

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE.

Hast thou little? Be content;
It is more than many have;
Joy in little makes it much,
And will help thy soul to save.

Canst do little? It's enough;
Do it well and let it be,
It will count as much as more,
When thy Judge requires it thee.

Little talent well improved,
Little service rightly done—
Be it all thy Master asks,
Brings the victor's palm and crown.

Hopeful, gladsome, humble, too,
In thy toiling find thy rest,
And the little toils of time
Shall forever make thee blest.

WORDS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

COURTESY.

LITTLE girls, do you ever think about the meaning of words? This word now, *courtesy*, has something about it, which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago in Europe, and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as fast as possible. They don't want anybody to know that they have little daughters in their home.

Gradually, in the Middle Ages, woman came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and the poets together helped her to win her proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys and presided at the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuffs called samite and camelot, and gave medicine to the sick. She learned surgery too, and when the soldiers and knights came home from battle wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and bind up the bruised parts. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular in place of the old roughness and rudeness took the general name of *courtesy*.

The Bible bids us to be *courteous*. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy, which you can practise at home, at school, and in the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase, "In honour preferring one another." Suppose you try to live with those words for your motto, say, for a whole week to come.

BORROWING.

Have your own things. Accustom yourselves to being careful to keep on hand your own stock of writing-paper, pens, pencils and India-rubber. Do not depend on mamma's work-basket for a thimble or needles, nor on her bureau-drawer for ruffles and handkerchiefs. Do not consider that you have a right to borrow papa's knife, nor to make a foray on Brother Tom's room for strings and wrapping-paper. Everybody should be independent of the home world, so far as some personal belongings are concerned. If you allow yourselves to form the habit of going here and there with "Please lend me this," and "Do oblige me with that," you will often annoy people who are too polite to show their

feelings, and you will sometimes incur mortifying refusals. It is usually much better to do without the use of an article, than to borrow it. This is especially true of things to wear. There are girls who put on their sisters' hats and aprons quite indiscriminately. There are boys who never have a collar in their box, nor a tie that isn't a perfect string, and not fit to be seen.

Remember that a very wise man has told you, "The borrower is servant to the lender." This has many meanings, or, rather, the meaning of it makes itself plain in many ways, as you go on in life. You will have a truer self-respect if you decide that you will, so far as you can, stand on your own feet, and not borrow you neighbour's crutches.—*Margaret E. Sanyster.*

HARVEST.

THE grain harvest is over, and everywhere may be heard the sound of the threshing-mill. The quantity and the quality of the grain is the general topic; all "guessing" on that subject gives place to the hard matter of fact; 'tis certainty now; the grain winnowed and fit for the market is so many bushels to the acre, and no more. An abundant harvest fills the heart with gladness, the mouth with laughter, and the tongue with singing.

Another harvest is coming, in which we are all deeply concerned. The whole world is the field to be reaped, its inhabitants the grain. The Proprietor has arranged to employ the angels as His reapers and binders, and has already arranged the order in which the binding shall be done. First the tares are to be bound in bundles for the burning. The tares grow with the wheat, but the wheat must not be bound with the tares. Second, the wheat will be gathered into the barn.

Now, seeing every one of you would like to be wheat, you had better bestir yourselves, consider your ways, repent of your sins, accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and consecrate yourselves to Him. "This is the day of salvation." "He that believeth shall be saved." What a glorious harvest the SAVED shall know. "Angels shall shout The Harvest Home."

NO!

MANY years ago, a young man whose name has since rung through the land, was sitting at table, in what was counted "first society." It was almost his entrance into the charmed circle; for he was poor, of obscure birth, a shoemaker by trade, the son of a dissipated, degraded man; and without education, except so far as his own earnest, persevering effort had obtained it. But he was rich in integrity, courage, and reliance on God; and with the strength that is only given through right principles of life, he had made his way amidst difficulties such as you who read this can hardly dream, and set out on a career of true, noble manhood.

At that time, it was a universal custom to put wine on the dinner-table when guests were invited; it was regarded as only common courtesy to offer it even to callers. Ministers drank it; the most respectable people of all

classes, who could afford the expense, were in the same habit.

The host himself asked the young man to take wine with him. It was counted a rudeness to refuse.

Was it an easy thing, think you, for him, then and there, to say No?

But he had temperance principles. He had seen, yes, bitterly felt, in his childhood's home and his opening manhood, the evil of intemperance; and he knew that it was the one glass at dinner that began the downward tendency; that without the beginning, the terrible conclusion would never be reached; and believing in total abstinence as the only sure safeguard for others and himself, he would not sanction by his act, however trivial it might seem, the violation of that principle. Cost little or much, cost favour or feeling, he would be true.

"No," he said courteously, quietly, but firmly, "I never take wine."

Bravely, resolutely, has he maintained his ground through after-years, up to this time. That victory made every subsequent one easier. On the side of temperance, humanity, right, and God Himself, Henry Wilson firmly stands. Like him, boys, learn to say, NO!

KNOWN BY HIS WALK.

AS two gentlemen were entering a railway station one day, they met a stranger just leaving it. After passing him, one remarked, "That man has been a soldier, I know by his walk." "Well," said the other, "I thought he must have been from his politeness. Did you notice how gracefully he saluted us as we looked at him?" "That is just as it should be," returned the first gentleman; "a soldier in plain clothes should be the same as though he were in uniform. His *behaviour* should ever identify him as a true soldier, wherever he is."

The above remarks are worth remembering, because they point out a great truth; one that is applicable to all, even the children. None are so young but their walk may unmistakably point out as soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the service of the Master there are burdens and crosses for every one.

These should be borne in such a manner as to show without doubt of whom we learned to bear them.

God's Word tells us that "Even a child is known by his doings." How true this is, and how easy it is to point out the true soldier among the "little folks," by his doings. See those boys. How differently they treat that old gentleman whom they meet. One, rudely hallooing, jostles by without appearing to notice him, while the other bows very pleasantly as he passes. At home, also, it is readily seen which is the good boy and the true soldier; the one who is kind to his brothers and sisters, and courteous to his parents.

By his behaviour toward all, the last boy wins a place in their affections, and grows up a good man, worthy of the confidence of every one; while the first is shunned by all good people on account of his rudeness, and he grows up a rough man, uncultivated in his manners, and disorderly in his walk. Let each strive to live so that his walk may prove him to be a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.