

Our Young Folks.

BOYS WHO ARE IN DEMAND.

The boys that are wanted are good boys,
Good from top of their heads to their soles;
Clean in speech, clean in thought,
Clean and pure in their bodies and souls.
The boys that are wanted are brave boys,
Speaking truth, doing right without fear,
Their mothers and sisters can trust them;
The timid feel safe when they're near.

The boys that are wanted are faithful,
All alone where no human eye sees—
Their employers never need watch them;
They are careful the Master to please.
The boys that are wanted are truthful,
You just may believe what they say,
To lie they count mean and unmanly,
They'll deceive, nor in work nor in play.

The boys that are clever and funny
Folks may laugh at and flatter and pet;
But only the strong, true and honest,
Do wise business men try to get.
The smart boys, the sly boys, the idle,
The boys that do tricks underhand,
Are not wanted; but brave boys and faithful
And true—for such there's a constant demand.

FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigour?

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing, "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him by a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. Whiskey had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, NEVER, touch anything that can intoxicate!"

Think what one indulgence in drink may do.

This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

OUR LITTLE GRIEFS.

The train stopped suddenly between two stations. Several of the passengers rushed out of the car excitedly and came back with the tidings that there was an obstruction on the track that would cause the delay of an hour.

The countenances of most of the passengers instantly fell into the depths of gloom and despair.

"This is simply intolerable!" muttered one middle-aged man to his companion. "I shall not reach the city before the market closes. It will cost me two or three thousand dollars."

A physician dropped his newspaper and passed impatiently up and down the car. "An hour late with all my patients!" he exclaimed.

"Are any of them in immediate danger?"

"No. But an hour lost! It is unbearable!"

A young girl looked at her companions with the tears in her eyes. "I am going into town for the trimming for my dress. Now it will not be done in time. I shall have to wear my old blue to the party."

A short, pompous old man talked loudly and incessantly, scolding conductors and brakemen, as if they were personally responsible for the delay.

"I am to lecture this afternoon before the Lyceum," he exclaimed, in hot indignation. "The audience will have to wait twenty minutes!"

A young man sat immovable, his head bent upon his breast, his face set and hard.

"My little boy is dying," he said to some one who questioned him. "I was telegraphed for. I shall not see him alive."

But while with most of the passengers there was a secret conviction that the wheels of the universe had stopped because they were delayed in their pursuits or work, one woman sat silent and tranquil.

She was near the end of a long life of pain and hardship and wide experience. She had come, too, near enough to the God who ruled over all lives to understand how every event and accident, great or little, has its place and purpose in the eternal order, as have motes floating in the sunshine. She was close enough to the gate of the future life to see how little in its infinite height and meaning was the old ball-dress, or the fall of stocks, or even the loss of an hour with the dying child.

"One of the most singular studies in life," says Bouchet, "is to note how different men, each with his own scales, weigh the same objects and attach to them different values."

The lost bit of finery which brought tears to the eyes of the school-girl was lighter than a feather in the eyes of the stock-broker; and his loss of thousands was contemptible to the man whose child was going from him into the grave without a word; and doubtless his pain seemed momentary and trivial in the vision of angels, to whom a thousand years are as a day, and death but a momentary change of life.

How, then, are we to find the true weight and value of things in the world?

In the United States mint, when they built a machine for weighing coin with absolute accuracy, they sank a shaft deep into the earth and through upper formations, which are shaken by passing jars, and rested the foundation upon the immovable granite beneath.

The man who digs in this way to find a foundation for his life, through the flowers and surface growths which shake with every storm, to the everlasting rock below, only can weigh the events and belongings of the world at their real value.

BUT TWELVE HOURS LONG.

The great Indian Rajah, Montja, it is said, had but one son, to whose education he gave much time and thought, in order that the boy might be fitted for his high place. Among his devices for the wise training of his son was the placing near him an old man whose duty was to say to the prince, whenever he was enjoying any pleasure keenly, "The day hath but twelve hours."

When the lad, on the other hand, was sick or in trouble he changed the warning to, "The night is but twelve hours long."

The poor lad struggling through college in a crowd of wealthy classmates, fancies the mortifications and humiliations which he endures will last as long as life itself. He forgets how swiftly in this country social condition changes. In twenty years not a man in his class probably will stand where he does to-day. Each man will have found his place for himself. There are among our readers too, many plain, unattractive girls, who find themselves neglected while their prettier companions are admired and courted. Their suffering is not a thing to smile at; it is real and sharp. They are at the age to which beauty and grace are fitting, and they have neither wisdom nor experience to bear disappointment coolly.

But they should remember that there are other and more potent charms than pink cheeks and bright eyes which will tell in the long run.

The night, however dark, is but twelve hours long; with each morning come fresh chances and possibilities for all of us.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Mr. Andrew Young, the author of "There is a Happy Land," the most popular Sunday school hymn in the world, addressed a children's service in the Albert Hall, Edinburgh, on a recent Sunday. He is now eighty years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous, and retaining in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air which has blended with the music of the woods in the primeval forest long before Sunday schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for the melody. Its bright and strongly-marked phrases struck Mr. Young's musical ear the first time he heard it casually played in the drawing-room. He asked for it again and again. It haunted him. Being accustomed to relieve the clamour of his thoughts and feelings in rhyme, words naturally followed, and so the hymn was created. Mr. Young happened to have his hymn performed in the presence of his intimate friend, Mr. Gall, a member of the publishing firm of Gall & Inglis. It got into print. It has been translated into nineteen different languages. And yet the author has never received, and, indeed, has never been offered, a penny in remuneration. It is only recently that Prof. David Masson, referring to the unique influence of this lyric, stated a most touching incident in the life of Thackeray. Walking one day in a "slum" district in London he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words, "There is a happy land, far, far away!" As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw that their pale faces were lit up with a thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears.

THE BLIND BASKET GIRL.

A poor, blind girl once brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for a missionary society. He, surprised that she should offer him so large a sum, said, "You, a poor, blind girl! you cannot afford to give so much as this."

"I am indeed, sir, as you say, a blind girl, but not so poor, perhaps, as you may suppose me to be, and I can prove to you that I can better afford to give those thirty shillings than those girls who have eyes."

The clergyman was, of course deeply interested, and said, "I shall be glad to know how you make it out."

"Sir, I am a basket-maker, and being blind, I can make them as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure that during last winter, when it was so dark, it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles, and so I can well afford to give that sum for the missionaries, and I hope you will take it all."

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

"Have you ever studied the art of self-defence?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have both studied and practised it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt—Sutton's or Sayers'?"

"Solomon's," was the reply; "and as I have now been in training for some time on his principles, I can confidently recommend his system."

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out:

"Solomon's! And what is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

For a moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh, and looked at his friend anxiously, to see whether he was serious.

But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth, as his muscular companion added, with solemn emphasis, "Try it!"

The recommendation is worthy of every one's serious consideration. There must be times in the lives of all when we need a system of self-defence; and to go into training on Solomon's method will avert many a painful conflict. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "The tongue is a fire, a world iniquity;" and precisely because "the tongue can no man tame," so it is well to watch and discipline it constantly, lest by a single hasty utterance we commit ourselves, doing to ourselves more discredit with our own lips than all the loquacity of friends and foes combined. Fuller quaintly says: "Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence." In the presence of detraction, defamation, insinuation or prejudice, we shall do well to remember the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom we read, "He opened not his mouth." If in the conduct of life we are accustomed to throw ourselves upon God, then in moments of temptation or irritation we shall not seek to play a regular sonata of words, but to await, like the Aeolian harp, the inspiration of the passing breeze. As Shakespeare truly says:

The silence of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

WHAT BOYS CAN DO.

Miss Frances E. Willard, writing a letter "To Boys" in the *Young Crusader*, says:

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising strict economy this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her oldest boy—only fourteen—treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on the table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of those boys is President of a college, goes to Europe every year, almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my own "beloved physician;" while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Colorado, and a member of the city council.

BUILDING.

Be careful how you build. Let nothing go to form your character that will not make it better and stronger. Let each brick be an honest one, and let it be laid carefully, with an honest purpose to make of yourself a good, noble man or woman. If already poor material has entered into your character, seek divine help to remove it. Get out every bad piece, every worthless habit. You cannot afford to have only an ordinary, much less a weak, character. While building see that you build of first-class material. You can build but one character in a lifetime, and it is to be yours for eternity; so make it the very best possible. But no character can be built of the best material unless we go to the Bible for it, nor built in the best way unless under the direction of Jesus the Master-builder. Gathering your material from the word of God, laying every portion with the trowel of prayer and under the direction of Jesus, the great Master, your character will be one that will stand all trials, pass all tests, and remain through eternity well worth the lifetime it took to build it.