

Our Young Folks.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat as light the stroke,
I'm sure you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner,
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without.

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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THE HOLY MAN'S PRAYERS.

They touch everything, Phil. iv. 6.
Help Christian workers, 2 Cor. i. 11.
For the peace of Jerusalem, Psa. cxxii. 6.
For his enemies, Matt. v. 44.
For labourers in the spiritual harvest, Luke x. 2.
Confesses his deep ignorance of what he should ask, Rom. viii. 26.
With the spirit and the understanding, 1 Cor. xiv. 15.
Without ceasing, 1 Thess. v. 17.
In the most unlikely places, Jonah ii. 1.
Prayer marks the godly man, Acts ix. 11.
He gathers together with others for prayer, Acts xii. 12.
In the Holy Ghost, Jude 20.
Bring divine revelations to him, Dan. ix. 20.
With the Word they sanctify everything, 1 Timothy iv. v.
Gives himself to prayer, Psa. cix. 4.

DON'T.

A true Christian never snubs anybody, and yet the habit of slighting, snubbing, or looking down upon less fortunate acquaintances is common enough to make the following advice given to young readers, very timely:

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes, when Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending: Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents: Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade: the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because of physical disability: Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons: Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books. Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. Don't snub any one, not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, no, right, nor Christian.

THE BIBLE AND A GUINEA.

Men who have risen in the world are often fond of looking back to see what circumstances gave them their first push up the ladder of life.

A gray haired old admiral used to tell of a piece of very good advice which he received in his youth, and which made such an impression on him, that to it he ascribed his steady advancement in life. As a lad, just before joining his ship, he occupied an humble lodging for a few nights, the landlady, a respectable, motherly woman, at once taking a strong interest in the young fellow.

"When I went to bid her good-by," he said, "the kind creature pressed a Bible and a guinea into my hand, saying:

"There, my lad, take those, and God bless and prosper you. As long as you live never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or out of your prayers."

It was a word in season, the young midshipman never forgot it. To keep the resolution he made then required no ordinary firmness and courage, for let me tell you that fifty, sixty or seventy years ago, religion on board ship was a thing to suffer for.

But the boy stood firm. Alone amongst a crowd of careless ones, he said his prayers, trying to shut his ears to scorn and mockery, and even disregarding actual personal ill usage as such as he could.

On shore he did not recklessly fling away the money he had earned, in "treating" and folly, as did most of his shipmates. So, by degrees, becoming known to his superior officers as a steady, well-conducted young fellow, he merited the promotion he afterwards obtained.

We need just this sort of bravery nowadays—not the bravery which keeps a man staunch in the face of the enemy's cannon, we have plenty of that in the land, and we are glad of it; but the bravery of the soul that dare keep its place when the devil's ugly weapons are directly towards it—the bullet hail of scorn, laughter and mockery.

Try to lead good lives; lads of to-day! And next, do not be ashamed of being seen to do so. It is as wicked to pretend to be worse than you are as it is to strive to be thought better than you are.

CALLING THE ANGELS.

"Deed, mamma, we didn't mean to be fussy," said one of a bright-eyed little group, pressing round the mother's knee; "but we's so many of us together that if one of us says a teensy-weensy mad word all the rest must say one, too, and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little sweet-voiced angels that just hate fusses, and, if you will call one of them, he will fly right away with the ugly words."

"But oh, Mumpsie! how can we call them?" asked another of the little folks.

"Listen now, and I'll call one;" and the mother began to sing softly,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,"

In a minute five little voices joined hers, and when they had sung the last "aye" every face was bright and smiling.

The next day that mother heard a rather angry clatter in the nursery; and presently one thin little voice piped up:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand."

The verses were sung all through, but some of the voices kept the debate up as well.

No sooner had "drops of water" died away, than another voice began, "Where, Oh! where are the Hebrew children?" and as none of them could keep from singing that chorus, no more fussing was heard.

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job," said one of mamma's boys afterward.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.

Punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes, the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others, may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which are impossible to recall.

BEING HIS OWN PILOT.

A bright boy, who loved the sea, entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and, while quite a young man, was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there, an telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port.

"Anchor I no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide."

"I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot."

"I am my own pilot," was the curt reply.

Intent upon reaching port by morning he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed, gray-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the wider course; but he only laughed at their fears, and repeated his promise to be in dock at daybreak. He was ashore before day-break.

We need not pause to dramatize a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind, and the wild orders to get the life boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—a toy that the tempest was tired of playing with—and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his own blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

Oh! young men beware of being your own pilots. Take the true and able Pilot on board, who can stride upon those waves, who can speak, "Peace, be still," to that rough Boreas, so that "with Christ in the vessel, you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self, that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain.

HOW TO MAKE MOTHER HAPPY.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quick and cross to her, he turned round a moment after of his own accord, and said he was wrong and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if, every day, my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little one. And now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine!

HATE EVIL.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the great and good lover of boys, used to say: "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp lookout for boys. There is nothing too mean for him to do to win them, and then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away; and leaves them! Not a bit of help or comfort does he give.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better!"

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can afford to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart. Hate the devil, and fight him, boys; but be sure and use the Lord's weapons.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

One morning I found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't work when I do it for mother," she said, softly.

How true it is that love makes labour sweet. So if we love the blessed Saviour, we shall not find it hard to work for Him. It is love that makes His yoke easy and His burden light.