

## Our Young Folks.

### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted  
With life, little man?  
I will tell you a wonderful trick,  
That will bring you contentment  
If anything can—  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired  
With play, little girl?  
Weary, discouraged and sick?  
I'll tell you the loveliest  
Game in the world—  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain  
Of the flood, little man,  
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,  
You can make the sun shine  
In your soul, little man—  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass  
Overhead, little girl,  
And the walk like a well heated brick;  
And all earthly affairs  
In a terrible whirl,  
Do something for somebody, quick!

### PERSEVERING CHARLIE.

"You'll never learn to write! Such looking frights as these letters are! Better run out and play till you grow bigger."

"I'm going to learn how to make nice letters 'fore I go out to play, and teacher said I'd soon learn; so there!"

With a mocking laugh big brother Sam walked off, leaving little Charlie to wipe away the tears of mortification from his eyes before beginning anew on the stubborn letters that would not come right, no matter how hard he tried. But the little fellow was not going to be discouraged, he worked away bravely until his teacher came to his desk and sat down by his side.

"They won't come straight at all, Miss Carew; just look."

Miss Carew glanced at the crooked letters, but looked long and earnestly into the boy's sober face, bent over the slate on which the letters were scrawled. "Yes," she thought, "He will make a name for himself. Oh, I hope he will be a good Christian man, working for God all his life long."

"Charlie," she said aloud, "it is now time for me to shut up the school room, clean off your slate, and I will set you a copy."

When the slate was clean she wrote but one letter and handed it to him, saying, "Now, you must not try to make any more letters until I have seen how well you can write this one. Always remember that it is better to do one thing well than two poorly. Run away home and see what you can do before to-morrow's school time."

Charlie thanked his teacher and ran home as she had bidden him. He had a good supper and a short play-spell; then he wrote, wrote, wrote, until his eyes grew heavy and mother thought he had better go to bed. The next morning he showed Miss Carew the letter he had made so many times. She was much pleased, and set a copy with two letters in it this time; these he learned to make before school opened the next day; then he rejoiced over three letters. So each day he had one more letter on which to practise, until he learned them all. Miss Carew called him "Persevering Charlie," and big brother Sam gave him a two bladed knife as a token of approbation. By and by Charlie had grown to be a great boy, and a good one, too; he was very anxious to go to college and have a thorough education, so that he might become a minister of the Gospel.

Now, what do you think he did to earn enough money for all the course of study? He went to the principal law firms in the city, and showing them specimens of his clear, regular hand writing, engaged to do all their copying if they would let him have the work. One firm gave him all their papers to copy, and another half of theirs, while a third promised to use their influence toward getting him a situation in the county clerk's office; and they kept their word, too. He did obtain the situation, and by exercising the strictest economy was ready in two years to enter the sophomore class in college. After this he had to work hard, it is true, but he persevered, over-

coming one by one the difficulties which lay in his path, until he stood behind the pulpit in that pretty little church. Opening the big Bible, he read for his text these words "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and preached his first sermon to the good people who had chosen him to be their pastor.

What do you think now of "Persevering Charlie"? Was it not better that he should have continued trying to learn how to write, even when his brother spoke discouragingly, than to have given up, and thus have lost an interest in learning of every kind? No matter what you intend to do in the world—whether you wish to become a minister or a lawyer, a merchant or a mechanic—you must form the habit of perseverance or you cannot expect to succeed. Keep on trying to conquer hard lessons, to solve difficult problems, to commit dates in history; but, above all persevere in the endeavour to live a pure, true, Christian life, taking Christ for your example.

### COALS OF FIRE.

"Seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six. There, now my sums are all ready for Monday, and I won't have to take my slate home with me to-night," thought Marjorie, triumphantly, as she put the last figure beneath the long rows which she had been so carefully adding.

Splash! came a wet sponge upon the neatly-made figures, erasing half of them, while the streams of water that trickled slowly down the slate made many more undecipherable.

Marjorie's cheeks grew scarlet with anger as she saw her patient labour thus mischievously undone, and her eyes flashed ominously as she looked up and saw the laughing face of the schoolmate who was enjoying the result of her practical joke.

Without stopping to think what she was doing, Marjorie seized the dripping sponge and threw it with all her strength at her schoolmate. It missed its aim, however, and struck against the white wall with a sound which attracted the teacher's attention. An unsightly spot on the wall showed where the sponge had struck, and Miss Dawson was surprised and indignant that any scholar should so wantonly violate the rules requiring orderly behaviour.

"Who threw that sponge?" she inquired, sternly.

With a crimson face Marjorie rose, and, after a sharp reprimand, Miss Dawson bade her bring her book to the platform, and stand there till school was dismissed.

"Surely, Bella will tell Miss Dawson that she threw the sponge first," thought Marjorie, as with a swelling heart she obeyed.

But Bella did not speak, although her conscience reproached her for letting Marjorie bear all the blame and disgrace when the larger portion should have been her share.

Through a mist of tears Marjorie watched the slow hands of the clock creep around to the hour of dismissal. Her heart was aching with mortification and a sense of injustice. This was the first time she had ever been called to the platform, and she felt the disgrace keenly. She was very sure that if Miss Dawson could only have known all the circumstances she would not have blamed her so severely. Marjorie's sense of school-girl honour, however, forbade tale bearing, and since Bella would not speak she must bear the punishment alone.

At last school was dismissed, and, too unhappy to care about company, Marjorie tearfully walked home alone, wishing that she could overtake Bella and vent some of her indignation. But Bella prudently kept some distance before her.

"What's the matter, darling?"

Grandma's loving question made the repressed tears fall like rain, and, nestling in grandma's lap, Marjorie sobbed out her story.

"I'll just pay her up for this!" she ended, her eyes flashing through the tears.

"Shall I help you?"

"Why, grandma!"

Marjorie forgot her anger in her astonishment. Was it possible that grandma really meant to help her, when she had always been the first to urge her to forgive injuries?

"Do you really mean it?" she asked. "Indeed, I do wish you would help me. What can I do to make her feel as bad as she made me feel, and pay her up for being so hateful?"

"Suppose you try heaping coals of fire on her head?" suggested grandma.

Marjorie gave an impatient little twist and flounce. "I might have known that was what you meant," she said, discontentedly. "It's no use to be nice to her, grandma. She don't appreciate it, and it would only make her worse to me. She just teases me all the time."

"Did you ever try this way of returning her unkindness?" asked grandma.

"No'm," admitted Marjorie.

"Then promise me to try it just this once," pleaded grandma.

"Well, I will to please you," answered Marjorie. "But I know it won't be of any use."

"Wait till you have tried it," answered grandma.

"Suppose I don't have any chance to do anything nice," said Marjorie, but grandma only smiled. She knew there would be plenty of opportunities of showing kindly feelings if Marjorie only watched for them.

The little girl did not have long to wait. On Monday Bella discovered that she had left her geography at home, and she looked about to see of whom she might borrow. There was only half an hour before the time of recitation, and all her classmates were using their books except Marjorie. Bella's eyes filled with tears of disappointment. She would lose her place at the head of the class if she could not study this lesson, and she felt that it would be of no use to ask his favour of the classmate she had injured.

Marjorie guessed at the cause of her distress, and pushed her own geography toward her with a bright smile.

Bella looked gratefully at her as she opened the book, and hastily studied the lesson.

As soon as the recess bell rang she exclaimed: "Marjorie, I'm ever so much obliged to you for lending me your geography. But what made you do it when I was so mean to you on Friday?"

Marjorie hesitated for a moment, and then told her that she was trying the Bible way of returning injuries.

"Well, it's the best way to make anybody ashamed of themselves," Bella responded. "I'll never tease you again, Marjorie, if you will make up and be friends with me."

Bella told Miss Dawson of her share of the disorder on Friday afternoon, and the teacher removed the ten marks that had been put against Marjorie's name.

"Your way was the best, grandma," Marjorie said, when she told the dear old lady of the result of her kind action.

And I think all other little girls and boys will think it is the best if they will only be persuaded to try it too.

### AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

A man came to a dervish and said: "I will lay before you three religious questions to which you will not easily find an answer. The first is—you say God is everywhere, but I see Him nowhere. The second is, you say the power belongs to God and all that is done is done through Him; if so, how can man be made responsible for his deeds, which are in fact, not his but God's deeds? The third is, you say Satan is made of fire, and the hell is made of fire. What punishment is it, then, for Satan if he is put into hell, as fire cannot harm fire?" The dervish without a moment's hesitation took his heavy pitcher and threw it at the questioner's head. The man uttered his lamenting "Ya Allah," and went before the Kadi with his bleeding head. The dervish was summoned and the judge asked him in reproach whether this was the way a pious man should treat one coming to enquire about religious matters. The dervish replied: "Why, my pitcher was the strict answer to the man's three questions. He doubted God's existence because he saw Him nowhere. As soon as he felt my pitcher on his head, he shouted 'Ya Allah!' as a proof that he had found out where Allah is. His second doubt was about man's responsibility for his actions. Now, when my pitcher made his head bleed he reflected for a moment and summoned me before the Kadi, and by so doing he showed very conclusively his belief that every man is responsible for his deeds. And in the same way," he said, "I settled nicely his third doubt about Satan and the hell. My pitcher is of clay and he as a mortal man is also of clay. If clay can harm clay, why should not fire be able to harm fire?" The man forgot his bleeding head, on account of the good instruction he had received.