

Our Young Folks.

GOING TO SLEEP.

How does the lily go to sleep
In its silver cradle smooth and deep?
Clouds of purple, crimson, gold,
Melt in azure, fold on fold;
Stars look down, so mild and clear;
Sweet winds whisper: "By lo, dear!"
So the lily goes to sleep
In its silver cradle, smooth and deep.

How does the robin go to sleep
In his leafy cradle, soft and deep?
Fainter shines the daisied hill;
One by one the songs grow still;
On the tree-top safe and high,
Leaves are whispering: "Rock-a-bye!"
So the robin goes to sleep
In its leafy cradle, soft and deep.

How does the baby go to sleep
In its downy cradle, warm and deep?
Pearly eyelids gently close,
As the leaflets of the rose;
Mother fondly watches nigh,
Softly singing: "Lullaby!"
So the baby goes to sleep
In its downy cradle, warm and deep.

Who is it watches while they sleep
In their nightly cradles, calm and deep?
O, the Father's loving care
For His children everywhere!
Baby, lily, robin rest
Safely on His boundless breast!
So He watches while they sleep,
In their nightly cradles, calm and deep!

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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HUMAN INFLUENCE.

"For none of us liveth to himself," Rom. xiv. 7.
Proclamation before the battle, Deut. xx. 8.
Saul, 1 Sam. xv. 24.
Corinthian Christians, 2 Cor. ix. 2.
Paul's conversion, 1 Tim. i. 12-16.
Jeroboam, 1 Kings xiv. 16.
Diotrephes, 3 John 9.
See also these references to this fact: Pro. i. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 16; Jas. v. 19-20; Heb. iii. 14.

A BIT OF MANNERS.

It was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsomer as the phrase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes that looked friendly into yours, and a mouth that smiled cordially if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad as was he. She had a thoughtful face, perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air, as if he were her only champion and defender. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up, he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face and he was gone.

Is it not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

POLISH YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

I once heard a successful business man, the head of a large concern, declare that he never engaged a man or boy who presented himself with unclean boots. "Shabby clothing may be a misfortune," he added, "but muddy boots are a fault." The same notion is held, I have been told, by the principal of a celebrated private school, who is accustomed to remind his scholars that he who fails to black his boots in the morning can scarcely preserve his self-respect unimpaired. An eccentric friend of mine used to maintain that every bootblack on the streets is, so far as a guarantee of order and stability in government, "History will bear me out in the assertion," he would go on to say, "that no man who polished his boots in the morning ever excited a mob to insurrection, or endeavoured to throw down the powers that be."

A LAMB AT SCHOOL.

Most of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery song of "Mary had a little lamb," is a true story, and that "Mary" is still living. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Massachusetts. She was very fond of going with her father into the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby-lamb which was thought to be dead. Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and as it seemed to breathe she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove, and nursed it tenderly. Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after it was able to run about. It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy only when at her side. One day it followed her to the village school, and not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her, and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the wood-shed until school was out. Soon after this a young student, named John Rollstone, wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb, and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep, and lived for many years, and when at last it died Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "white as snow," and knitted her a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling. Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb, and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece that when she was a grown-up woman she gave one of them to a church fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was unravelled out, and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which "Mary" wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of \$140 to the Old South Church.

THE MINISTER'S APPLES.

This is one of Mr. Puddefoot's stories. He told to me, and I will tell it to you. I wish I could tell it to you just as he told it to me, but nobody can tell stories just like Mr. Puddefoot, you know. I will do the best I can.

An old minister has been visiting Mr. Puddefoot lately, and he told him this story in the first place.

When this old minister was a little boy, his mother always gave him a big, red apple on his birthday. She never failed to do this. At last there came a day when the old minister was a grown-up man and had a family of his own, when his dear old mother had gone to heaven, and there was no accustomed gift from her as the birthdays came. Then the minister's wife took up the custom, and always when his birthday came she gave him the big red apple. After a while the minister and his family moved to the new State of Wisconsin. There were no orchards, and of course no fruit. So when his birthday came, there was no big red apple. It made the minister feel very sad, for he thought of the dear mother and all the days that were gone, and it was the first time in all his life the little gift was missing. By and by he said to his wife that he would go and visit such a family, mentioning their name, who lived three or four miles away. So he went there and made friendly call. When he rose to come away the man said,

"Here, wait a minute. I was over to the settlement a few days ago, and I saw a man with a basket of nice, red apples. They looked so good that I asked him to sell me some, and he did so. There are three or four left. I will give you one for yourself, and one for your wife, and one for your children." The minister took them thankfully, and felt that his apple was really sent to him.

Well, this was strange. But next year, the same thing happened on his birthday. There was no apple, and again he felt sad. Toward night he went out for a walk. He went down a road where that day a train of emigrant waggons had passed, going far-

ther west, and as he walked along in the trail of the waggons, all at once he saw lying in the road a large, nice, red apple, just like those his mother used to give him. He took it and went home, feeling again that it was really sent to him, and he thanked God for it. Since then his apples have never been absent on his birthday, but he says those two days made him realize more fully the loving care of our Father in heaven than anything that has ever happened to him.

IF I WERE A BOY.

If I were a boy again I would look on the cheerful side of every thing, for almost every thing has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

CHARLEY AND THE PARCEL.

One day a father was walking homeward from a certain town with his little boy. Like a good many other boys, this little fellow was very self-willed; that is, he liked very much to have his own way. He thought he could do almost anything he wanted to do. His father was carrying a parcel in his hand. Charlie, the little boy, asked his father to let him carry the parcel.

"Oh, no, you are not strong enough," said the father.

"I can carry it very well, I'm sure," said Charlie, eager to show what a man he was.

"My dear child, I tell you it's too large and heavy for you."

"No, no, father; please let me have it."

"Very well; if you will have it, you may. The parcel is no burden to me, but I tell you again, it is too large and heavy for you. But if you resolve to have it, here it is."

The little boy took it, and at first got on with it pretty well. But soon it began to feel very heavy. He turned it over to the other arm. His father seemed to take no notice of it. He went on talking to his son about the weather, about their home, and about different things they were passing along the road. The little boy kept turning over the heavy burden from one arm to the other. But still his father didn't appear to notice it. At last the little fellow said:

"Father, what a heavy parcel this is!"

"I told you so before you took it," said his father.

"It's very heavy, indeed."

"I told you it was too heavy, and yet you would have it."

"It's very heavy—too heavy for me. Father, will you please carry it?"

"To be sure I will. Why didn't you ask me before?" Then his father took it up, and the little boy was very glad to get rid of it.

So God, who made this great and beautiful world in which we live, is willing to be our burden-bearer, and says to us, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." But, like this little boy, we think can bear all our burdens alone, until they weigh us down. We then turn to God for aid.