

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GREAT GOD.

Little boy, with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky,
Come, and I will teach you, love,
Who it is that lives above.

It is God, who made the earth;
God, who gave my darling birth;
God, who sees each sparrow fall,
God, who reigns, great King of all.

God, who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flow'rs and trees,
God, who gives you every joy,
God, who loves you, little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in eternal light;
Would you not, my little love,
Like to live with Him above?

Ask Him, then, to show you how
You may please Him here below;
Ask Him grace and help to send,
Pray to Him, your kindest friend.

You must learn to read, and look
Often in His Holy Book,
There, my darling, you will find
God is very good and kind.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

When Daniel Webster's father found that his son was not robust enough to make a successful farmer, he sent him to Exeter to prepare for college, and found a home for him, among a number of other students, in the family of "old 'Squire Clifford," as we of a younger generation have always heard him called.

Daniel had up to this time led only the secular life of a country farmer's boy, and though the New Hampshire farmers have sent out many heroes, as firm and as true as the granite rocks in the pasture, there cannot be among the hard and homely work which such a life implies, the little finenesses of manner which good society demands.

Daniel was one of these diamonds of the first water, but was still in the rough, and needed some cutting and polishing to fit him to shine in the great world in which he was to figure so conspicuously.

None saw this more clearly than the sensible old 'Squire. The boy had one habit at the table of which the 'Squire saw it would be a kindness to cure him.

When not using his knife and fork, he was accustomed to hold them upright in his fists, on either side of his plate.

Daniel was a bashful boy, of very delicate feelings, and the 'Squire feared to wound him by speaking to him directly on the subject, so he called aside one of the other students with whom he had long been acquainted, and told him his dilemma.

"Now," said he, "I want you this noon, at the table, to hold up your knife and fork as Daniel does. I will speak to you about it, and we will see if the boy does not take a hint for himself."

The young man consented to be the scapegoat for his fellow-student, and several times during the meal planted his fists on the table, with his knife and fork as straight as if he had received orders to present arms.

The 'Squire drew his attention to his po-

sition, courteously begged his pardon for speaking about the matter, and added a few kind words on the importance of young men correcting such little habits before going out into the world.

The student thanked him for his interest and advice, and promised reform, and Daniel's knife and fork were never from that day seen elevated at the table.

When, after a vacation, Daniel's father brought the lad for a second term to Exeter, he put in his saddle-bags a good fat turkey from the Franklin farm, which he gave to the 'Squire as an expression of his gratitude for Daniel's improved manners.

GOOD WORK OR NONE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M—, a well-known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to. He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge then went to dinner, and coming out found the man planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished, there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge started. "Why do you spend all that labour on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No, I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most carefully and thoroughly done.

A BOY-TRAP.

A boy-trap? what is that? We have read of man-traps; but what is a boy-trap? Read the following narrative and see:

A few years since I was remonstrating with a confirmed inebriate—one whom I had known from boyhood—and I said to him: "Wellington, how is it that a boy brought up as you were by pious parents, and in the midst of churches and Sabbath-schools, learned to drink?" He replied, "Mr. —, now I will tell you just how I learned to drink. Do you remember Smith, that used to keep the big white tavern on the corner in the village some twenty years ago? When I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I with other neighbour boys would come down to the village of an evening, and we soon found our way into Smith's bar-room. It was not long, however, till Smith began to invite us into a back sitting-room, where he first brought on cards and dominoes and taught us to play, and then brought wine and beer and treated us till we liked it and wanted something stronger; there is how I learned to drink."

"But," said I, "can you not reform yet? can't you give it up?" He replied, "No, it's too late; I'm a goner!"

And this is what hundreds—yes, thousands—of our licensed taverns are doing to-day! The traps are set—whose boy will be caught?

CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

When the crowd followed Christ in the desert of old,
And were weary and fainting for bread,
A lad with his basket supplied, we are told,
The food with which thousands were fed.
For the Lord took the loaves and the fishes he brought,
And blessed and divided the store,
And thousands received of the bountiful feast,
And ate and were hungry no more.

Thus may we, like the lad in the story of old,
By the Master be used for some good;
For in the world's desert are multitudes still
Who are starving for heavenly food.
So, dear Jesus, we bring Thee our fishes and loaves,
Like the lad upon Galilee's shore;
For we know, with Thy blessing, the little we have
Will suffice to feed multitudes more.

RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A little girl had been visiting me who was a fretter. She fretted when it rained and fretted when it shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials, but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them.

I have lately come across a short rule for fretters which they shall have. Here it is. "Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it, do so." Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, say it at night and not only say, but do; and that will be, do not fret at all—a *fino* doing.

The only right way of getting along is not to wish ourselves somebody else, and fret ourselves because we are not, but contentedly bear our lot, and be satisfied with what God has given us.