

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### "WE'VE HEARD OF LITTLE CHILDREN."

We've heard of little children  
Who told to all around,  
How dear a Friend and Saviour  
In Jesus they had found.  
And we will go to others—  
And first to those at home;  
We'll say that Jesus wants them,  
And ask them all to come.

We've heard of little children  
So useful and so good,  
That Jesus smiled upon them  
For doing what they could.  
And we may all be helpful,  
If we would always try  
To do some good to some one  
Before the day goes by.

We've heard of little children  
So happy in their death;  
They lisped the name of Jesus  
E'en with their latest breath.  
Their footsteps let us follow,  
That, when we come to die,  
Upon the Saviour's bosom  
We peacefully may lie.

### THE BAD CLOCK.

I HAVE a clock on my parlour mantel-piece. A very pretty little clock it is, with a gilt frame and a glass case to cover it. Almost every one who sees it, says, "What a pretty clock!" But it has one great defect—it will not run, and therefore, as a clock, it is perfectly useless. Though it is very pretty, it is a bad clock, because it never tells us what time it is.

Now, my bad clock is like a great many persons in the world. Just as my clock does not answer the purpose for which it was made—that is, to keep time—so many persons do not answer the purpose for which they were made. What did God make us for? "Why," you will say, "He made us that we might love Him and serve Him." Well, then, if we do not love God and serve Him, we do not answer the purpose for which He made us: we may be like the clock, very pretty, and be very kind and very obliging; but if we do not answer the purpose for which God made us, we are just like the clock—bad.

Those of my readers who live in the country, and have seen an apple-tree in full blossom, know what a beautiful sight it is. But suppose it only bore blossoms, and did not produce fruit, you would say it was a bad apple-tree. And so it is. Everything is bad, and every person is bad, and every boy and girl is bad, if they do not answer the purpose for which God made them. God did not make us only to play and amuse ourselves, but also that we might do His will.

### LOST TIME.

"OH! Miss Jennie," cried a little girl to her Sabbath-school teacher, "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning!" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face, "How is that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby-talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love 'oo, Sara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and little Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear she would not have recovered so soon—if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.

### GOOD ADVICE.

Dare to be honest, good and sincere;  
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,  
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be loving and patient each day,  
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle and orderly, too,  
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.

### JOHNNY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

When Johnny first was sent to school  
He didn't know a single rule,  
But moved about, and made a noise,  
Disturbing all the girls and boys.

He knew his letters pretty well,  
But couldn't read and couldn't spell;  
And dreaded sitting still, as if  
He thought he might be frozen stiff.

He wriggled so upon his seat,  
And made such noises with his feet  
And hands, the teacher said at last,  
She'd really have to tie him fast.

At this he bellowed like a calf,  
Which made the other children laugh;  
For they imagined, every one,  
That Johnny was just making fun.

Poor Johnny sat in sore disgrace,  
With not a smile upon his face;  
And, having no more tears to weep,  
He sucked his thumb,—and went to sleep!

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

A LITTLE boy came to his mamma one rainy afternoon, as he returned from school, and said, "Mamma, may I go just down the street with a little girl that goes to our school?"

She replied, "No, my son, it rains."

He said, "Why, ma, I must go."

"Well then," said the mother, "go, if you must."

On his return she asked if the little girl was a favourite of his.

He said, "Oh, no; she treats me very ill, worse than any other scholar in the school."

"Then why did you wish to go with her?"

He answered, "You have always taught me that we must do good to them that despitefully use us and persecute us. She had a chair to take home, and I did not know of any other way to do her a kindness, so I thought I would carry it for her, and that would be rewarding good for evil."

### A LITTLE ADVICE.

I WANT to give three or four rules:

One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three-times before you speak once!

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first; and then with a clear conscience do the rest.

### THE EARLIER THE EASIER.

ONE day I stood at a locked gate which led to a beautiful green field. Between the closed gate and the stone wall was a small opening, but I could not push through it, even if it were to save my life. A band of little children came tripping up, and one after another went up to the narrow opening, and without any difficulty slipped through, and were in the play-ground. I could not but think how easy it is for children to get in! and I remembered the text which tells of another gate, easier for children to enter than for grown-up people:

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—*Matt. vii. 14.*

### A BOY AGAIN.

SOMETIMES an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man, with several millions.

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One morning as he was investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of homemade bread, two dough-nuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first-rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years.

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.

For days after the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.