

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE PERILS OF THE YOUNG.

At a recent meeting in New York the Rev. Dr. John Hall said:

"It has been said that there are no children now, and it is true that the little ones too early become authoritative and self-governing. In a book I recently saw a chapter headed 'Children and how they should bring up parents in the way they should go.' If a child is precociously developed, he is apt to be tempted to become selfish. The second peril is found in the false estimate to which we are so rapidly tending. A boy is taught that happiness exists in proportion to riches. He sees a handsome mansion, fine horses, richly-dressed people; he reads of entertainments, and it is natural for him to associate happiness with wealth. Don't be betrayed. The possession of wealth does not necessarily mean that the possessor is happy. The next peril is of a somewhat different kind. It is disregarding the privileges of Sunday and of church attendance. If there were no eternity, a day of rest, with its Christian institutions, is a necessity. If we could get all the young men into our churches on Sunday who now frequent places where they would be ashamed to let their parents see them, we would be doing much to make their lives useful.

"Loose thinking about great realities, or defective theology, I would name as the fourth peril. I have heard people speak of newspaper theology, in no sense offensive to newspapers. They are for the purpose, as the name implies, of giving news; and we owe much to them for the energy which they exhibit in obtaining news. Let a man preach the old story, 1800 years old, and he will not be reported much. But let some one stand up who has something new, born perhaps in his fertile brain yesterday, and he will be in the papers, of course. I have become acquainted through the papers with a Mr. Miln, of Chicago, then a minister, who made a somewhat unusual statement about having learned the deepest truths in the theatre. That was news and he received a prominent place in the morning papers. My friends, have deep religious views and avoid loose thinking. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is in his life the world over.

"The last peril to which I shall call your attention belongs to a class which appeals to our appetites, to our passions, to our natural lusts. You may find the peril in places where gambling facilities are furnished, where drinking is the immediate instrument of temptation, and in unnamable places where woman forgets herself, and becomes the temptress again, and facilitates men, young and old, on their downward way that leads to destruction. When a young man without publicity, without consequent disclosure, can go into these places and indulge in these vices, the sacred love of home is gradually rooted out. When he is old he does not appreciate the home, for he does not know what it is. There is nothing remaining to him but to keep satiating himself in illicit, forbidden and disgraceful ways.

Young man, take care of these perils. Be pure as a man, as you would wish the woman to be pure with whom you hope to link yourself. Keep in your heart the sacred love of home. Carry with you the atmosphere of purity wherever you go. Be useful men on the earth, thus preparing yourselves for the purer life of heaven."

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward, as they go!
'Tis made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the shower;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten then and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest true endeavour,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay,
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

QUEER CREATURES IN AUSTRALIA.

A most extraordinary creature was dredged up from the bottom of the sea, not long since, near the northern shores of Australia. The body was that of a fish, but, wonderful to relate, it had in the place of fins four legs, terminated by what might be called hands, by which it made its way over the coral reef. When placed on the sky-light of the steamer, the fish stood upon its four legs, a sight to behold. It was small and something like a lizard, but with the body of a fish. The land animals of Australia are notorious for their peculiar forms and structure, but, according to the above, as described before the Royal Society, they are even less nondescript than those inhabiting the Australian seas. Mr. White, a late member of the Australian Eclipse Expedition, tells strange tales about rats. He says a little island upon which he and his mates pitched their tents was overrun with them, and what was most extraordinary, they were of every colour, from black to yellow, and some tortoise-shell.

BUTTONS.

"Button button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet-table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons in fact."

"No," put in the closet-door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I had a dozen or so," said a boot looking rather down at the heel.

"And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There's a button-wood tree in the garden," said a button-hooker. "I suppose you all grew there."

"I know better than that," pouted the closet-door. "Mine grow in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of their."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve-buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troop."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers often risk their lives."

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass, but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the sea-shore from 'farthest India?'"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendour of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was pucked away there!"

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

Do you remember the story of Martin Luther when Satan came to him, as he thought, with a long black roll of his sins, which truly might make a swaddling band for the round world?

To the arch enemy, Luther said, "Yes I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

So the foul fiend went his way and brought another long roll, and Martin Luther said, "Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

The accuser of the brethren, being expert at the business, soon supplied him with a further length of the charges till there seemed to be no end to it.

Martin waited till no more were forthcoming, and then he cried, "Have you any more?"

"Were these not enough?"

"Aye, that they were. But," said Martin Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

A WHITE ELEPHANT.

A white elephant is not to be considered as snow-white—very far from it. All the white elephants existing now in Siam and Burmah are of a light mouse-colour, somewhat of the same tint as the pale freckles to be found on the trunk of ordinary elephants. The light gray is uniform all over, the spots on the trunk being white. The depth of the colour, however, varies greatly; and there are often blemishes in the shape of darker patches which would seem to ruin an otherwise eligible candidate's claim. An infallible test-point which demonstrates the right of the animal to his title is this: if water is poured upon a "white" elephant, he turns red, while a darker one only becomes darker than ever. This is stated to be the final test resorted to by the people of Mandalay.

"ENVY thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways."—Prov. iii. 31.