

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CRACKED!

Twice a set of resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written
In letters broad and dark
(To look as grand as the others),
"Miss Baby Grace X her mark!"—

"We'll try always to help our mother:
We won't be selfish to each other;
We'll say kind words to every one;
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun;
We won't be cross and snarly too;
And all the good we can, we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them,"
The children gayly cried;
But mamma, with a smile, made answer—
"Wait, darlings, till you'r tried."
And truly the glad, bright New Year
Wasn't his birthday old,
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are *your* resolutions?"
We asked of the baby Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face;
Quick came the merry answer—
She never an instant lacked—
"I don't find much of em's broken,
But I dess em's 'bout all cracked!"

WHY THE SNOWDROP GETS UP SO EARLY.

All the flowers are still fast asleep. The buds on the trees and bushes have their winter coats on yet. Some of them have even their little fur tippets. The mountains are covered with snow and early in the morning little frost stars sparkle on the dry blades of grass.

But in the garden the Snowdrop is the early riser among the flowers, the very first one that shows its face above the snow. It tells us that spring is coming, and looks so neat and pretty in its green frock and snow-white over-skirt—just like a little maid on a holiday.

But how does the snow drop contrive to be the early riser? I will let you into the secret, for I know that you will like to be an early riser too.

It the autumn, when all the flowers went to bed, Snowdrop put everything in order for the morning. The white bulb deep under the ground is her little bed room. The fine, soft coverings of the bulb are her bedclothes, and in them she sleeps snugly. Here in her little room, Snowdrop has laid everything in order that she wants to put on when she gets up early in the spring. There the stem has already begun to grow. The two green leaves lie cosily in a winter case of silken, soft skin.

On the end of the short stem is the little flower with its three white outer leaves, and three yellow-green inner leaves, and its six golden stamens. All is enveloped in the fine case as in a clock. The parts of the flower are still very small, particularly the stem, but they are all ready waiting for spring. In spring, they will only need to stretch themselves, to shoot up to unfold themselves, and the flower will be perfect. In the summer-time Snowdrop even prepared her breakfast.

In the thick skin of the bulb she gathered all kinds of food to feed the stem, leaves and flowers in early springtime.

During the long winter, little Snowdrop sleeps as soundly as her companions. But when the snow begins to thaw she wakes up, finds everything in order for her early rising, gets a little breakfast quickly, and then comes out of the earth, bright and fresh, long before the other flowers have opened their eyes.

From this you may learn, little one, that whoever will be an early riser, must lay everything in order the night before, so as to find all ready in the morning. Then you will be the first-dawn stars—unless you go to sleep again after you have been called.

FROM APRIL TO MAY.

"Bessy is my sunshine, and Margaret is my April day," said mamma, as the two little figures stood at her knee.

A smile of the veriest sunshine spread itself all over little Bessy's face, as she went back to her play in another part of the room. But Margaret lingered, looking wistfully up into her mother's face, a tear half gathering in her blue eye, though she said nothing.

The mother drew her closer and whispered, "I wish the showers and storms could stay away, and both my little girls would be sunny all the time."

"Mamma, do you mean because I cry and get mad?"

"Yes."

The little face dropped, and finger went up to the corner of the mouth. Mrs. Marshman touched the downcast forehead with loving lips, and said:

"April comes first in the spring, little girl, with sometimes rain and sometimes sunshine, but most of rain; and then comes May, the loveliest month in all the year, with nearly all sunshine, and such beautiful, beautiful flowers. And so, my darling, if you try very hard, and ask God to help you, you may yet turn to a May day; and your sunshine will be all the lovelier because it was so hard for you."

By this time the little face was wholly hidden against mother's breast, and remained there for a good while; then she too strayed off to her play, but the earnest look did not pass away, and many a time when a storm or shower seemed brewing, a determined little smile would come first as a rainbow, in answer to the mother's anxious look, and then, like the sun breaking through the clouds, it would flood her whole face with real May sunshine, and the mother would whisper encouragingly, "Ah, my Margaret, what a happy time it will be when my little April day changes to a bright, beautiful May day!"

A SWEARER REFORMED.

A young man in the State of Indiana not long ago left home for a business opening in Ohio. There a gentleman from his own native place found him, and was shocked to discover that he had become a profane swearer. Returning home he felt constrained to tell his

parents of his awful degeneration. They said little, and in doubt whether they had understood him he called the next day and repeated the statement. The father calmly replied:

"We understood you; my wife and I spent a sleepless night on our knees pleading in behalf of our son; and about daybreak we received the assurance from God that James will never swear again."

Two weeks after the son came home a changed man.

"How long since this change took place?" asked his rejoicing parents.

He replied that just a fortnight before he was struck with a sense of guilt so that he could not sleep, and spent the night in tears and prayers for pardon. Mark—there had been no time for any parental appeal, or even for a letter of remonstrance—while they were praying for him God moved him to pray for himself.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy." Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" "Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

CHRIST WILL QUICKLY RESPOND.

Mr. Moody was in London delivering his old and earnest Gospel discourses—a little boy got separated from his mother in the crowded audience, and began to cry.

"Hold the little fellow up!" called out Mr. Moody. As soon as he was lifted above the crowd, the mother spied him and pushed her way up toward him.

Mr. Moody, seizing upon the incident, exclaimed: "Notice how quickly that mother went to her lost boy; Christ will come much swifter in response to the longing desires of any broken and contrite heart in this assembly."

BE UNSELFISH

"I want to tell you a secret," said William Wirt to his daughter. "The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life its sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you."