

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MAMMA'S STORY.

"I'll never forgive you, Freddy Bristow, now see if I do." Mrs. Bristow looked up at the sound of the unkind words, and saw the angry flash in her daughter's eye.

"Why, Hattie, what is the matter? I am perfectly surprised to hear you speak in that way to your brother."

"Well, then, he ought to be more careful, and not drop mucilage on a picture just after I get it nicely pasted into my scrap-book."

"I didn't mean to, mamma; I only lifted the brush and the mucilage dropped off the end, and I don't think Hattie ought to speak so to me, at any rate."

Freddy, who was a little boy, looked as though he would like to indulge in a good cry, but he tried to keep back the tears and succeeded in doing so. Mrs. Bristow laid down her book and called the children to her side. "Would you like to know what I have been reading about?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," both replied, evidently relieved from the fear of reproof.

"Well, I have been reading the history of a great and wise prince, who reigned in Mexico long before Columbus discovered America. The capital of his kingdom was called Tezucuo, and it stood on the eastern shore of the great Mexican lake which you have studied about in your geography. This prince had a very strange name, that I suppose it will be difficult for you to remember. Indeed, I scarcely know how to pronounce it myself, but I will attempt to do so. The name is—Nezahualcoyatl." Freddy and Hattie both laughed at the long, funny name, and Freddy said he wondered whether that was what the prince was called when he was a little boy. "I think not," answered his mother, "for the word means 'hungry fox,' and was intended to describe the wiliness of the prince's character, as well as to refer to the troubles which he had to bear before he reached the throne. When he was fifteen years old, the kingdom was invaded by a neighboring tribe, who cruelly murdered the king, his father, while Nezahualcoyatl stood looking on, hidden by the branches of a tree.

"He fled as quickly as possible from the city, which had been captured by his enemies, but he was afterwards taken prisoner by them and thrown in a dungeon. He escaped from that through the aid of a friendly servant, who took the place of the royal captive and gave up his own life for his master's. For a while after that the prince was permitted to live in the palace; but a few years later a new and cruel king ascended the throne of the victorious tribe, and made it his business to persecute the unfortunate prince. More than once he sent soldiers to take the life of the young man, who each time contrived to get away from his pursuers.

"At length a price was set upon his head; whoever took him, dead or alive, was promised the hand of a noble lady, and the possession of extensive lands. Then the prince was compelled to wander a fugitive through the country in which his father had ruled. He used to hide away in caves and thickets, from which he would steal out at night in order to procure a little food. Once he met some

friendly soldiers who hid him in a drum while his pursuers passed by. At another time a peasant girl concealed him under a heap of plants which she had been cutting for their seeds. But though many of his subjects proved faithful to him, and some of them refused to betray him for a reward, even when they might have done so with ease, there were powerful nobles who attached themselves to the cause of his enemies. At length, however, a great battle was fought, in which Nezahualcoyatl and his friends were victors, and he finally became king. The first thing he did, after ascending the throne, was to proclaim pardon to those subjects who had rebelled against him, and the very nobles who had acted against him were given places of trust and honor."

"He knew how to forgive, didn't he, mamma?" asked Freddy, at the same time darting a bright glance at his sister, who hung down her head in reply.

"Yes, indeed he did," answered Mrs. Bristow, "and in this he showed a spirit worthy of the great ruler that he proved himself to be. He made good laws for his subjects and promoted their welfare to the best of his ability. He was an able writer, and some of his writings, which are still preserved, contain many wise reflections. He objected to the worship of idols, which at that time prevailed in the country, and built a temple which he dedicated to 'the unknown God,—the cause of causes.' He was, you see, a heathen, yet he displayed a truly generous temper, and one worthy of a Christian king, when he adopted it as his maxim that 'a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him!' Can either of you think of any other prince that you have heard of who freely forgave his enemies?"

"I suppose you mean Jesus," answered Hattie, in a softened tone; and she firmly resolved that she never again would say that she would not forgive Freddy when he teased her.

NO UNDOING.

A LITTLE girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewn together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had labored so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle holes remained, showing just how the seam had been sewed; and with tears in her eyes, she cried, "O, mamma, I cannot undo it!"

Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and, because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by and by to undo.

Is there any of you old enough to read this, who never laid your head on your pillow at night with a weary ache all through you, as you could not shut out the unkind words you have spoken to father, mother, brother, or sister? Older boys and girls have felt keener heart-aches for graver faults. You all know something of this desire to undo, and sorrow that you cannot.

It is a very sad picture; and now where is the bright side? Right here, little boys and girls, big boys and girls. Let us try to do a thing the first time so we will never wish to undo it. We don't care to undo the words of kindness we spoke to our classmates when they failed in spelling, or cried when they could not remember how many seven times eight were; nor would we take back the apple we gave a poor beggar-boy, nor unsaw the wood we sawed for mamma this morning, though our arms have ached all day, for it was a nice kind of ache that we enjoyed.

No; we never wish to undo a thing that is done right. Then how much better it is, and how much trouble we save ourselves, if we do a thing right at first! Sometimes we don't know what is right; but we can always ask. If the little girl had asked her mother about the seam she was sewing, and had done it as she was told, she would have saved the trouble of picking it out. We can ask our friends; and, above all, we can ask our heavenly Father. He never leads us wrong; and any thing we do under His guidance we shall never wish to undo.

A FAMOUS STATESMAN'S EARLY TRAINING.

WHEN Sir Robert Peel was a little boy, his father used to set him on a table and teach him to make short speeches; and, while still every young, he accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sabbath's sermon as he could recollect. At first, it is said, the boy found some difficulty, and did not make great progress; but he steadily persevered, and soon attention and perseverance were rewarded, and he was able to repeat the sermon almost word for word. It was in this way that he began to cultivate those powers of memory which he displayed so brilliantly when, in after life, he became one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country.—*Little Folks' Magazine.*

LEANING ON JESUS.

A LITTLE girl lay near her death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions, but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling, "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

"Are you afraid, dear child!" asked the minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above leaning on the Good Shepherd who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, must die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus so that we shall not mind pain or death?