

Our Young Folks.

HE MAKES HIS MOTHER SAD.

He makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who, in his thoughtless mirth,
Can e'er forget
His mighty debt
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way ;
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling still,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove ;
A mother's fears,
A mother's tears,
Are marked by God above.

Oh ! who so sad as he
Who, o'er a parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments,
The bitter pain he gave ?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad ;
Let our delight
Be to requile,
And make our parents glad !

A GOOD LIFE.

A little girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for nine months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor kindly said :

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him ?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know ?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that ?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see ?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then, you think, he sees you are a Christian ?"

"I know he does ; he can't help it ;" and, with a modest, happy boldness, she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ ?

We remember hearing of a poor, hard-working man whose fellow-labourers laughed at him, told him he was deceived, and pressed him with difficult questions. At last, in the desperation of his heart, he said : "I am a changed man. Go ask my wife if I am not. She sees I am."

This is what Christ meant by being witnesses and lights in the world. Not only soundness of faith and boldness of confession, but a manner of life which, even without spoken words, testifies of a new life and love.

This is the best evidence of our religion. When those who work with us in the mill or store or on the farm see that we are living a new life, then our words have power. This is the privilege of every one. We may not be rich or educated or eloquent, and hence not able to give much, or teach much, or speak much ; but we can live much ; and good living is the best living, the best teaching, the best eloquence. The poorest, the most ignorant, and the youngest can cause people to see they are changed. They can prove the reality of their conversion.

We cannot hide a good life. It shines. It may make no more noise than a candle, but, like a candle, it may be seen. Thus even a little boy or girl may be a light-bearer.

PLAIN TALK TO BOYS.

A boy's position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder. His duties are plain, his place is insignificant, and his salary is small.

He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible position.

His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate, day by day, habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was clerk in a large mercantile house, which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen ; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd as this he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded.

Nevertheless, he did his duty ; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power he possessed was brought to bear upon his work.

After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's absence during the busy season.

"That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and

one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant ; but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you now ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary.

It must be so sooner or later, for there is nearly always a demand for excellent work.

A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind ; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best, will find himself a loser the race.

Therefore, boys, be honest in work as well as in word.

A PENNY AND A PRAYER TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie ?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sabbath school. "I saw it after you went out, and I was afraid you had quite forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma ; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it ?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny ?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care ?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sabbath, when you drop your penny in, drop a prayer in too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God ? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do a wonderful work ? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some way off among the Indians."

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it. I'm going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."

SPEAK KINDLY.

A man once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him :

"What can I do for you, my boy ?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A kind word ! Think of it. This man had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the little fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the man had ever so little heart, the boy must certainly have had the wish granted. A kind word ! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value ; but that poor boy in the village, at whom everybody laughs, would think that he had found a treasure if some one spoke a kind word to him.

THE CHRISTIAN SHEPHERD BOY.

There was once a little Christian boy who tended the flocks for a very irreligious man. This man hated irreligion himself, and always ridiculed it in others. Do you not think this was a hard place to confess Christ ? Would not you suppose the little boy would conclude he could do no good here ? But William Milne did not think so. The worse people were, the more he felt they needed the Gospel to make them better. He tried to do his own duty faithfully ; and example goes a long way with the worst of people. But he did more. He talked with his master and mistress often ; and so respectfully and solemnly that they were awed in spite of themselves. They believed in William's religion, if they did not in any one's else. By and by he got them to go to church with him, and at last the poor hardened man and his un-Christian wife were all broken down and humble at the feet of Jesus. They established family prayer, and lived consistently the rest of their lives. So much for the influence of a Christian shepherd boy.

There was a man employed in the place who was very profane. Little William talked with him so much of the fearful sin of taking God's name in vain, that he had no peace until he left off the wicked practice and gave himself to the Lord.

The poor boy had no closet to pray in, no little room of his own, where he could read his Bible in private. His only place of retirement was a little sheep cote, which became the dearest spot on earth to him. Years after, when he was far away in a heathen land toiling hard for the perishing millions of China, his heart turned lovingly to that cold little shelter from the winter's storms, where his lonely heart used to commune with his dear Father above.

There is no child so poor and lowly but he may do good, if he loves Jesus. God loves such little workers in His vineyard, and he helps them on to higher and higher usefulness. I dare say if this little lad had been a prayerless boy, he would have remained among the sheep cotes, instead of being the world-known and beloved missionary.

LIE NEVER.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either the passengers or crew. Who was he ? Where did he come from ? Where going ? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth ! Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship ?" said the mate sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome as well as expensive. The mate suspected that some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story, nothing less, nothing more.

At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him, unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard-arm. A frightful threat indeed ! Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him ! Around were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer with his watch in his hand, counting tick, tick, of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes ; but afraid ? no, not a bit !

Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two more minutes to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy !"

"May I pray ?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven. He could die ; but lie—never ! All eyes were turned toward him, and sobs broke forth from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake !

He could die ; but lie—never ! God bless him. Yes, God stands by those who stand by Him. And the rest of the voyage, you may think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before ; everybody now was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

CHARLIE'S QUARREL.

It was a bright afternoon in early May. The trees were clothed with their young, fresh leaves, and everything in nature seemed to rejoice in the glad sunshine. Ought we not all to be happy on such a day, when we are reminded by all the brightness around us that "God is love," and hath made everything beautiful.

School had just closed, and the scholars rushed joyfully into the open air, glad to be free from the restraint of their studies, and eager to begin their sports.

One boy separated himself from his companions, and and turned off into a little lane near the school house. Slowly he went on, not heeding the calls of his schoolmates :

"Charlie, Charlie, come play ball."

He walked along thus for some distance, then sat down upon a log under a large tree, and rested his head upon his hand.

"What a disagreeable day this has been !" he exclaimed, "everything has gone wrong, and I do believe it is all my own fault. I was so cross to Harry Porter this morning, and then got angry at myself and everybody else, and upset everything. I think I will ask his pardon to-morrow, and that will make it all right."

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." This proverb came into his mind, and Charlie was just thinking of going in search of Harry, when he heard a rustle near him, and looking up he saw his friend just passing by.

"Now is the time," whispered conscience, and Charlie, heeding the voice, called out.

"Harry wait a minute, I want to speak to you."

Harry, turned and came back, and Charlie, throwing his arm over his friend's shoulder, said :

"Will you forgive me, Harry, for being so rude to you this morning ? I have been sorry ever since, and I want to be friends with you again before I go home."

Harry readily forgave Charlie, and the two walked home together, happy in having the cloud which had come between them dispelled ; and as the shadow passing over the bright sun seems to leave it brighter than before, so the friendship between Harry and Charlie was made stronger than ever by the reconciliation of that day. It put Charlie more upon his guard against yielding to his temper, and more readily to give up his own wishes to those of his friend.

Children, strive to keep from giving away to evil tempers, remembering that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh the city ;" but if you have yielded to the temptation to speak angry words, be always ready to confess your fault, and try to make amends for it.