

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

To God above,
Whose name is love.
Our grateful song we raise,
And lowly bow
Before Him now
In humble prayer and praise.

All through the night
The angels bright
Have stood around our beds,
And while we've slept,
Their watch they've kept
Above our pillowed heads.

All through this day,
In work or play,
Lord, lead us in Thy way;
And may its close
Bring sweet repose,
With dreams of heavenly day.

COME TO-DAY.

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

The Saviour calls thee,—
Come to day;
O, seek Him now,
Do not delay!
The precious moments
How they fly!
Come, come to Jesus
While He's nigh!

The Saviour calls thee,
Come to Him;
He offers thee
A diadem,—
A crown that ne'er
Shall fade away.
Come, come to Jesus
While you may!

CASTLE BUILDING.

ELLA was comfortably seated in a great arm-chair, reading of heroic deeds, and wishing, oh, so much, that she might accomplish something to make her famous—something to be talked about and win praise from all who knew her, as well as from an admiring public far and wide.

"Now, if I were only old enough to be a Florence Nightingale, go to the seat of war, and nurse the wounded soldiers, wouldn't that be splendid? Or, like Grace Darling, rescue some one from a watery grave! Dear me, what can or shall I ever do?"

And foolish Ella, forgetting her room needed righting, that she had not yet practised her music lesson, or that her mother might need some assistance this busy morning, with nurse sick and Willie fretting over not receiving his usual attention, went on idly dreaming or planning what she would do at some future day, when big enough to accomplish something worth while.

"Ella, dear," called out a sweet, gentle voice from the parlour door, "won't you please run up into the nursery and help amuse Willie? Jennie's face is aching so badly she cannot pay much attention to baby."

"Oh, dear! it is always just so; I no sooner get comfortably seated reading than I must go and amuse Willie. He's a perfect bother!" mentally said Ella, as she slowly closed her book, and still more slowly rose out of the arm-chair into which she had curled herself for a good indulgence in reading and castle-building.

"Come, Ella, Willie will get to fretting real hard, and then it will be much more difficult to amuse him."

"But, mother, this is Saturday, and I think

I might have a little rest and pleasure of my own, without having to amuse baby whenever he is cross and fretful."

"Very true, dear, it is your holiday, but cannot you find pleasure in making others happy? I would not have my little girl grow up cold and selfish, thinking only of her own enjoyment."

"Grow up cold and selfish," repeated Ella, as she ascended the stairs. "Why, mamma doesn't know what great things I mean to accomplish one of these days. How I do wish I was big enough now to go away to China or Africa to teach the heathens, or do something of the kind."

A scream from Willie quickened her steps, but her brow bore a rather sulky look as she turned the knob of the nursery door.

"Oh, Miss Ella! I'm so glad you have come. I have a distracting toothache, and the neuralgia all down one side of my face, and I can't amuse Willie no way."

"You took cold talking for so long a time over the fence last evening," replied Ella, in no very gracious tone. "There, Willie, stop your crying, or I'll not play with you. Just see, you have upset the soap suds, and broken your soap-bubble pipe."

Willie had stopped crying upon his sister's entrance into the room, but now he stood with quivering lips, scarce knowing whether to confess he was sorry, or to rebel and again to set up a defiant yell.

What has become of Ella's wish to care for wounded soldiers, or teach the heathen? Has she poured oil upon the troubled waters? Helped to ease Jennie of the torturing pain she is so patiently trying to endure? or seen what gentle words may do to comfort Willie? Alas, no. The work just before her does not seem grand enough to claim her attention. It is not one that will win praise from her fellow-creatures, and so Ella sets about amusing her little brother in a pre-occupied, listless manner. Jennie is not sent to lie down, or Willie put into a thorough good humour, until mamma is disengaged, enters the room, and by her bright, sunny face and manner, sets things to rights. Jennie has something given her for her tooth and a soothing lotion to bathe her face, and is then sent off to lie down and rest. Willie is taken upon the lap, and is soon quieted with a pretty picture book.

Ella watches these proceedings, wondering why she had not thought of them, and with regretful feelings tells her mother so.

"Well, Puss, it is not so easy to put old heads on young shoulders."

"But, mamma, only this very morning I was planning what great deeds I meant to do, and was wishing to begin them right straight off."

"And forgot that the work directly before you was the only one God requires of you. I'm afraid my little girl indulges in castle-building. Like bright bubbles, they will only fall to pieces, deary, unless you first lay a firm foundation."

"And how can I do that, mamma? I do not quite understand your meaning."

"It is this. Day-dreaming, or castle-building, as I call it, for future time, to the neglect of present duties, is apt to weaken the character instead of strengthening it; so when the time comes for some great and heroic deed, such ones are unnerved or incapacitated to act in the way they had dreamed they should. While another, who forgets self, and daily strives to make others happy, unconsciously performs brave deeds all the time. This is the firm foundation of which I spoke. And you see, Ella, when a time comes for what you consider great and heroic deeds, they are performed as natur-

ally, and with as little thought of self as the simple ones have long been transacted; and, dear child, let me add, without a thought of this world's applause, which castle-builders expect to follow their great deeds."

Ella looked very thoughtful. Had mamma so clearly read her thoughts? Or was this really the way with all dreamy castle-builders? If so, she would not be one of them. And, forming a good resolution, she no longer found the care of dear Willie a bother, or present duties distasteful. But in the strength of Him who ever helps His trusting children to do right, Ella at once set about building a firm foundation against the time she might be called upon to make greater sacrifices for others.

THINGS BY WRONG NAMES.

"PAPA, what kind of wood do they make lead pencils of?" asked Charlie Greaves, as he looked up from the paper upon which he was drawing an outline map.

"From the wood of the red cedar," replied Mr. Greaves, as he took a seat near his son. "It is principally obtained from Florida. It is first thoroughly seasoned, sawed into strips, dried again, then cut to the proper size for pencils. They are grooved by machinery, the leads are glued into the grooves, and the other half of the wood glued on. It is a little odd that, though we call them lead pencils, there is not a particle of lead in them."

Master Charlie looked keenly at his father, under a suspicion that he was quizzing him.

"Why, papa, I can see the lead," he affirmed. "And what else makes it mark?"

"Red lead is an oxide of lead, white lead is a carbonate of lead, but the black lead used in pencils is neither a metal nor a compound of metal. It is plumbago, or graphite—one of the forms of carbon. The graphite is ground fine, calcined, and mixed with pure clay, then baked in a crucible. The different proportions of graphite and clay produce the various grades of pencils. Lead intended for very fine work, such as architectural drawings, are reheated after the baking, and immersed in melted wax or suet."

"Red cedar must be a very light wood," surmised Charlie, as he balanced his pencil on his finger. "Where does rosewood get its name from? Its colour is not rose colour."

"Older persons than you have been puzzled over the matter," replied Mr. Greaves. "When the tree is first cut, the fresh wood possesses a very strong rose-like fragrance. Hence the name was suggested by the odour and not by the colour."

"Where are the trees found?"

"In South America, and in the East Indies, and neighbouring islands. Some of the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet long are cut from them. These broad planks are principally used to make the tops of piano-fortes. When growing in the forest, the rose-tree is remarkable for its beauty."

"EXCELLENT speech becometh not a fool: much less do lying lips a prince."—Prov. xvii. 7.

LIKE Stephen, we may carry brightness on our face. There is something in the world which we may learn; there is something from God which we may have, that will change all to brightness. Not, indeed, to brightness such as the angels above live in, and continually behold. There are some things to weep over; there are many things to fear. This is a world of cloud and shadow. But the heaven in which the cloud floats is larger than the cloud, and all full of light. Shadows are melting things.