

Page for the Young.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little in dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountains but the few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint, 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*," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about *being*, if you will help me."

Her friend answered:

"God says:

"Be kindly affectionate one to another.

"Be ye also patient.

"Be ye thankful.

"Be ye not conformed to this world.

"Be ye therefore perfect.

"Be courteous.

"Be not wise in your own conceit.

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight drew 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 what 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.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; "put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me: I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

WHAT A CENT GROWS TO.

A cent seems of little value, but if it is only doubled a few times, it grows to a marvellous sum. A young lady in Portland caught her father in a very rash promise, by a knowledge of this fact on her part.

She modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent as long as she lived. Her father, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once.

But on the thirtieth day the young girl demanded the pretty little sum of \$5,369,709.12.

Let some of our young readers who have a taste for mathematics, just figure up and see whether this sum is correct.

We call the Chinese heathen, and yet they have some customs that would do credit to a Christian people. On every New-year's-morning each man and boy, from the emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, varying in value according to his station in life, thanks her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favour another year. They are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all through life.