

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOOD LUCK FOR ALL THE WEEK.

IT was early on Monday morning that Carrie received a bundle from the teamster passing by the house, which her aunt had sent her from town. It was just the very thing she wanted most—a neat little suit of silver gray and blue all made up, and in the band-box a hat with a wreath of forget-me-nots, which just matched the dress. The little girl's eyes and feet both danced for joy, for mother's eye-sight had not been strong all winter, and so her spring dress had been greatly delayed.

"Mother," said Carrie after awhile, when she had fairly settled to work again, "Norah says if you have good luck on Monday morning before breakfast you will be sure to have it all the week."

"I don't think of much of Norah's fortune-telling, Carrie," said mother, "but I will tell you something in a similar line that I have almost always noticed come true."

"Please tell me, mother," said the little girl, who had a child's interest in signs and fortune-telling generally.

"I have noticed this," said Mrs. Neal, "that I generally had a good or bad week according as I spent the Sabbath that begun it. If I honored God as I ought, by strictly keeping his holy day, shutting out as far as I could worldly thoughts of all kinds, and avoiding as much as possible all week-day work, the week has gone well with me. If I have been careless in these matters, I had troubles and difficulties enough through the week to keep me well in mind of my Sabbath breaking all through the days. The best way to insure good success through the week is to begin it right. A celebrated lawyer said that he could commonly estimate his success or failures through the week by observing how he spent the Sabbath that preceded it. It is the same with all of us, I think. We may spend the day very strictly outwardly, and yet break it all the time in our hearts. If we sit in church and take sharp notice of all the clothes in sight, and in our minds trim over and fashion our own the same way, we have just as really sewed and trimmed as if we took out our work-box and scissors and went to work at the goods. Heart-worship is what God requires of us all, and heart-sins are what we must avoid if we would be acceptable in his sight. Heart-communion with God and our loving Saviour, who is like an elder brother to us, is the right way in which to spend the holy Sabbath, so as to bring down God's blessing upon the whole week."—*Standard of the Cross.*

JOHNNY'S OWN WAY.

JOHNNY wanted very much to "help" his mother bake pies one morning. So she gave him a piece of dough, the cover of a starch box for a pastry board, and a clothes' pin for a rolling pin. When he had rolled so hard that his face was very red, he put his little pie on the stove-hearth to bake; and then he saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle. He tried to catch it in his hand, but it flew away. Then he put his fingers near the nose of the kettle. His mother saw him, and cried, "O Johnny, take

care, or you'll burn your fingers, my dear!" "Steam can't burn!" cried wise Johnny; "only fire burns."

"You must not try it. Believe me, it will burn you. Do stop, Johnny!"

"O dear," cried Johnny, "why can't I have my own way sometimes? I do like my own way! When I'm a big man I mean to thtand and poke my forefinger in the tea-kettle all day, thometime, and have my own way, and—"

Poor Johnny did not wait till he was a big man to do this; a scream of pain told that he had had his own way already.

The dear little white fingers were sadly burned, and for hours Johnny screamed and jumped about so that his mother could hardly hold him on her lap.

"O! O! O! what shall I do! O dear mamma, I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live! When I'm a great man I'll never put my fingers in the tea-kettle. O dear, dear, dear!"

Take care, little folks, how you take your own way; there are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam. Your parents are wiser than you, and they love you too well to deny you any harmless pleasure.—*Watchman.*

BAD WAGES.

"I HAVE left my place, mother," said a poor boy when he returned from his work.

"Why have you left?" said the mother. "Was your master unkind to you?"

"No, mother, he was kind enough," said the boy.

"Didn't you like the work?" asked the mother.

"It was the wages I did'nt like," said the boy solemnly; "my master wanted me to sin, and the wages of sin is death."

His master had expected him to lie about the goods, and deceive and cheat the customers; but the boy said. "No sir; I can't do such things; I will leave your service first.

And he did leave it, and he was right, too. Such boys will make mothers' hearts glad, and will find that the Lord takes care of those who trust in Him, and will not work for Satan, nor earn the wages of sin.

Such trials do the faithful good. It may seem hard to suffer because we will not sin, but the rough sea makes the sailor, the hot furnace makes the gold, the strongest faith comes from the hardest trials, and they who suffer for Christ's and conscience' sake shall be blessed here and crowned with joy hereafter.

RETALIATION.

A LADY once, when she was a girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern:

One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farmyard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said:

"See what comes of kicking when you are

hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning."

Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble."—*Youth's Companion.*

GLUES HIMSELF IN.

THERE'S a curious little creature living on the rocks in the sea, who not being able to shut his house and lock the door, is obliged to use other means to keep out intruders, and to stay where he chooses. His way is simply to glue himself by the foot on to a rock! He makes for himself, in the softer rocks, a home, which is merely a hollow, perhaps an eighth of an inch deep, but is all he needs, for he carries his roof on his back. His shell is round and sloping on every side like a roof, so that when he is glucd into his little pit, it is almost impossible to get him out. The glue he makes himself, and it is always ready in his foot. When he wants to let go his hold, he pours out of another reservoir in the useful foot, a few drops of water, which dissolves the glue and lets him go. All day he stays at home and rests, and at night he unglues himself and walks out to get something to eat. He's a limpet, and he has only one foot. That's no matter, though—he wouldn't know what to do with two.

A DIFFERENCE IN TONGUES.

"WHAT'S the matter" cried a blue-bottle fly to an angry wasp, as it flew furiously about, hardly knowing what to attack first.

"Matter?" retorted the wasp; "why is it that I can not be seen or heard on a window-pane without the whole room trying to kill me, or at least turn me out; while you who make twice the noise I do, may fly about and buzz with impunity?"

"Why is it?" replied the blue-bottle, "I'll tell you: when people hear your voice they tremble for your sting, but they are indifferent to my buzzing, because they know the worst I do is to sing and tickle. I don't sting."—*Child's Companion.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED BIRD.

CANARY birds may be taught to whistle tunes quite easily. A friend of ours had a canary bird that, as soon as it was old enough to pick up a living, was put in a room apart from all others, and a music box placed in the apartment and kept perpetually going, repeating one tune over and over again, so that the singular pupil had no other master to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship the owner was rewarded by hearing his little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as naturally and as perfectly as if that was the song of his ancestors.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all; so neither wait thou for applause, and shouts, and eulogies, that thou may'st do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.