

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

(The author of this little poem, G. B. Ontram, saw "God is Love" written on the Trusthorpe Sands.)

I read one morn'ing on the sand,
And writt'n by a childish hand,
A truth the billows cannot teach,
A truth past human wisdom's reach—
God is Love.

It seemed a very angel's trace,
God's footprint in that lonely place,
It brightened up the sea and sky;
And glad I was I could reply,
God is Love.

And much I thanked my little friend,
Who thus her joyous creed had penned;
And may she know for evermore
The truth she wrote upon the shore—
God is Love.

The tide will come again to-day,
And wash that lonely print away,
But death and hell cannot erase
The charter of that child of grace—
God is Love.

A STAR-HOLE IN THE SKY.

Two faces at a window, and a black, black sky above.

One was a face of delicate fairness; the other was round and ruddy with health, plump as a full moon. Mabel Lee owned the first, and her brother, Eddie, owned the second. Mabel was ten and Eddie eleven.

"No star-hole in the sky to-night, Mabel. Black, black everywhere."

"Yes, I see one, Eddie."

"Where?"

"Over that chimney."

Yes, just above the top of a neighbour's chimney that the night was fast swallowing up, Eddie saw a star. It looked like a little spark that had flown out of the neighbour's chimney.

"Ah, Mabel, you find a star-hole in every sky," said Eddie. "If none were there, I believe you would prick one with the point of a pin."

Mabel laughed, and turned away from the window, leaning on her stout little companion's arm. As she turned, one could then have seen the little girl was pitifully lame. But Eddie supported her, tenderly holding her up. It was a touching sight to see them going to school together, the weaker leaning on the stronger, and the stronger gently bearing the weaker up.

Mabel was indeed famous for finding star-holes in the sky. As she went away from the window she said to herself:

"If I were not lame, Eddie might not be so good, and take such care of me."

The next night after her discovery of the star near the chimney, she was going home with Eddie. She was not feeling very happy, for a little fellow, Timmy Thomas, had made fun of her walking. Mabel kept it all to herself, and did not tell Eddie. She was now so sorry that she was lame, and there were big tears in her blue eyes, but she did not let Eddie see them.

Suddenly the tears were startled away, for Mabel and Eddie heard a loud scream.

"O, help me—do! do! O, help me—do!"

"Somebody is in the water—fallen from the wharf," cried Eddie. "Come this way, Mabel."

As he spoke, he led Mabel through a big gate that was open into a large wood-yard. This yard opened down to a wharf, and in the water, clinging to a pier, was Timmy Thomas. After leaving Mabel and Eddie he had thought it would be good fun to run from one wharf to the other, up to the wood-yard wharf, but he had missed his footing, slipped and fallen down—down in the water. What a pitiful, beseeching face he turned up to them!

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "O, get some one to help me, quick!"

"Hold on there, Timmy! Grip fast and grip firm," called Eddie. "I will soon have somebody here."

Off ran Eddie, saying to Mabel:

"Now, you stay here till I come back;" and because Mabel was lame she was obliged to stay behind.

How she wished she was strong! Wouldn't she run away for help?

"But there, I can keep him company, and that will do some good," she thought, looking down at the unfortunate boy in the water.

"Poor Timmy!"

"Mabel," he cried, piteously, "won't Eddie bring somebody soon? This pier is slippery, and I can't cling good; and I am afraid I can't hold on long."

What could Mabel do?

She turned about, and looked through an open door into a shed on the wharf. Was that a rope she saw on the ground? She limped into the shed, and there, indeed, was a rope at one side. And it was knotted!

"Perhaps Timmy could cling to this," she thought.

She took it back to the edge of the wharf, wound one end of it two or three times around the pier to keep it from slipping, and then threw the knotted end into the water. How Timmy did cling to that knotted end!

"I can hold on to this," he said.

"Can you?" asked Mabel. "I am glad."

There she was above, holding on to her end, and below was Timmy clinging to the rope.

Eddie came back very soon, followed by a man quite strong enough to rescue Timmy.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "What have we down here? A fish on the end of this line? Can you hold tight if I pull you up?"

"I think I can," said Timmy. "The knot helps."

"Well, hold on! Up, up she comes—there!"

And Timmy was landed on the wharf as neatly as any fish ever pulled out of the dock.

"Look out next time, sonny!" said Mr. Gray. "If it had not been for this little girl you might have been down where the fishes are, and for good, too."

Then Timmy turned to Mabel.

"O, Mabel," he said, "I am sorry I made fun of you."

But Mabel said that was all settled, and she walked away, leaning on Eddie, and saying to herself:

"There, if I had been able to run like other folks I shouldn't have stayed with Timmy, and couldn't have helped him."

So she found another star-hole in the black sky.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"By-and-by" is a very bad boy:
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "By-and-by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward:
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honours—"I Can."

"No Use in Trying"—nonsense, I say:
Keep Trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care," and 'twould be "Great Matter,"
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

A WISE CHOICE.

A good minister, whom we will not name, while sitting at the dinner-table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years:

"Father, I have been thinking if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley."

He made his choice, thoughtfully; first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education.

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things are held in general esteem among mankind.

"I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good conscience, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that shall be of any use to me, and everything else will come along in its right place."

A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it, and profit by it.

DO YOU KNOW PETER?

I know a little boy, whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons; but the boys call him Peter Putoff, because he has such a way of putting things off, both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well; but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another, until it is too late. He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind-hand for everything, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for church and Sunday school. Peter is quite conscious of his own fault, and means to reform some time; but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly, that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and find him still only too worthy of the name of Peter Putoff.

ONE spark blew up the magazine, and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body; one sin destroy the soul.