M

Our Young Folks.

HOW TO MAKE UP.

Two little people who couldn't agree Were having a tiff, and were "mad as could be." They looked at each other in silence a while, Then a audden glad thought made one of them smile.

Said she, " Say, you ain't very mad, are you, Bessie? " "Well, no," said the other, " nor you, are you, Jessie? " "Then, let us make up," little Jessie suggested, "Well, you be the one to begin," Bess requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still, While the small-sized disputants were claiming their will, When, what do you think brought about sunny weather ? Just this—they agreed to begin both together.

A HIGH MARK.

"What are you doing, Felix ?"

"I'm cutting my name up here, grandfather."

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" "Oh, not so very."

Felix puffed a little as he spoke, and turned a very red face towards his grandfather.

He was carving his name on the bark of a large elm. He ad been anxious to place it high up, and in order to do so was clasping his legs around the lowest branch of the tree and hanging down to do his cutting. It is very likely that if he had been set to it as a task he would have thought it a hard one and himself a very ill-used boy.

"I'm 'most done," he added, as he rounded a period, and then, holding by his hands and letting go with his feet, jumped to the ground.

"You see, grandfather, I wanted to cut it away up there, and I couldn't reach any other way without a step-ladder, and it was so far to bring it."

" I see," said grandfather.

"It's my name and the date to-day. I cut it because it's my birthday and because you gave me this new pocketknife."

"Are you always going to make a high mark as you go along?"

"Well," said Felix, not quite understanding the question, I don't expect to cut my name on many trees. In the city they won't let us boys do it."

"No, I suppose not; but wherever you go, my boy, you are sure to leave a mark of some kind. All through your school life you will leave it. It will be on the books that a boy of your name was there and left his record either high or low. But you will write a far clearer record on the hearts of all those who may be about you. Your companions will all feel your influence either for good or evil. And this influence will last far longer than the name and date in the bark of the tree. You cannot pass through life without making marks which last through all eternity."

"Will this last very long?" asked Felix, looking up at his letters and figures.

"Come here," said grandfather.

Felix followed as he walked around to the other side of the tree. He looked closely at some marks on the bark to which his grandfather pointed.

"Why," he said, "that's your name, grandfather, and eighteen hundred and thirty-six. That's more than fifty years ago."

"Yes," said grandfather, "I cut those when I was not much older than you are to-day."

"Fifty years!" Felix looked in awe at these letters which had been cut such a very, very long time ago, as it seemed to him. "And will my name stay here for fifty years?"

"I suppose so, unless the tree is cut down. Every time you come back to the old place you will come here and see your name on the tree. If you live for fifty years you will and it here. Your hair will be gray then "-grandfather caressingly laid his hand on the curly brown head-" and I shall be lying over there on the hillside ; " he pointed to some white stones in the distance.

"But I shan't want to come here then, grandfather," said Felix, with tears very near his eyes.

"O yes, you will. You will have other things to interest you then, as it is right you should have. And I am trusting, Felix, that you will have been making such high marks all along that it will be a pleasure for you to come here and see the letters you cut so long ago and to be able to think within yourself :

"If grandfather could see me to-day he would see that I have remembered what he said to me on my birthday so long 2go."

Grandfather walked slowly across the meadow towards the house. Felix looked after him for a few moments, and then turned again to his lettering on the elm.

"I know exactly what he means," he said to himself; "he means that I must do my very best all the time. Now, while I'm a boy, too, for I've often heard him say that it takes a good boy to make a good man. Yes, yes, I must do it, for my name is up there, and it will stay, and stay, no matter where I go, and if I don't keep fair and honest and true all the time, I shall be ashamed ever to come back here and see it."

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN,

