

A Page for the Young

ONLY TO-DAY.

ONLY to-day for sorrow!
 If God has bidden me weep,
 I'll think the brightest to-morrow
 Soon over the night will creep;
 And so I will only pray
 That He give me grace to-day.
 Only to-day for labor!—
 Each day by itself alone;
 With its helping for my neighbor,
 And its watching for my own;—
 And so I do with my might—
 And so I walk in the light!
 Only to-day for living!
 Fresh, plain to understand,
 With its loving and doing and giving
 Brought close to my heart and hand,—
 Since today, for aught I know,
 Is all I shall have below!

IMPOSSIBLE.

The great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, used to say that there was one word which could not be found in his dictionary. It was the word "impossible."

A teacher in a girl's school was one day telling the girls that they could do a great deal more than they knew. Said she, "I can do anything."

"Can you make a clock?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes. If it became necessary for me to make a clock, I would set to work and learn how," replied the teacher.

It is the truth that "all things are possible to him that believeth." If God wants you to do a thing, be sure that you can do it; and never let fear or timidity or indolence turn you out of the way. The way to succeed is to try, and to keep on trying. John Wesley's mother was one day teaching one of her children to read. Her husband, who sat by, said, "My dear, I think you have told that child the same thing twenty times."

"If I had stopped the nineteenth time he would not have known it," was the wise woman's reply.

Never, never say "It is impossible" about anything that is the right thing to do. A thoroughly earnest boy or girl will find a way to do the best thing, if they will just believe in God, and then go ahead steadily and bravely.

THE BEST FOR JESUS.

Little Edith Crowell was not quite five years old, yet she listened attentively to the minister's account of the sufferings and privations endured by our missionaries in the Far West. She was particularly interested in the story of one family who had been shut in by the snow so long as to exhaust their entire stock of fuel and provisions—even the baby's little chair

and rude toys had been sacrificed for the sake of a little heat with which to warm the benumbed fingers.

Little Edith said nothing then, but the day, when the ladies were filling a box for this destitute family, she brought her large wax doll and asked her mamma to put it in the box for the missionary's baby whose toys were burnt.

"But, darling, you want Pinkey yourself," her mother replied.

"But the baby has no dolls, and I have Jane & Rosie, besides ever so many tiny ones."

"Then," said mamma, "send some of them, and keep this beautiful one yourself."

"I would rather give this one because it is the best; and, don't you mind, you told me last night that Jesus wanted the best gifts we could bring? He will know I gave Pinkey because I do love Him so dearly."

Mamma said no more, and Pinkey has gone to make her home among the snows of the North-West.

IN THE BIBLE.—The Bible contains 3,566,389 letters, 810,097 words, 31,173 verses, 1184 chapters, and 66 books. Ezra 7: 21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except one. Chap. 19 of the Second Book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as being buried in a coffin was Joseph—50th chapter of Genesis, 26th verse.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

A few days ago I was conversing with a friend. We were talking of a friend, and I thoughtlessly made this remark: "I wish some one would write her life; it would be beautiful."

The friend looked at me for a moment, then said:—"Hourly Lena's life is being written. We may not know how beautiful her life really is until we hear it up there," said she, pointing heavenward. "The recording angel," she continued, "is not only writing Lena's life, but he is writing yours and mine."

Children, do you think, when you are tempted to do wrong, that the recording angel sees all, and is keeping a record of all you do or say?

"Daily are two angels writing
 What we do for good or ill;
 One with smiles, the good inditing,
 One, the evil, sad and still."

Yes, children, every evil deed is recorded in Heaven, and He who knoweth all things sees every bad deed, knows every wicked thought that passes through the mind; but the same father sees and knows every good deed and thought.

"And yet with Him who marks the sands,
 And holds the water in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught,
 For glory or for shame."