

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

PLAYING PEEK-A-BOO!

The cunningest thing that a baby can do
Is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands,
Then crouch, and show that it understands

What nurse and mamma, and papa, too,
Mean when they hide and cry. "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,
When they find that baby can play like this!

And they every one listen, and think it true
That the baby's gurgle means Peek-a-boo!

I wonder if any one ever knew
A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?

'Tis old as the world is. I believe
Cain was taught it by Mother Eve

For Cain was an innocent babe once, too,
And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo.

And the whole world full of the children of men
Have all of them played that game since then.

And while the sun shines and the skies are blue,
Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.

A VOICE FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

In forwarding the following message a correspondent states that the page of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN in which it appears, was one "she loved so well to read." It was written by a young girl, in the beginning of her teens, who fully realized that her days on earth were near an end. Before she left us she felt she would like to say a few farewell words to those she loved so well. Being then so very weak as to be unable to talk, she resolved to write. The following is the result:

To my dear Sabbath School Superintendent, and all the Teachers and Scholars of the Thorold Presbyterian Sunday School.

As God, in His kind providence, is calling me home, and knowing I can mingle amongst you no more on this earth, I feel like saying to you ere I go, a few words about Jesus, "for I am not ashamed to own my Lord."

My dear classmates, I can hardly express the peace, the joy, the happiness I have found by trusting in Jesus. Jesus has always been to me a precious Saviour, and more especially since I have been under affliction, and what He has been and has done for me, I know He will be and do for you if you only trust Him.

Afflictions are as nothing when one is

"Safe in the arms of Jesus.

Even death itself will be a delight, for what is it but going home to Jesus, and to be with our dear friends who have gone on before us.

Let me say to you all, therefore, give your hearts to Jesus, fully trust in Jesus, and I know He will make your death-bed as happy as mine is—and that is happy indeed.

And now, my dear friends, I will bid you all good-bye, and hoping I will be at the pearly gates with Jesus to meet my dear pastor, Sunday school superintendent, teachers, scholars and classmates, and to welcome you all home into heaven. MARTHA MADILL.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

A boy's first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder, his duties are plain, his place is insignificant and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes

more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers, salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers, and truckmen, and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless, he did his duty, every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant, but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary. It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

DUST ON YOUR GLASSES.

I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work; but one morning not long ago I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired. "This room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eyeglasses, ma'am," she said, modestly.

And sure enough the eyeglasses were at fault and not Katy. I rubbed it off and everything looked bright and clear, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said:

"I am glad it was the glasses and not me this time."

This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one that I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so-and-so, and she had said so-and-so. When her story was finished I said, smilingly:

"There is dust on your glasses, Katy. Rub it off, you will see better."

She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other: "Oh, there is dust on your glasses."

Sometimes I am referred to:

"Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses. Can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inference prejudicial to the person, I think: "There's dust on your glasses. Rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint: I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."

He laughed and asked:

"What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own well rubbed up and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."

CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—Prov. xxvii. 1.