

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### BED-TIME AGAIN.

Two little girls in their night-gowns,  
As white as the newest snow,  
And Ted in his little flannel suit  
Like a fur-clad Esquimaux—

Beg just for a single story  
Before they creep to bed.  
So while the room is summer warm  
And the coal grate cherry red,

I huddle them close and cozy  
As a little flock of sheep,  
Which I their shephord strove to lead  
Into the fold of sleep

And tell them about the daughter  
Of Pharaoh the king,  
Who went to bathe at the river side  
And saw a curious thing

'Mong the water-lilies, half-hidden,  
And just at the brink afloat;  
It was neither drifting trunk nor bough,  
Nor yet an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded;  
Inside a soft green braid;  
'Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes,  
In which the babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens  
To fetch it to her side,  
And when she opened the little ark,  
Behold! the baby cried.

"This is one of the Hebrews' children,"  
With pitying voice she said,  
And perhaps a tender tear was dropped  
Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister,  
Who had waited near to see  
That harm came not, and she trembling asked,  
"Shall I bring a nurse for thee?"

"Yes, bring a nurse" and the mother  
Was brought the very one  
Who had made the cradle of bulrushes  
To save her little son.

And the princess called him Moses;  
God saved him thus to bless  
His chosen people, as their guide  
Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood  
And saw their wrongs and woes,  
Filled with the courage of the Lord  
His mighty spirit rose—

And with faith and love and patience,  
And power to command,  
He placed their homeless, weary feet  
At last in the promised land.

### LIFE AFTER DEATH.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, LINDSAY, ONT.

"My head, my head."—2 Kings iv. 19.

This little boy is sick, very sick, sick unto death. Perhaps you want to know who he is and what made him so ill. Well, this little fellow lived in a place called Shunem, in the land of Israel. His parents had no children till they were old. Then in old age this boy was born to them, and they thought more of him than words can tell, for he was their only child. Their whole heart was bound up in their little pet, and they would do anything to keep him. In the morning he was quite well when he went to see his father working in the harvest field, but while there a pain suddenly seized his head (sunstroke, perhaps), and he cried out, "My head, my head." He was carried at once into the house, and by noon he was dead. I don't need to tell you how stunned his

father and mother were with sorrow, and how bitterly they wept; your own imagination will picture the scene.

But I want you to think for a moment how many die when they are young everywhere and at all times. The half of the human race die under five years, it is said. About 70,000 people die every day, so that would be about 35,000 children who die every twenty-four hours.

I went up to our cemetery the other day, and saw four or five little graves side by side in one plot. They all belonged to one family, then two in another place; then one, and one, and one all over the grounds wherever I looked. I read of one cemetery where there was a gravestone placed at the head of five little graves—one for them all—and this was the inscription: "John, Mary, William, Ellen, Jane; our all." Not another word was added, not another word was needed to tell of the grief of those childless parents, or of the chill and gloom of that home where a little before all was so merry and bright. Now, I have two or three things to say to you, little folks, about death.

The first is: It is often better to die young than to grow up. When they grow up, how many turn out bad, very bad; become thieves, liars, outlaws, Bible-haters; some are sent to gaol, some to penitentiary, some to the gallows; and then if they die in that state, oh! think of their poor souls hereafter. Had these people died as young as did this little boy of Shunem how much better for themselves, and how much grief and shame they had saved their friends.

Now, God sees ahead what evil is coming, and he often takes the little ones away before it comes, and keeps them safe in heaven till their parents and friends come too.

The second is: So live that you will not be afraid to die young. Some are not afraid. I once read of a little girl who had not the slightest fear of death; nay, she was as delighted at the thought of dying as most children are with the prospect of travelling and seeing new and beautiful things. Shortly before her end, after a severe attack of cramp, she said in a clear voice, "Father, am I dead now?" And when her father replied, "Not yet, my darling," she went on, "I see bright angels with wings, dressed in white," and the next moment she was gone. To help you to be like that little girl, may I ask you to commit to memory the 4th verse of the 23rd Psalm: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

The third thing is: When little children die, they shall live again. In the case of this little boy, he was brought to life again shortly after by the prophet Elisha (see verses 34, 36). That was a miracle. I don't mean that other children shall come to life in this way. But I mean that by-and-by, on the resurrection morn, their bodies shall rise again, while as soon as they die their souls go to Jesus and are safe and happy. Nor do children stand still in heaven and always remain weak, ignorant little creatures, giving over so much trouble to some one to keep them. They grow

and grow toward perfection faster than if they had remained here. This is what the following verses mean, and I believe they are true:

"Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air.  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again unfold her  
She will not be a child;

"But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face."

The fourth thing is: Children in heaven are like loadstones, drawing mothers' hearts and fathers' hearts and sisters' hearts away up from this wicked world to the beautiful house Christ has prepared. And their little green graves are like steps of a stairway leading up, up to glory, those left behind. Many a mother owes much to her child's death.

"Only a baby's grave!  
Some foot or two at the most  
Of star daisied sod, yet I think that God  
Knows what that little grave cost!

"Only a baby's grave!  
Strange how we mourn and fret  
For a little face that was but such a space—  
O, more strange could we forget!

"Only a baby's grave!  
Did we measure grief by this,  
Few tears were shed on our baby dead—  
I know how they fell on this!

"Only a baby's grave!  
Yet often we come and sit  
By the little stone, and thank God to own  
We are nearer heaven for it!"

### A GOOD RECOMMENDATION

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered once in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

### NOT A LIAR.

One day a little lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself, and rushed back to his uncle's workshop with all speed.

"What are you running yourself out of breath in that manner for?" asked one of the men. "Tell your uncle that the people kept you waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie!"

"To be sure it would, but what's the odds?"

"I a liar? I tell a lie?" cried the boy, indignantly. "No, not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me that lying was the first step to ruin, and my Bible says that a liar shall not enter heaven."