

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

LET bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of Affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be pure and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."
—*Chamber's Journal.*

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

WHAT a pleasant look grandmother's room always has to the little ones. Yes, and to mothers and fathers also. Why do the little faces brighten, and the fairy feet dance so lightly on the way to that room? Why do the uncles and aunts always hasten there on their arrival, and linger upon the threshold at their departure?

It is a pleasant room, to be sure. It is always in order. On the walls are pictures, whose gilt frames are brilliant to the children's eyes; pictures which are like old friends to the uncles and aunts, for love of the dear fingers which executed them. There is a well-filled book-case too, with little books. "Grandmother's Gift" among them, for the children; and larger volumes of well-remembered tales and poems, whose leaves the older ones turned, many, many years ago.

And there are tasteful boxes and baskets, and scrap-books, and numerous other pretty, useful or ornamental articles, specimens of the grandmother's industry. Still these are not the chief attraction there. What then is it?

Ah, it is the blessed presence of the loving grandmother which draws all hearts thither; grandmother to the little folks is she, and dear, beloved mother to the little folks' parents all. What a kind greeting she has for every one, and what warm, loving words. How she sympathizes with each, young and old, in all their joys and sorrows; how she enters into all their plans, encourages them in all good aims, warns them if there is wrong lurking among their purposes, and rebukes them if it is cherished in their hearts and actions.

Blessings rest upon the house where the grandmother is honored. And not among the least of these is the hallowed influence of her teachings and example upon the tender hearts of the children. Will the darlings ever forget how, when tired of everything in the nursery, their hearts have leaped at mamma's permission to go down for an hour to see grandmamma? Will they forget how gently they tapped at her door, or how kindly their knock was answered by her smiling face and welcome words? Will the curious games she taught them be forgotten? or the pretty toys

and amusing pictures which she always kept for children? Then how many new kinds of work she made them delight to learn, while she told them interesting stories, and her busy fingers all the while were saying to them, "Never be idle; there's ever something to do; if not for yourself, for another."

The morning calls there will be remembered also, when little feet hastened thither, that grandma's hand might be claimed in going to the breakfast room. And will the little ones who have slept in her arms when infants, prattled on her knee when learning to talk, and played around her since they were too old to claim a seat there, forget the lessons which she has been teaching them all the while? lessons, too, often called forth by some wrong-doing that grandmamma never overlooks. And did not her example teach them, still more impressively than her words, lessons of patience, industry, trust in God, of sincere love to Him, and of constant endeavor to do good to all His creatures? Can the entire resignation to the will of the Father, which they have seen displayed in her room, in sickness and in health, in scenes of pleasure or of sorrow, fail of remembrance?

No, never. These remembrances must be carried through life, and be of more value than an inheritance of gold.

Some of the little ones to whom "grandma" was a word of joyful meaning, have passed heavenward before her. Waiting there for the loved ones below, will they not welcome the angel grandmother with songs of joy?

Let the dear grandmother be ever cherished in all homes where she is an inmate. Let us reverence her age, love her society, prize her embraces, return her affection, seek her comfort and pleasure, strive to gain her approbation, receive her reproofs with gratitude, and emulate her life-long example of active usefulness.—*S. B. W. W., in Boston Watchman.*

PRINCE ALFRED AND THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

WHEN the present Duke of Edinburgh was twelve years of age, and then called Prince Alfred, the Queen and Prince Albert were spending the autumn months at Balmoral. The young prince slipped his attendant: and wandered some distance away. Finding himself tired, he wished to return home, but had quite forgotten which way he came, and looked hither and thither for some outline of Balmoral. At length he saw a boy about his own age coming along with a basket of cockles on his head.

"Hallo, boy!" cried the Prince; but the lad went on without any response. "Come here, I want you!" said Prince Alfred; but still the boy walked on. The young prince then ran with all speed, and overtook the lad with the cockles, and said, "Now I want you to tell me the way to the castle."

"I dinna ken," said the boy.

"If you don't tell me," shouted the prince, "I will knock the basket off your head."

"Na, ye winna," was the defiant reply.

"Won't I," said the prince; and the next instant the basket was rolling on the sand, the cockles tumbling about in all directions.

The boy's temper was roused, and he rushed up to the prince with his clenched hand; there was a tussle for a few seconds, but the

boy soon conquered, and the prince ran away, followed by his assailant. One of the royal attendants who had gone in search of the young prince witnessed the assault, and coming quickly to the rescue, took the poor boy into custody, marching him to the castle, and telling him on the way the enormity of his offence, he having dared to strike a prince of the royal family.

"I didna ken wha the gentleman was, but he spilt a' my cockles," said the boy sobbing.

The young prince thought over the affair, and told the attendant that he was more to blame than the lad, and he had better let him go; but the attendant thought otherwise, and marched his prisoner on, and the rumor ran round the castle that Prince Alfred had been seriously assaulted; but that royal youth, with wise resolve, went to the Queen and told her what had happened, and that the boy was not in fault.

The poor little prisoner was taken to an anteroom in the castle, where, trembling all over, he awaited his sentence. Presently a reverend gentleman made his appearance; he was one of the Queen's chaplains; and in a gentle encouraging tone, he asked the boy his name, where he lived, his occupation, and all the circumstances which led to the encounter; and to the surprise of the attendants he ordered the boy, by the wish of Her Majesty, to be taken into a comfortable room and given something to eat.

About half an hour afterwards the same reverend gentleman returned and told the little boy that the Queen was satisfied he had done no wrong; that Her Majesty deemed it the duty of her subjects to protect themselves whenever they were oppressed; she had taken into consideration the value of the cockles and the time lost, and had sent him five shillings as compensation.

The prisoner was then released to pick up his basket and the cockles, and ran home a rich and happy boy; but his good fortune did not end here, for the Queen sent to inquire about his family, and found that his mother was a poor fisherman's widow living in great poverty, and the fortunate boy was sent to school and afterwards apprenticed to a trade by Her Majesty's bounty.

A FEW TEST WORDS.

HOW do you pronounce these words? Don't bother any one much about it. It will be interesting, and may prove profitable, for a couple of friends to run them over, dictionary in hand:

orthoepey	costume
accented	Chinese
disputant	equation
combatant	luxury
conversant	haunt
vagary	orotund
raillery	caisson
finance	laugh
ant	nunt
alternate	squalor
frontier	frontal
coagulate	caoutchouc
coadjutor	lyccum
vehement	Missouri
Danish	recess

—*Journal of Education.*

GOD'S COUNSEL.—When we come to God for counsel, we must be willing to put our whole case in His hands—to take the up-hill step instead of the smooth one, should He point to it.