

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Brightest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Bitterest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

Resting under a tree, the poor little girl knew not what to do next. The sun was high, the day was getting hotter, and she was tired—tired. She almost wished she had not pleaded so hard for leave to make a garden in that waste corner of the ground, where the grass walk ended and the fir wood began.

It lay close by a pond for water-flowers, and a rock-work for plants that did not require much earth. Among the wild weeds that grew in it there was one tall crimson fox-glove, and lilac orchis as sweet as musk. These would do well among the flowers, she had thought; and then there were heath and ferns all the way back into the wood.

But it seemed now as if the hoe and rake were never to make way. When she began, it looked only like a few hours' work, and yet this was the third morning of her labour. Why? There was a great stone under the soil, and the tools struck upon it. Cover it as she would with spadefuls of red earth; do her best to stick roots in the softer places, water it again and again, the bare, ugly stone was always coming through; and the very first shower showed her that all her work was useless.

The gardener smiled when he was brought, but when he came again, with his iron pick, he set cruelly to work. No advice would he take from the little worker, no entreaty would he listen to. Down he struck, deep into the soil.

How the ground shook as the split rock gave way! How it heaved, as roots and shallow earth were cast into the air,—her garden spoiled for altogether, now, she thought!

Nor could she have believed, had she not stood by and seen it, how well an old, kind hand works, and how quickly. He let her help him to smooth all down again into the flat bed, and plant the roots, too, where they now could grow, and he promised to bring her more plants, some all in flower, and to come and see how she got on, and she tried

to do what a child may—to watch and weed a little plot, to dress and to keep it.

What does the Bible mean when it says, "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh?" It means that there is in your heart something that makes it as hard for you to be good as that great stone in that little piece of ground made it hard to turn it into a garden where flowers would grow. Did *your* heart ever give you as much trouble as that?

THE SAFE CHANNEL.

A good ship was passing on safely along a dangerous strip of coast where thousands have made shipwreck.

"I suppose you know every rock and sand bar along this coast," said a passenger, as he stood on the deck beside the captain.

There was a deep meaning in the glance that he gave from under his shaggy eyebrows as he answered, "I know where they are not."

Ah! that was wherein lay the safety of those who had committed their lives and merchandise into his keeping. He knew where the safe channel lay, and he kept it.

Many think they ought to be learned in the evil habits of this world in order to shun them. It is far better to know what is good, and pursue it. "My soul, enter not thou into their secret." One good man's life is worth ten times more, for a model to work out your own career by, than the lives of ten wicked men whose example you are to shun.

CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

To God above,
Whose name is love,
Our grateful song we raise;
And lowly bow
Before Him now
In humble prayer and praise,

All through the night
The angels bright
Have stood around our beds,
And while we've slept,
Their watch they've kept
Above our pillow'd heads.

All through this day,
In work or play,
Lord, lead us in Thy way;
And may its close
Bring sweet repose,
With dreams of heavenly day.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.

"I will be glad in the Lord."—Pen. civ. 34.

A little party of children were playing merrily and happily together, when one of them said,

"I must go now, for it is time for Children's Meeting, and I never like to be late."

"Oh, don't go!" cried a little girl. "We're having so much fun here, I shouldn't think you'd want to go there and feel solemn and sorry!"

"But I don't feel solemn or sorry there!" said the first child. "It's just the gladdest place I ever go to. I don't know what you mean!"

She had learned the sweet truth of our text. We not only may be glad in the Lord, but we ought to be. Why, think of it! We live in a world of sin and sorrow. The best and brightest things must fade and die. Pain and sickness and death must come to us and to

those whom we love. The pleasant home, so dear to us, will be broken up some day. We shall have to go among strangers, may be, and feel the loss of the dear love and kindness that has made our life so sweet.

But God says to us, "All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 28. He says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 5. He says, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters."—2 Cor. vi. 18; and many other words of sweetest promise He gives us. Over and over again He tells us not to fear, for nothing shall hurt us, and we know that He has the power and love to keep His word.

Now, have we not enough to make us glad and happy all the day long? A Father in heaven who loves us and will provide for all our wants; a loving and mighty Saviour, who asks nothing but our heart's love and trust; and an ever-present Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth. Let us be glad in the Lord. We cannot be glad in ourselves, for we cannot trust ourselves; nor in our friends, for they fail us—but we may be glad in Him who says, "I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.

PERSEVERANCE OF AN ANT.

A great general used to tell his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," said he, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone for many hours. Trying to divert my mind from my misfortunes, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of wheat bigger than itself up a high wall. I counted the efforts it made to accomplish its object. The grain of wheat fell to the ground *sixty-nine times*, but the little insect *persevered*, and the *seventieth* time it succeeded and reached the top of the wall. This sight gave me courage at that time, when I greatly needed it, and I never forgot the lesson it taught me."

And this is a lesson we all need to learn as we go on with the "journey of life." And if we only have the *confidence*, the *courage*, and the *perseverance* of which we have now spoken, as we go on with "the journey of life," our "struggle" will be sure to end in success. Let all us be sure to get these three things, and then it will be well with us.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

A little girl six years old was a short time ago called home to God. About a year before her death she had a small writing desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it and found this writing:

"The minute I wake up in the morning I will think of God.

"I will mind my father and mother always.

"I will try to have my lessons perfect.

"I will try to be kind, and not get cross.

"I want to behave like God's child."

"MAMMA," said Willie, "it hurts me when I hear a boy swear." "You never want to swear yourself, do you, Willie?" said his mamma. "When bad words come into my mind I say, 'Get behind me, Satan,' and I don't want to say it." That is Willie's way. Do you like it?