

Our Young Folks.

THE BOYS WHO ARE WANTED.

I want all the boys, and all the girls, too, to read this and see if they are like Harry. Do they try to make things easy for mother? Do they help carry mother's burdens? Do you notice if there is any water in; if mother has wood to cook the dinner? Oh, children, do try to make things easy for mother. Now read this slowly.

"Come, Harry! it's seven o'clock, and snowing fast," called his mother from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, mother. Why didn't you call me before? There'll be the paths to sweep before school, and I like to do them before breakfast."

"I thought you were tired, dear, and needed a morning nap."

"Please do not humour me in that way, mother; you know I'm the one to take care of you."

It did not take Harry long to dress that morning, although he did not slight his simple toilet; neither did he forget to kneel down and ask God's help upon the beginning of the new day; but he was out of bed with a bound and his fingers flew fast.

"No drones in this hive, are there, ma-mee," he said, running down stairs and giving his mother a resounding kiss.

"Shall I have time to do any thing before breakfast?"

"No, dear; the bell is just going to ring."

"Excuse me, please, mother, this morning," Harry said, as he finished before the rest. "I want everything easy for you before I go to school."

A happy smile was her only answer; but she said, as the door closed behind him:

"Dear boy! I believe that is the motto of his life—'I want to make things easy for mother.' He's never too tired or busy to help me. He's solid comfort."

"He's solid gold; a boy worth having," said Uncle Ned; "I wish there were more of them."

Harry found the broom, and began sweeping the snow away on either side of the path with a will. Suddenly looking up, he saw a lady watching him from across the way.

"Good morning, Mrs. Martin," he said, lifting his hat. "Isn't this a royal morning for work?"

"I should think you thought so, my dear," she replied. "You seem to make easy work of every thing. How does it happen?"

"O! I don't know, ma'am. Boys ought to be ready for every thing, I think. Work comes easy to me; I'm young and strong, you know."

"So is Jamie; but he makes a fuss over every thing he does. I wish he could catch some of your spirit. You'll make your mark in the world if you keep on as you've begun, Harry."

"And I mean to, Mrs. Martin, if God spares my life. I must make things easy for mother, you know."

Mrs. Martin sighed. "I wish Jamie felt so," she said.

"Perhaps he don't feel the need of doing, because you're rich, Mrs. Martin. We're poor, you know; but we shan't always be so," and Harry's broom flew faster and faster over the frozen ground.

"Excuse me if I talk and work too," he said. "Mother needs me in the house before school. I have to be boy and girl too, you see."

"Don't you find that pretty hard, my child?"

"O, no! I don't like wiping dishes as well as sweeping snow, to be sure; but that's no matter. I never stop to think what I like; it's what's got to be done to save mother."

"Bless you, my boy! Don't you ever think of yourself?"

"O, yes, indeed! I'm a selfish cub any way; but I'm trying to do better every day, and it's

easier since I ask God to help me before I begin."

"Are you a Christian, Harry?"

"O, yes'm! I've belonged to the army of the Lord just a year, and it's been the happiest year of my life. Fighting Satan and sin is great fun when a boy sets about it. I don't mean he shall conquer, Mrs. Martin. I like to knock him a blow whenever I can. Good morning."

Mrs. Martin stood looking after the brave, bright boy, who had already begun to be a blessing in the world, until he disappeared out of sight.

"Those are the boys who are wanted," she said.

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THE BIBLE.

Study it carefully;
Think of it prayerfully;
Deep in thy heart let its precepts dwell;
Slight not its history;
Ponder its mystery;
None can o'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith's that's unfailing,
And love all prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life overmore.

FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them to his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first: "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?"

"I rushed in after him and brought him out."

"You did well; here is your reward."

"And what did you do?" turning to the second.

"I helped to carry him home."

"That was right; here is your reward."

"And what did you do, when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl three years old.

"I prayed, papa."

"You did your part, too, and well; here is a book for you, too."

CURING A STINGY BOY.

Jimmy was the stingiest little boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of a candy.

He couldn't even bear to lend his sled or his knife, or his hoop or skates.

All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him a great deal about it. But he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel better and happier yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than you would if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled was sent off. Jimmy looked on as if he were taking a dose of rhubarb. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he didn't feel quite as well as before. He gave away a silver piece that he had meant to spend for taffy.

Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it don't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy best."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street, dragging the sled, looking as proud as a prince, and asking one of the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel ever so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny the sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since that hour.

THERE WERE TWO.

People say sometimes, "I shall take my chance with the dying thief." Ah! but which one of them? There were two.

These were the words I heard from some one preaching in the open air, as I passed the railway station at —, and my mind has again and again recalled that solemn story of Luke xxiii. "There were two." Yes, indeed. One went from the side of the Lord Jesus to the paradise of God; the other went to reap eternally the wages of his sin.

Reader, "there were two." With which of them will you spend eternity? Ah! ponder at the solemn thought, the awful alternative; an eternity of unsullied bliss with Jesus, or the blackness of darkness forever with the devil and his angels.

"Be reconciled to God." That gracious Saviour's heart is the same to day as when He hung upon the cross. He says still, "Come unto Me."

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

"Papa," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim, which we meet in the Holy Scriptures?"

"Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God."

"I hope then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than know all things."

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears well abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in all such things, the other is a kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Which will you strive to be?

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.

To know God in His greatness, Christ in His goodness, the world in its vanity, and sin in the danger thereof, will be means to stir up the soul to watchfulness.