

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHAT THE CHAIRS THINK.

Three little chairs, leant side by side against the nursery bed;  
Three little boys lay snug and warm, each tucked up to his head.  
The chairs were chatting soft and low, as chairs at night will do;  
The children, dreaming side by side, might learn a thing or two  
If slyly they would keep awake and hear the talking through.

One little chair went "creak, creak, creak," and stretched its legs a mite.  
"Oh dear!" it said, "my joints are loose, my back aches so to-night;  
That careless boy perhaps may think I do not feel his blows,  
Nor shrink away from every kick and rudeness he bestows.  
I wonder if all things can feel; perhaps they can, who knows?"

"Well, I've been chipped by Allie's knife until I sure would bleed,  
If any blood were in my veins, and shame his thoughtless deed."  
Thus spoke the second, with a sigh, and creaking sad and low:  
"Why can't the children tender be, and speak and act as though  
They knew all things had hearts and nerves?—they'd be much sweeter so."

A tiny pair of arms were raised, as if to ask attention;  
Their owner said, "There is a thing which I would like to mention,  
For sure I know one child at least, who's all we could desire;  
He never scratches, cuts nor kicks, nor roasts me by the fire.  
I wish we could all other boys with his kind deeds inspire."

"He's kind and gentle to all things, dog and cat as well;  
As to the baby sister, dear, the little Claribel,  
All things seem brighter when he's near, and better for the way  
He speaks to them, or deals with them, indeed, I cannot say  
How my arms ache for that dear boy when he is gone all day."

And so, remember, little friends, be gentle, tender, kind;  
And live, each day, in such a way, 'twill leave no scar behind.

### THE NEW SCHOLAR.

One day a new scholar, named Janet, appeared at the village school. No one seemed to know anything about her. The girls stared at her during recess, and laughed, and shrugged their shoulders. Afterward, though, they went on with their play and talked just as though Janet were a block of wood. When school was over, too, they were taken up with their own affairs—plans for the Saturday holiday and the coming Christmas.

"Who is she?" asked one.

"Don't know," said Kitty.

"Don't care," added Clara.

"Whoever she is, I don't like her," said Meta.

"Why not?"

"I don't know."

"There, Meta, that is what I call unreasonable," said Florence. "I think we are all really selfish not to speak a word to the little stranger."

"Where is the use? We cannot like everybody. Besides, there are just enough in our set without any new comers."

Thus the weeks passed, in which no one took the least trouble to draw Janet into "the set" or to show her any friendliness. The teacher must have noticed this. She spoke to one of her pupils one day, and said that she wanted her to do something to make Janet Kingston feel as though she really belonged to the school.

"What can I do?" Florence asked.

"Just what you would like done to yourself if you were in Janet's place," said the teacher.

Florence had never thought of it in that way. She never really took much time to think about anything. But that day she leaned her head on her desk, and asked herself how she would feel if she were Janet instead of Florence. She came to the conclusion that she would have felt great indignation toward every girl in the school.

"I do not believe that one of us has done more than say 'good morning' to her since she came."

Florence kept a bright look-out after that. She was surprised to find how easy it was to show an interest in Janet. No one knew better than Florence how to get her in as one among them without making any parade or attracting special notice to the shy little stranger. It was new work for Florence—this care for others. She ran home that night happier than she had ever before.

"What a selfish life I have been leading," she thought, as she stood by her window in the moonlight; "I, who promised not long ago to be like Jesus. It never seemed to me, though, that I could be like Him in such ways as these."

Why, Florence dear, have you not learned that loving care for others is one of the best ways in which we can show our love to Christ? We trust that it may soon be truthfully said of Florence, and of those who read this little story about her:

"Naught that sets one heart at ease is low-esteemed in her eyes."

### A PRETTY STORY.

In Naples the papers tell a pretty story of the Queen of Italy. It appears that as she was driving to the royal wood of Licalo the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses, and all the gay company, thought he was being fooled. "As if you did not know!" he said, with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off as if fearing to be laughed at again.

"Give him twenty francs for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, who, going after the countryman, said to him, "Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you."

"The Queen!" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive me that I did not know thee. But I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee." And the carriage drove off.

Now, the countryman, who had once seen the Queen, wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day presented himself at the palace.

"I know her, you know," he added, mysteriously. "I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again."

Thinking he had to do with a madman, the porter was about to have the poor fellow

arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared, and recognizing the man told him to wait. He informed the Queen of his presence. "Bring him here, by all means," was the answer.

When the man was for the second time before the Queen he said, "Yes, 'tis thou. I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?"

"That I will," said the Queen.

"Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money."

And he went away crying and smiling like a child.

The Queen has adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution under special patronage.—*Spectator*.

### THE CHANGES IN THE FROG.

Nowhere in the animal kingdom is there so favourable an opportunity for peeping into Nature's workshop as in the metamorphoses of the frog. This animal is a worm when it comes from the egg, and remains so the first four days of its life, having neither eyes nor ears, nostrils nor respiratory organs. It crawls, and breathes through its skin. After a while a neck is grooved into the flesh, and its soft lips are hardened into a horny beak. The different organs, one after another, bud out; then a pair of branching gills; and last, a long and limber tail. The worm has become a fish. Three or four days more elapse, and the gills sink back into the body, while in their place others come much more complex, arranged in vascular tufts, 112 in each, yet they, too, have their day, and are absorbed, together with their framework of bone and cartilage, to be succeeded by an entirely different breathing apparatus, the initial of a second correlated group of radical changes. Lungs are developed, the mouth widened, the horny beak converted into rows of teeth, the stomach and the intestines prepared for the reception of animal food instead of vegetable. Four limbs, fully equipped with hip and shoulder bones, with nerves and blood-vessels, push out through the skin, while the tail, being now supplanted by them as a means of locomotion, is carried away piecemeal by the absorbents, and the animal passes the rest of its life as an air-breathing and a flesh-feeding batrachian.

"HEAR instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not."—*Prov. viii. 33*.

"THE fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened."—*Prov. x. 27*.

THE Scriptures give four names to Christians—*Saints*, for their holiness; *Believers*, for their faith; *Brethren*, for their love; *Disciples*, for their knowledge.

LOUIS IX., King of France, was found instructing a poor kitchen-boy. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "The meanest person hath a soul as precious as my own, and bought with the same blood of Christ."