

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HONESTY REWARDED.

WE all know the truth of the old maxim "honesty is the best policy." This is exemplified every day around us. He who is honest in little things will also be honest in greater things. "Kind Words" contains this example, which should be imitated by every girl and boy:

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them, as they settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He was very sorry, he said; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to remain. So the young men returned to their boarding house a good deal cast down: for work was scarce, neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he was the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over their week's wages, Harry said to his friend,—

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.

"Oh! he was very busy when six o'clock came; and, handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocket-book.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the post-office, and hand it to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George. What does he care for that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted: and I am sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called, and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid each of them a quarter more than their wages on purpose to test their honesty.

So, when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep. He chose Harry, and intrusted the shop to his care for several months when he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent. Five years afterwards, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner; and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common labourer.

There is nothing like a good character when you want employment. Some young men can always get work, no matter how dull the times are; while others can find nothing to do when hands are scarce, simply because they cannot be trusted.—*Kind Words.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS abbey is full of the remembrances of great men and famous women. But it is also full of the remembrances of little boys and girls, whose deaths shot a pang through the hearts of those who loved them,

and who wished that they never should be forgotten. Almost the earliest royal monument in this abbey is of a beautiful little deaf and dumb girl of five years old, the Princess Catharine, daughter of King Henry III., who loved her dearly. She was not forgotten, and her two little brothers, and perhaps four little nephews, were buried close to her, as if to keep her company. And so there are two small tombs in Henry VII.'s Chapel of the two infant daughters of King James I. Over one of them are some touching lines written by an American lady, which all mothers should read. And to these tombs of these two little girls were brought in after days by their nephew, Charles II., the bones of the two young murdered Princes, which in his time were discovered at the foot of the staircase in the Tower. And there is in the Chapel of St. Michael another tomb of a little child that died from a mistake of its nurse; and we know from her will that she never ceased to lament the little darling, and begged, if possible, very urgently, to be buried beside it. And there is a monument in the cloisters which contains only these words: "Jane Lister—dear child," with the dates of the child's age and the record of her brother's death. It is an inscription which goes to the heart of every one. It was in the year 1682, just a month before the great English Revolution, but the parents thought only of "Jane Lister," their "dear child."—*Good Words.*

A MODEL TELEPHONE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOYS and girls can make a model telephone by taking two empty condensed milk or oyster cans and stout, smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string—say fifty to one hundred feet in length—is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly-stretched string will permit, and while one operator holds his ear to one of the cans and his companion his mouth to the can at the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on so that most tones, and even a whisper, will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment for the first time is that the sound of the voice does not seem to come from the person speaking at the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first seems to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the hearer. The voice of the speaker communicated sound-producing vibrations to the wall of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so change that they no longer affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing and yet hear nothing.

TAMERLANE AND THE ANT.

ALL who have read the history of Scotland know the story of the brave king, Robert Bruce, who, when he was hiding from his enemies and had almost given up all hopes of setting his country free, because he

had tried six times and not succeeded, was comforted and encouraged to try again, because he saw a spider that had tried in vain six times to reach her cobweb. He determined that if the spider tried the seventh time and succeeded, he would try a seventh time to drive away the enemies of Scotland. The spider *did* try a seventh time, and succeeded—so did the king. A story very much like that is told of a brave Eastern king called Tamerlane, or Timur Lank, who lived as much as five hundred years ago. At the beginning of his wars he was so closely pressed by his enemies that he had to hide himself among some ruins. He was making up his mind to give up trying to conquer, when he saw a little ant trying to lift a grain of wheat—perhaps, indeed, what Tamerlane took for a grain of wheat was the ant's egg, as those little insects have eggs very nearly as big as themselves, and so like grains of corn as to be often mistaken for them by those who do not watch them closely—as big as herself, up a hillock. Every time the ant seemed about to drag her grain up the mound she fell back, and had to begin her work all over again. Again and again did the persevering ant try, and each time in vain, till at last, at the sixty-ninth time, she succeeded in dragging her grain to the top of the hillock. Tamerlane was so encouraged by seeing her that he determined to persevere, and he became a great conqueror. A greater King than Robert Bruce or Tamerlane has said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise."

OUR LITTLE TO-DY.

SHE is a wee thing, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, with tiny hands and feet, only three years old.

Her parents came from the old country, and named their baby girl for the good queen of England, Victoria.

When our little girl was but little over a year old, she began to talk.

People asked her name, and she always answered, "To-dy!"

To-dy's father is a labourer, and like many another working man, he used to smoke his pipe.

A year ago last New Year's eve, To-dy's father sat down after supper, lifted his little girl up into his lap, and took down his pipe from the mantel.

Down slipped the child from her father's lap, and away she ran into the pantry.

"To-dy!" called her father.

"What, sir?" sounded the piping little voice from the pantry in reply.

"Come here!"

"I don't want to."

"Why not, child?"

"I don't like your nassy pipe, papa."

The father is a godly man, and felt keenly the child's reproof.

"Well," said he, "come back, and I won't smoke any more."

Quick as the word, the little feet came pattering back. Up she clambered again upon her father's knee, kissed him, and in her most winning tones said,—

"Papa, I'll curl your hair if you won't smoke any more."

And from that day the father has never touched tobacco; for much as he loved his pipe, he loves his dear little child better.