

## Our Young Folk.

### SPRING TIME.

Three months of spring-time.  
March is cross and crusty,  
Gusty and dusty.  
Do not be like him.

April is uncertain—  
Smiling and weeping,  
Never promise keeping,  
Always some new whim.

May brings us blossoms,  
Blue skies and breezes,  
Everything that pleases,  
Ever blithe and gay.

Youth is your spring-time;  
Oh, ye lads and lasses,  
Watch it while it passes,  
And try to be like May.

—*Mary E. Vandyne, in Harper's Young People*

### LETTER FROM A JUVENILE MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

A FRIEND send us the following, which we take pleasure in publishing:

MT. BRYDGES (June 19th, 1889).—I have just received, for collecting missionary money, a nice prize book entitled, "Tales of the Covenanters." I will try to tell you as much as I can about these Covenanters. They were a religious people who lived in Scotland, and who worshipped God, not through the Virgin Mary and other saints, but through Jesus Christ. They wanted to worship God in their own way, and read the Bible, but the priests would not permit this. The Covenanters were then forced to go and hide in caves and mountains, whither they were followed by the Roman soldiers and much persecuted. This lasted till about one hundred and forty years ago. The first story is about "Helen of the Glen." Helen of the Glen had at this time a mother and a brother; they were at last driven from their home for fear of being killed. One day, while they were hearing a minister preach, the soldiers came upon them, and their mother was killed—shot through the heart. The children were then taken care of by a kind farmer. After awhile Helen died, leaving her brother William alone in the world. William grew up to be a religious, prosperous man, teaching others of Christ. The next story is about "Ralph Gemmell." Ralph's father and brother were opposed to the Covenanters, but he and his mother were not. After a time his mother died, and Ralph was very sorry. Ralph, after his mother's death, joined the Covenanters, but soon left them and went with the soldiers. But he repented, joined the Covenanters, was caught and banished; but was soon set free, and returned home just in time to attend the bedside of his dying father. Before he died, his father repented, and so did his brother Edward. Ralph succeeded his father, and in after years put his trust in his Saviour. The last story is about, "The Persecuted Family," which consisted of Mr. Bruce, his wife, his

daughter, and his son. After awhile they were forced to hide in a cave. One day, while hearing her husband preach, Mrs. Bruce was shot through the body and died instantly. The next to die was the minister's son, who was caught, tortured and hung. The daughter was so sorry that she died of a broken heart. Mr. Bruce then wandered about preaching for a long while, but was finally betrayed by a man and shot by a cruel officer, in a cave. But such days of cruel persecution are all over, and one can worship God in any way without being troubled. We must learn a lesson from these Covenanters: to be brave in the cause of Christ. I am afraid you will think my letter is too long now, so I will draw to a close.

### A PENNY PARABLE.

AT an English missionary meeting, an earnest speaker had been telling about God's work among the heathen, about his trials and his triumphs.

A collection was then taken, and, as it was a children's meeting, the plates came back with a great many pennies. These looked very much alike, but the steward who counted them over said they differed wonderfully.

"How so?" asked the teacher.

"Because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate," answered the steward.

Then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed the plate among the classes.

One boy thought collections should not be taken at a missionary meeting. "When I give," said he, "I want to give without being asked. But as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being dunned for money."

When this boy threw the penny in, "I call that an iron penny," said the steward. "It came from a hard, iron heart, and the hand that gave it was a cold, and merciless hand."

As the plate passed on, it reached another boy. He was laughing and talking with a boy in the class behind him at the time. The plate waited a second, while the boy's teacher tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Have you your penny ready?" "A penny?" said the boy, turning about. "What's a penny! of course, I'll give a penny; a penny's nothing; here goes a penny for the heathen!" And, so saying, he tossed the penny in, and at once looked about for some more fun. "That boy's penny," said the steward, "I call tin."

The plate went on its way, and met a boy of another sort. His penny was ready. He had been holding it between his thumb and finger in such a way that his classmates might all see it. Looking round to make sure that they were all now watching him, he dropped it in with a self-satisfied air and with a loud thump. "A brass penny, that," said the steward, as he kept on counting.

"But the next kind I got was a great deal better," he pursued. "It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the speaker, and whose eyes were touched with real pity."

As the plate drew near this boy, he turned to his teacher and whispered, while a tear dimmed either eye, "I'm very sorry for the heathen! Of course, I'll