

Our Young Folks.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

A pure and limpid mountain spring
Rose brightly like a living thing;
Of endless joy it seemed to sing,
As on it flowed unceasingly.

While down it coursed the mountain side,
Its crystal waters oft were dyed,—
But still those taints it swept aside
That marred its spotless purity.

When through the spreading vale it wound,
Low, sweet and gentle was its sound;
It shed fair verdure all around
As on it glided peacefully.

Onward the sparkling water sped,
Until a mighty stream it spread,
And lost itself in ocean wide,
For ever rolling boundlessly.

To Jesus give thine early days;
He will thee lead in pleasant ways,—
He loves to hear the children praise
In strains of heartfelt melody,

If sin at times your hope belies,
And shadows dark flit o'er your skies,—
Oh, look to Him! light will arise
And shine with sweet serenity,

The work of grace will still increase,
And bear good fruit that will not cease,
And fill the heart with joy and peace,—
It will the whole life beautify!

The peace of God will ever flow
Through all the Christian's life below,
Until before the Throne he bow,
And praise God's love eternally.

KIND HEARTS.

It was a warm day, and a warm dispute was going on in the pretty summer-house in Mr. Mayne's garden between Lily and Victor Mayne.

At first it was a half-laughing dispute, but it grew and grew, until Mrs Mayne heard the angry voices and went out to see what could be the matter. But when she saw the flushed faces, and noted how high the tide of anger had risen in each little heart, she said:

"No, I cannot hear your story now. You may both remain here without speaking for a half-hour. I will return in a few moments bringing something which you are each to learn by heart and recite to me at the end of the half-hour.

Lily and Victor were silent. They were obedient children, and did not think of resisting their mother's will. At the end of the half hour they were ready to repeat the verse she had given them to learn.

They both looked a good deal ashamed as they walked slowly up to the piazza where Mrs Mayne sat. But there was no shade of reproof on her face. Her eye and voice were as kind as ever, and she listened with the most pleased attention to the recitation, first from Victor, and then from Lily.

This is the verse they recited:

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

"And now, Lily," said Mrs Mayne, "you may tell your side of the story first, as you are the lady."

"Oh, mamma," said Lily, "I haven't any side to tell. I got angry at nothing, and I am sorry and ashamed."

"And you, Victor?" said Mrs Mayne smiling.

"I was the only one to blame, mamma," cried

Victor, eagerly. "If Lily will forgive me, I'll try and behave better another time."

And so it was all over, and kind hearts won the day!

SAYING GRACE.

"Come, come, mamma, to the window!"

Cried little Fred one day.

"I want you to see my chickens;
Why do they drink this way?"

I quickly went at his bidding,
And saw a pretty sight
Of his downy little chickens
Drinking with all their might.

And, after sipping the water,
They raised their heads on high,
To the heavens o'er them bending,
To the beautiful blue sky.

JESUS KNOWS.

Florrie used to go every day to the pretty white school-house on the hill. She had been head of the spelling-class for a week. If she could keep head a week longer, her father would give her a rosewood writing desk full of paper and pens and ink.

How hard Florrie studied!

One day she stood up to spell buttercup. "But—but—but," she stammered.

Ned Ross laughed and whispered.

"Go on, Miss Tongue-tied."

Florrie grew very red in the face, and spelled it *butter*, instead of butter.

Then, very quickly, Ned spelled it right, and went above her. "Cry-baby! cry-baby!" he whispered, and slyly pulled a lock of her hair.

Poor Florrie! When school was over she ran home and upstairs to her own little room. There she sat sobbing and crying, till nurse came up to see what was the matter.

"I want mamma," she cried. "Please, dear nurse, send for mamma." But Florrie's mother was a hundred miles away, taking care of a sick sister. Her father was at his office, and would not be home till tea-time.

"What shall I do? I have so many troubles!" cried Florrie.

Then nurse told Florrie about Jesus, who says to us, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Florrie had heard about Jesus all her life, but she had never before felt so sure that he was right there in the room with her, ready to hear all about her trouble. She just knelt down and told Him all about it, and then was as happy as ever.

She "cast her burden on the Lord."

THE FOUR TRIALS.

There was once an old monk walking through the forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength, and used both arms, before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree grasped in the arms of the youth scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

"For this reason, my child, watch well over the first moments of your soul and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."

COMPANY TO TEA.

Haunani was a little girl who lived in the Sandwich Islands, a great many thousand miles away from Toronto, and even from San Francisco. In her home they had warm weather all the time, and the flowers always bloomed and they had strawberries all the year round.

She had a funny name. It means "beautiful snow." It was the pet name her Sandwich Island nurse gave to her because she was such a white little baby—that is, so much whiter than nurse's babies were. Her father and mother named her Helen, but after all everybody called her Haunani.

She had a brother—just one brother—and they called him Bonnie Boy. They used to play together all the time, and were very happy.

While they were playing little Claude Armstrong, who lived next door, came across the yard and through the house, and climbed up to see what was going on.

"Me tum; me pay tea too," he cried.

"So you shall, dear; come in," said the good-natured little girl.

"There's no cup for him," said Bonnie Boy.

"He shall have mine," said Haunani.

"Don't you know we must be good to one another, because God is good to us?"

So she turned out the tea, which was sweetened lime-juice, into her own cup, and made Claude sit down "like company."

They had a piece of sponge cake and some molasses candy, which the Chinaman cook had made, and a banana and two mangoes. So they had a very nice little feast.

LITTLE THINGS.

Over the smallest steps you may follow on and find the most stupendous achievements. From the slight deposit of a little insect arose the coral islands, and the State of Florida. It was Bruce—who regained his courage when he saw the baffled spider, which tried to mount up the wall with its unwonted burden, did not mind the number of falls by which he was so often defeated, but kept right on—as if nothing had happened—and won the victory at last. So little a thing as a pin kept a certain prisoner, who was held in solitary and dark confinement, from becoming a lunatic. Knowing that this would be his fate when deprived of occupation, he took a pin from his clothing and threw it down at random upon the floor of his cell. He then employed his time in crawling about to find it, and when he found it, the first operation was repeated. A perpetual series of these performances kept his mind from stagnation and consequent ruin.