

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DAISY'S REASON.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said.

MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY.

CHILDREN, make your mother happy;
Make her sing instead of sigh,
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy;
Many griefs she has to bear:
And she wears 'neath her burdens,
Can you not these burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy;
Prompt obedience cheers the heart;
While a wilful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy;
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily, don't you see them?
While your own are smooth and fair.

"BIDDY-SKIN."

"MAMMA, mamma, see my arms; they are all biddy-skin," cried little Ellen Wilks, one cold, frosty morning; and she pulled up her sleeves, and displayed her little fat arms, all covered with little fine points.

"Goose-flesh, you mean," said mamma, laughing heartily at her little girl's mistake. "It always comes when we are cold; do you know what makes it?"

"Will it always stay so?" asked the child, ready to cry.

"No, indeed, dear; when you are warm your little arms will be as smooth as ever. These little points are the ends of the nerves; and when the nerves are suddenly affected by the cold, or, as they sometimes are, by fright, they start up, and make the skin look rough, like the skin of a goose or other fowl. That is why we call it goose-flesh."

"What are nerves, mamma?" asked little Ellen, looking up from her play that same forenoon.

"The nerves are the little fine telegraph wires that run all through the body, to carry messages back and forth, between the thinking part, which is up here in the head, to the ears and eyes, the arms and legs, the fingers and toes, and every part of the body. If you stick a needle into your finger, you would not know it but for the little nerve that at once carries the message up to the brain. Then the brain sends word back, 'Take it out, take it out.' You see a pretty picture, or smell a flower, or hear lovely music, and the nerve of the eye, the nose, the ear, tells about it to the brain, and the brain says, 'How sweet! how charming!' And if you want to move your arm, or your foot, to sew, to play the piano, or to walk, you can't do it till the order comes

down by the little nerves. These little messengers are very, very busy all the time."

"Do they go to sleep when I do?"

"Most of them do," said mamma, "but some of them have to be busy all the time. You must take good care of your little telegraph wires, dear, for if they get broken or lame, it is very hard work to mend them."

SHINING.

JESUS bids us shine,
With a pure, clear light;
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

JESUS bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our lights grow dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

GO AWAY SATAN! GO AWAY!

A LITTLE girl sat upon the large stone door-step of her father's house, and beside her was a boy of about the same age. He had been eating a fresh, rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight; then turning back to his playmate, who seemed absorbed in the pictures of a new book, he said:

"Give me your apple, Katie; mine's all gone."

"Not now; wait a little," was the reply.

But the greedy little fellow, not willing to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled it, and then tossed it up lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected his teeth would go into it; but he was too honest for that.

At last it dropped from his hands, rolled into the gutter, and was borne away.

His cry brought the eyes of the little girl upon him. The blood mounted to her brow; she was at once upon her feet, with one hand raised, apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her. But the hand did not fall; and as she stood, her face and form shewing the struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted.

A moment more, and her voice fell on my ear—

"Go away, Satan! go away!"

The mother within the door heard the words too, and coming out asked what they meant. A blush was upon the brow of the child, but it was humility and shame that caused it, while with drooping head she answered: "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie; but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her, saying: "That is right, my child; resist him, and he will flee from you."

Would that all might learn in childhood to resist the power of temptation by the help of the Holy Spirit!

Truly, the world would be better for it.

"HE that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."—*Prov. xxv. 28.*

HOW FRANKIE SMITH PRAYED.

ONE night, when Frankie was three years old, he said his prayers, and went to bed. He was not sleepy, so his sister began to talk. "If you did not speak your prayer right out of your heart truly, it was not any prayer at all," said she. "Wasn't it?" asked Frankie. "Well, then I have not prayed. I'll begin now." So Frankie folded his hands, and "spoke truly" to "heavenly Jesus;" for so he called the Lord. Now, Frankie had been a very wilful child. His high temper had made his friends afraid. But, only think! from that time he became good and gentle; and he grew up to be as sweet as he was bright and cheerful. Jesus helped him as soon as he prayed truly. Try that way of prayer. It is the one right way, which God answers.

From "only one word" many quarrels begin;
And "only this once" leads to many a sin.
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;
"Only once more," and the diver was drowned;
"Only one drop" many drunkards has made;
"Only a play," many gamblers have said,
"Only a cold," opens many a grave,
"Only resist," many evils will save.

"LOVES TO DO RIGHT."

"JOHNNY loves to do right," said Mrs. Hale. "I can always trust him."

What kind of a man do you think Johnny will make? An upright man, like the good king who "did that which was good and right." Yes, Johnny will make such a man if he keeps on loving to do right, and it is a great deal better to be such a man as that than to be a king.

WORTH TRYING TO DO.

I WILL always obey my mother and father.

I will try to have my lessons perfect.

I will try to be kind, and not get cross.

I will try to behave like God's child.

I will ask God to help me to live thus.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only a part of my Maker's plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

MAMMA, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"

AN influential lady, the wife of a prominent lawyer in C—, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account, at a prayer-meeting, of her conversion:—

"Last evening my little girl came to me, and said, 'Mamma, are you a Christian?'"

"No, Fannie, I am not."

"She turned and went away, and as she walked off I heard her say, 'Well, if mamma isn't a Christian I don't want to be one.' And I tell you, my dear friends, it went right to my heart, and then and there I tried to give myself up to Christ."

Mothers who read this, in the language of that little child, "Mamma, are you a Christian?"

"A FOOL'S mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul."—*Prov. xviii. 7.*

EARLY to bed and early to rise

Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise