty like me!" said the parrot disdainfully.

Poor Fidele made no complaint, but he felt sad as he trotted off to his corner. Before Poll's arrival at the Hall, the spaniel had been the favourite playmate of all Mrs. Donathorn's children. They had taught him to fetch and carry, to toss up a biscuit placed on his nose and catch it cleverly in his mouth, or to jump into the water and bring a stick that had been flung to ever so great a distance. But as soon

as pretty Poll came, no one seemed to care for Fidele any more.

To teach the parrot to speak, was the great delight of the children. They shouted and clapped their hands when she screamed out, "Pretty Poll," "What's o'clock?" or "Do your duty." Stupid Fidele could not be taught to speak! Ugly Fidele! who could for a moment compare him to a beautiful parrot? So all the kind words, and soft pats, and sweet biscuits were given to Poll. It is true that she made little Tommy once cry out with pain from a bite from her sharp beak—and that the least thing that displeased her would make her ruffle up her feathers in a very ill-tempered way—but still she was petted and praised for her cleverness and her beauty; and she quite despised poor Fidele, who was nothing but an ugly, hairy, and worthless-looking dog.

One fine summer's day, the children carried the stand of their favourite to the bank of the pretty little river which flowed through their mother's beautiful grounds. Bessie and Jennie amused themselves by feeding and chatting with the parrot, while little Tommy gathered daisies and buttercups, or rolled about on the grass. No one cared for Fidele; no one noticed what he was doing.

Presently, Bessie and Jennie were startled by a scream, and then a sudden splashing noise in the water. Poor little Tommy, eager to pull some blue forget-me-nots which grew quite close to the brink, had overbalanced himself, and tumbled right into the stream! Oh, what was the terror of the children when they heard the splash and saw the wide circle on the water where their poor little brother was sinking!

"Do your duty!" screamed the parrot, merely talking by rote, and not caring a feather for the danger of the child, or the distress of his sisters.

At that moment there was heard another splash in the water, and then the brown nose and the hairy back of Fidele was seen in the stream, as the dog swam with all his might to save the drowning boy. He caught little Tommy by his clothes; he pulled and tugged, and dragged him towards the shore, just within reach of the eagerly stretched-out hand of frightened Jennie.

"Oh, he is saved! he is saved!" cried Bessie, as Tommy was dragged out of the river, dripping, choking, sputtering, and crying, but not seriously hurt. He was instantly carried back to the house, undressed and put into a warm bed, and the little one was none the worse for his terrible ducking and fright.

"Oh, you dear, you darling dog!" cried Bessie, as she caught up Fidele, all wet as he was, and hugged him with grateful affection. "I will always love you and care for you, for you were a true friend in need."

"Pretty Poll!" screamed the parrot, who didn't like any one to be noticed but herself.

"Fidele is better than pretty; he is brave, and useful, and good!" cried Bessie.

"Do your duty!" screamed out Miss Poll.

"Ah! Poll, it is one thing to prate about duty, and another thing to do it!" said Bessie.

"Fine words are good, to be sure, but fine actions are a great deal better."

WHO WAS HE?

WHAT man was guilty of arrogance and presumption, and punished in a most unusual manner?

2. He complained of a servant of God.

3. He led many into sin and two others perished with him.

4. They came suddenly to their end; but neither by fire, flood, nor the sword, nor by famine nor pestilence. They were neither hung nor shot. How did they die?

5. His children were spared, but most of his confederates punished, though in a way different from himself.

6. His fate is cited as a warning, in the New Testament.

7. A whole chapter is given to this narration.

A HAPPY SEASON.

AN intelligent, pious teacher, is a great blessing. Young people and children so favored, should resolve to make the best of their special advantages, and improve them, ere they pass away. Study the lesson at home, and, provided there are many points in which you feel interested, but which have not been brought out by your teacher, call attention thereto. Your teacher will be pleased and greatly encouraged, and the class will be benefited by the answers to your questions. Every scholar should strive to make the school session a good, happy season. The following will be a great help:

1. Be sure you are in your place before the exercises commence.

2. Heartily join in the singing exercises, and conduct yourself with all seriousness during prayer.

3. Be ready to recite your verses correctly.

4. During the time allowed for the study of the lesson, show constant attention, and promptly answer any questions proposed.

5. By your example, teach others the good and the right way.

Thus doing, you will show that you appreciate the kindness of your teacher and the officers of the school, and you will also have the testimony of an approving conscience, without which there can be no real happiness.

Love God, and He will dwell with you. Obey God, and He will reveal to you the truth of His deepest teachings.

A BEAUTIFUL answer was once given by a little girl in one of the London Homes for the Destitute. The question was asked, why Jesus is called an "unspeakable gift." There was silence for awhile, and then, with trembling voice, this dear child said, "Because He is so precious that no one can tell all His preciousness."

A GENTLEMAN visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and to do all evil. O, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."