

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Little children, love each other,"
 'Tis the Saviour's blessed rule;
 Every little one is brother
 To his playfellows at school.
 We are children of one Father,
 That great God who reigns above;
 Shall we quarrel? No; much rather
 Would we dwell like Him in love.

He has placed us here together,
 That we may be good and kind;
 He is ever watching whether
 We are one in heart and mind.
 Who is stronger than the other?
 Let him be the weak one's friend;
 Who's more playthings than his brother?
 He should like to give or lend.

THE TWO PEACHES.

SOME evenings ago I went to the house where my young friend Lydia lives. She is eight years old. I sat for some time with this little girl and her parents. Her little brother Oliver was in the garden drawing about his cart. The mother brought in some peaches, a few of which were large red-cheeked ones—the rest were small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the best, gave one to the mother, and then one to his little daughter. He then took one of the smaller ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out, and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

"No, father," she said, "I did not give him that."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," she said; "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey me," said he.

"I did not mean to disobey you, father," and her bosom began to heave.

"But you did, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be angry with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the biggest peach," and the tears began to fall down her cheek.

"But I wanted you to have the biggest," said the father; "you are older than he is."

"I should like you to give the best things to brother," said the little girl.

"Why?" asked the father.

"Because," answered the generous, unselfish sister, "I love him so. I always feel glad when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my dear child," said the father, as he folded her in his arms; "you are right, and you may be certain your father can never be angry with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your little brother. He is a dear child, and I am glad you love

him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said Lydia, "I think he does; for, when I offered him the largest peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

Children, this is as it should be, especially in the family; and be assured that they who are the most kind will be the most happy.

THE ECHO.

A LITTLE boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' and he said, 'What is your name?' And I said, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I'll strike you.'"

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others they will by-and-by say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scriptures, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

OUTWITTED.

ONE fine summer day a very hungry fox sailed out in search of his dinner. After a while his eye rested on a young rooster, which he thought would make a very good meal; so he lay down under a wall and hid himself in the high grass, intending to wait till the rooster got near enough and then spring on him, and carry him off. Suddenly, however, the rooster saw him and flew in a great fright to the top of the wall.

The fox could not get up there, and he knew it so he came out from his hiding place and addressed the rooster thus:

"Dear me!" he cried, "how handsomely you are dressed! I came to invite your magnificence to a grand christening feast. The duck and the goose have promised to come, and the turkey, though slightly ill, will try to come also. You see that only those of rank are bidden to this feast, and we beg you to adorn it with your splendid talent for music. We are to have the most delicate little cock-chafers served up on toast, a delicious salad of earth-worms—in fact all manner of good things. Will you not return then with me to my house?"

"Oh, oh!" said the rooster, "how kind you are! What fine stories you tell! Still, I think it safest to decline your kind invitation. I am sorry not to go to that splendid feast, but I cannot leave my wife, for she is sitting on seven new eggs. Good-bye! I hope you

will relish those earth-worms. Don't come too near me, or I will crow for the dogs. Good-bye!"

HOW SLEIGH-BELLS ARE MADE.

HOW many boys and girls know how the jingling sleigh-bells are made? How do you think the little iron ball gets inside of the bell? It is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell, this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the outside of a bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mould of the outside and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and the mould.

When the mould is taken off you see a sleigh-bell, but it would not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can all be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

It took a great many years to think out how to make a sleigh-bell.

THE PEA-NUT.

THE pea-nut is the fruit of a plant common in warm countries. It is sometimes called the ground-pea and ground or earth-nut, and in the Southern States the goober or goober-nut. Still another name for it is pindal or pindar, and in western Africa it is called mandubi. The plant is a trailing vine, with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall the flower stem grows longer, bends downward, and the pod on the end forces itself into the ground, where it ripens.

Pea-nuts are raised in immense quantities on the west coast of Africa, in South America, and in the Southern United States. The vines are dug with pronged hoes or forks, dried for a few days, and then stacked for two weeks to cure. The pods are picked by hand from the vines, cleaned in a fanning mill, and sometimes bleached with sulphur, and packed in bags for market. Pea-nuts are sometimes eaten raw, but usually roasted or baked. In Africa and South America they form one of the chief articles of food. Large quantities of them are made into an oil much like olive oil, and which is used in the same way. It is also used in the manufacture of soap. A bushel of pea-nuts, when pressed cold, will make a gallon of oil. If heat is used, more oil is made, but it is not so good. In Spain pea-nuts are ground and mixed with chocolate. Pea-nut vines make good food for cattle.

The pea-nut gets its name from the shape of its pod, which is like that of the pea.

"KEEP My commandments, and live; and My law as the apple of thine eye."—Prov. vii. 2.

A LITTLE boy weeping most piteously was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, "what was I crying about just now?"