

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you—
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work and soonest done—
This is how the goal's attained.
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late—
Be in time.
Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true—
Be in time.

Listen then to wisdom's call;
Knowledge now is free to all—
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive;
Treasure for the future live;
For the work they have to do;
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

THE STOLEN MELON.

IT was vacation, and Eben and Robert had gone to the city with their father. During their absence the boys proposed a picnic to Clark's Point, in honour of two old associates, on a vacation visit home. I was the youngest, and perhaps a little proud of my invitation. My mother prepared me cake and sandwich for the occasion. As I was down in the garden I noticed Eben's large water-melon, now fully ripe. It had been the object of his special care. "O, if I only had that melon," thought I; "none of the boys will have a melon to carry." This I wished not only once, twice, three times, but many times, until I could not help thinking of it.

"What's on your mind?" asked Bill Parsons, as we walked up street together.

"Something," I replied.

"Tell me; I won't tell," he said, coaxingly; and I told him how I wanted Eben's melon for the picnic.

"Capital!" cried Bill, who was fond of melons; "let's have it."

"Why, mother won't give it to me, because it's not hers to give, and Eben hasn't come home," I said.

"O, never mind that; you know what the college boys tell of their sprees—how they rob hen-roosts, orchards, and nobody knows what. It's all in joke, you know. Now let's have Eben's melon."

We talked until it did not seem so bad a joke, after all. I went home. That night, or never. Away from Bill Parsons, I was the victim of doubts and hesitation. I went down into the garden, but was afraid to touch the melon. It grew darker; "Bill says it would be so capital; and after all, it's only a joke." I rushed forward, seized and snapped it from the stem. The deed was done, and I hid it in the barn. The next morning I rose very early. After breakfast my mother tied up my catables in a nice white bag, kissed, and bade me be a good boy. I ran out the front door, and then stole round to the barn. I tried to

shove it into the bag; it was loath to go in, but at last I shouldered the bag and was off.

The melon was heavy on my back, but a heavier load was on my conscience. Tugging to the place of rendezvous, before half way there, in a little cross street, I sat down on a log, hot and unhappy. "I can't carry this poor melon any longer," I said, opening the bag. After a moment's thought I pulled it out, tossed it over a fence, and scampered off. The day wore away wearily enough. Bill Parsons called me a coward when he saw no melon, and his ugly words rankled in my heart all day.

What surprise and sorrow attended the discovery of the theft. "My beautiful melon stolen!" cried Eben when they told him of it.

"That you took so much pains to ripen," echoed Robert.

"I am sorry for you, my son," said father, feelingly.

"You shall soon have another, Eben," said mother, cheerily.

"But I did nurse that so carefully, mother."

Poor Eben! Did not I feel miserable? Where was the happy independence of conscientious integrity? I cringed before them all; my appetite and spirits forsook me. Everything I saw seemed to reflect but one dreadful image—that I was a thief. I bore it until I could bear it no longer. It was Saturday afternoon; and turning away from play I went to my father's counting-room.

"Father, are you alone?" I asked, the door being ajar.

"Yes, my son, walk in. I am happy to see you;" and he put aside his book.

I went in and shut the door firmly behind me. "Father," I said, with desperate courage, "it was I who stole Eben's melon; I stole it one evening." I fell on my knees before him, and hid my face, but I could not cry. He laid his hand on my head.

"Did you forget that God saw you?"

The sorrowful earnestness of his tone pierced my inmost soul. I then told him all. "Father, what shall I do? Can you forgive me? Shall I ever be happy again?" I sobbed out.

"My son," he at length said, slowly and sorrowfully, "you have broken God's law; you have wronged a dear brother, and violated the confidence of your family"—I wished he had whipped me, or sternly sent me off, for his sad tone hurt me a great deal more—"but I thank God, my son, that you have confessed your sins; it shows you are penitent; you can be forgiven and restored, my child." My pent-up feeling found relief in tears, and I wept bitterly. "Tell mother; tell Eben." He took me up on his knees, great boy as I was; but I dared not look him in the face. "They must know all this painful story, Ralph," he said. O, yes; I wanted nothing hid any longer. "Will you go and tell them?" I asked, for I longed to have the great wall of partition broken down between us. I felt that my sin had separated me from them.

I sat down on an old trunk of papers until he came back. It was an hour before he re-appeared, and it seemed ages; he told me the result of his sad consultation with my mother, in all the requirements of which I humbly and heartily acquiesced. I staid with him

until he went home to supper, when I went to my father's chamber. After supper my father called me to the sitting-room. It was time for evening devotion, and mother, sister and brothers were all in their accustomed places. Near my father was an empty chair, in which he motioned me to sit. One hasty glance at my mother; she looked paler than ever. "I have something now to say," began he, with unaffected seriousness; and he rehearsed my sad story. In striking language did he shew the guilt and danger of disguising sin under any harmless or innocent names. "Sin is no joke," he said impressively; "and a prophet of God, in stern and strong language, has denounced a woe against them who call evil good, and put light for darkness"—every eye was fixed on me—"and now I hope Ralph is penitent; he feels he can never be happy until forgiven. Eben, do you forgive your brother?" Eben would have flown to me, but my father motioned him back; but Eben from his heart forgave me.

"Now we must carry the matter before God," said he, with increasing solemnity; and the family knelt in prayer. He placed his hand upon my head, and how earnestly did he pray for me! How he sought that I might be cleansed from all sin by the blood of Christ, and made strong in His might. How did he plead for us all, that we might so live on earth as to become a united family in heaven. Did I not realize that sin must be no light thing, though committed in darkness and alone, which could bring such terror and wretchedness to myself, such sorrow to a parent's heart, and which required the blood of Jesus to wash away? I had known the peace of well-doing; had I not also tasted the bitter fruit of wrong-doing?

SOMETHING ABOUT DAISY.

DAISY wanted her slate. It was in the upper hall, which was very dark, and she was afraid to get it. She hesitated for a moment and then ran and brought it. "Mamma, while I was going up-stairs I said:

'I will not fear for God is near,
In the dark night, as in the light,'

and so I was not afraid."

One night Daisy prayed that the snow might all go away, so brother Harry could try his new skates. That night the greatest snow-storm of the season came. When Daisy arose in the morning and looked out of the window, she exclaimed, "Mamma, I think God did not understand my prayer!"

"I had such a hard time while you were gone, mamma," she said one day. "I was singing out of the hymn-book and Harry tried to sing bass, and Fred wanted to sing too, and it did not sound well, so I went into the sewing-room and shut the door, and Fred and I prayed."

"What did Fred pray about?" asked mamma, for the little fellow was only three years old.

"He said: 'God bless,' and I prayed that he and Harry might both be good boys and not trouble me."

JUST as soon as a boy likes any place better than home, he is on the way to perdition.