

## Our Young Folks.

### HOW HE GOT HIS PLACE.

The young man who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity come a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said: "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you 25 cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came upstairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish it in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more about the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hullo," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad, "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not; but I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later, the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here,"—writing something on a slip of paper—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you \$6 a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs and—that's all," and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and the superintendent to-day is the young man who began by piling kindlingwood for 25 cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet by

any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer, or in some other business house.

### THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

Of all the beautiful fancies  
That cluster about the year,  
Tiptoeing over the threshold  
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend  
Of a book for you and me,  
So fair that our guardian angels  
Desire its lines to see,

Is full of the brightest pictures,  
Of dream, and story, and rhyme,  
And the whole world wide together  
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling  
With the feather-flakes of the snow:  
Some of them thrill to the music  
Of the merriest winds that blow.

Some of them keep the secrets  
That make the roses sweet;  
Some of them sway and rustle  
With the golden heaps of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you  
Of the lovely things to be,  
In the wonderful year-book waiting,  
A gift for you and me.

And a thought most strange and solemn  
Is born upon my mind—  
On every page a column  
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what you may upon it,  
The record there will stay,  
Till the books of time are opened,  
In the court of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful  
Lest the words our fingers write  
Shall rise to shame our faces  
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?

And should we not remember  
To dread no thought of blame,  
If we sign each page that we finish  
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

### ONLY A TRAP.

Over the newly-fallen snow walked Master Reynard the fox in the early light of a New Year's morning. He had been visiting some of the farmyards—he had his reasons for calling before the people were up—in the hope of securing a fowl for his New Year's dinner. But poultry was very high just then—quite beyond his limited resources, in fact—and, though he had no doubt that it would be lower later in the day, he could not afford to wait. So it was a very hungry pair of eyes that suddenly espied a treasure near the root of an old tree—a plump rabbit nicely frozen and apparently all ready to be carried home for a dinner.

"How lucky!" exclaimed Reynard. "Next to a tender chicken, a bit of rabbit is the very thing I should have chosen. Some hunter must have dropped him without knowing it. I never knew anything so fortunate as—stop a bit."

Reynard stepped back, and sharply eyed the tempting treasure trove.

"My mind misgives me that this is a little too fortunate. This isn't the sort of world, so far as my experience goes, where things that are worth having are lying around free-and-easy-like to be picked up without working for them; I have never found it so. It looks all right, but I am suspicious of free lunches; they generally hide a trap;" and, with a parting sniff and a long backward look, the fox walked hungrily on.

A little later, that same New Year's morning, Martin Geary walked into the town. He had a little money to spend for his family, and he was resolved to do it wisely and well without wasting

a penny of it. But as he was passing a saloon he paused on seeing it invitingly open, decorated with evergreens, and its windows placarded with "New Year's Compliments" and cordial invitations to "Step in for a Free Lunch."

"A free spread! Well, there's no harm in that, and I'll have that much good, seeing that it won't cost me anything," said Martin.

So he entered, and the free eating was followed by drinking (that was not free until he no longer cared for the cost of anything, and was hilariously willing to treat all acquaintances while his money lasted. It was scant fare that reached the Geary family that day, and even that little was made more miserable by the condition of the man who brought it.

It was only the fox who had sense enough to keep out of a trap.

### HOW HE FOUND GOD.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young lad in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by a strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others, he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian.

In the good providence of God, however, it happened to his mother and himself to be on a visit to Ireland, and on the Lord's Day they went to a place when a good man was going to preach. This good man was that day very earnest in his sermon; he put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels! Every time the preacher repeated the question, the young man said in his own heart, "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace. And at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. But when the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sung the hymn with their whole heart. And what the sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. It forced a way into the very centre of the heart. It was the voice of God calling him through the hundreds of voices that day praising God. His pride, his hardness of heart, everything that stood in his way to God, gave way. And that very day the son who was in the far land found God, and gave himself to be a loyal soldier for God forevermore. And he lived to be himself an honoured preacher of the Gospel, and the writer of a hymn that has opened the way to God in a thousand hearts. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

### MY HAND IN HIS.

A little boy who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know He will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us all to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try to walk alone! But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred:

I'd rather walk with Him in the dark  
Than walk alone in the light.

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold His hand!