

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CHILDREN AND THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go,
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether piped they:
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away,

"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here:
Ever He maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds! He calleth me,
Who calleth ye;
Would that I might as trusting be

KATY'S TEMPTATION.

Sarah was leaning against the gate of Farmer Jones' orchard. She was thinking how nice the farmer's pear tree looked, and how good the pears would taste. Just then her friend Katy came along. "Where are you going?" said Sarah. "Oh, nowhere in particular," said Katy, "I had nothing else to do, so I thought I would take a walk. I am real glad I came across you; what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Sarah, "I am glad to see you, too. I was getting dreadfully lonesome. Do you see that pear tree over in the corner? Well, let's go and get some."

"But they are Farmer Jones' pears," said Katy.

"Well, he will never miss a few; we can just pick them off the ground. Besides, if we should ask him, you know he would say yes."

"Well, then, let us find him and ask him; you know mother always says that if a thing isn't worth asking for, it isn't worth having. Besides, the command says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes," said Sarah, "but it wouldn't be exactly stealing, do you think? Mr. Jones would not care so much for the pears on the ground."

"Are they our pears? that's the question," said Katy. "Have we any right to take them?"

"No," said Sarah, "and I am ashamed and sorry that I proposed such a thing. I am glad that you stood up for the right, instead of yielding to my evil advice. Come, we will go together and ask Mr. Jones for some pears. I am almost ashamed to face the kind old man after intending to treat him so meanly."

Just inside the orchard they met Mr. Jones. Katy asked him if they might have some of the pears that lay on the ground. "Yes, certainly you may," said the old gentleman; "come with me." When they reached the tree, he gave it a good shake, and down tumbled the mellow pears. "There," said he, "I am always glad to favour a little girl who stands up for the right as Katy does, and also one who acknowledges her faults and is sorry for them as Sarah is. I heard all that passed between you, and I am glad that you are little girls to be trusted."

You may imagine Katy's and Sarah's feelings. What would they have been, if they had not resisted the evil temptation? "Be not overcome of evil."

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot. As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home, and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me, "Another time hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing, "No, I thank you." If John, at that time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a drinking-saloon, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum. If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been an honoured man instead of occupying a cell in the State prison. Had William, when at school, said, when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name, "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong-doing," he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this, that resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous. "Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life. O how many young men have endeavoured, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts, and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down hill; learn now to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they may come, "No, I thank you," and in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.

TRY AGAIN.

A gentleman was once standing by a little brook watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings he noticed scores of little minnows making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a shoal which was a foot or more high, and over which the clear sparkling waters were leaping. They halted a moment or two as if to survey the surroundings.

"What now?" inquired the gentleman; "can these little fellows continue their journey any further?"

He soon saw that they wanted to go fur-

ther up the stream, and were only resting and looking out the best course to pursue in order to continue their journey to the unexplored little lakelet that lay just above the shoal. All at once they arranged themselves like a little column of soldiers, and darted up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion. A moment's rest, and they are again in the sprayey waters with like results. For an hour or more they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trials, they bounded over the shoal into the beautiful lakelet, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world.

"Well," said the gentleman, "here is my lesson. I'll never again give up trying when I undertake anything. I did not see how these little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impassable, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it. I shall never give up again."—*Kind Words.*

EVENING PRAYER.

Father, as the days decline,
Grant Thy sun of truth shall shine
In my soul, and in my heart,
Bid! O bid him not depart,
But continue through the night,
And at morn my pathway light.

I have need of light and truth;
I am in the paths of youth;
And, dear Lord, I would not stray;
Guide and light my onward way;
And when evenings all are past,
O receive Thine own at last.

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS JESTER.

There was a certain lord who kept a jester in his house (as many great men did in olden days for their pleasure), to whom the lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself; and if he should meet with such a one to deliver it over to him.

Not many years after this his lord fell sick, and, indeed, was sick unto death. The jester came to see him, and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him.

"And whither wilt thou go?" said the jester "Into another world," said the lord.

"And when wilt thou come again? Within a month?" "No."

"Within a year?" "No."

"When, then?" "Never."

"Never! And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"No!" said the jester. "None at all? Here, take my staff, then. Art thou going away for ever? Hast thou made no preparation for a journey from which thou shalt never return? Take my staff, for I will not be guilty of such folly as this."

HOW TO OBEY.—Do it at once. Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part. Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Do not grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasing to God and man.