

## Our Young Folks.

### A SERMON IN RHYMES.

Whatsoever you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might !  
Never be a *little* true,  
Or a *little* in the right.  
Trifles even lead to heaven ;  
Trifles make the life of man,  
So in all things, great or small things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—  
Spotless truth and honour bright !  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says *any* lie is white !  
He who falters, twists or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive me, but believe me,  
To *himself* he is a sneak !

Help the weak if you are strong,  
Love the old if you are young ;  
Own a fault if you are wrong,  
If you're angry, hold your tongue.  
In each duty lies a beauty,  
If your eyes you do not shut :  
Just as surely and securely  
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,  
Love with eye and ear and touch ;  
That's the moral of the whole,  
You can never love too much.  
'Tis the glory of the story  
In our babyhood begun,  
Our hearts without it (never doubt it),  
Are as worlds without a sun !

If you think a word would please,  
Say it, if it is but true ;  
Words may give delight with ease,  
When no act is asked from you.  
Words may often soothe and soften,  
Gild a joy or heal a pain ;  
They are treasures yielding pleasures  
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoever you find to do,  
Do it then with all your might ;  
Let your prayers be strong and true—  
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.  
Pray in all things, great and small things,  
Like a Christian gentleman ;  
And forever, now or never,  
Be as thorough as you can.

### GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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#### THE GODLY MAN'S THOUGHTS.

They are busy with God's glorious name, Mal. iii. 16.

- " " with what God reveals, Matt. i. 20.
- " hate vain thoughts, Psa. cxix. 115.
- " are right, Prov. xii. 5.
- " " concerning God, Exodus xv. 11 ; 1 John iv. 8 ; Psa. ciii.
- " " concerning sin, James iv. 17 ; Prov. xxiv. 9 ; 1 John v. 17.
- " " concerning man, Job xiv. 1 ; Isa. ii. 22.
- " " concerning world, 1 Cor. vii. 31 ; Psa. xxxix. 6.
- " " concerning hereafter, Matt. xxv. 31-46.
- " brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, 2 Chron. x. 5.
- " fall far short of God's thoughts, Isa. lv. 8, 9.
- " declare his own character, Prov. xxxiii. 7, first clause.
- " have their sufficiency to think aright in God, 2 Cor. iii. 5.
- " rest in God's thought, Psa. xl. 17.
- " are lowly touching himself, Gen. xviii. 27.

### BETTER DIE THAN LIE.

Always speak the truth, whether you please the pigs or make them grunt. It is the best plan always, and nine times out of ten it is the easiest in the long run. If truth costs dear to begin with, a lie will cost more in the end. Truth may be blamed, but it cannot be shamed. For a time people may think you a fool for being so out-spoken ; but before many new moons they will respect you for your honesty.

I have met with people who lie as naturally as they eat their dinners. You cannot believe anything they say. That Miss Arabella Bounce has the bump of wonder, and if she doesn't see wonders every day, she will make them up. I should say she was brought up upon Old Mother Goose, and weaned on novels. Such makers of wonderful tales are a plague in a house, and a pest to a parish ; they ought to be

transported to the Fool's Paradise, where they could lie on the clouds, or lie on the sea, or lie on the back of a dragon.

Some have a deep design, and lie one way to gain their end in another. Double, double ; wheel within a wheel ; you never know what they are at, but you are sure they are up to no good. These foxes will be trapped at last, and serve them right. A thief you may pity if he steals because of hunger, but a liar is a mean rat that every dog may hunt if it likes. But where there's one scheming liar, there are a dozen who tell falsehoods because they have never learned to care about truth. They have got into a way of exaggerating, or colouring, or making up as they go along, and they never wander into truth, except it be by sheer accident. This comes on by degrees. At first they just added on a word or two, and they went on by degrees until now they can lie as fast as a horse can trot. It is a shocking habit to tell falsehoods in jest. White lies are black sins ; and those who lie in fun will find it no fun to answer for it.

Above all things, be true. You can cure a man of a great many faults, but it is very seldom that you can save one who is downright false. A cunning rascal is rotten at the core, and there's no doing anything with him. I have known hundreds cured of swearing ; but hardly one of lying. The grace of God can conquer this habit, but it seldom does ; the liar makes his calling and election sure for hell, for he becomes by adoption the child of the father of lies. Hate the ground that a liar lies upon. The air around a falsehood is tainted with something worse than typhus fever. Flee every vice, but above all things abhor lying. Be true to thyself, if all around thee lie !

### THE CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence ? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express ; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less cheerful. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "God bless this dear, happy face ! We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone." And even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens our way !

### TRUE NOBLEMEN.

Every school boy remembers the story of Sir Philip Sidney, wounded on the field of Zutphen, refused to quench his burning thirst till he had offered his canteen to a poor bleeding soldier. In a noble character one ruling trait is consideration of others, and the military chiefs of history best deserve the praise of greatness who have been most thoughtful of their soldiers' comfort.

Another example of the real nobleman was the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, of whom it is related that when mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir he was carried in a litter on board the Foudroyant, and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was.

"It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply.

"Whose blanket is it ?" said he, half lifting himself up.

"Only one of the men's."

"I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is."

"It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph."

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

Even to ease his dying agony the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

### INTERRUPTED.

The habit which many people have of contradicting, and checking, and "setting right" others who are talking, is very trying even to good-natured men and women. Wives and husbands, and even young folks who should be "seen and not heard," are frequently afflicted with this unfortunate habit, which so often results in family unpleasantness. Mr. B. begins to tell a trifling incident to his guests. He says :

"My wife and I were in town Monday afternoon, and—"

"You are mistaken, my dear ; it was Tuesday," interrupts Mrs. B., mildly.

"O, so it was," says Mr. B. "Well, we were going down Main Street, and—"

"No, dear ; it was High Street," interrupts Mrs. B. again.

"Well, perhaps it was ; anyhow, I had a large bag in my hand, and—"

"Why, James, how ridiculous to call that a large bag !" puts in Mrs. B., with calm insistence.

"Well, well, big or small, as you like," says Mr. B., with signs of irritation. "It don't make any difference about the size, so—"

"Of course not, but it is just as well to tell things right as wrong."

"Well, I suppose so. However, we had just gone out of Brown's shop into Smith's shop, when—"

"Why, James, what are you talking about ? We didn't go into Brown's and Smith's shops at all that day."

"We certainly did, Mary. I got a kerchief there, and—"

"Oh, so you did, I had forgotten. I beg your pardon for interrupting you," she added, as though it had been a first offence.

"Well, it was about three o'clock," proceeded the husband, "when—"

"No, dear, it was exactly half-past two ; I remember looking at my watch at the time."

"Well, well, Mary, I said it was 'about three,' and—." Here he stopped, as if he had forgotten what he was about to tell, or did not care to proceed ; then he went on, and ran pleasantly against another impediment. "Well, as I was saying, we came out of the shop, and I hadn't gone a stone's throw—"

"Oh yes we had, James ; we had gone nearly down the street."

"All right ; down the street it was ; I was quite a little distance ahead of my wife, and—"

"Why, James, you're mistaken"

And so it goes on to the end, which is not reached for about an hour, when the whole story might have been told in ten minutes, and Mr. B. been saved an outburst of ill-humour after the departure of the guests, if Mrs. B. had not been so morbidly resolute that the most trivial circumstances should be reported exactly.

### THE ELEPHANT AND THE FOX.

These two animals fell into a dispute one day as to which had the greater powers of persuasion, and as they could not settle the matter themselves, it was agreed to call an assembly of the beasts and let them decide it.

When they had all taken their places the elephant began his oration. He spoke eloquently of the beauty of truth, justice and mercy, and the wickedness of falsehood, selfishness and cruelty. The wiser beasts listened with interest, but the larger portion yawned as if it was all a stupid business.

But when the fox commenced to tell his cunning tricks, they showed the greatest delight ; so he went on sneering at the elephant and all who loved justice, truth and mercy, and extolling the pleasures of knavery. Upon counting noses, the majority were in favour of the fox.

Months passed, and as the elephant was browsing in the woods one day, he heard a piteous moan. Proceeding to the place, he found orator fox in a trap, with both his hind legs broken. Said the fox, sharply, though nearly dead with pain. "So you have come to jeer at me in my affliction."

"Surely not," said the elephant ; "I would relieve you if I could, but your legs are broken, and there is no relief but death."

"True," said the fox, "had I been satisfied with an honest life and innocent amusements, I had not thus come to a miserable end. Knavery, artifice and cunning may be very good topics with which to delude those who are inclined to be vicious, but they furnish poor rules to live by."