

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SLEEPYLAND.

Baby's been in Sleepyland
Over the hills, over the hills;
Baby's been in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning.

From the cradle where she lay,
Up she jumped and flew away,
For Sleepyland is bright and gay
Every rainy morning.

What did you see in Sleepyland,
Baby littlest, baby prettiest?
What did you see in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning?

Saw the sun that shone so twinkily,
Saw the grass that moved so crinkily,
Saw the brook that flowed so tinkily,
All the lovely morning.

What did you hear in Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills?
What did you hear in Sleepyland?
All the rainy morning?

Heard the wind that wooed so wooingly,
Heard the doves that cooed so cooingly,
Heard the cows that mooed so mooingly,
All the lovely morning.

What did you do in Sleepyland,
Baby littlest, baby prettiest?
What did you do in Sleepyland,
All the rainy morning?

Sang a song with a blue canary,
Danced a dance with a golden fairy,
Rode about on a cinnamon brary,
All the lovely morning.

Would I could go to Sleepyland,
Over the hills, over the hills;
Would I could go to Sleepyland,
Every rainy morning.

But Sleepyland may never behold,
Any one more than two years old,
So poor old mammy stays out in the cold,
Every rainy morning.

SAVE ME NEXT!

A beautiful little incident is told of a child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could. All were crowding forward, intent on their own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands and cried, "Save me next!"

It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debauchee, who "must have, will have rum." He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chains that bind him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must we hold out to such. We can but pity though we blame, and knowing none but God may save the rum-crazed wretch, we may do much by bringing him to that Father who turns no one away.

The cry comes again from that gaudily dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved, she may not want to be saved, but she

needs to be—none but herself knows how much.

The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to Him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

The dusky red man beckons us toward the setting sun with the same cry to be saved next.

The whispering breezes waft the cry over from the Orient, from nations sitting in darkness, bowing down to gods of wood and stone.

It comes to Christian men and women, "Come and save us next!" They must be dull ears that cannot hear any of these cries. Some will harden their hearts, and go on as if they heard them not.

GRANNY'S EYES.

When those that look out of the windows be darkened.—
Eccles. xii. 8.

Rapt in a world of long ago,
Granny sits dreaming half the day;
Life's eventide for her grows grey;
Even the sunset's lingering glow
Fades fast away.

Dear Granny! sun, and moon, and stars,
For her have lost their wonted light;
The eyes that once were sparkling bright,
Can see no more the golden bars,
And all is night!

Yet God is good, and with the cross,
He sends such love her years to bless—
Such wealth of patient tenderness—
That day by day dear Granny's loss
Grows less and less.

And children's children haunt the place
Where Granny sits, and, full of glee,
They clamber wildly on her knee,
And love to kiss the dear old face
That seems to see.

And one wee figure quaintly wise,
Will linger there when others play,
And never care to run away;
We always call her "Granny's eyes,"
The children say.

For, hour by hour, by Granny's side
The little maid will sit and read;
Or, perhaps, the tottering footsteps lead,
So that the blind, with such fond guide,
Can see indeed.

So Granny dear is glad and bright,
Fully content on earth to stay,
Till, in the Father's own good way,
The sun shall shine, and all the night
Be turned to day.

HOW A CHILD CAN REPENT.

To repent is to be sorry for bad actions, to stop doing them, and to do what we can to undo the evil. If you have been disobedient to father or mother, you must do those three things in order to fully repent. First, you must be sorry for your disobedience; second, you must stop disobeying; third, you must do what you can to stop the bad effects of your former disobedience. Suppose your example has made brothers and sisters disobedient; you are to set such an example that they will be inclined to obey. You are to confess your sin to father and mother, to confess it to God, to be sorry for it, and to determine not to do the like again. Some children think it is enough just to be sorry; but it is not. They may be sorry now, and do just the same thing at some other time when they are tempted. At any rate, if they stop doing the

bad thing, they may let the mischief done by it stand, instead of trying to cure it. We should seek the forgiveness of God, in the name and through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then the Holy Ghost will come to cleanse us from our sin and to give us the comfort of feeling that we are forgiven.

SWEDISH POLITENESS.

The Swedish men and gentlemen, are as a rule, singularly handsome and polite in the extreme, writes a newspaper correspondent. A peasant of the lowest order never passes a fellow-peasant without a polite lifting of the hat. It matters not whether they meet in the highway or the field; in the midst of all their hurry and toil this mark of deference one for the other is never forgotten. I remember very well when Miss Thursby was in Gottenburg last winter, as she stood at my window, which commands a view of the entire length of the principal street in the city, her musical laugh as she stood watching the crowds coming and going, her calling to me to come and see this! I stepped to the window and asked her what she had seen which so excited her risibilities. "Why," said she, "see those peasants in blouses, walking in the middle of the street, taking off their hats to each other!" "Yes," I answered, "that is nothing unusual; it is the custom of this country." She could scarcely believe it more than affectation, but when, shortly after, she found that the custom was fast rooted in genuine politeness she protested her administration of and warm-liking for it.

PUSSY.

Did you ever think why we call the cat *puss*? A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only a little bright crescent or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the *face of the moon*. That word has been changed to pas or pus, and has come at last to be puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy-cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

THE SHELLS CAME OFF.

Little Johnnie was sent by his mother to to buy a dozen eggs. When he returned with the eggs in a basket, he said before he got the door all the way open: "O, mamma, the eggs aren't hurt any, but the shells have come off lots of them." He had broken ten of the twelve.

"He that oppreseth the poor reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoureth Him hath mercy on the poor."—*Prov. xiv. 31.*