

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TEN YEARS OLD.

I measured myself by the wall in the garden ;
The hollyhocks blossomed far over my head ;
Oh, when I can touch, with the tips of my fingers,
The highest green bud, with its lining of red,

I shall not be a child any more, but a woman ;
Dear hollyhock blossoms, how glad I shall be !
I wish they would hurry—the years that are coming,
And bring the bright days that I dream of to me !

Oh, when I am grown, I shall know all my lessons—
I shall be very rich, very handsome and fine,
And good, too—of course—'twill be easier then
To say to the tempter "No!" every time.

There'll be many to love me, and nothing to vex me,
No knots in my sewing, no crusts to my bread.
My days will go by like the days in a story :
The sweetest and gladdest that ever was read.

And then I shall come out some day to the garden
(For this little corner must always be mine) ;
I shall wear a white gown all embroidered with silver,
That trails in the grass with a rustle and shine.

And meeting some child here at play in the sunshine,
With gracious hands laid on her head, I shall say,
"I measured myself by these hollyhock blossoms
When I was no taller than you, dear, one day!"

She will smile in my face as I stoop low to kiss her,
And—Hark! they are calling me in to my tea!
Oh, blossom, I wish that the slow years would hurry!
When, when will they bring all I dream of to me?

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturges, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said: "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have a sheep." I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it: "Never you mind who neglects his duty, be you faithful, and you will have your reward."

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio who knew me came to buy goods, and said, "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the

old tea-merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: Be careful whom you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are: Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honourable success.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

There are often wells of thought and feeling in childhood of whose depths parents little dream. We are so accustomed to think of our children's tastes, desires, and will as being reflections of our own that we too often forget to study their natures, recognise their individuality, and treat them as sentient beings. With such reflections I listened to the relation of the following incident:

A little girl of this city, about ten years of age, was visiting her aunt in the country. They were discussing a certain book, and the aunt remarked—

"Your birthday is near; perhaps your mamma will buy it for you for a birthday present."

A tinge of sadness rested on the sweet young face as she quickly answered—

"She could give me something else I would rather have, something I would rather have than anything else in the world."

"Well, I'm sure," said her aunt, "your mamma will get it for you, if it does not cost too much."

"It will not cost money," replied the child, "it will not cost any thing."

But she could not then be persuaded to tell what it was. After a long time the shrinking little spirit said—

"Auntie, I will tell you part; it is something she gave me before little brother came. It is just not to do something for that one day now don't you know?"

The discerning auntie drew the little one to her and asked—

"Is it that mamma should not scold you on your birthday?"

A trembling "Yes," and long the dear head rested in silence on the bosom of that loving, patient aunt.

When I heard this little incident related by that aunt herself my heart wept, and I quickly asked myself, "Am I not that mother? Have not the cares of a growing family caused me to be often less patient with my first-born, my darling Edith? Have not I, in the multiplicity of duties, been unresponsive to the heart longing for a mother's tender caress and loving recognition of little services rendered?"

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to jump, play climb,

and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Royal Road.*

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF GIRLS.

Girls are markedly susceptible to the influence of surroundings and circumstances. Observe how readily they appropriate all the little manners and ways of any better bred household into which they may chance to be introduced. Let both boys and girls make their entrance to such households together and shortly the girl drops all her old ways, and changes so that her early training would hardly be detected. Not so the boy. He yields to new influences also, but shows it less; and is much longer in adopting new ways, and when he has adopted them there is apt to cling around them some flavour of the old. This ready imitative capacity, this easy adaptation of the manners of those in higher spheres of life does not, in our country especially, always lead to dignity and order in dress.

GOOD WORK FOR CHILDREN.

Let your daughter with a little advice, cut up a few yards of calico, and make aprons, dresses and bedquilts, even if there be a little waste and poor fits. She will be likely to see her mistakes and profit by them. Let her make some cake and bread, and broil some meat and some corn, no matter if she does have to throw some of it into the swill-pail. It is better to make a few mistakes while young, in acquiring an education, than to grow up without experience. They must learn something or make great blunders during a portion of their lives, when left to rely on themselves. In many respects children are not trusted enough. They are "bossed" too much.

THE noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the telling us of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful; wise, in spying that which I see not; faithful, in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.

A JAPANESE Christian, about to sell some articles, asked the customer, as he was about to pay for them, "have you noticed this fault, and this, and this?" The purchaser had not observed the defects, and decided not to take the articles. This is the kind of Christians converted Japanese make.