

There was the soft, velvety grass, all alive with dewdrops, and crickets and grasshoppers. There were the tall, proud flowers tossing their graceful heads, and the violets ready to courtesy when she ran past. There were the pure soft clouds drifting and melting into the clear sky, and far in the distance she heard the little brook laughing as merrily as ever. Just then a bird upon a tree near by, turned his graceful head on one side, and sang with such a triumphant burst of melody that "Morning Glory" clapped her hands, and then cried :

"Oh! it was all a dream! I am so glad. God made the world! *His* thoughts are the best. *He* made this beautiful, beautiful morning!"

"What a curious little sister," exclaimed Tom, as he caught her up, carried her to the breakfast table. Here he insisted upon hearing the dream, which accordingly "Morning Glory," told with great animation. As she finished with the triumphant assertion that brother Tom could never think of anything so beautiful as the morning God had made, papa smiled half sadly, and said :

"I wish it could be *always morning* for our little Gracey."

"Morning Glory" looked puzzled.

"Papa means that by and by you will grow old," said sister Mary.

"Yes," cried Tom, "the colour will all fade out, and you'll get to be a poor withered 'Morning Glory.'"

"Yes," continued Carrie, "now is the *morning* of life with you, but bye-and-by it will be evening."

"Morning Glory's" troubled face gradually brightened, and looking up with a sweet smile, she quoted these lines from a beautiful poem—

"I shall go home at evening,
But find it morning there."

No one spoke for a few minutes, and then with something very like a tear softening his mischievous eyes, Tom said tenderly—

"I suppose she will *always* be a Morning Glory."—*Congregationalist.*

EDUCATE FOR THE NEXT AGE.

Who is to constitute the Church militant in the next generation? What shall be the Church manifestations, when the present members of our Church have passed on to the other side of the line between the visible and invisible, the temporal and eternal? In a word, what shall be the character of the Church, and who shall be its members? Shall that character be an advance on the present in devotedness to God—in personal sanctification of Churchmen? Shall the Church strengthen and extend—be as salt?—as a light?—as a city set on a hill? Who are to be the Churchmen then? You hope that your children are to take your place. Will they? What is the basis of your hope? What means are you using to that end? Are you faithfully, perseveringly, thoroughly using any means? Are you teaching your children the distinctive principles of the Church? Are you training them in its peculiar usages? Are you cultivating in their young hearts the sentiments of religion, rever-