

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO WHEN OTHERS PRAY.

If before an earthly king
We were called to stand,
Humbly would we bow the head,
Humbly fold the hand.

Had 've done some sinful thing,
And defied his laws,
Gladly would we welcome one
Who would plead our cause.

Should we look about and laugh,
He would think that we
Did not care if all our crimes
Should forgiven be.

Thus when to the King of heaven
One shall lead in prayer,
Humbly let our listening hearts
The petition share.

Foreheads bowed and hands at rest,
Should our posture be,
While from straying thoughts and plans,
Heart and mind are free.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

God of heaven, hear our singing;
Only little ones are we.
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed!

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

Father, send the glorious hour;
Every heart be Thine alone;
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory are Thine own.

COBWEBS.

"WHY, Nell, I shouldn't think you had dusted your room for a dutch-month," said Mary, as she began to arrange the furniture in her little sister's room, ready for a good sweeping and cleaning. "Actually, here is a cobweb stretched across from your pretty writing-desk to the corner of the room. It's a dusty cobweb, too, the spider didn't spin it this morning, I know."

"Cobwebs! cobwebs!" shouted little Bertie, as he ran to Nelly, and looked up with his funny, laughing face. "Nelly likes cobwebs."

Nelly was angry in a minute. She knew she had not dusted her room every morning, as her mother had taught her to do; but she was displeased to have Mary find it out, and she was angry with her little brother for laughing at her, when he didn't know any better. She lifted up her hand quickly and struck Bertie; yes, struck him hard in his face, and then started to run away.

"Come here, Nelly," said her mother, as she passed the sitting-room door. "Did you strike Bertie?"

Nellie hung down her head. She was ashamed now; and yet she was not sorry.

"Well, he was laughing at me, mamma. He needn't do that, if he doesn't want me to get mad with him."

"My little girl must take time to think it all over," said mamma. "You may go out into the wood-shed chamber, and stay there and think until I send for you."

"Pooh! I'd just as soon stay here," said Nelly, half aloud, as she went up the wood-shed stairs to the chamber overhead. She shut the door, and gave a little step across the floor, to make believe she was having a good time. Then she looked around to see if there were any playthings there. She saw an old broken truckle-cart, a stove which was in her mother's room when they had the whooping-cough last winter, and some broken rakes and hoes. There were meal-bags hanging up on one side, and in a corner a box full of window-glass, packed in with hay. In another corner was an old-fashioned cradle, which her mother had once told her had a long story. She wondered what the story was. Then she began to rummage over the things which she found inside.

"Oh! here are some playthings," she thought. "Here's my old dolly, Catharine, with her head all broken." But she quickly threw it away, for she remembered that she had been angry with the doll, and had struck her head hard upon the floor to punish her. "That was the way, too, with 'Liza Jane,'" she thought. "I got mad and threw her out of the window. I wish I hadn't, though, for I liked her better than any doll I ever had. Oh! here's a trumpet of Bertie's, but it won't blow. That's because I jammed it with a stone and spoiled it. And here's Mary's pretty glove-box that I broke, too. I wish 'twas burnt up. I don't see why it was put out here just to plague me. There, I can't find anything but my breakings, I do believe. I wish they hadn't been put in this cradle,"—and she gave the cradle a little kick, which set it rocking backwards and forwards, just if there were a baby in it.

Then she spied a small rocking-chair which she used to sit in long before, when she was a very little girl. It had a broken back, but Nellie couldn't remember how it came to be broken. She was glad of that. So she brought it out into the middle of the floor, and sat down to rock.

"Oh dear! what shall I do?" she said aloud. "If I could only look out of the windows!" But they were very high, and she could see nothing but the blue sky outside. It didn't look very blue either, for the windows were covered with cobwebs, and she saw cobwebs hanging from the rafters overhead in all directions when she looked up.

"I wonder what cobwebs are for," she said.

"Oh, I know! Teacher said spiders make them to catch flies in, but I wish they hadn't made one up in my chamber. I wonder if Satan let them make it a-purpose to have me get angry. Mamma says he's pleased when I get angry. Oh dear! I don't see what makes me. I wish I didn't. I wish I knew whether I hurt Bertie very much. I'm awful sorry—yes, I am," and the little girl burst out crying, for she couldn't bear it any longer. Then she remembered that her mother had often told her to pray to Jesus when she had been naughty. So she knelt down by the rocking-chair and asked Him to forgive her, and help her never to be so naughty again. Just then she heard footsteps upon the stairs, and mamma and Bertie came in. Nelly ran towards Bertie, but when she saw the red mark

upon his face, where she had struck him, she cried again.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Bertie!" she said. "Will you please forgive me, and mamma too? I've been asking Jesus to help me not to get angry again."

Bertie was all ready to hug and kiss her, and when mamma had kissed her too, she looked around at the windows and rafters, and said, "I hope, Nelly, you have made up your mind to leave all the cobwebs and the naughtiness cut here in the wood-shed chamber once for all."

And the lesson was one which was not lost upon Nelly. Whenever she was tempted to carelessness or anger, the thought of the cobwebs and the old cradle in the wood-shed chamber was always sufficient to bring her back to her proper self.

HOW WORDS GROW.

"SIERRE" means a "saw;" hence the use of the term *Sierra Nevada* *Sierra Morena*, for the mountains look like great saws turned up to the heavens.

"Frank" comes from a nation that possessed Gaul. They were distinguished from the Gauls by their love of freedom, their scorn of a lie. So marked was this national trait that it was applied to denote moral distinction.

"Slave" was once a noble word, meaning "glory." It was significant of freedom. But the Slave (or *Schlaves*, as once spelled) became captive of the Teutonic race, and so a "Slave" was synonymous with one who was subject to another.

"Turkey" is applied to a fowl that originated in America, but it was supposed by the common people to have come from Turkey.

"Daisy," Chaucer tells us, means "day's eye"—eye of day. The sun had this title first, but those who saw the daisy saw a likeness to the sun—the white flowerets resembling the rays—hence the name.

"Knaves" meant originally only "lads," and now means that in Germany; but so many lads were bad that it got to have a bad signification.

"Villain" meant a man who worked on a villa or farm; but so many of them had rough, hard natures that it took a low signification.

A SMART SCHOLAR.

A ZEALOUS Sunday school teacher who had endeavoured to teach her class of boys lessons of temperance, in every way shewing them the folly and danger of using intoxicating liquors, was very much surprised one Sunday by one of her boys exclaiming: "I have been reading a book lately, teacher, and it says that every boy ought to drink, lie, and steal!"

Of course the teacher was shocked that any book should give such bad advice, and inquired more particularly into the matter, telling the boy that such a book was not fit for him to read.

Looking up at her with an amused smile, he replied: "Oh! I didn't tell you all; it says that every boy ought to drink nothing but cold water, lie on a good bed, and steal away from bad company. I think so, too; don't you?"