

A Page for the Young.

GOD'S DWELLING PLACE.

Isaiah lvii. 13.

A little boy, with rosy face,
Whose heart had been renewed by grace,
Was asked one day if he could tell
"How great God was—where He did dwell?"
Quick he replied—"Not all the sky,
Nor all the shining worlds on high,
Nor earth, nor air, nor heaven, nor hell,
Are large enough for God to dwell;
Yet He came down in Love Divine,
To dwell in this small heart of mine."

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, and came to the words, "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," the old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying, with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again—I never heard it before."

She read it again: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old, blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now, read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys."

"They hain't, eh?" the boy replied with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, Mister. Three of those apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart: "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

ITEM FOR BOYS.

It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life. Gov. Palmer of Illinois, was once a country blacksmith, and began his political career in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was a tailor. Thomas Hoyne, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a book-binder. Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard labor, commenced as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first, he was asked, "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer, which secured him a place. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker; Thurlow Weed served his time as an apprentice at the printing business; ex-Gov. Stone of Iowa was a cabinet-maker, as was also the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is as a gold coin on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have, whether you rise or not; it depends, certainly, on how you do it.

THE EARTH STANDING STILL.

Mr. Slimmon, of the China Inland Mission, says that his teacher, Li, who has taken the degree of B.A., believes that the sun revolves round the earth, and he laughs at the idea of the earth turning round. He says it is absurd, for if the earth were to revolve, we would fall off when we came to our turn to go "bottom side."