

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

For Adam was first formed, then Eve.—1 Tim. ii. 13.

THE Bible gives, in these words, the reason why women should not do some things that men can do, and as boys and girls are simply little men and women, I want to get a sermon for you, children, out of the teaching of the Bible that boys and men are good for one kind of action, and girls and women for another, and that it is a bad state of things when the boys act girlish or girls act like boys.

I suppose you all have noticed that baby boys and baby girls do not act alike. Little Johnnie will try to get hold of the reins when his father is driving, and will notice the horse, while Mary wants her dolls to go to ride with her, and is very fond of flowers. Then, as the years go by, the same difference can be seen in the games each like to play, and the places they want to visit. If we could see our minds and watch them at work, we should see that the boy has one kind of a mind and the girls another. So it seems very plain that God meant for boys to be boys and girls to be girls.

There are some things, then, which are bad for boys to do, but even worse for girls. I was riding a few weeks ago, when nearly all the boys were hanging on to every buggy, carriage, or waggon, which passed by, a very rude thing to do, and I saw three little girls in the road, and I thought to myself how much nicer girls are than boys in their behaviour; if those were boys every one of them would try to hang on my carriage. But what do you think? I had hardly gone past when I heard their feet and hushed voices, and knew that all three of the girls were stealing a ride. I felt badly for them, for I knew by that action that they had no nice home to live in or did not obey their mother's teaching.

It is bad enough when boys get to fighting on the street, I feel ashamed of them, but how much worse for the girls; and I am glad to say that I never saw girls doing any such thing. On the other hand, there are some things which it is worse for boys to do than girls. It is foolish enough for a girl to dress herself as gaily as she can and go on the street on purpose to have the passers-by see her, but it would be even more silly for a boy. It is ridiculous for a girl to call everything that pleases her "lovely," or "sweet," and every thing that displeases her "awful," or "horrid," but it is even more laughable to hear boys and young men talk in that way. It is silly enough for a girl to squeal with fright at a mouse; for a boy to do it, worse than silly.

There is another side to this, for there are some things which girls can do well, but boys better—I mean those things which take strength. When mother divides up the morning work 'tis best, of course, that Sammy should bring in the wood, and Carrie clear the breakfast table; if anyone has to be sent on an errand after night, it is wise to send Charles, not Susan. The boys are taught to take care of the horses, the girls to sew and crochet. So you see that boys and girls, like men and women, have each their place, and it is an

evil when boys try to behave as girls should, or girls as boys are meant to.

God intended to have boys grow up manly, and girls, womanly, and there is nothing I like to see better than a boy walking to school gentlemanly, brave, strong and the girls like ladies, quiet, modest, kindly.

Boys, it is not gentlemanly to be rude or brave, to try to tense; or strong, to try to whip any one smaller than yourself. Girls, you can be lady-like, and yet enjoy plays which take strength; modest, and still not to be imposed upon; kind, and yet let every one know that you have a mind of your own.

And more than this, I think God intended to have boys and girls help each other to grow up into true men and women. Now, in these days when you are all allowed to go to school and church, and on the street together, the girls, if they are true, will help the boys to be more gentle, more pure, more neat, more kind, while the boys may help the girls to be more brave, more self-reliant.

But, one thing you can both do; you can, boys and girls alike, have Jesus as your pattern; and such was His character that the boy who tries to live like Him will be the best of men, and the girl who tries to live like Him will be the best of women.

"THERE IS THAT SCATTERETH AND YET INCREASETH."

A HILL from living fountains
So secretly may flow,
That but a thread of verdure
Its desert path may show.

But when that narrow streamlet
Hath reached the shining sea,
All heaven finds there a mirror,
All earth a ministry!

So hearts that come to Jesus
A thrill of love must know,
Enough to bind the spirit
To Him who loves us so;

But O, what deeper glory
Lights up our lives so dim,
When love can burst all barriers,
And widen into Him!

One with our Lord in spirit,
Each faithful child hath proved
What joy may flood the soul that here
Takes in the world He loved!

CARRIER DOVES.

THE beautiful English custom of sending and receiving pretty Christmas cards has floated over the blue waters to us, and we hope and trust that it is rapidly becoming Canadianized.

Not only on *Christmas*, but *other days*, the lovely cards travel about our land singing sweet songs like warbling birds, bringing peaceful messages to soothe human hearts, finding a warm welcome like gentle carrier doves.

Opening a letter two cards dropped out. "Something for the children?" a lady inquired.

"Yes, for children of older growth."

"For you?—picture cards?"

"Yes, even so. I love them, the dainty, lovely things."

One reads. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Do we know how a father pitieth his children? Yes, we *think* we do, for we have heard

one for many nights past whisper during midnight's darkness to his little one, "little darling," "precious baby," "poor little birdie, papa's heart aches for his dear little girl." We are sure we know how a mother pitieth, for we have *pitieth* with aching heart, sleepless eyes, and ceaseless vigil, and so the beautiful card comforts us, for we know a loving Father is watching us tenderly, pitifully, that He is caring for us, leading us, putting the everlasting arm about us, even if the cup held to our lips is *bitter*, oh, *so bitter*.

Here is another dove which came flying with its message of import to a weary, overburdened mother. "Put on the *whole armour* of God."

Not only a breastplate or helmet added thereto, but the *whole armour*. Wonderful advice and wondrously full of meaning, although the words peeped forth from a tiny card, wreathed about with blue-bells and apple blossoms. The *whole armour*, and the weary will find rest.

Here is another letter, and as it opens two more doves come fluttering out. Perhaps we are not in the best of humours, but if any one has injured us the voiceful card says, "Overcome evil with good."

Sure enough, we can smile and obey while the lovely "pansy" face beams peacefully and approvingly upon us.

The other dove. "Who shall separate us from the love of God?"

The question startles us by its thrilling sweetness. Shining forth from starry daisies and blue forget-me-nots, it sets us to close and earnest thinking. *Who shall separate us?* Surely no weak human creature must ever gain such a power over us—we must be on guard.

But the doves are still flying through the air. One alights. He is covered with purple grapes, bright cherries, and velvety leaves, but he whispers gently: "Blessed is he that watcheth." *Blessed* indeed—no time to faint, mourn, or worry—only watch.

Another, bearing roses and fair buds, sings: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." But they are flitting hither and thither—these gentle carrier-doves, and I will write no more of their sweet, sage or peaceful messages—any one can find them and buy them for a small sum, and can send them out one by one upon their sweet errands, carrying peace upon their wings to many of earth's weary ones. Perhaps—God knows—many jewels for our crowns can be gathered in this simple way.

A BIBLE DEFINITION.

A FRIEND of ours, was one day hearing his little six-year old Alice say her "definitions," asked her the meaning of "earthquake" and "volcano."

"I know, father; God tells us in the Bible what they are."

"Does he? Why, where, Allie?"

"In the 104th Psalm, 32nd verse."

Now turn to that passage and see if this little student of the Bible didn't make a good answer.

"HEREIN is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.—1 John iv. 10.