

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### WISHES.

I wish that the grasses would learn to sprout,  
That the lilac and rose-bush would both leaf out;  
That the crocus would put on her gay green frill,  
And robins begin to whistle and thrill!

I wish that the wind-flower would grope its way  
Out of the darkness into the day;  
That the rain would fall and the sun would shine,  
And the rainbow hang in the sky for a sign.

I wish that the silent brooks would shout,  
And the apple-blossoms begin to pout;  
And if I wish long enough, no doubt  
The fairy Spring will bring it about!

—Mary N. Prescott, in *St. Nicholas* for March.

### HOW CHARLIE WENT HOME.

CHARLIE had been to pay his Aunt Ella a visit, and she escorted him part of the way on his return. When they were within two blocks of his father's house Aunt Ella said that, as she had a call to make, she would stop there and let the little boy go on alone. Before she bade him good-by she took out of her pocket-book a shining ten cent piece, which she gave to Charlie to buy candy with. "Now, you will promise me to go right home, will you not?" asked Aunt Ella.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Charlie, and he ran down the street very happy in the possession of his treasure.

But on the corner he met Will Saunders. Now Charlie knew very well that Will was a very bad boy and that he ought not to have anything to do with him; but when Will called out "Halloo!" Charlie stood still.

"What have you got in your hand?" asked Will.

Charlie opened his hand and showed the coin.

"Just enough to take us both to the Park. What do you say to a ride in the horse-cars? We'll go to the lake and see the fellows skate and then come back in time for dinner."

"I promised to go right home," said Charlie; but he spoke in a very hesitating way. "The Park" was his ideal of everything beautiful and attractive.

"Well, you're going home, ain't you?" urged Will. "It'll only take a little longer this way. Hurry! Here comes the car. Jump in."

So saying, Will, who was a large powerful boy, caught hold of Charlie's coat and hurried him to the step of the car. After they had taken their seats Charlie paid the fare rather proudly. A moment later he looked somewhat troubled.

"Will," he whispered, "who'll pay our way home?"

"Oh, I'll see to that. Don't you be uneasy."

Charlie leaned back and tried to amuse himself by looking out of the window. Yet all the while he felt unhappy, for he was doing two very wrong things. He was breaking his promise and disobeying his mother, who had forbidden him to be in Will Saunderson's company. However, he made up his mind to get all the fun he could. So when they reached the park he jumped quite briskly from the car, and made believe that he expected to have a fine time.

He and Will walked very fast to the shore of the lake, and then stood still a few moments watching the skaters. Presently a rough-looking boy spoke to Will and offered to him his skates for an hour. He was going away, he said, and would be back at the end of that

time. Will accepted the offer very eagerly, and soon glided off upon the ice, leaving Charlie to keep himself warm as best he could. Poor Charlie had a doleful time standing with his hands in his pockets and whistling, to hold the tears back. "I wish I had gone home," he thought a dozen times; but what good did that do? There he stood without a person to speak to and with nothing to do, on the shore of the frozen lake.

At length the hour, which was the longest he had ever spent, was over. The strange boy reclaimed his skates and Will announced himself as ready to return.

"There's a car," said Charlie, when they had regained the entrance.

"What's that to us?" asked Will; "we're going to walk."

"All the way?" asked Charlie, timidly.

"All the way," answered Will, mocking Charlie's tone, and then he strode on without another word of encouragement or consolation.

Trudge, trudge, trudge. What a long walk it was. Charlie was cold and hungry and cross. How he did wish that he had minded his mother and left Will Saunders alone. It seemed as if he would never get to the end of those two weary miles. At length, however, he was almost home. Then he began to wonder what his mother would say. How would she receive him? Perhaps she would punish him by giving him only dry bread to eat. Well, that would be a great deal better than nothing, thought the hungry boy.

While in the midst of these reflections he struck his foot against a stone and fell suddenly to the ground. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Will, and he walked on without further notice of his comrade's misfortune. Charlie's cap was caught by the wind and carried out into the middle of the street. There it was run over by a horse and cart and entirely ruined. Charlie raised himself and tried to brush the dust from his new ulster, but his hand had been cut on a stone and the blood flowed from it on the overcoat. He looked around for his cap and found it spoiled. In fact, he could not wear it, so he put it into his pocket and walked on, feeling very shabby and forlorn. In this condition he reached home. His mother, who had been exceedingly uneasy during his absence, was of course very much displeased when she learned the cause. Charlie, to do him justice, did not try to conceal any of his wrong-doing. He begged his mother's pardon, and she forgave him and comforted him with the warm dinner he so much needed.

After he had eaten enough and was rested, his mother said: "Charlie, I have a verse that I would like you to learn. If you will always remember and obey it, you will never repeat the experience of to-day." The verse was this: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

### HONOR BRIGHT.

"WILL you, now, truly?" "Yes, honor bright." That was all I heard of the talk, as I looked down at the eager faces that passed my window, and it set me to thinking. I have no idea what kind of a compact the boys were making, but whatever it was, they evidently thought it was made specially sure and sacred by those two words,

"honor bright." You all think so, I believe, you boys and girls; there is an unwritten code of honor among you, which makes it quite right and proper to break certain kinds of promises, if it suits your convenience, but very disgraceful to break others—the honor-bright kind. May be you got it from your elders, or, what is more likely, your elders learned it when they were boys and girls, and carried the bad principle with them, out of small transactions into great ones, until there is no telling the mischief it has done.

That is a good motto—honor bright, and I wish you would adopt it, not for special things, but for every word and action of your whole lives. If you make a promise, in great things or small, fulfill it carefully, sacredly, honor bright, no matter how much it costs you, provided you have not pledged yourself to a wrong. If you have, there can be no honor about it, except in frankly saying, "I made a bad promise; I am ashamed of it; I cannot keep it;" and do not let any foolish notion about honor make you stick to the wrong.

You don't want to do this thing? No; but you said you would. Now stick to it—honor bright.—*Selected.*

### VULGARITY.

WE have a friend that never speaks a "vulgar word." He is a minister and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child," said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored man to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys easily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which she would not give utterance to before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the next thing to swearing, and yet not so wicked." It becomes a habit; it leads to profanity; it fills the mind with evil thoughts; it vulgarizes and degrades the soul; it prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth free from all impurity; and seek the cleansing blood of Jesus, that it may be applied to your young hearts.—*S. S. Advocate.*

BELIEVE me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

IN darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the differences between things; and it is Christ that gives us light.—*Augustus Hare.*

THERE is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires and ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—*Landor.*