

Page for the Young.

WAITING FOR GOD TO COME.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come to me."

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose bright and flushed face he saw evidence of fever.

"God sent for father and little brother," he said, "and took them away up to His Home in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me. Mother said he would. He will come. He will come, won't He? Mother never told a lie!"

"Yes my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said—"Mother never told a lie, sir, but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust; and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales.

VALUE OF PUNCTUALITY.

One cannot begin too early in life to discipline himself to habits of the most exacting punctuality in keeping every engagement and the performance of every service, be it little or great. Great men in all ages have been noted for punctuality. They believed an act to be well done must be done promptly. Napoleon used to insist on absolute promptness with his marshals, saying: "You must ask anything of me but time."

Washington was punctilious in exacting promptness from all his officers. On one occasion, when visiting Boston, the column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning. Washington was present before the time, but the marshal of the day, supposing that the hour was too early to start, was tardy in appearing. Washington looked at his watch nervously, waited a moment or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time after, the marshal rode furiously to the front making many apologies for the delay. Washington replied, pleasantly, "It is our custom to ask, not if the leader, but if the hour has come."

John Quincey Adams, in his long service in Congress, was never known to be late. One day the clock struck, and a member said to the Speaker: "It is time to call the House to order.

"No," said the Speaker, "Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet."

At this moment Mr. Adams appeared. He was punctual, but the clock was three minutes fast.

READERS.

There are four kinds of readers—the first is like the *hour-glass*, and their reading being as the sand, it runs in and out, and leaves not a vestige behind; a second is like the *sponge*, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier; a third is like a *jelly-bag*, allowing all that is pure to pass away, and retaining only the refuse; and the fourth is like the laborers in the mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, retain only the pure gems.—

"WAIT A MINUTE."

There is an old proverb, and a very good one, that "Time and tide wait for no man."

That means if a man has a chance of bettering his condition, and lets it go by, the chance may never come again.

Perhaps a vessel can only be launched at the turn of the tide, and if the captain does not seize that precious moment, the tide turns, and the vessel has to be left behind. For the tide will not wait, nor the time either. Still there are seasons when our motto would prove a wholesome one, when it would be a good thing to wait a minute.

When you are about to make an angry reply. Your blood is up; and you could say a cutting thing. But don't do it. The irritation will go off if you have a little patience. Grievous words stir up anger. It is better to wait a minute.

When you are tempted to do a wrong—it may be to lie or to steal—Satan is hurrying you on, because he does not wish you to reflect. He knows that if you reflect you will not do it. But do not be driven into sin blindfolded. Wait a minute.

When you are going to spread a report about your neighbor. It will do him harm, and you do not know whether it is true. You have not had time to search into the matter. And yet the tale is on your tongue. But you had better not. Wait a minute.

That minute waited will often save you from evil. It may give your passion time to cool. You may be able to put up a secret prayer, "Lead me not into temptation." You may call to mind the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Stop, then, on the brink of wrongdoing, if you have been foolish enough to get so far.

JOSEPH, IN ADVERSITY.

Pure.
True.
Patient.
Faithful.

God was with him.