

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

Two pretty lambkins frisked about  
Their proud and happy mother,  
Who tried to teach the little things  
Truly to love each other.

"For," said this wise old mother sheep,  
"You each may take a warning.  
If you but watch those children romp  
In yonder field this morning.

"Look how they quarrel and dispute  
About their silly playing;  
'Tis plain their mother's kind command  
They think not of obeying.

"Can it be possible that such  
Is some good mother's darling?  
I am sure I don't know what I'd do  
If you like them were snarling.

"Yet they have souls, while you have none,  
And, oh, they are so vicious:  
To have my children thus cowed  
I'm truly not ambitious."

The lambkins whisked their bushy tails,  
And, frisking round their mother,  
Declared "forever and a day  
They'd truly love each other."

### HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

"Rex, have you studied your Sunday school lesson?"

"Not to night. There isn't any need this time."

"No need? Why not?" queried Rex's mother.

"Because," replied Rex, promptly, "the lesson is the story of David and Goliath. I've heard it over and over—it's the one I always liked, you know—till I know all about it. I don't need to look it up. I almost believe I can tell it now better than the teacher can."

"You are sure you know all about it? Very well. Then I will ask you a question on the subject."

"All right. I can answer any number of questions on that story," replied Rex cheerfully.

"What became of Goliath's sword?"

Rex whistled. Somehow, the promised answer was not so quick and ready as he had expected to have it.

"You remember," explained his mother, "that David cut off the giant's head—not with his own sword, for he had none, but with Goliath's, which he drew out of its sheath for the purpose. And after that, what was done with the sword?"

"Why I never heard. That isn't in the story, is it?" cried Rex.

"A boy who knows all about it ought to be able to tell," replied his mother, demurely.

And again Rex took refuge in whistling.

"Well, mother, I'll have to own you've caught me this time," he confessed at last; "and now are you going to tell me about it?"

"Any time when you are ready for the lesson, was the answer.

So, at the hint, Rex left the shavings, packed his tools, and joined his mother at the library-table among her books and papers with a business-like:

"Now then, please, mother-professor! What really became of the giant's sword?"

"When we hear of the sword again," said the mother-professor with a smile, "the shepherd-boy, David, who was at first soothing and dear to King Saul in those strange, dark moods

that tormented him, had become a presence the fickle King could not bear. David had to flee for his life; and we find him coming to Abimelech, the priest, as he flies, asking for food and help. And he asks for another thing, a spear or sword. Read me what the priest answered, please. Here it is."

Rex looked at the place pointed out and read thus:

"And the priest said, The sword of Goliath, the Philistine, whom thou slewest in the valley of Elah, behold it is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod: if thou wilt take that, take it, for there is no other save that here. And David said, There is none like that, give it me."

"Now that is worth knowing; I'm glad you've showed me that, mother-professor," said Rex, heartily. He liked to hear facts.

"I'm sure," responded his mother, with mock meekness, "it's a privilege to contribute any information to any who, before-hand, knew all about it."

"O mother, how you do always come up with a fellow!" expostulated the boy; "but I won't say any more against studying this lesson as usual."

### THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

### WISHING ONESELF DEAD.

People sometimes, in their rash moments, wish themselves dead. If they should be taken at their word, they would plead for life. An Eastern parable illustrates this inconsistency:

"A certain feeble old man had gathered a load of sticks, and was carrying it home. He became very tired on the road, and flinging down his burden, he called out: 'O, Angel of Death, deliver me from this misery!'"

"At that instant the Angel of Death, in obedience to his summons, appeared before him, and asked him what he wanted. On

seeing the frightful figure, the old man, trembling, replied:

"O friend, be pleased to assist me, that I may lift once more this burden upon my shoulder; for this purpose only have I called you!"

A more amusing illustration of the same inconsistency is given in a Southern story about "poor old Brudder Moses."

He was a superannuated slave who lived in a log cabin, by himself, and was known far and wide for the fervency of his prayers, and the loud tone in which he uttered them. One of his stereotyped petitions, uttered morning and evening, was, "O dat de angel ob de Lord would come and take poor old brudder Moses away from dis wicked world home to heaven!"

Some mischievous young men, who had often overheard this petition, thought they would test the old man's sincerity. One dark night several of them stationed themselves at the door and the window of Moses' cabin.

At his usual hour, the old man began his prayer. As soon as he had spoken the familiar phrase, several boisterous knockings interrupted his devotions. "Who's dar?" he exclaimed, with chattering teeth.

"The angel of the Lord," answered a sepulchral voice, "come to take poor Moses to heaven."

"Dar's no such nigger about this house—done gone away dis two years!" chattered the old negro, and amid peals of laughter, his tormentors departed.

### A CHILD'S FAITH.

In a town of Holland there once lived a very poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none.

The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that He was good; so, with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to Him for food. On rising from their knees, her eldest child, a boy about eight years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophet with food brought by the ravens." "Yes my son," the mother answered; "but that was a very long time ago." "But mother, what God has done once may he not do again? I will go and unclosethe door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and enquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children." "Indeed," cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly led the boy to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again. For though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.