

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### CHILDREN DOING GOOD.

I AM sure you will find out ways of showing kindness, if you look for them. One strong lad, I saw the other day carrying a heavy basket up hill for a little tired girl. Another dear boy I met leading a blind man who had lost his faithful dog.

An old lady sitting in her arm chair by the fire once said, "My dear grand-daughter there is hands, feet, and eyes to me."

"How so?"

"Why, she runs about so nimbly to do the work of the house; she fetches me so willingly whatever I want; and, when she has done, she sits down and reads to me so nicely a chapter in the Bible."

One day a little girl came home from school quite happy to think she had been useful; for there was a schoolfellow there in great trouble about the death of a baby brother.

"And I put my cheek against hers," said her companion, "and I cried too, because I was sorry for her, and after a little while she left off crying and said I had done her good."

The ways in which you can do kind actions are very, very many. Almost every hour of the day, if you have a kind heart you will find some opportunity of doing a kind deed.

### CHILDREN'S TOYS.

HOW little do children realize the great industries that have sprung up for the sole purpose of pleasing them! I wonder how many thousands of people the world over, are employed to-day making their toys, things that they can neither eat, drink, nor wear, but very valuable to them for all that.

Take one small item and see what improvements have been made in the matter of dolls' shoes alone. Time was, when we older folks thought a scrap of velvet, sewed over a doll's foot, with a few stitches of crimson or gold colored silk, was something rather splendid. Now our pets have their doll's shoes in all the daintiest tints of morocco, stitched and buttoned nicely enough for a baby's foot, and some of them are large enough for it, too.

There are little boots with heels, for walking; slippers, in all varieties, for dress occasions, common ties for morning wear, and, in short, a complete outfit for these miniature people, who have one merit above their little owners—they never wear out their shoes. There are quite a number of dolls' shoe factories in this country, and they use up first the scraps from the larger shoe factories, which used to be wasted, also scraps from the book binderies, and then a good deal of whole stock. About holiday times the trade is very brisk, and most of the toy stores keep a good supply on hand. I hope all our dear little girls will be made happy by a pair, at least, of these pretty dolls' shoes that "go off, and on," next Christmas morning, and if they cannot have a pair of morocco ones, I hope sister Mary or Nelly will make them a lovely pair of velvet ones, which, maybe, will answer just as well. Happiness turns on very little hinges sometimes. I have seen a little girl very happy over a doll made of a yellow cucumber, dressed in a slip of bright calico. Another

little girl had a crooked neck squash for a doll, and was very pitiful over poor dolly's "hives," as she called the warts on its surface. Another little girl used to go away by herself every day to play in a grove, and finally a lady, visiting at the house, felt curious to know how she passed her time, so she followed her after a while. There sat the little girl on a log, playing school with a shawl pinned about her waist for a trailing skirt, and eight or ten fat toads ranged before her, each in little calico jackets and white aprons, tied on in front so they could not jump. They seemed perfectly docile and well used to handling, as they made no objections to having their clothing taken off. The suits were laid away in a box and hidden in a hollow tree, and then school was out.

Children's tastes in play are about as various as their faces, and some of them seem very odd. Not many would enjoy such a school as this girl had.

### TRUTHFUL AND OBEDIENT.

"CHARLIE! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this very minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed,

"But I did hear!"

"She don't know you did."

"But I know it, and——"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him. He's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so," said Charlie; "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to; and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played ball on the common. Charles Grey is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is as good as a bond." We asked him once how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habit formed then has clung to me through life."—*Child's Delight.*

### A SILK-LINED HOUSE.

I HEARD two little boys down by the brook, to-day, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid glass chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very

much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it is builded by a small insect.

The house is made by a kind of spider that lives in California, and is called the mason spider. His house is very marvelous for such a little fellow to make all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such things as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk!

The spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a hinge, and shuts of itself. The door and inside are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees an enemy approaching he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door, goes in, and, as the door shuts tightly after him, holds firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white silk lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestled in this luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been in California, and had brought home one of these red clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were near me. I wish you could have seen it.

### ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

SUCH was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her, no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell mother.

### IDLENESS AND SIN.

SOME temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle. Idle Christians are not tempted of the devil so much as they do prompt the devil to tempt them. Idleness sets the door of the heart ajar, and asks Satan to come in, but if we are occupied from morning till night, should Satan get in, he must break through the door. Under sovereign grace, and next to faith, there is no better shield against temptation than obedience to the precept that ye be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."