

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## "BE UP AND DOING."

A LITTLE boy named Harry was looking very thoughtful one day, when he suddenly said to his mother:

"Ought I not to be up and doing something, mother, for the poor heathen? Am I not old enough to preach?—I do not mean pulpit preaching."

"I should think not," said the mother, smiling; "but what kind of preaching do you mean, my boy?"

"Mine must be spade preaching, mother."

"Spade preaching!" echoed sister Lottie, from the other side of the room.

"Yes," said Harry. "Do not some of the school boys dig, plant, and sell? and cannot I dig my missionary money out of the ground?"

"Well, suppose you ask father if he will let you have a piece of garden ground," said his mother.

When the father came home, his little boy urged his plea for a piece of "Missionary Ground," and very cheerfully was it granted, and some good potatoes for seed were also added.

Harry was very diligent in digging, setting, watering, and weeding, and by the summer a fine crop of potatoes rewarded his toil. Lottie had the pleasure of helping to gather up the potatoes and send them off to market.

In the missionary report for the next year the interesting item might be seen of "Missionary Potatoes," with a few shillings attached. May not other little boys and girls "go and do likewise?"

In some parishes of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where the people are deeply interested in the cause of missions, it is not unusual for parents to encourage their children to raise funds, not only by "spade" work, but by means of fruit trees, cows, sheep, and poultry. The best cherry tree in some orchards is the "Missionary Tree," and the blossoms and fruitage of that tree are watched with special interest by both parents and children. Even in some of the poor parts of Ireland contributions have been raised by "missionary hens."

We lately had a very interesting letter from that warm friend of Ireland, Miss Holmes, of Ballaghadereen, near Clogher, in which she tells of some of her little shoeless scholars bringing the eggs from hens which have been "set apart" for missionary purposes. The interest felt by the poor children in this mode of helping the cause of Christ is deeply affecting, and may well reprove those children who have greater advantages, but who never improve them.

At a village missionary meeting in Nottinghamshire, some time ago, a little girl's collecting box was found to contain nearly one pound in coppers. How had she filled it? By the sale of bones which she had collected.

The poor children in one of our workhouses wished to send something for the missions. But what could they do? They had no money, and no friends came to see them who had any to give. But where there is a will there is a way. They began to pick up

the pins they found on the floors and in the yards, and these, with the consent of the governor, were sold. The farthings thus raised by these little workhouse children were doubtless, like the widow's mite, more acceptable to the Lord than many of the offerings of the rich.

## A NOBLE BOY.

WELL! I saw a boy do the other day what made me feel good for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling, even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it was.

As I was walking along a street of a large city, I saw an old man, who seemed to be blind, walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slow, feeling his way with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And it's very high too; I wonder if some one won't tell him, and start him in the right direction!"

Just then a boy, about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the man's arm, and said:

"Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play. Now, this boy thought he had only done the old man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and better and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them.

The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving toward every one for many days afterward.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act, or to make any one else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and do good, is to be happy. This is every one's mission here in this world. Then, again, the kind of boy you are shows the kind of man you are going to be. If you are a kind, gentle boy, you will be a generous, benevolent man.—*Ruth Hudson.*

## EVERYBODY'S MOTTO.

## "DUTY FIRST AND PLEASURE AFTERWARDS."

A GENTLEMAN had a little dog that always came whenever it was called. One day this gentleman thought he would put the little dog's obedience to the test; so he told his servant to put a plate of meat on the floor for him. The servant did so, and the little dog came running to the plate, for he was very hungry. But just as the poor thing was thinking what a fine treat he was going to have, and was about to help himself to the meat, his master called him away.

The little dog heard the call, and looked wistfully at the meat. The meat was nice and fresh from the butcher's shop, and certainly very tempting to a hungry dog. But the little creature knew that the first thing was to obey his master. He, therefore, turned from the plate of meat without touching it,

and ran to see what was wanted, wagging his tail so pleasantly that it just meant a smile.

That little dog, I think, was deservedly a favorite; and it would be well if all little folks followed his example, doing what they know to be their duty before seeking their own pleasure or gratification.

More than once I have heard a mother call her little girl, who has answered "Yes, mamma," but never gone. She was busy dressing her doll, perhaps, or undressing it for bed, or just finishing her lessons and did not wish to leave them, or putting the last touch to the picture she had been painting and wanted to complete it.

When little folks do so, they are pleasing themselves instead of obeying mamma, and cannot expect a blessing from God.

"Duty first and pleasure afterwards," children; that is the way to be truly happy."—*Missionary Echo.*

## "FATHER, I STEP IN ALL YOUR TRACKS."

ONE winter's morning, after a snow-storm, a father took his hat for a walk to attend to some farm affairs requiring attention. As he started, his little boy of five summers also snatched his hat, and followed the father with mock dignity, and an assumed business-like air. When they reached the door the gentleman noticed that no track or pathway had been made in the snow, and he hesitated about letting his boy follow him. But the soft, fleecy snow looked so tempting, so pearly white, that he concluded to allow the child to walk after him. He took short strides through the untrodden snow, when, suddenly remembering his little boy, he paused, looked back for him, and exclaimed:

"Well, my son, don't you find it hard work to walk in this deep snow?"

"Oh! no," said the boy, "I'm coming; for, father, I step in all your tracks."

True enough, the dear child was planting his tiny feet just where the parent's foot had trodden. The child's reply startled the father, as he reflected that thus would his child keep pace with him, and follow in his tracks through life. He was not a friend to Jesus, not a man of prayer, and not a Christian; and well might he pause and tremble as he thought of his child, ever striving to "step in all his tracks," onward, onward, through life's mysterious mazes and myths, toward eternity! The little boy's reply brought that strong, stubborn-hearted man to think, when even the preached word of God had made no impression upon him. Finally he repented, and sought and found peace in believing in Christ. We believe he is now making such tracks through life that at some day that son may be proud to say,

"FATHER, I STEP IN ALL YOUR TRACKS."

"THE wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."—Prov. xxviii. 1.

"WINE is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. xx. 1.

"WHOSO mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker, and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished."—Prov. xvii. 5.