

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE LEAVES

Little leaves are in a hurry,
Covering up the naked trees:
They have slept all through the winter
In their beds upon the trees.

Now, awake, they look around them,
Sad to see the trees so bare;
And they say "It must not be so;
We will work with will and care."

All the day so very busy
In the sunshine warm and bright.
Resting, sleeping only little
In the darkness of the night.

O, the leaves so green and tender,
How they flutter in the breeze;
One can almost hear them singing,
Feathery, soft, upon the trees.

Little birds are getting ready
For their nests upon the trees;
And they say "Be quick and hurry
With your cover, little leaves."

Soon they grow the larger, stronger,
All the day and through the night,
Very thick and close together,
Till the nests are out of sight.

Now they fling their grateful shadows
On the warm and dusty street;
And among them rain-drops patter,
Calling out their breath so sweet.

And if you will only listen,
You will hear the birdies there—
Soft and low their gentle twitter,
From the branches in the air.

Children stand and look with wonder
Up among the clustering leaves,
Saying, "Listen! hear the birdies
As they sing up in the trees!"

BE THANKFUL.

"I don't want any supper," said Kate.
"Nothing but bread-and-milk and some
cake—just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a little walk?"
asked mamma not noticing Kate's remarks.
"Yes, mamma."

Kate was pleased so long as their walk led
through pleasant streets; but when they
came to narrow, dirty ones, where the houses
were old and poor, she wanted to go home.
"Please, mamma, don't go any farther."

"We will go into the corner house," said
mamma.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on
the door steps. Kate felt afraid, and held
tight hold of her mamma's hand, but on
they went up the tottering steps of the gar-
ret. So hot and close it was that they could
scarcely breathe. On a straw bed near the
window lay a young girl asleep, so pale, so
thin and still, she looked as if she were dead.
Hearing footsteps she opened her eyes.
Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the
girl a drink of milk, and placed the bread
and cake beside her.

Kate's eyes filled with tears as she saw
the girl eat the supper. Not a mouthful had
she tasted since early morning.

Her poor mother had been away all day
working, and now came home wishing she
had something nice to bring her sick child.
When she found her so well cared for, she
could not thank mamma and Kate enough,

The supper seemed a feast to them.

"If we can keep a roof over our heads,"
said she, "and get a crust to eat, we are
thankful."

Kate never forgot these words. Let us
all learn the same lesson, and cease com-
plaining and fault finding. If we have a
home and food to eat, let us thank God,
for many wander the streets homeless and
hungry.

A WAY TO GROW WISE.

After reading a book, or an article, or any
item of information from any reliable source,
before turning your attention to other things,
give two or three minutes' quiet thought to
the subject that has just been presented to
your mind; see how much you can remember
concerning it; and if there were any ideas,
instructive facts, or points of especial interest
that impressed you as you read, force yourself
to recall them. It may be a little troublesome
at first until your mind gets under con-
trol and learns to obey your will, but the very
effort to think it all out will engrave the facts
deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they
will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new
and different set of ideas; whereas, if the
matter be given no further consideration at
all, the impressions you have received will fade
away so entirely that within a few weeks
you will be totally unable to remember more
than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always review-
ing what has just been read. It exercises and
disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens
the memory, and teaches concentration of
thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think
and reason intelligently, to separate and clas-
sify different kinds of information; and in
time the mind, instead of being a lumber room
in which the various contents are thrown
together in careless confusion and disorder,
will become a store-house where each special
class or item of knowledge, neatly labelled, has
its own particular place, and is ready for use
the instant there is need of it.

THE WORD IN SEASON.

"Want some grapes? There is lovely ones
in the wood there. I'll pick you some if you
do," said little Jennie Brown.

Mary Winters was on her way to school
when she met Jennie close to the bars that led
into Mr. Dow's lot. There was a wheat field
on one side and woods on the other, and Mr.
Dow never objected to anybody going in to
get the huckle-berries and sassafras and wild
grapes that grew there.

"No, thank you," said Mary, "I don't like
wild grapes, but I'll tell you what, Jennie.
You pick a lot and bring them to mamma,
and I guess she'll buy them. Perhaps you
can earn enough to get you a pair of boots
this winter. Wouldn't you like that?"

Mary knew that Jennie's mother was poor
and she had no father. There were three or
four children besides, and it was hard for them
to find enough to eat, and as for clothes and
shoes, they had to depend for them on the
good people of the town, Mary was a wise
little girl to propose this to Jennie, who had

never had a thought that she could earn any-
thing herself. And Jennie was much
pleased.

"So I will, I will!" she said. "There are
lots there."

And away she scampored to get a basket to
put them in.

Now, Mary didn't do much. She only said
a kind, helpful word. But it started Jennie
in the way of earning money and so of helping
her poor mother. That is what we might call
a "word in season." The Bible says:

"A word spoken in due season, how good it
is!"

TRUST IN THE LORD.

God Almighty heareth ever
When His little children pray:
He is faint and weary never,
And He turneth none away.

More than we deserve He sends us,
More than we can ask, bestows;
Every moment He befriends us,
And supports us in our woes.

Let us then, in Him confiding,
Tell Him all we think and feel,
Never one dark secret hiding,
Seeking nothing to conceal.

Through His Son, our precious Saviour,
God will pardon all our sin,
Will forgive our past behaviour,
Open heaven and take us in.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The following incident, related of a little
heathen Bengal girl, shows what children in
those far-away countries sometimes suffer for
the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago
with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on
being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it,
would give no answer, but looked ready to
burst out crying. But another little child,
a relative was not so reticent and said that
her father, having observed that she had not
done her "puja" for a great many days, asked
her why she had so neglected her devotions
"I have prayed every day to Jesus; I do not
pray to idols because I do not believe in them."
This so enraged the father that he seized her
by the back of her neck, took her before the
idol, and, having first reverently bowed
before it himself, forcibly bent the child's
head several times, striking it so violently on
the ground that it bled profusely, the child
bitterly crying the whole time. But she
smiled happily enough when this was related
in school, and said she did not mind, adding,
"I cannot believe that trees and wood and
stone will save me."

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind
that appears best abroad—the girls that are
good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and
whose chief delight is in such things. The
other is the kind that appears best at home
—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the
dinning-room, sick-room, and all the precincts
of home.

They differ widely in character. One is
often a torment at home, the other a blessing,
one is a moth consuming every thing about
her, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light
and gladness all round her pathway.

To which of these classes do you belong?