

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

On this side of the silence, that seals our darling's lips,
And on the brightness of her eyes has passed its long
eclipse,—

On this side there is sorrow, there are hours that slowly
wane;

And in the home and in the heart the longing throbs to
pain.

On this side of the silence, God help us all to bear
Our added weight of daily toil, our growing sense of care:—
On this side, when the loosened hands their heavy bur-
dens drop,
Needs must that others take the load, since God's work
may not stop.

But ah! beyond this stillness, that like a bolted door
Shuts out the palace halls her feet have gained,—our own
before,—

Upon that mystic other side, whence none return this way,
What waves of music break upon the shores of endless
day?

Upon that side what faces sweet have thronged upon her
ken:

What songs have wrapt her in their tide, undreamed by
mortal men;—

Upon the other side of pain, the other side of strife,
What knowledge hath she learned of Him who is the Lord
of life!

This side, the deeper loneliness; the other, fuller bliss!
Here, day by day, some precious one from thinning ranks
to miss.

The other side, the richer powers, the love unshamed by
sin;—

Thank God, He gave our darling grace that perfect rest to
win!

WILLING WORKERS.

In a cosy little corner, between the barn
and hen-house, two little country boys were
playing marbles. After a while John said to
his brother:

"Say, Ruby, I'm tired of this play. Are
you?"

"Rather," said Reuben; "but what shall
we do next?"

"Let's play little Samuel."

"What! a tableau of Samuel praying?"

"No," answered John. "Don't you remem-
ber what Miss Jones said yesterday in Sunday
school class about Samuel ministering?"

"Oh, yes," replied Reuben; "he did things
for Eli, and that was ministering to the Lord;
because he was so kind and obedient that it
was minding God, and God loved him. But
then, he lived in a temple and took care of
the holy vessels. It don't seem just like
us."

"No," said John; "but everybody can't live
in a temple, and teacher said God had some
work for everybody, even the youngest."

"Oh, yes," replied Reuben. "She said we
could minister to the Lord by doing things at
home for mother."

"And this long vacation, it does seem too
bad to play *all* the time," said the elder
brother.

"That's so," replied Reuben. "What shall
we do first, Johnny?"

"We'll soon find out," said John.

They then went to the house, and entering
the porch, saw their mother and sister in the
kitchen, and heard the mother say:

"It would be nice to have some peas for
dinner; but we will not have time to gather
and shell them."

"That's a pity, too," said Martha. "They
ought to be gathered before they get too ripe."

"We'll go!" exclaimed the brothers; "and
we'll shell them too."

"Will you? What nice little boys! That
will be helping mother ever so much," said
their parent.

So the little fellows scampered off to the
pea-vines. When they had gathered enough,
they shelled the peas, finishing in time for
them to be cooked.

Everybody laughed, when the meal was
finished, to hear little Reuben say: "The din-
ner was just splendid. I feel good inside and
out."

"So much for working for it, my little lad,"
said his father. "You've earned your dinner;
and nothing gives a better relish for food than
this."

Mamma said: "Somebody else feels good,
too, for having such nice little helpers."

How much these boys enjoyed their play-
time that afternoon! They thought they
never before had so pleasant a day.

MORNING SONG.

Wake up, dear little child of mine,
The morning sun begins to shine,
And run across the sky to say,
"Good little children, it is day."

O, welcome, welcome, lovely light,
That drives away the dreary night;
Shine down and make our hearts as gay
And bright as sunshine all the day!

WHAT WILL YOU BE?

We see two boys standing side by side; both
are intelligent-looking and kind-looking; but
one becomes an idle, shiftless fellow, and the
other an influential and useful man. Perhaps
when they were boys no one could have seen
much difference between them; when they
were men, the contrast was marked. One be-
came dissolute step by step; the other became
virtuous step by step; as one went up the
other went down.

It is a question of great moment—What
will you be? One determines he will do right,
and improve his powers and opportunities to
the utmost. He is industrious, learns his
business, becomes a partner or proprietor, and
is known as a man of influence and power.
Another does not determine to be bad, but is
lazy, and neglects to improve his opportunities.
He shirks work; he "fools around;" next he
is seen with tobacco, and probably beer and
whiskey follow; his appearance shows he is
unhealthy; he does not do his work well, he
loses his position, and becomes intemperate
and probably a criminal.

There are many to-day who are standing
at the parting-place. You can take *one* path,
and you will go down as sure as the sun rises.
If you prefer hanging around a saloon to
reading good books at home, then you are on
the road to ruin. If you do not obey your
parents, if you run away from school, if you
lie, if you swear, you will surely go down in
life.

If a boy steadily improves his time, tries to
learn his business, obeys his father and mother,
is truthful and industrious, is respectful and
pleasing towards others, he will succeed. No

one can stop his doing well in life. He has
determined that he will be a noble specimen
of a man, and every good person will help him.

"I GOT A-GOING, AND I COULD NOT STOP."

I heard of a boy who was standing on the
top of a hill, and his father was standing
half-way down, and the father called to his
boy, "Come."

He ran down, but did not stop where his
father was, but went to the bottom of the hill.
He said:

"O, father, I got a-going, and I could not
stop."

Take care, young friends, lest you have to
say—"I got a-going, and I could not stop."

I will tell you what happened. There was
a young man, only twenty years of age, and
he was lying in gaol. He had killed a man,
and was going to be hung. He had been a
Sunday-school boy, and his teacher went to
see him in prison. He had to go through a
long, dark passage, and presently he came into
the miserable murderer's cell.

It was a beautiful day; everything was
lovely outside; the birds were singing, the
sun was shining, and everything was green
and beautiful. And this young man—only
twenty years of age—was lying in this dread-
ful cell, his limbs chained together, going to
be hung! And the gentleman spoke to him
kindly. He said:

"O, I am so sorry to see you here."

The young man burst into tears, and said:

"Ah! sir, if I had minded what my father
and mother said to me—if I had attended to
what you told me at school—I should not be
here! I got into bad company. I followed
one young lad and another. I got something
to drink. One bad thing led to another bad
thing, and one day, being half-drunk, I killed
a man; and now, sir, I am going to die."

Ah! "he got a-going, and he could not stop.
Take care about the bottom of the hill. Do
not "get a-going." You may not be able to
stop till you get to the very bottom.

"WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"

A little girl went home from church full of
what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the
table with the family, she asked her father,
who was a very wicked man, whether he ever
prayed. He did not like the question, and in
a very angry manner replied, "Is it your
mother or your Aunt Sally who has put you
up to that?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher
said all good people pray, and those that don't
pray cannot be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand,
and in a rough way he said, "Well, you and
your mother and your Aunt Sally may go your
way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with
great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed
upon him that he was in the sure way to
death. He started from his chair, burst into
tears, and began to pray for mercy.

Which way are you going?