

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SABBATH BELLS.

Oh! sacred Sabbath morn,
After the weary week,
When softly, through the echoing air,
The bells begin to speak.

In touching tender tones
They vibrate nigh and far,
Pleading—come—come my people
Unto the house of prayer.

Enter His courts with praise,
In beauty worship Him;
Bow down and bless His holy name,
Adore the Lord our king.

His presence fills the place
In awful majesty;
The light that shone on Moses' face,
And made the people flee.

The blessed loving Lord,
Who raised the widow's son,
Who fed the hungry, healed the sick,
Forgave the erring one.

The Lord Jehovah's here,
Who walked upon the sea,
And bade the angry winds be still
On troubled Galilee.

Lo, He is here to-day,
In holiness divine,
As when in flame and thunder's voice
He made His glory shine.

Yet sympathetic, kind,
As when on earth He trod,
And showed by all His healing power
He was the Son of God.

Come boldly to the throne,
Where Aaron trembling stood,
Through Christ there is access for you;
The way is washed in blood.

—Minnie F.

WINNING AND LOSING.

"AT last"—as the boys said—Percy and Rob had quarrelled. Jim Downing "knew they would," and he had done his best to bring the quarrel about. He had tried running Bob down to Percy, and telling tales of one to the other, but his plans had failed. Either boy would flare up if his friend's character was attacked, and when mean tales were told one of the other he went at once to his friend and asked if it were true, and was ready to excuse and forgive.

But what jealousy and meanness could not do was unfortunately accomplished through pride and ambition. A new teacher had taken the village school—quite a young man—who, anxious to urge the boys to study, promised prizes for the best lessons. The prize in mathematics could only be gained by one, and all knew that either Percy Grahame or Robert Parr would be the winner. The contest was so close that both boys grew eager, and even Mr. Truesdell, the teacher, watched their progress with curiosity.

On the last day of school when he announced the prizes, Mr. Truesdell said, "Percy Grahame wins the prize in mathematics, the last problem being correctly solved by him alone; with that exception, Robert Parr stands equal with him."

Percy went forward to receive his prize amid a round of applause, and walked back with a very proud and happy look; but instead of any congratulations from Robert, he heard an angry whisper: "You sneak! you couldn't have done that sum alone."

Percy coloured from anger—Robert thought the blush meant guilt—and turned to the other boys to show his book and be congratulated.

He was deeply hurt, and determined that he would not speak to Rob until he apologized, but he missed his friend's sympathy and felt no pleasure in his triumph.

"Why, Percy," said his mother as she took the book, "here is just what you and Rob have been longing to read—*Around the World in Sixty Days*."

"Oh, I don't care a cent for it; you may keep it. I'm going for a long walk."

Mrs. Grahame looked up in surprise, but the boy was gone—"Off for Rob," thought the mother, never thinking they had quarrelled.

Meanwhile, Rob had his angry, jealous feelings nursed by Jim Downing.

"I'd have showed you the way to do the sum if I'd been Percy; then you could have drawn for the prize. Mr. Truesdell told the minister that Percy was the best scholar he had; I heard him."

Yes, Jim had heard that; but he might have told all Mr. Truesdell said, that Percy and Robert Parr were his two best.

At last Jim had to leave Rob, and he, too, angry and feeling himself ill-treated, started for a walk. He had said that Percy cheated, and now he really began to believe it, and, as he detested cheating, he made himself think he was only being very virtuous to feel angry with his friend.

"I wouldn't ask any one to help me," he said to himself, "and if I'd found out the answer I'd have told Percy. It's just as Jim says, Percy takes every chance he can of getting ahead of me."

"Rob! Rob!" called a boyish voice that Rob had often heard in those very woods. "Rob, wait a minute; I want to tell you I'm very—" But Percy heard some one coming, and stopped short; he did not wish any one else to hear him say he was sorry.

"Well," asked Rob, sulkily, "I suppose you are going to say you're sorry you didn't show me how to cheat? No, thank you!" and thrusting his hands in his pockets the boy was going to pass his friend, when Mr. Truesdell came in sight. He saw that there was some quarrel afloat, and remembering how close the contest had been over the prize, he stopped and said, pleasantly, "Well, boys, you had a close race between you; which has really won?"

Both looked up in astonishment; had not he given Percy the prize that very day?

"I mean, which of you has won the contest over self? Can you, Robert, honestly rejoice in your friend's success? Are you, Percy, thinking as much of Rob's disappointment as if it were your own?"

The boys looked down, ashamed. "He says I cheated, sir," said Percy at last.

"Well, can't you prove to him that you didn't?"

Percy had not thought of that. To be sure, he could work over the example and explain it. Besides, now that he thought of it, he was sorry that he had not shown Rob how to do it.

"Boys," said Mr. Truesdell, "I want you to remember that no prize is so great as the heart of a true friend. Don't let anything break up your friendship; forgive again and again, but don't give up your friend unless

you are quite sure he is not worthy of your love. Now, Parr, what makes you think Grahame cheated?"

Robert looked at his friend's clear, bright eyes and said, "I don't think so; another fellow said so first, and I was mad and said it myself, and pretended I thought so. But Grahame never cheats, sir."

"And I might have shown Rob my example," said Percy, throwing his arm over Rob's shoulder. "My heart was so set on the prize that I didn't care for any one. Do you think prizes are good things, sir?"

"They are excellent things to teach you how to give up sometimes. Life is full of prizes, my boys, and every one does not win them; but the noblest are those who, having done their best, can wait patiently without envying more successful friends, knowing that at last they shall receive the best prize, and hear the great Teacher say, 'Well done!'"

The boys stood quite still—it is not easy to talk at such times—but I know they must have resolved to be among those "noblest" people, for never again have they quarrelled, though sometimes one, and sometimes the other, is the most successful; and when they see others gaining what they have striven for, Percy says, "Ah, Rob, we don't fret, do we? We'll hear the great Teacher's voice at last."

SIX BIBLE NAMES.

SAY these names over a good many times, until you can remember them, and the order in which they are given: Adam, Enoch, Abraham, Solomon, Christ, John. Repeat them again and then learn the following bit of Bible chronology:

1. From the time Adam was created until the time Enoch was translated was a thousand years.

2. From the time Enoch was translated until the time Abraham was born was a thousand years.

3. From the time Abraham was born until the time Solomon dedicated the temple was a thousand years.

4. From the time Solomon dedicated the temple until the time Christ was born was a thousand years.

5. From the time Christ was born until the time John died was a hundred years.

Thus is the Bible history of forty-one hundred years divided.

HAPPY is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

WISDOM is better than riches. Wisdom guards thee, but thou must guard thy riches. Riches diminish in the using, but wisdom increases in the use of it.

If you would relish food, labour for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

BE not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.