

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MOMENTS.

In life's glass
The moments fall ;
Soon they pass
Beyond recall.

Use them well
Before they go,
They forotell
Your joy or woe.

They shall speak
Your hate or love,
When they seek
Their home above.

O how sad
If one should say,
"He was bad
I left to-day ;

"Used me
To no wise end ;
Could not see
I was his friend."

Prize them, dears,
Each priceless gem ;
All your years
Are made of them.

If each bear
A righteous seed,
None need care
How soon they speed.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS BARNS.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked Miss Fenton, finding Charlie crying in the hall one day.

"Why, Harry is so mean," sobbed the little fellow. "He won't give me any of his chicken corn to plant in my garden. He says he is going to have lots and lots, and sell it and get a bicycle, and I can't have any at all," and here the tears came again.

"Never mind, Charlie, dear. Run and tell Harry and sister May I want them to come to my room for a little while before tea. I will tell you all some stories."

The three children were soon beside their auntie's easy chair, and with a glad spring little Charlie found his own old place in her lap, and was much comforted as he laid his tired head upon her shoulder.

"Will you tell us that story you promised, about that little girl?" asked May.

"Not to-day. I will first tell of two little boys—"

"Like me and Harry, I know," said Charlie.

"I hope not, but we will see. Two little boys were talking together, when one of them said, 'I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world.' The other said, 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.' 'What would you do with them?' asked the first boy. 'Turn them into your pasture-land.'

"No you wouldn't," said the boy.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it," he screamed.

"I should."

"You shan't."

"I will,—and there was a fight."

"What fools," cried Harry, while May and Charlie laughed.

"I wonder if there are any other such fool-

ish boys in the world?" asked Miss Fenton. "I have heard of one who had some corn, and not one ear of it would he let his little brother have, telling him how much he was going to plant and raise and sell, when the ground was not ready for it, and many weeks must come and go and many things must happen before he could even begin to know whether he could do all this. Wouldn't you call such a boy selfish as well as foolish?" asked Miss Fenton of Harry, who said not a word for shame, but hid his face behind her chair. Gently she drew him to her, and kissing his burning cheek, she said, "You did not think how mean it looked—did you, Harry? Jesus says we must 'take heed,' be careful and not be selfish and greedy, 'for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth,' his real life and joy comes not from what he has, but from what he is in his heart. A selfish heart is never a happy heart."

"Charlie shall have some corn, auntie," whispered Harry.

"And remember, little boys, who it is that gives the sun and rain to make the corn grow, and don't count alone on what you can do of yourselves. Look at these pictures and learn a lesson of the rich man Jesus told about."

"What is in those bags, auntie?" asked Charlie, eagerly.

Corn, perhaps, and grapes in the basket, and the sheaves are of wheat. The ground brought forth so much his barns could not hold it all."

"Wish I was there," said Charlie. "He would have given us lots, Harry."

"I fear not," replied their auntie, "for he was a selfish man and did not think of any one else, but said, 'This will I do. I will pull down my little barns and build bigger ones instead, and then I will have room to keep all my goods.'"

"There's a man sawing a board in this next picture, Harry, just as you do, with his knee on it to keep it still," said Charlie. "It's for the new barn."

"Of course, children, these pictures in this book of the Story of the Bible, are as things and people might have been—not as they really were, but only as we suppose they were."

"Is this the same man in the picture on the next page?" asked May. "He looks frightened and unhappy, counting out his money."

"Oh, see what a heap of gold he has, auntie!" cried Harry.

"More than you could get for your corn, I guess," said Charlie.

"Yes, children, he was very rich, but not happy. He said, 'Now I can eat and drink and be merry, for I have enough laid up for many years.' God heard him (He hears all we say, you know), and God said, 'Thou foolish man, this night thou must die.' That made him feel very bad."

"Wasn't that dreadful?" exclaimed May. "There he seems to be lying dead in the last picture, and he wasn't ready at all."

"Who got all his good things, auntie?" inquired Charlie.

"Jesus asked that same question, but there was no answer. You think he could not take them with him?"

"Why, nobody ever does when they die. They can't. Only heathen folks think they can," said Harry.

"Then isn't it strange that we all are so anxious to get and keep the good things of this world, which must be left behind very soon perhaps, when we know there is ever so much that is better and lasts forever which we can lay up for ourselves in heaven?"

"I like good things here, auntie," said Harry in a disappointed tone, "and yet I do love Jesus, and mean to try to please Him now."

"Why, Christ means we should enjoy everything more than those who do not love Him. But we must remember all the time who giveth us all these things, and use them for Him, giving them to others as Jesus would, making every place glad where we go. Let us sing:

"Like gentle dew the blessings fall,
From God, whose love inspires our song ;
Our time, our talents and our all,
From Him received—to Him belong."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet ;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

Oh Father! may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

DON'T GIVE UP.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try, my boy—try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing. "Don't give up; but try, my boy—try."

A FISHERMAN'S prayer when he put to sea was: "Keep me, O God, my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." This is a suitable prayer for the young beginning their voyage over the sea of life.