

Our Young Folks.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray, don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses glass,
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
Have filly to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure.
Ere I of others tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know;
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of other's faults until
We have none of our own.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

Many a story is told of the noble St. Bernard having saved travellers while trying to trace their way through blinding snow, or of the gentle Newfoundland plunging into the water to rescue a little child from drownidg. They have watched beside the cradles of babies, and have protected households from burglars. The Newfoundland is famed for his affectionate and gentle nature, as manifested to those he loves, but if called upon to protect them he seems changed to the fiercest creature. One Newfoundland dog, which was the great pet in a household where there were many little people, was given the name of "Danger," because of his watchfulness, not only at night, but in the daytime as well. The home was in a retired country place, and as it was on the water's edge, strangers were often apt to trespass. "Danger" would, perhaps, be lying quietly on the piazza asleep, but the sound of a step on the gravel walk aroused him at once, and if he found it to be that of one whom he did not know, but a supposed intruder, he would spring up with a ferocious growl, and was ready for action, but a word from those he knew and loved would calm him at once. Whenever the children went bathing, "Danger" was also on hand, waiting on the beach for them, and he would bring them the sticks which they threw as far away in the river as they could. It seemed as if he dearly loved the water, and would never tire of swimming as long as it pleased his little friends to send him.

Another friend of these little people was a great English mastiff, and although devoted to the children he did not so willingly allow them to pet and caress him. These huge mastiffs are of very ancient English origin, and there is also another species from Thibet. The dogs are large, powerful creatures, of ferocious natures; they, however, are very fond of their masters, but are not demonstrative.

The Newfoundland dogs are the reverse of the mastiff in disposition, for they are gentle, patient and affectionate in their natures. They are thorough water dogs, and their power for swimming is very great. Besides the large, shaggy dog, with broad, noble head, and gentle, intelligent face, and black and white in colour, is a smaller species, black, with smaller head

THE LITTLE TRUANTS.

One beautiful day two children considered the weather too pleasant to be spent in school, so resolved to play truant, and pass the time in the woods playing with the little animals and insects that make their homes there.

They first saw some may-bugs, which they hoped would afford them some amusement; but the bugs buzzed and hummed over their heads as much as to

say, "No, children; the morning hour is no time to play. We are busy digging holes and carrying dried grass to build our little holes."

After a time the children came to an ant-hill, and hoped the ants would take time to entertain them. But they paid not the least attention to the children. Each one was busy carrying something to their home, and when it proved too much of a burden, some one of their comrades assisted. Honey bees were sipping sweets from wild flowers, and were entirely too busy to play with idle children, and they began to fear that no insect made them welcome.

After a time a bird alighted upon a neighbouring bush. "Dear bird," they exclaimed, "you have nothing to do but amuse yourself, come and play with us."

But the bird replied, "Pink! pink! pink!" as much as to say: "No, children, I have no time to play truant; I must gather worms and insects for my little ones, and then sing them to sleep;" and she flew up into a tall tree. The children chirped and called to it, but the bird paid no attention to them.

"Nobody seems to have time to play with us," said one of the children discontentedly, "we might as well be in school."

Presently they saw a squirrel, and crept softly toward it. "Dear squirrel," said they, "you have nothing to do; you have time to come and play with us."

But it looked at them with its little bright eyes, and chatted as though to say, "Time, indeed! no I am as busy as can be gathering nuts for the long winter."

"Oh, dear squirrel, let us help you gather nuts," said they; but it snarled at them, as much as to say, "Go to school, you idle children, there are plenty of leisure times when you can gather nuts."

Then they came to a brook, gurgling and tinkling on its way through the woods. "Oh! we will play with the brook," cried they, "it has plenty of time."

But the brook kept on its course, and seemed to say, "Go to school, you idle children, you have no right to waste the morning of life in this way. I work day and night. I moisten fields and woods and meadows, and give drink to thirsty animals. When I grow great and strong I will turn mill wheels and bear great vessels from one place to another. I have no time to waste on idle children."

Then were they thoroughly ashamed, and said to each other, "It is not so pleasant after all to play truant."

THEM THAT HONOUR ME I WILL HONOUR.

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That's right," he said again; "always be honest; it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the lad timidly.

"Should I say what?—that honesty is the best policy? Why, it's a time-honoured old saying—I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we must do right because God approved it, without thinking what man would say—"

The merchant turned abruptly toward his desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning, a rich and influential citizen called at the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant; "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes; what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes; that's what everybody tells me who has a boy to dispose of; no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin; indeed [the merchant coloured] he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence,

you know, is—is common—common prudence—ahem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say:

"He was a parish orphan, taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot; no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. So, that boy would have died rather than be dishonest. I can't account for it; upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I'll adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, I'll thank God."

The little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor, pious old creature, who had been taught of the Spirit, became a most excellent divine.

"Them that honour Me I will honour."

A BIRD'S NEST.

How many of you have ever seen a bird's nest? Ah, there isn't a boy in the land but has climbed a tree or crept softly through the grass to find in the green hedges a bird's nest; and oh, how glad you were if you had the good luck to find four little speckled blue eggs in it. Well, there isn't a prettier sight. But boys, I hope you never, never touch the nest. Think! that little hollow web of grass and feathers, with its soft downy lining, so cunningly woven together, is the bird's home. It has taken months of labour for her and her mate to build it so pretty, and the birds love their leafy home as much as you do yours.

How would you feel if, some day, you should come from play or school to find only broken wood and fallen bricks, where your dear cozy home had once been? You would cry and feel very badly, I have often heard the plaintive chirp and twitter of the robin, our sweet spring song bird, when she had been robbed of her pretty green nest, and my heart just ached, as yours would, too, did you really think what a wicked act it is to rob a bird's nest?

LITTLE HEROES.

In times of deadly peril children have shown a heroic unselfishness which justifies the Saviour's words: "Of such are the kingdom of heaven." One bright September evening, fifty years ago, a farmer's wife, with her six children and a servant maid, was bathing in the sea on the flat coast of Somerset, England. The two women were so busy in bathing the children that they did not notice, until it was too late to regain the shore, that the stealthy, creeping tide had surrounded them.

All then got upon a rock, from which, one by one, three of the children were washed off and carried out to sea. As the foaming waves leaped toward the rock, Jane, six years old, exclaimed, "Mother, we shall never see father again."

"Let us pray," she said, as another wave rushed over the rock, and she repeated, just before the waves swept her into heaven, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. Her thoughts were for her father on earth and on her Father in heaven.

On Sunday night, January 29, of this year, the calm heroism of two little cripples saved from destruction 163 inmates of the New York Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled Children.

Louis Felige, twelve years old, and Mary Greely, ten, started for bed about seven o'clock, and on reaching the second floor were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. They quietly proceeded to the third floor and told a nurse that the building was on fire.

She sent word to Matron Webber, who notified Dr. Gibney, and he sent out an alarm. The doctor, nurses, police and firemen got all the children out of the building, and the guests of the Vanderbilt Hotel opposite gave up their rooms to the little ones.

Ten-year-old Max Schwartz, who is suffering from hip disease, tried to carry out Johnny Burke, a little deaf and dumb cripple, but the burden was beyond his strength. Then he dragged Johnny out to the hallway, where a policeman found them and carried both down stairs.