

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right; it is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain tops we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

—*Carlotta Perry, in November Wide Awake.*

"WOULD YOU HELP HIM?"

"I WOULD help Jack Turner quick as I would wink."

"Would you help Tom Berry? Would you help him?"

Ned looked down. Would he help an old enemy out of difficulty? Silently he looked down, fastening his eyes on a sand heap as if he would bore a hole through it. How should he answer his brother's question.

"I know Ned likes Jack Turner, and would help him. But even if he don't like Tom, I guess he would give him a lifting hand," said a pleasant voice at the window above. It was Ned's mother speaking. Is there a sweeter music-box anywhere than mother's voice?

Ned looked up as if he had finished his job of boring the sand heap:

"If Tom were in difficulty, mother, I would try to help him."

"Spoken like my boy, Ned!" said Mrs. Bonner.

Ned had an opportunity of helping his enemy that very night about eight o'clock.

"Help! help! help!"

"What is that?" said Ned, who was crossing the meadow-lot in the dark. "Somebody must be in the old well."

"Oh, help! help!"

Yes from an old dry well came the piteous call.

"Who's here?" asked Ned, running to the mouth of the well.

"It is Tom Berry. I fell off the ladder and can't climb up; do help me."

Into that very same well, that very same day, Tom Berry had tauntingly threatened to drop Ned, but the latter swallowed the memory of the insult.

"Don't worry, Tom. I will help you," called out Ned.

This so-called well was a deep pit that had been dug the previous autumn to the depth of fifteen feet. A rough wooden ladder used by the workmen still remained in the well, and at the bottom was a pile of stones that the boys had industriously tumbled in. This ladder was a handy piece of apparatus in all kinds of juvenile amusements, and Tom Berry had been using it about dusk, only to fall and find the bottom more quickly than he anticipated. Bruised and sprained, he was unable to get up, and lay there crying.

Ned Bonner soon reached the foot of the ladder.

"Here I am, Tom! Just mount my back if you can, hold on tight, and I'll get you up."

"Ned, you are a good fellow," said Tom as he gripped Ned about the neck and lay flat on his back. It was a pretty hard tug up the ladder for Ned, and he thought what a hard time hod-carriers must have, going up tall ladders with a hod of bricks on the back. It was quite a "brick" Ned had on his back—the worst boy in the neighbourhood. Up he went, carefully as if he were carrying his beloved Jack Turner.

"Now I will carry you into my home, Tom."

"Oh you can't, Ned, can you?"

"I will try."

Try he did manfully, and in a few minutes who should stagger in at the kitchen door but Ned with Tom Berry on his back? Tom was dressed in a light gray suit, and he looked like a bag of meal that Ned had shouldered:

"Mother, here's Tom Berry. he tumbled into the well."

"And like a good fellow, Ned pulled me out," said Tom.

Mrs. Bonner made Tom comfortable, and by nine o'clock sent him home in the old red family waggon.

That night, when Mrs. Bonner stooped down to kiss Ned, who was curled up in bed, mother's music-box seemed sweeter than ever as she softly said:

"You obeyed the Saviour's words, and yours is the blessing of Him who said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in S. S. Visitor.*

BOYS, DON'T BE CRUEL.

THE following story comes all the way from Copenhagen, Denmark. The writer says that, noticing it in the Copenhagen papers, he made inquiries and found it to be true:—

"A boy, some weeks since, while walking beside a pond near Copenhagen saw a frog before him, and sharpening a stick he chanced to have in his hand, he cruelly inserted it through the flesh of the animal into the mud, thus pinning him to the earth, and went his way, supposing the frog would soon die.

"Happening to pass the same way twelve days afterwards, he was surprised and shocked to find the frog still alive; and its emaciated form and glaring eyes told plainly the story of its suffering.

"This so impressed the boy with his own cruelty that he could not study, nor play, nor sleep. The eyes of the frog seemed to follow him wherever he went; and notwithstanding all efforts to divert his mind, so worked upon him that he was finally thrown into a fever, from which in less than two weeks he died."

THE BED OF PINKS.

"OH! mother, dear, give us each a little flower-bed for ourselves—one for me, and one for Gustav, and one for Alwina,—and each will take care of his own."

So spake the little Fritz to his mother, and his mother granted him his request, and gave each child a flower-bed full of beautiful pinks; and the children were overjoyed and said, "How glorious it will be when the pinks are in flower!"—for it was not yet the time for pinks, but they had just put forth their first buds.

But little Fritz was of an impatient spirit, and he could not wait for the flowers, and besides, he wished his flowers to be in bloom before all the others.

So he went and took the buds in his hands and looked into their close coverings, and was much delighted to see the little red and yellow leaves peeping forth from their green shell.

But even this was too slow; so Fritz broke open the buds and loosened the little leaves entirely from one another. Then he cried out with a loud voice, "See, my pinks are in flower!" But when the sun appeared the flowers bowed their heads and wept, and were withered before it was noon. Then the child wept over them.

But his mother said: "Impatient child! may the greatest joys of thy life be those which thou by thine own folly destroyest for thyself, then mayest thou not too dearly learn the great and difficult lesson—to wait!"

It is vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not how little we are in His company here.

THE charm of one character often lies in a trait which is wholly undeveloped in another; in a peculiar refinement or fullness of one part of the nature. Thus, in fruits, the mere husk or film becomes the luscious peach or fragrant mace.—*Ruskin.*

As a cross word begets a word that is cross, so will a kind one beget its own likeness. If people only knew the power they possess in being kind, how much good would they achieve for themselves, how much misery prevent for others.

HAPPINESS is like manna. It is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within them.

CARE FOR OTHERS.—Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends, and you will get them. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people if you would never have your own injured.