

OUR YOUNG COLKS.

DINNA CHIDE.

Ah! dinna chide the mither;
 Ye may na hao her lang;
 Her voice, abune your baby rest,
 Sao saftly crooned the sang;
 She thoelt ye ne'er a burden,
 She greeted ye wi' joy,
 An' heart an' hand in carin' ye
 Foun' still their dear employ.

Her han' has lost its cunnin',
 It's tremblin' now and slow,
 But her heart is leal and lovin'
 As it was lang ago!
 An' though her strength may wither,
 An' faint her pulses beat,
 Nane will be like the mither,
 So steadfast, true and sweet.

Ye maun revere the mither,
 Feeble an' auld an' gray;
 The shinin' ones are helpin' her
 Adoon her evenin' way!
 Her bairns wha wait her yonder,
 Her gude mon gone before;
 She wearies—can ye wonder?—
 To win to that braw shore!

Ah! dinna chide the mither,
 Oh, lip, be slow to say
 A wurd to vex the gentle heart
 Wha watched your childhood's day,
 Ay rin to heed the tender voice
 Wha crooned the cradle sang,
 An' dinna chide the mither, sin'
 Ye may na hao her lang!

TWO CUPS.

I know a city, near whose walls rises a beautiful spring. Its waters can do many wonderful things. If a poor man drinks there, it makes him content with his lot, if a rich man, it makes him generous; if a sick man, it makes him comfortable in the midst of pain. Indeed, no one ever quaffed a full cup of this water without being helped in many ways. And the strangest, most wonderful thing of all, is that whoever drinks daily at this spring, shall never see death, but is gently carried away into a land of perpetual youth.

But it is not of the water that my story is meant to tell; it is of the cup that is used to draw the water. The only cup that was used, a few years ago, was one nearly three hundred years old, and though it was a very good and valuable one, of course its workmanship was not perfect, and it was so fashioned that you were obliged to spill a little water when you drank from it.

So twelve or fifteen years ago, some of the wise men of the place said: "It is time we had a new cup; we can make a more perfect one now, than our forefathers could centuries ago. Come, we will choose out the finest of our silver, the most skilful of our workmen, and by God's blessing we will fashion us a cup that shall draw a little more of the delicious water, and spill fewer drops."

But there arose a strange cry from the inhabitants of that city; "You are tampering with our blessed spring," they said: "you are going to spoil it; our fathers have used this cup for generations, and we mean to keep on using it, it soothed their troubles—it shall soothe ours, it has given them entrance to the Happy Land, we would gain it too—let our spring alone."

The wise men listened in surprise, and when they got leave to speak, said, "Good people, we do not propose to touch the sacred spring, we are only going to give you a better cup to drink from."

"There cannot be a better, we do not want a better," cried the people, "let our cup alone."

"Oh! very well," said the wise men; "we certainly shall not take away your old cup, which, indeed, is dear to our hearts too. Cherish and use it, for it certainly gives you enough of the water to enable you to live forever; as for us, we think a gift so precious as this spring, deserves the most perfect vessel we can form."

So they set about making a new cup. No labour was spared, no material was stinted, and after years of prayerful labour, it was offered to the public. Some scorned it; some looked at it with suspicion; but many joyfully drank from it, giving thanks in their hearts. And to-day they go side by side to the spring, the old cup and the new!

Can you read my parable? The water is the Word of God. The cup with which we draw is language, the printed language of the Bible. Now the translation of the New Testament which is read in our churches is nearly three hundred years old; it is a beautiful translation—a precious one; it has saved a great multitude of souls, and we all love it; but it was not perfectly copied, nor perfectly translated, and though it holds and tells all the truth necessary for us to know, we think a gift so precious as a revelation from God ought to be conveyed in the most perfect vehicle that we can fashion. So the churches have set their wisest men to work, and already they have given us a revised translation of the New Testament.

God prosper their work, and bring it to a glorious result.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

God Almighty heareth ever
 When His little children pray:
 He is faint and weary never,
 And He turneth none away.

More than we deserve He sends us,
 More than we can ask, bestows;
 Every moment He befriends us,
 And supports us in our woes.

Let us then, in Him confiding,
 Tell Him all we think and feel,
 Never one dark secret hiding,
 Seeking nothing to conceal.

Through His Son, our precious Saviour,
 God will pardon all our sin,
 Will forgive our past behaviour,
 Open heaven and take us in.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

My friend and I after a weary ramble entered a street car. There was an old lady with white hair and that peaceful expression of one who has come near to the end of the struggle, and can see the restful plains beyond the gates. Opposite sat a pale young woman with a heavy bundle in her lap, from which peeped the corners of men's underclothing, which doubtless she had finished with a sigh of relief and thoughts of the bit of hard-earned money which was now rightfully hers. Two

young mothers with bright-eyed children came next, and in the corner was "only a boy," a lad of ten or twelve. He was busily engaged in plucking the green leaves from a quantity of blossoms of a sweet-scented shrub, but on our entering the car, he gave his attention to us until I had the fares ready; then with quick courtesy he placed them in the box for me, and acknowledged my thanks with a smile.

Returning to the pleasant task of sorting the fragrant blossoms, he was not oblivious of anything that happened in the car. One of the restless babies dropped the toy which it had been holding, but our young gentleman instantly restored it. Presently he saw the pale girl watching his busy hands, and stepping across the car he laid a handful of flowers in her lap. Tears came into her eyes, and she hastily murmured her thanks, and some broken words about "mother" and "the country," and I doubt not those blossoms brightened many weary hours.

Who can tell the power such a small action may exert? It is the small things of the earth which shall confound the great, and the casting of a sunbeam across the path of another may save some sore heart from despair.

Our young friend then gave each of us a portion of his treasure, stopped the car for the old lady, and he gave her his hand to steady her feeble steps.

We left the car soon after, but I doubt not he finished the trip in the same way. My friend, who was a disbeliever in boys, was warm in this one's praise, but feared he was only one among a thousand of a different kind. But why need this be so? Try such a way for yourselves, boys, and see how good it is.

A LIFE FOR A LIE.

It has been said that there never was a lie that did not end in a broken head for somebody. Often those who sincerely believe a lie are the sorest sufferers by it.

We clip from a paper an example of a little girl who lost her life by honestly believing a lie her father told. "A citizen of Oceanica, Md, had a vicious kicking horse, which he was anxious to sell. While trying to make a bargain with a probable purchaser, he remarked: 'That horse is so gentle that my little girl could go up behind him and twist his tail and he would not raise a hoof.' The little girl overheard this lie, took it for the truth, and on being left alone with the horse, tried the experiment, and was killed by a kick."

That father's lie cost him his child's life. Some people think lying is a little sin; but indeed it is the seed and root of every sin. Sin first came into this world by a lie; and sins and lies have gone hand in hand ever since.

We shall never get rid of sins till we get rid of lies; therefore Christians are to "put away lying, and speak every man truth with his neighbour;" and as for those that love lies and make them, when the Lord sweeps this world clean of sin, "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."