

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### HOW JAMIE SMOKED.

"Mamma, I want to smoke."

Mrs. Burnham looked up from her work with surprise. Was it Jamie, her dear little six-year-old boy who had uttered these words?

"Why, Jamie, what do you mean?" she asked.

"I want to smoke a pipe, mamma, like papa and uncle Sam."

Mrs. Burnham's heart sank. Why should not the little boy think he could follow papa's example? That papa whom he loved so fondly! What should she tell him without destroying the love and respect which filled his little heart? She thought a few moments in silence, then suddenly a solution of the problem flashed into her mind.

"Very well, dear," she said, "you may go to the store and buy your pipe and tobacco."

"All right, mamma, where's the money?"

"Go to your bank and get it, my son. You must use your own money for this, not mine."

Jamie was saving his pennies for Christmas, so he hesitated a moment. But he concluded that he must have that smoke, so off he ran to get his money.

When his mother saw him put on his hat and actually start for the store, she was seized with a strong impulse to call him back. Was she doing right to let him go? Would not the lesson be too severe? But no, she would go on now, and trust that she was doing right, hard as it might be for them both.

Jamie soon came back, proudly holding his purchase in his plump little hand.

"Now, Jamie, hand it to me, while you get ready for your smoke."

The little fellow seated himself in papa's easy chair, in papa's most comfortable manner, while Mrs. Burnham filled the pipe and lighted it.

"Here, Jamie, here's your pipe. I hope you'll enjoy your smoke very much, dear."

Puff, puff, went Jamie, in a very manly way.

Mrs. Burnham's sewing was held in very unsteady hands and something made her eyesight very dim.

"Oh, mamma, I don't like it. It makes me sick."

The little brown face was growing very white.

"Never mind, dear. It always makes people sick at first. You must keep on a little while longer."

Jamie was a plucky little fellow, and he kept on bravely for a few minutes. The mother's heart ached for her boy as she saw him growing paler and paler, but "it is all for his good," she said to herself, and she quietly waited.

"O mamma, mamma, take it away; I can't smoke any more."

Mrs. Burnham sprang from her seat and caught the little boy in her arms just as he was falling to the floor. For almost an hour Jamie was very sick, and when she saw his sufferings, Mrs. Burnham's heart almost mis-

gave her. But she watched and tended him carefully, and when papa came home Jamie was his own bright little self again. When Mr. Burnham saw the pipe and tobacco on the table, he inquired for the owner.

"It belongs to a little boy in this house, papa," said Jamie, "but he doesn't want it any more. You may have it papa."

Jamie is twenty-seven years old now, but he has never been persuaded to touch tobacco in any form since that memorable day. And his wise and loving mother has never regretted the lesson which she taught him so early in life.

#### QUEER DOLLIES.

Beneath the shade  
An oak tree made,  
Upon a summer day,  
Three little girls  
Played party once—  
A merry three were they.

Sweet blue-eyed Sue,  
And brown-haired Prue,  
And pretty winsome Bess.  
But what they had  
For dolls, I'm sure  
You'd never guess.

Prue had a funny yellow squash,  
And Sue a two-legged beet,  
And Bess an ear of corn, my dear,  
Which like herself was sweet.

#### ARCHIBALD STONE'S MISTAKE.

Archibald Stone is Archie's name,  
And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;  
Mamma's and papa's are just the same,  
And mine—why, I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins, you know,  
Exactly eight years old;  
We are just alike from top to toe,  
And our hair is just like gold.

And Archie he is almost ten.  
And figures on a slate,  
But does not add up rightly when  
He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—  
Its name is "Two Times Two;"  
That's why I know that Archie's wrong,  
For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,  
Nor vex my little pate;  
But Daisy's four and I am four,  
And that makes us just eight.

#### "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Dear little children, do you know who it is that says this to you? It is God; we find it in His Book. He says to you there, "Love one another." Do you know what it means? "No!" Well, then, I will tell you. It means that you must be very kind and gentle to each other, and that you must never be cross and teasing. Some boys and girls think when people are unkind to them or hurt them, that they must hurt those that hurt them, or be unkind, "to pay them off" for what they have done. Now that is very wrong. It is much better to be kind to those who are cross to us, because that will make them sorry, and so they will not like to serve us so again. God's Book tells us so, and people who have tried the plan found out that it is true.

I will tell you about a little girl named Mary Lundie, who tried it. It is quite a true story. Mary Lundie was playing one

day with her brother Corie, and he was cross, and hit her cheek; but instead of hitting him again, as some girls would do, she turned her other cheek to him, that he might strike that, too, and said, gently, "There, Corie!" But Corie was sad when he saw that Mary would not be cross, and he did not strike her again, but was sorry that he had hurt her.

So you see, the best way to cure people of being cross to us is to be kind to them. If Mary had been angry, and struck Corie's cheek for hitting hers, perhaps they would have gone on fighting until both were very much hurt, and that would have made them so angry that perhaps they would have got to hate each other, instead of which Corie loved Mary all the more for her gentleness. Now, let us see how Mary found out this plan. Her mamma asked her what made her think of doing so, instead of striking Corie. "Oh," she said, "I heard papa read it one day out of the Bible."

Mary was a little girl who loved Jesus Christ, and tried to obey Him. Jesus had put His good Spirit into her heart, and made her kind. She was born with a naughty heart, like all other children, but God had made it new, and filled it with love and gentleness, and so she tried to do what was right because she loved God. This made Mary very happy, and she grew up to be a good and useful woman, and when she died Jesus took her to live with Him in heaven.

#### CHILD LIFE IN INDIA.

The Hindu child is said to possess, even in infancy, in a remarkable degree, the virtue of patience. All day long the child of the poor coolie woman will cling to her hips, often tired, hungry and sleepy, but not crying or fretting.

The Hindu baby will lie for hours on a hard cot in a dingy room, tormented with flies and mosquitoes, supremely contented apparently in the contemplation of its dusky little hands.

Grown older, the children are timid and respectful in manner, obedient to their parents, and well-behaved in public. They learn very readily, and are quick at memorizing. Truthfulness is not impressed on them at home, and they early learn deceit.

#### TOO GREEDY.

The following incident illustrates the folly of those who contract to do a job beyond their ability. A large fish-hawk swooped down into the waters at Bayview, N.J., imbedding his talons in a huge plaice. The bird arose with the fish, but its weight proved too great and dragged him down. Several times the hawk struggled to rise, but failed, and becoming exhausted fell into the water still clinging to its captive. Being unable to detach its talons it was drowned, and both fish and bird were washed ashore.

ACCUSTOM yourself to good thoughts and good actions in early life, and it will be easier to continue. Begin now to be good, young as you may be. The good boy will be likely to be the good man.