

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO-MORROW

A bright little boy with a laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace;
Who knew no trouble and feared no care;
The light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young, this little elf,
With troublesome questions to vex himself,
But for many days the thought would rise
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies,
"Mother"—O word that makes the home!
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said;
"Most time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up, and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But awoke with the first red streaks of light.
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day:
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered a while, but joys came fast,
And the vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night:
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
For years to come he seemed care to borrow:
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ted;
Enjoy to-day," the mother said.
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year;
It is always coming, but never here."

VISIONS OF THE BEYOND.

WHEN dying friends, as in frequent instances, appear by word and action to get a glimpse of heaven opened, and of dear ones gone before, we do not care to doubt the reality of that vision or wish to believe that it is only an action of the mind, which holds within the memory an image of those seen. If it were so, how should we explain this case which has recently come to our knowledge. Little Alice had never seen her father, as he had died before her birth, so that she had no recollection or impression of him to retain. When only three years old she, too, was taken, and as she lay in her mother's lap about an hour before her death, she said, "Mamma, I see papa." Her mother asked, "Do you see papa?" "Yes," she said, "I see papa;" and repeated it the third time. After a few moments she spoke again, as if calling to a person distant, "Papa, see mamma." Was not this more than a working of the infant mind?

DARNING.

WHILE in my eighth year mamma and I were visiting, and to keep me quiet, she gave me some darning to do. Auntie inspected my work and gave me what I would now think very injudicious praise. Instead of doing harm, however, it stimulated me to greater exertions, it being my desire to be worthy of the highest praise. I succeeded so well that mamma and Jenny trusted me with the most difficult bits of darning. (An example of the benefit of praising children.) I was always careful not to draw the hole smaller than it was previously; to place the needle back, giving a wide margin, and to weave the threads carefully. This is the secret of good darning. The needle should correspond with the yarn, and that again with the article to be mended. It is folly to use

a needle so small that the greatest exertions are needed to draw it through. I have been darning some striped mittens, keeping the stripe perfect. For this two needles are necessary. I put the stitches in lengthwise first, with alternate lines of white and blue. Then I filled in woof, crossing with alternate colours, being very careful to put the needle containing the white yarn over the white—and under the blue lines, and *vice versa*. It takes some time, but the result is so much more satisfactory, than would be a broad patch of solid colour, that no one would regret the work, especially if the mittens are not badly worn.

BE SOMETHING.

A YOUNG girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friends hearing her complain, said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives us something to *be*, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being." Marion looked up with penitent eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says:

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

"Be ye also patient."

"Be ye thankful."

"Be not conformed to this world."

"Become little children."

"Be ye therefore perfect."

"Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.

I CANNOT UNDO IT.

A LITTLE girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewn wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had laboured so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle-holes remained, shewing just how the seam had been sewed; and with tears in her eyes she cried, "O mamma; I cannot undo it!"

Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo. Older boys and girls have felt keener heartaches for graver faults. You all know something of the desire to undo, and sorrow that you cannot. And

now where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time, so we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our Heavenly Father, He never leads us wrong; and anything we do under His guidance we shall never wish to undo.

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

CHILDREN should be taught to give money for the cause of Jesus Christ. We are all creatures of habit; and in this particular the earlier the habits are fastened the better it will be.

Those who are familiar with the Pilgrim's Progress will recall that, when the little company under the lead of Greatheart were entertained at the house of Gaius there was a good deal of innocent hilarity at the dinner-table. The travellers were tired and their appetites were keen. And so much comfort and so much rest coming at once put them in the best of spirits. After a few old-fashioned jokes and sage attempts at pleasantry, pious Mr. Honest gravely announced his intention of propounding a riddle. He gave it thus:

"A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had."

Their most respected host understood instantly that the puzzle was aimed at him, and that everybody lingered anxiously for an impromptu reply. He paused a while, however; but whether to guess the answer, or frame the couplet into which we wished to put it at his best, we are not informed. It is not every man in this world, even amongst those who keep hotels, that can make poetry to order. but Gaius finally offered his solution in comfortable rhyme:

"He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more."

At this juncture one of Christian's boys impulsively broke in, "I dare say, sir, I did not think you could have found it out." The genial old gentleman answered, "I have been trained up in this way a great while; nothing teaches like experience; I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and have ever found that I gained thereby."

Then he went on to clinch his remark with an apposite verse from the Scripture: "There is that scattereth, yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." And then (so continues the narrator) Samuel whispered to his mother: "This is a very good man's house; let us stay here a great while."

"LET there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee."—*Gen. xiii. 8.*

"EVEN a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."—*Prov. xx. 11.*

"THE fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—*Prov. xxix. 25.*

"HE that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—*Prov. xvi. 32.*