

Our Young Folks.

THE ROBIN AND THE BUTTERCUP.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather

A robin who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy,

For daisies grow so big and tall.
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome colour,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said the sad, young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day, when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy!
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you."

"Though swallows keep me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places:
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies!"

"Look bravely up into the sky
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

HOW TO HAVE A GOOD MEMORY.

Some people are so fortunate as to be born with good memories; others, if they would attain that priceless boon, must patiently cultivate it—and this is perfectly possible, too. You will often hear people say: "Oh, my memory is so poor, I can't remember anything." Unless there is some mental disease that should be a most humiliating statement, as it shows simply listless, careless, slovenly habits of mind that we ought to be ashamed of. If you would have a good memory you must make it work for you, and serve you with fidelity, just as you make your hands and your feet work for you. Tie an arm at your side and let it hang limp at your side for months, and it will become as weak and unreliable as your memory is. Give your memory its work to do, and then see that it does it. Throw away your note-book and pencil and allow your memory to do the work that nature intended it to do. I know a physician who notes down everything—but unfortunately he has no one to remind him of his note-book; so half the things he notes down are forgotten. From neglect and inattention my memory became treacherous, and I was getting into the note-book habit, but I found it unsatisfactory and a grievous trouble, so I determined to call a halt and dispense with "writin' down" everything, and make my memory do what it was entitled to do. Now I never make a pencil mark to aid my memory, and in a large medical practice I have a hundred things to bear in mind every day. But the more I burden my memory and the more implicitly I rely upon its fidelity the stronger it becomes and the more worthy of trust. Occasionally it still plays me false, but these lapses are becoming more rare every year. Try this method of culture, and see if it don't yield you as good results as it has me. But see that you charge your memory with the matter that you want to use. Forgetfulness is often a matter of inattention. Let a thing make a strong mental impression—lay it away carefully and then when the proper time comes to use it, it will probably present itself.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

Aunt Louise has two little nieces. She calls them half her children, because she has them half the time, and then she named them besides. They were little twin sisters, and their birthday came in May.

Such a time as they had naming those babies! When Aunt Louise was asked what she thought would be pretty names, she just wrote back, "Violets and May come together." Everybody was pleased, and said it was a happy thought for the little twin sisters, whose birthday came in May.

Every year, by the first of June, papa sends the two children out to Aunt Louise's big farm-house. There they stay all the summer, growing brown and strong in the country air. They were always real little flower-lovers and picked so many that Aunt Louise never knew what to do with them. This year, when they came out to the farm, they were full of a new plan.

Their teacher had told them of the Flower Mission, and how much pleasure the flowers gave the little children and the grown-up people in the hospitals. Their mamma said

that if they would send a basketful, twice a week, she would take them to the children's hospital.

The first basket was full of daisies. They were picked early in the morning, put into a moss-lined basket, sprinkled, and covered with waxed paper. By noon every little child in the hospital had a bunch of fresh daisies. Mamma wrote them of one poor little girl who had never seen a daisy before, and they did her a world of good. That sent Aunt Louise to thinking. If ten daisies do the child a world of good, what would ten thousand daisies do?

The next basket that went to the city was full of roses. Aunt Louise took it herself, and when she came home she brought the poor little girl with her. The daisies proved to be very good doctors, and little Fannie grew better very fast. She liked them more than anything else, and always wanted to send daisies to her "hospilly," as she called it.

One day they sent in such a big basketful that all the children could make daisy chains. And one rainy day they made a great quantity of daisy faces—grandmothers and mothers, some thin and some fat; children and little babies in frilled caps, some pretty and some comical. Such fun as the children had when this basketful came!

Twice a week, all the summer, the basket went back and forth. Sometimes it was full of berries instead of flowers. In the last basket there were neither berries nor flowers, but something that the children could enjoy all the winter long—the prettiest and cunningest kitten in the world. It was a case of love at first sight:—

I love my lovely pussy, my pussy she loves me,
And whatsoever happens, we always can agree.

THE BABY'S GUARDIAN.

A gentleman in Connecticut took a collie from the Lothian kennels at Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened, one day in November, that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house, he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back, he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well.

We need not tell you the feelings of the father, as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.

THE BROKEN SAW.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys,—they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without labor in search of a boy. The work was not very hard,—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age: nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy.

"I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and suspecting, and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel, and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house, the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid, if I put it off, I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot; then, stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said, heartily, "give me your hand, shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke: it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that, than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

SUE'S SECRET.

"I wonder how it is that everybody likes Sue Hamilton so," mused her classmate, Katie Lee.

"My recitations are just as good as hers. I try to be pleasant, seldom lose my temper, and yet she is the favourite with every teacher and scholar in the school. She is not pretty, either," Kate continued, as she looked with a slight blush in the mirror that hung opposite. "Yet even brother Tom, who is so fastidious, said last night, 'What a noble girl Sue Hamilton is, Kate. I am glad you are thrown so much in her company.'"

"Sue," cried a chorus of voices at the foot of the stairs, where are you?"

"There it is," sighed Katie; "they cannot do any thing without Sue's help, while they never think of coming for me."

She brushed the tears from her eyes and joined the bevy of girls in the hall.

"O, we thought it was Sue," said the leader of the band in tones of disappointment.

A hot flash covered Katie's cheeks, and angry words rushed to her lips.

"Sue, Sue; I'm sick of the very name," she said, and then paused, for the door opposite suddenly opened, and Sue's curly head was thrust out.

"Here I am, girls, helping Fanny Jones with her examples; just wait five minutes longer, and I will be through. Katie, dear, won't you come in? I want you to help me settle one or two difficult points."

Katie drew haughtily back, but was persuaded to enter the room, and before she knew it was as much interested in the examples as Sue herself.

"Now let us join the others," said Sue.

"It is you that they want, not me."

"But I want you, Katie," Sue lovingly continued, as she drew Katie on.

"What a happy bevy of girls," said one teacher to another, as they stood together looking out of the hall window five minutes later. "I believe Sue Hamilton carries sunshine everywhere! I wonder what is the secret of her success?"

"She is a Christian, you know," was the quiet answer.

"O, yes, to be sure; and so are Katie Lee and Fanny Brown and a score of the others. Still, you must be ready to admit that there is a difference. I think that the child is endowed with much of the spirit of Christ, who pleased not Himself. The Golden Rule is the standard of her life, I am sure."

"Sue," said Katie as they walked together in the now deserted school-yard, "what makes everybody love you so?"

"I don't know," said Sue, blushing, "unless it is because I love everybody."

Tears dimmed Katie's eyes.

"You are so good," she said, "and I find it so hard to serve Christ faithfully."

"O, Katie, I am not good at all. I am very weak and erring, but the dear Lord has said that He will help me, and I am taking Him at His word."

"I have learned," said Katie Lee that evening to her brother Tom, "the secret of Sue Hamilton's success."

"Well?" he smilingly answered.

"It is the same spirit as that which prompted the Saviour, who sought not to please Himself, but spent His life in self-sacrificing service for others. Sue's life is governed by the Golden Rule."

SACRED MONEY.

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon enquiry, that these children were in the habit of faithfully setting apart at least one-tenth of all the money which came into their hands, and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they themselves had developed the expression "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.