

THE JOURNEY'S END.

Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of the Lord,
In the mansion of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits!
Gives the crown his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates;
Let the little travellers in:

All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We'll together meet at last,
At the portal of the sky.
Each the welcome "come" awaits,
Conquerers over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

"I WAS GOING TO."

Children are very fond of saying "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass and to set traps for the rats but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happens in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is," not only "the thief of time," but it is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and a nuisance. He never did any good. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The girl or boy who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things that you are going to do.

A LITTLE HERO.

There are many adult Christians who have not the courage displayed by little Charlie. Here is what he did.

Charlie was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. These little beds are called borths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

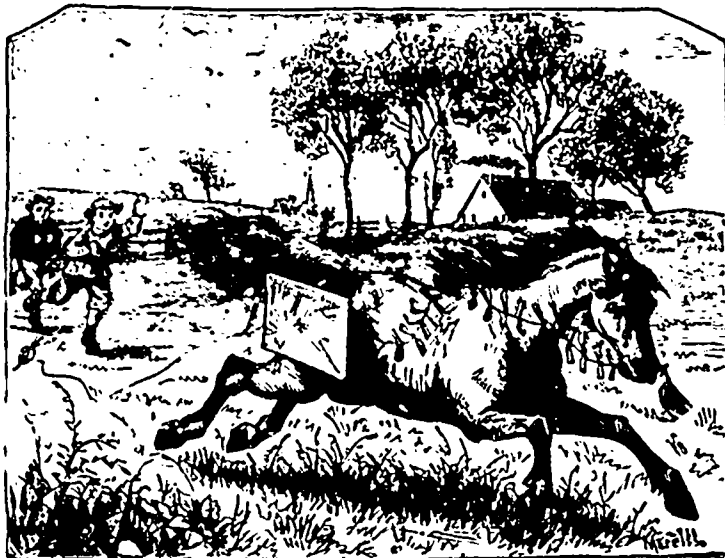
"Make haste and jump into your borth, boy," cried his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We sh-'ll be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that; and Charlie knelt down just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children, but never take it without first asking.



A SAD MISFORTUNE.

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These boys have been flying their kite out in the fields and there was not enough wind for it to rise. So they took the end of the long string in their hands and set off to run across the field as fast as ever they could. By this means they would probably have got the kite to rise, had not an unexpected calamity prevented it. As they were running without looking behind them they suddenly felt a jerk on the string, and looking round were astonished to see that the tail of the kite had caught on the neck of a horse that was feeding in the field, and become entangled in his mane; this was bad enough, but it was not all. Before they could get it loose the animal had taken the string between its teeth and cantered off to the other end of the field. There will be a long chase before it is caught and the boys will be more careful in future.

THE ROSE, THE BIRD AND THE BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume," said a rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendour, and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness; but the selfish bud shrivelled and withered away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird; "I do not want to sing." But when his brothers soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making weary hearers forget sorrow and bless the singers, then the forlorn little bird was lonesome and ashamed. He tried to sing, but the power was gone; he could only make a harsh, shrill chirp.

"If I give away my wave'ste, I shall not have enough for myself," said the brook. And it hoarded all its water in a hollow place, where it formed a stagnant, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a buoyant, singing bird, and a leaping, refreshing brooklet, thought on these things, and said, "If I would have, and would be, I must share all my goods with others, for

To give is to live;
To deny is to die.

CHILD-LIKE FOLLOWING GOD.

Very suggestively does an inspired writer say, "Be ye followers of God as dear children." A good model is thus commended. Children naturally imitate or follow the example of their parents. Whatever they see them do they attempt to do. They conform as closely as possible to the copy set before them in parental doings and sayings. This tendency is developed at quite an early period in life. The young child is found in various ways resembling the parent. To this imitative principle in human nature allusion is evidently made in the apostolic injunction just quoted.

Thus, to follow God is to fully confide in him. No feeling of a child toward a parent is more spontaneous and distinguishing than confidence. Hardly anything is more unnatural than a child's distrust of a parent. Ordinarily, a child's highest idea of excellence is embodied in the parent, who is deemed a paragon of perfection. Many a child trusts a parent even without a question. It is taken for granted that all is right in what a father or mother does. Of the class of children who believe that their parents can do nothing wrong was the little girl, seven years old, who said of a counterfeit coin which some one had refused to take of her, "I am sure it is a good one, for my father has just made it." Such a confiding child certainly deserved a better father, that she might never come to know that her confidence was misplaced.

My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion.