

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE BOY TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,  
You've asked me to cypher and speli,  
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong.  
Or a dolt if I failed to toll  
Just when you say *he* and when you say *lay*,  
Or what nine sevens may make,  
Or the longitude of Kamrschatka Bay  
Or tho I-forgot-what's-its-name lake,  
So I think it's *my* turn, I do,  
To ask a question or so of you

The school-master grim, he opened his eyes,  
But said not a word for sheer surprise.

Can you tell what "phan dubs" means? I can.  
Can you say all off by heart  
The "overy twoory ickery ann,"

Or tell "alloys" and "commons" apart?

Can you fling a top, I would like to know,  
Till it hums like a "bumble-bee?"

Can you make a kite yourself that will go

'Most as high as the eye can see,  
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,  
And the little birds come and light on its string?

The schoolmaster looked, oh! very demure,  
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,  
Or the colour its eggs may be?

Do you know the time when the squirrel brings  
Its young from their nest to the tree?

Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,  
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?

Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,  
Then gaze without trembling below?

Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,  
Or do anything else we boys call fun?

The master's voice trembled as he replied:  
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce," he sighed.

### THE NEW SCHOLAR.

A new scholar came to Rackford school at the beginning of the half-year. He was a well-dressed, fine-looking lad, whose appearance all the boys liked.

There was a set of boys at this school who immediately invited him to join their "larks," and I suppose boys know pretty well what that means.

They used to spend their money in eating and drinking, and often ran up large bills, which their friends found hard to pay. They wanted the new scholar to join them. They had always contrived by laughing at him, or reproaching him, to get almost any boy they wanted in their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. The new scholar refused their invitations. They called him mean and stingy—a charge which always makes boys very sore.

"You are real mean not to go with us," they said.

"Mean?" he answered; "where is the meanness in not spending money which is not my own? And where is the stinginess in not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way they do not approve?"

"He talks like a minister," exclaimed one of them.

"After all," he continued, "our money must come from friends, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it. No, boys, I do not spend a penny that I should be ashamed to give an account of to my father and mother, should they ask me."

"Eh! not out of your leading-strings, then?"

No, nor am I in a hurry to get out of them."

"Afraid of your father, eh? Afraid of his whipping you? Afraid of your mother? Won't she give you a sugar-plum? What a precious baby!" they cried in mocking terms.

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of you," said the new scholar, boldly. "You want me to be afraid of not doing as you say. And which, I should like to know, is the better sort of fear—the fear of my school-fellows, which would lead me into what is low, or fear of my parents, which will inspire me with things noble and manly? Which fear is the better? It is a very poor service you are doing me to try to set me against my parents, and teach me to be ashamed of their authority."

The boys felt that there was no headway to be made against such a new scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than in it—all bad boys I mean. The others gathered around him, and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their champion and friend.

"The new scholar is a champion fellow," said the principal, "and carries more influence than any boy in the school. They study better, and play better where he is. You can't pull him down. Everything mean and bad sneaks out of his way."

### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Little children, love each other,"  
'Tis the Saviour's blessed rule:  
Every little one is brother  
To his play-fellows at school.

We're all children of one Father,  
That great God who reigns above:  
Shall we quarrel? No; much rather  
Would we dwell like Him in love.

### LUTHER AT HOME.

Luther had taken his lute and sung one of his noble hymns. When he had finished, he put down the instrument, looked round him, fixing his eyes by turns on his wife, his children, and his friend. "There is nothing sweeter," he said, "nothing more beautiful than a happy marriage, where the husband and wife live together in peace and concord. It is the best gift of Heaven, next to the knowledge of God and of His Word.—Catherine," he continued, turning to his wife, "you have a husband who fears God and loves you. In this you are happier than an empress, as other godly women are. Be sensible of your happiness and give thanks to God."

He rose, and approaching one of his children, who was walking about the room with a toy in his arms, placed his hand on the boy's head, and blessing him, said: "Go, my child, and be godly. I shall leave thee neither silver nor gold; but thou wilt have after me a God who is very rich, and will never forsake thee."

The children had clustered together, chattering to each other: and as Luther noticed their simplicity, their innocence, and their childlike confidence in the Lord, he said: "Of a truth these dear little creatures are far more learned in faith than we old fools. We

give ourselves much trouble, we wrangle and dispute about the meaning of the Word, while these dear children believe without disputing."

His wife rose, and placed the infant Margaret in his arms: "I would willingly have died at the age of this little child," he said. "I would willingly have renounced for that all the honour I have gained, and may still have in this world."

John, having finished learning his lesson, had left his seat, and was playing with the dog who did everything he was ordered. "This child," said his father, "is putting the word of God into practice. Has not the Lord said. Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth? See how this dog does whatever the boy orders him."

### THE BETTER CHOICE.

It is said that a Quaker residing at Paris was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make their compliments and receive their usual New Year's gifts.

"Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts: choose fifteen francs or the Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first; "so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants."

He took the fifteen francs; the third also made the same choice.

The Quaker now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. He looked at him with an air of goodness and said:

"Will you take these three pieces as a gift, and which you may obtain at any time by your labour and industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read from it to my mother," replied the boy.

He took the Bible and opened it to look at it, when he found between the leaves a gold-piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

This young lad had indeed not only made a "better choice" in securing the precious Bible as a lamp to his feet and a guide to holiness, but also proved that those who are eager for the things of this world—grasping for money—may lose far greater good than they imagine, for our Heavenly Father, as that good Quaker, oftentimes adds innumerable blessings to godliness, or makes one rich with a contented spirit here and a glorious hope of eternal life hereafter, while those who alone seek for riches—the bread that perishes—may lose all here and hereafter. To make a wise choice you must look ahead.

### QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria expects to be obeyed by her children after they have reached mature years. Once the Prince of Wales was visiting St. Petersburg and telegraphed to his mother to ask if he could attend a court ball on Sunday. The answer was sent "Decidedly, no!" and he stayed away.