

## Our Young Folks.

### THE CHILD SAMUEL.

Flushed was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark,  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark,  
When suddenly a voice divine  
Rang through the silence at the shrine.

The old man meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;  
His watch the temple child,  
The little Levite, kept;  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed  
The Lord to Hannah's child revealed.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear—  
The open ear, O Lord!—  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whispering of Thy word;  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart—  
A lowly heart that waits  
Where in Thy house Thou art,  
Or watches at Thy gates;  
By day and night a heart that still  
Moves at the impulse of Thy will!

Oh, give me Samuel's mind—  
A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To Thee in life and death,  
That I may reach, with child-like eyes,  
Truths that are hidden from the wise!

### WHY CHARLEY LOST HIS PLACE.

Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pocket, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in quite a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hand.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on towards the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley, in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

As Charley turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.

### NO NAPPING.

"What's the secret of your success, Jackson?" inquired the superintendent of the young conductor, who had managed to take his train successfully every time over a dangerous place, where others invariably had had serious accidents.

"No napping, either by conductor or men, when passing over dangerous places," was the reply.

A good rule, I thought, for travellers over life's pathway, as well as for those on the railroad. If only the dangerous

places in life could be mapped out as accurately and marked as plainly, perhaps they would be heeded and avoided. The trouble is to convince people that there is any peril and of the need of wide-awake watchfulness.

That young man, a stranger perhaps to the allurements of a great city, does not think he is about to pass into danger when he accepts the invitation of a comrade to visit the public gardens or the baseball park on Sunday, instead of going, as he had intended, and as he promised his mother he would, to church and Sunday-school.

"No harm just to go once. One must see something of the world."

He lulls his conscience to sleep with these excuses, and goes. But he is not exactly the same young man in the evening that he was in the morning. He had lost something he could ill afford to lose.

The first glass of beer has been taken. Vice has become a little more familiar and not so gross and loathsome. His sense of right and wrong is blunted. The tempter has gained the victory, and it will not be so easy to resist him when he makes his next attack. In a word, he has been napping in the presence of the most terrible danger; he has been guilty of criminal lack of watchfulness. Already he has lost much, and the end will be a wreck, not of body alone, but of mind and soul.

The skating rink did not seem a dangerous place to that innocent young country girl. She had accepted the invitation of an aunt to come to the city and attend school. The family next door allowed their daughter, Dora, to go to the rink, and Stella gained permission to accompany her.

It was a bewildering, fascinating scene to the quiet girl, and she longed to be among the merry skaters and try her skill with the rest. Soon she was whirling away with the giddy throng. This was no new thing to Dora. Night after night she passed in this way. Stella's evenings were soon spent in the same manner. Instead of improving her advantages to the utmost, by reading and study, and then renewing her health and strength by sound and refreshing slumber, she was away until nearly midnight in that unwholesome, demoralizing place.

Bad enough, truly, for health, intellect and morals were all injured because some one was napping instead of watching and guarding this young life as she neared this dangerous place.

### DR. CHALMERS' DAUGHTER.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with the drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighbourhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying: "Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers with her lantern going through the dark lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved and bringing them out to her reform meetings. Insult her, do they? Never! They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance.

One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking to an intemperate father, and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though uninterested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, staggered up to her, and remarked: "I shall get to heaven as you will; do you not think so?" Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible and pointed to the passage: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian stratagem ended in the man's reformation.

### SELF-PRAISE.

An ancient writer says: "When I was young, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and study the most learned books. One night, when so engaged, my father, who was a wise man, awoke while I was at my studies. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'your other children are idly asleep, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' he replied, 'it is better to sleep than to continue awake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

Forwardness of conduct and conceit are offensive whatever be our age, and are very unlovely in the young. Do not let us seek after praise at the expense of others. "Be not wise in your own conceits"—(Rom. xii. 16).

### HINDERED BY A BIRD.

How many men under the circumstances would have paid any attention to the poor robin and her little brood?

Edward Corliss, the inventor of the Corliss engine, in building an addition to his factory, while laying the foundation, found it necessary to remove a ledge by blasting. The workmen had been employed, the material provided, and the blasting begun. The next morning, Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he, "here's a bird's nest that we've found, and that's got to go."

He showed the manufacturer a robin, sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock among some bushes. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can we move that nest somewhere else?" asked Mr. Corliss.

"I'm afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't likely you could get the bird to go sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away."

"No, we won't disturb her. Let her bring her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop work on the building!"

"Let us stop it then."

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended, and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with an air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought her by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more, at the least, before the young ones could fly.

Mr. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and when, at last, they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building operations and the dull boom of the gunpowder, tearing the rocks apart, was heard where the birds had peeped.

### WHAT IS BEAUTY?

A young gentleman, describing a young girl to some of his friends, said that she was beautiful. They naturally expected to see some radiant creature with whom they would be instantly charmed. This, however, was not the case, for they found the girl extremely plain, and a laugh was indulged in at the young man's expense.

But in a very short time his friends found that they had laughed too soon. The young lady was one of a large pleasure-party which went off on a week's outing; and when the party returned, there was not one among them who did not think her beautiful. It was she who had responded most quickly to the requests of her elders, rendering sweet service in a charming way which can be better understood by the delighted recipient than by any pen-picture, however vivid. It was she who had run with gentle helpfulness to the rescue of every troubled child, she who had given up her seat to an older or a more wearied person, with a tact not always shown even by kindly disposed persons. In fact, she had unostentatiously done the countless loving little acts which stamp the doer as a follower of the "One altogether lovely."

### HAVE YOU A MOTHER?

Have you a mother? If so, honour and love her. If she is aged do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity, she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honour her as your best and tried friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.

### LEARN TO SAY NO.

It takes character to say "No." I have a friend who says the first thing she would teach a boy, if she had one would be to say "No." The three Hebrew children said: "We will not serve thy gods;" and there they rested. They had nothing to do with the results. If the king threw them into the fiery furnace, that was his business; and it was God's business to look after the fire when they were thrown into it. They simply said, and acted, "No; we will not." Dare to say "No!"

We are too apt to think what the result will be if we say "No." All we have to do is to decide what is right, and stand by it; and if we do not do this we are not worthy to be called by His name.

### A GOOD NAME.

What is more valuable in any pursuit than a good name? It is often the key note of success in your calling. It is worth ten times its cost to its possessor during life; and, after death, what more precious legacy can be left for children? Besides, the value of a good name does not accrue to yourself and children alone. The whole community is benefited thereby. Your noble traits of character remain as a stimulus to others, encouraging them to efforts of self-improvement.

To a young man, ambitious for a position of honour and profit in the business world, a good name is of the first importance. Without this, no one is wanted in any position of trust.