

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### BABY'S GOOD NIGHT.

Go to sleep, baby,  
Shut your blue eyes.  
Bright stars are winking  
Up in the skies.  
So go to sleep, baby,  
Be sure you don't cry.  
For mother will sing you  
A sweet lullaby.

Up in their nests  
In the great, tall trees,  
Little birds rock  
In the evening breeze.  
Down in the meadow,  
Beside the old sheep,  
The baby lambs lay  
Them down to sleep.

So my little baby  
On mother's breast  
Forgots all her troubles  
And sinks to her rest.  
God bless her! God keep her  
Safe from all harms,  
The fast asleep baby  
In mother's own arms.

### EMMA'S AMBITION.

"O MAMMA!" she said, looking up with flushed face, "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father, kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly; and custard; and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book probably knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice, "what makes you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room, and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and these papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table, while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother."

"O, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different, nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see

how hard I would work. I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma!" said Emma again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do—listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.'"

"And once He said to a man, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?"—Pansy.

### "I'M NOT MINE OWN."

I'm not mine own—I'm Thine, O God!  
Created by Thy power,  
To praise, and serve, and honour Thee,  
Each day, and every hour.

I'm not mine own—I would be Thine,  
Jesus! who, with Thy blood,  
Hast washed my guilty soul from sin,  
And brought me back to God!

I'm not mine own—I would be Thine,  
Thou Spirit of all grace!  
O breathe on me, and o'er my heart  
Thine heavenly image trace.

Then, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
I'll bend before Thy throne,  
And through eternity confess  
I never was mine own!

### THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

FLOSS had made a very snug berth for herself and her babies, or rather she found it, as exploring one day the back kitchen she came upon a basket in a corner. Floss, who was a very decided cat, said at once that this should be her nursery, and there the three little kittens shortly afterwards saw the light. Of course they did not see it at first, because they were blind, but I daresay their mother's tongue, as she licked them all over many times a day, had a way of its own of telling them about the big world outside the basket, or at any rate of the mother-love, which is the best secret of all.

Then little Daisy came to pay them a visit. Daisy looked down at the kittens, and the kittens looked up at her, for they could not be afraid of such a sweet little creature as she was.

Presently cook wanted the basket for her potatoes, and so she shifted them very carefully into a smaller one. In this way the three little kittens saw how vast the world was in that back kitchen, and they began at once to tease their mother to let them out, that they might see a little more.

"Peace, my children," said Floss, angrily; "can't you bide your time? You'll have enough of the world by-and-bye, and it's but a sorry place now, mice are so scarce."

But the naughty kittens did not mind, and when their mother was asleep they would whisper together about being "kept back," and "put upon," and "being old enough to judge for themselves," and other such-like ideas which young kittens and a good many other young people are but too apt to get into their silly heads.

At last Tabby, the oldest one, determined

one day, when Floss was dozing, that come what may, he would climb up the side of the basket. He did it, and in a moment was down at the other side. Then he mowed to his sisters to follow, and when his mother woke up she found herself alone in the nursery, and her audacious darlings scampering outside in wild delight. What was to be done? Could such conduct be forgiven? She could only scold in a voice that made them all tremble, and Tabby to put his paws upon the basket and begin to make submission.

But alack-a-day, the basket being rather rickety, turned over without a moment's warning, the unfortunate Floss was buried beneath it, and Tabby, frightened out of his wits, believing he had killed his parent, and that he should never be happy again, rushed away and hid himself under the sink.

But cook, hearing the hubbub, came to the rescue. She lifted up the basket and put Floss back again; then she collected the kittens, shook them well, and sent them to bed without their supper. And it is to be hoped that the three little kittens were the better for the punishment.

### THE SILLY BUMBLE-BEE.

"FWAT is 'at, papa?" said little Teddie, as the buzz of a bumble-bee came to his ears. He had seen a smoking volcano, and felt the shock of earthquakes, but he never had seen a bumble-bee.

"Fwat is 'at noise, papa?"

Papa soon put his little boy where he could see what Teddie called a "big fy" with his great black and yellow coat.

"Fwat makes 'at noise, papa?"

Papa told the little boy that the silly bumble-bee was trying to get out doors through the hard glass, and so his wings went "Buzz."

"See him punch his head against the glass. He sees the trees outside, and he wants to go, and can't tell what's the matter."

"Can't tell fwat's a matter, papa?"

"No; he doesn't know that the glass is hard. He thinks there is nothing but air between him and the trees. There! he's going to think it over. See him sit down and rub his thick head with his feet. There he goes again, 'Buzz, buzz, buzz.'"

"Fink he better ask his papa fwat's a matter."

"Ha, ha! see him rub his head, and push at the glass just as Charlie did when he tried to stand on his head in the hay. Oh, you silly bumble-bee, you can't get through. You can punch all you want to, and get as mad as you please, and scratch your old head, and buzz all night, but you can't find any hole there."

"He's detting tyed, papa."

"Well, we'll teach him not to be so silly next time. See papa show him the way out. Here, you foolish fellow, you'll make your head ache. Stop that, and come this way. There you are! Now buzz away home, and tell your mother to look out for you until you are a wiser bee. Tell him good-bye, Teddie; and when you get into trouble don't be silly and get mad, but look for a hole and help yourself. Then you'll be like a man, and not like a silly bumble-bee."