

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### HE KNOWS THEM ALL.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Can you tell me how many starlets  
Are twinkling and gleaming on high?  
Can you tell me how many cloudlets  
Are spreading white sails through the sky?  
One there is who has numbered them all,  
Who knows every star, whether great or small—  
He knows them all, He knows them all.

Can you tell me how many birdlets  
Are flashing bright wings through the trees?  
Can you tell me how many flowerets  
Are nodding their heads in the breeze?  
One there is who has numbered them all,  
'Gainst whose will not a sparrow can fall,  
Nor a floweret fade, nor a floweret fade.

Can you tell me how many children  
Are sleeping serenely to-night,  
Like lambs in the fold of their Shepherd  
Kept safe through His power and might?  
One there is who has numbered you all,  
Who knows each dear child, whether great or small,  
And loves you too, and loves you too.

### THE TRUTH AT ALL HAZARDS.

Some time after the beginning of the present century there was living in a country town in the north a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God; and what they asked in their prayers was that God would enable them to lay in his young heart, among the first lessons he should learn, the love of all things honest and good. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these very especially a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years, the boy's schooldays were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in the country town; and, as there was no prospect for him there, he came up to England, to one of the great seaports, and by and by he got a good position in a merchant's office. He was greatly pleased with his new office, and wrote to his father and mother that Providence had been very kind to him, and had opened up to him an excellent place.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he had received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when a ship came into the port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now waiting instructions where to discharge the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager of the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after this little lad from the North came to the office, a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the captain came; but, somehow or other, no answer was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, and still no answer came back. Now, that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo, it had to lie idle in the dock; and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too. So, at the end of a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain, he was very angry. He thought he had sent instructions where to discharge the cargo, or he made himself believe he had sent them. At any rate, he sent for the little lad from the North and said to him, "Didn't I send you down to Capt. Smith with instructions to discharge his coals?"

The little lad said, "No, sir: I do not remember being sent down."

"Oh, but I did," answered the manager. "You have forgotten." And there for a time, so far as the office is concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, and his word that he had received no instructions was disbelieved, he took the manager of the office to law. And, by and by, his complaint came before the judges in the court of law.

The day before the trial, the manager came to the little lad from the North and said to him, "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions to discharge the coal."

"But, I assure you, I cannot remember you doing so," said the lad.

"Oh, yes, but I did. You have forgotten."

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent; and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would certainly offend the manager and lead to the loss of his excellent place.

On the morning of the trial, he went to the court. The manager came up to him and said: "Now, our case depends on you. Remember, I sent you to the dock with the instructions to discharge the coal."

The poor boy tried once more to assure the manager that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It is all right," he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly!"

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Capt. Smith's ship came in. And then this: "You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember taking instructions to Capt. Smith to discharge his coals?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal-ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir."

"Nor next day?"

"No."

"Nor any other day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the questions was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for him. But, when he heard the little lad's replies, he saw that the manager was in the wrong; and he turned to the judge, and said: "My lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Capt. Smith, and it

is plain no such proof is to be got from him."

So the case ended in the captain's favour, and against the office in which the little lad had found so excellent a place.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart, and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go home next day; and in the morning, expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk, and said, "We lost our case yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad; "and I am very sorry I had to say what I did."

Bye and bye, the manager came in; and after a little time, he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long while before he came out. Then the little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed," he thought to himself. But he was not dismissed. The master said to him, naming him: "I was sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth; and, to mark my approval of what you said, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings and sales of our Glenfardle mine." Then he sent for the manager, and told him what he had said, and added, "And the young man will make his reports direct to me."

In six months after, the manager left the office; and, young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place. And, before as many years had passed, he was admitted as junior partner in the firm; and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.

In his case, truth was the best. But I want to say that, if things had turned out other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it would still have been the best for him to speak the truth.—*Sunday Magazine*.

### A QUEER SCHOOL.

In India school is kept in the open air, except in the rainy season. A traveller saw the children sitting on the ground, and the teacher had only a mat to sit upon. First there was the chalk class, so called because the pupils wrote with chalk on the solid black ground which served for a slate or blackboard. The next is the palm-leaf class, because the scholars write on palm-leaves. The highest class is the paper class. The Hindoostan alphabet has twice as many letters as ours; they are combined in many ways, making the language a very difficult one to learn. A boy going to school over there doesn't look like our school-boy. He carries a reed pen behind his ear, a bunch of palm leaves under his arm, and an earthen ink pot in his hand, but no books.

### HOW NOT TO SPEND TIME.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of.

Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed.

Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.