

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE!

When vacant churches are looking out for a minister, what point, among others, is uppermost in their minds? Is it not that some one shall be called who can attract the young people? And further, is it not a complaint that is not infrequently made against a conscientious and faithful pastor, "The young people don't seem to be interested in him?" That will in all probability be made the entering wedge to his dismissal. Who are these "young people?" Why, in the majority of cases, they are children of members of the church. To whom, under God, are they primarily responsible? To their parents? Of course, will be the prompt answer. Who is responsible for their religious training and culture? Why, their parents. Is not the Bible very explicit on that subject? But, as a matter of fact, it is well known that many, very many parents are "very guilty" in this matter. Are they authorized to expect a blessing upon their children when they fail to do what God requires them to do? Is not the principle, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," as applicable to this as to all other departments of Christian duty? Reducing the subject down to its last analysis, what is the requirement that parents really make of pastors? Why, that they shall cure their defects; that they shall do a work which God says parents must do. The question, then, "Will this or that minister attract the young people?" is a question that has no right to exist. What, then, is to become of our young people? Why, they must be cared for as the Bible directs. Parents and churches must get back to Bible principles on this subject. Parents should feel that they are to blame if their children do not love the church, and walk in the ways of truth and godliness. Take them with you to church from their infancy. Teach them the truths of our holy religion. Pray with and for them. Let parents do their duty, and the question, "What is to become of our young people?" will be satisfactorily answered.

Our gray hairs have not long to wait for our passing bell.

CLEANING IVORY.—Ivory that has been spotted, or has grown yellow, can be made as clear and fresh as new by rubbing with fine sand-paper, and then polishing with finely powdered pumice stone.

Children's Department.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

Freddie saw some fine, ripe cherries, Hanging on a cherry-tree, And he said, "You pretty cherries, Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you kindly," said a cherry, "We would rather stay up here; If we ventured down this morning, You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries, Dangled from a slender twig; "You are beautiful," said Freddie; "Red, and ripe, and, oh, how big!"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me, Little master, if you can." "I would catch you soon," said Freddie, "If were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it; Standing high upon his toes; But the cherry bobbed about, And laughed and tickled Freddie's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie, "I shall have it when it's right;" But a blackbird whistled boldly, "I shall eat them all to-night."

DILIGENCE REWARDED.

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his own efforts could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procure the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only *dux* of that division, but the pride of Harrow. That boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application—you may see his statue in St. Paul's cathedral to-morrow; for he lived to be the greatest Oriental scholar of modern Europe, and most of you have heard the name of Sir William Jones.

What do you like next to yourself? asks an exchange. A gauze under shirt from White's, 65 King Street, west. Every size in stock at White's, the shirt man.

"I WILL NOT."

"I will not," said a little boy stoutly, as I passed along. His tone struck me. "What wont you do?" I stopped and asked.

"That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I wont," he said, in the same stout tone.

The little boy is on the right road. That is just one of the places to say "wont." I hope he will stick to it. "Wont" is not a pretty word for children, but it is the right one when asked to deceive.

THE HEAVENLY DOVE.

There is a gentle voice that speaks To every little child, That whispers in his little heart In accents sweet and mild.

It is the Holy One of God, That speaks his soul within, That leads him on to all things good, And keeps him back from sin.

And he must heed that still, small voice, Nor tempt it to depart— That Spirit, great and wonderful, That whispers in his heart.

He must be firm, and good, and true, Must strive, and watch, and pray; For sin indulged will surely drive That Holy Dove away.

ROMANCE OF HOUSE CLEANING.

"Is she coming to visit you," said Eric Hale, with a slight grimace, "at an impering, fine lady, with the useless white hands, and the shallow little society laugh? Oh, Aunt Della, pack my portmanteau, and let me be off on a last-riding tour, until Flora Lee's visit comes to an end."

Mrs. Dove looked a little disappointed. To confess the truth, she had especially arranged this visit with reference to her nephew, Eric. "He's a fine young fellow," she said to herself, with a true feminine diplomacy, "with an excellent pariah, and fine prospects—and it's high time he was as tied in life with a wife, and I think Flora Lee would suit him—exactly."

And here was the young man himself up-setting this charming little castle in the air, without the least scruple of conscience, like a modern inconcealst that he was.

"Well, Eric," said Mrs. Dove, despairingly, "I'll write to her not to come. Of course, I don't want to put you out, just when you're so busy; too, with that course of lectures on the 'Book of Revelation—but I really think Flora would make the house lively."

"She's a deal too artificial to suit me," said Eric Hale. "Ask her to come in June, when I shall be off to Omaha and Nevada on that synod business. But as for a visitor, I should much prefer little Polly Peppercorn's big wax doll, with the silky black hair and the staring black eyes, that open and shut by machinery."

So Mrs. Dove, choking back the tears of disappointment (for she had been nursing this pet scheme for a long while,) sat down and wrote to her friend Miss Lee postponing the proposed sojourn at Cedarbough Farm until roses should be in bloom, and strawberries beginning to ripen.

"Adonijah," she said to the hired man, "take this letter to the post office."

"Yes, 'um," said Adonijah, and he put it into his pocket and forgot all about it.

It was a dismal rainy morning in April, the yellow jonquils beaten to the ground, the very wild violets shutting up their eyes as if in unmitigated disgust at the unpromising state of the weather. Overhead, racks of gray clouds seeded across the heavens, and the little sheet of silver lakelet under the hill was dotted and dimpled all over with the falling rain, as if pierced with a thousand tiny javelins.

"It's no use trying," said Mrs. Dove, plaintively, "the fates have conspired against me."

The carpets were up, the pails of white-wash stood in the middle of the parlour floor, and Mrs. Dove herself, with her grey curls tied up in a yellow damask pocket handkerchief, which her greatuncle had brought from China half a century ago, sat cowering on the lower ledge of a step ladder. For Betsy, her help had fallen down the cellar stairs and broken her leg, and Mulroney, the charwoman, had sent a message that her eldest son had broken out "wid the mailes, sure—speckled all over like a sh-wer of red pepper—an' sorry a bit of cleanin' could she undertake until the week's over."

"And these three days of all others," sighed Mrs. Dove, "when Eric exchanged pulpits with Mr. Washburn! And he so dislikes house-cleaning; and—"

"Dear me, Mrs. Dove, what is the matter?" Mrs. Dove started to her feet with a little scream—for there, exactly as if she had been rained down out of the gray, uncompromising zenith, stood Flora Lee herself in a trim, brown travelling dress, with a neat little hand-bag, a gossamer waterproof, and a silk umbrella.

"Why, Flora!" cried she, "how came you here?"

"By train, of course," said Miss Lee, and I walked from the station."

"I wrote to you not to come," said Mrs. Dove, in consternation.

"But I never received any such letter," said Miss Lee. "Shall I go away again?"

"No, you darling, you shall do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Dove, enthusiastically. "It was only because we were house-cleaning."

"I am not afraid of house-cleaning," said Flora. "I see how it is," with a comprehensive glance around the scene of confusion, and I am going to help you through with it."

"You?" said Mrs. Dove.

"Yes, I!" said Flora. "Why not? Just lend me one of Betsy's old dresses. Where is Betsy, by the way?"

"Her father has just carried her home in the waggon," said Mrs. Dove. "She has broken her leg."

"And your charwoman?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Dove. "She's got a visitation of the measles, or small-pox, or some horrid disease, in her family. And my nephew, Eric, is to be gone for three days; and I made sure I could finish the house-cleaning while he was absent."

"And you will," said Flora, cheerfully.

"How can we?"

"Oh, you shall see!" nodded Miss Lee. And depressed though she was, Mrs. Dove began to feel the mercury rise in her mental thermometer at once.

And Flora Lee arrayed herself in one of Betsy's cast-off calicoes, tied her rippled brown tresses up in a cambric sweeping-cap and went vigorously to work with a scrubbing brush while Mrs. Dove bent her attention to the window-glass, and Adonijah, with more zeal than discretion, splashed whitewash over the floor and himself with laudable impartiality.

"Wal," said Adonijah, afterward, "I never did see no cricket work spryer than that city young lady. By gracious, she beats Betsy all hollow at it. And she's got such an up and down pretty way of doing things, too, I declare, I could'n't take my eyes off her all the time I was a white-washing."

Mrs. Dove, however, unused to the severe exertions incident upon house-cleaning time, went to bed with a sick-headache in the middle of the afternoon.

"Never mind, Mrs. Dove," said Flora; "I'll get tea, and I'll make some of those cream waffles and a shortcake for Mr. Dove, and you shall see how nice I can fry."

"Indeed, indeed, I don't know what I should do without you, Flora!" said Mrs. Dove frequently.

But, as it happened, Mr. Daniel Dove was unexpectedly detained on business at Whiskills, the neighbouring town, and instead of him, who should walk debonairly into the sitting room, flinging down his carpet bag, but Eric Hale himself, just as the rainy dusk closed in, and the delicious odor of frying oysters and Mocha coffee filled the house.

"Hello!" said Eric. "So you're cleaning house—eh Betsy?"

"Yes, sir," a demure voice responded from the kitchen.

"And where's my aunt?"

"She has retired with a sick headache."

"The natural consequence of cleaning house I suppose," said Eric Hale with a shrug of his shoulder. "Dear old aunt Della! why couldn't she be contented to leave things as they were? Tell her, Betsy, that Washburn has concluded not to exchange until next week, and that, now I'm in the midst of the melee, I'll lend a hand with this business to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"And Betsy—"

"Sir?"

"When did you learn to make such delicious coffee? Bring me a cup at once. I'm ready to drop with weariness and it is like a dream of Arabia."

And Flora Lee, with the flapping edge of her sun bonnet concealing the amusing dimples around her mouth, brought in the oysters and coffee, flanked by a pile of feather-light waffles.

"I declare, Betsy," cried the Reverend Eric, facetiously. "If you were a trifle younger and prettier, I'd marry you myself, to make sure of coffee and waffles like this every night."

"Would you, sir?" said the *soi-disant* Betsy.

"And we would make a compact, Betsy," merrily went on the young clergyman, "as he helped himself to butter, "to finish the house cleaning to-morrow, and save Aunt Della the worry and work of it."

"Yes, sir," said Betsy. "But, please, sir, it's all done excepting the tacking down of the carpets."

"Who did it?"

"I, sir, please, and Mrs. Dove and Adonijah. And please, sir, I'm going to finish it myself to-morrow; and please, sir," flinging back her bonnet and disclosing a coronal of bronze-brown braids, a pair of very rosy cheeks and eyes of sparkling, hazel and mischief, "I'm not Betsy at all, but Flora Lee, entirely at your service."

The Reverend Eric Hale started with round-eyed surprise, not unmingled with dismay. "Miss Lee!" repeated he.

"Exactly," nodded the young lady.

"Did you make the coffee?"

"I did."

"And fry these brown-jacket oysters, and stir up these waffles?"

"No one else, Mr. Hale."

"And scrub those rooms?" glancing round.

"Yes, sir; and dusted the cornices, and washed the window-glass, and took down all the picture-frames, and put the lace curtains to soak, besides other items too numerous to mention," mischievously added Flora, rather enjoying the discomfiture of the young clergyman.

"Miss Lee," said Eric, "I beg your pardon."

"What for, Mr. Hale?"

"For always regarding you as the most useless and ornamental of creatures. I recant. I own that you are equal to any emergency."

And when, later in the evening, Mrs. Dove crept out, she found her nephew and Flora Lee playing chess together by the fire, in the most amicable manner imaginable.

"It's all right," said Mrs. Dove to herself.

It was all right. And Mrs. Eric Hale won her frank, unconventional husband, not through the medium of a dress, or jewels, or waltzes, or flower shows, but through the grim realities of cleaning house.

"I wanted a genuine helpmate," says the Reverend Eric, "and I have got one."