

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN OLD PROVERB.

Pouting, my darling because it rains,
And flowers droop and the rain is falling,
And drops are blurring the window-panes,
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining?
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together,
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But *this* is the time the heart to test,
When winter is near and storms are howling,
And the earth from under her frozen vest
Looks up at the sad sky, mute and scowling.
The brave little spirit should rise to meet
The season's gloom and the day's repining;
And *this* is the time to be glad; for, sweet,
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

"NOTHING FINISHED."

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box; and what do you suppose I found?

Well in the first place, I found a "bead purse" about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words "I love"—but *what* she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible-board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear—" I need not, however, tell you *all* that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box I found not a single article *complete*; and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl.

They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great things we *morely undertake*. Our glory is not in that, but in what we *accomplish*. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by and by to see what men and women and little children *have done*.

THE QUEEN OF ALL.

Honour the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheek. The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are

the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight when she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you all your virtues, until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far-off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent muter by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

DID NOT GO WHERE THEY WERE.

"I've been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spake a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Some days after the same colonel was telling of his hunting experiences, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle.

"Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table.

"Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer.

"Because," pursued the missionary, explanatorily, "I thought, perhaps, you meant three."

"No, sir, thirty;" this time with emphasis.

"Well, now, that's strange," said the missionary, "I have been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while."

"Very likely not, sir," said the colonel; "but that's because you didn't know where to look for them."

"Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a minute or two of apparent reflection, "but may not that be the reason you never saw a native convert, as you affirmed the other evening at this table?"

A WORD FOR BOYS.

Ashamed of work, boys?—good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you ashamed that you know *so little* about great men.

Open your old Roman History now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when they wanted to make him Dictator, where did they find him? In the field ploughing.

The great Cato; you have surely heard of him—how he rose to all the honours of the Roman state—yet he was often seen at work in the field with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labour on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maids.

Better even than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this even are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There! after this you will feel 'ashamed not to work.

LESSON FROM A CHILD.

I remember hearing of a little girl who went to her Sabbath school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and she, in the simplicity of her little soul, said:

"Oh, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing; for you know there was little Mary Curtis, whose baby brother was buried this week, and she was sorry, and she cried so that I cried with her, and I took her hands in mine, and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect; and she was so happy that, although she got more tickets than I did, I was quite glad too."

"My dear," said the happy mother, "you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction, you have wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

A CLEVER REPLY.

Some time ago a working-man was urged by his employer to do some work on the Sabbath. The man courteously, but firmly declined to do it. "Why!" said the employer, "did not our Lord himself say that 'the Sabbath was made for man'?" "Yes, sir," was the shrewd reply of the work-man, "you are right—the Sabbath was made for man, and is therefore not to be taken from man."

"I'll do better to-morrow," said a little boy one day to his mother, but this was very foolish. Why not do better to-day? There is not one word in the Bible which calls upon you to be better to-morrow. It is always to-day.