

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM."

Rev. i. 7.

When first to this polluted earth  
The holy Saviour came,  
So humble was His place of birth,  
Few cared to know His name.

His lowly form no comeliness  
To mortal eye possessed,  
No beauty in His grief-marred face  
Revealed the Heavenly Guest.

But lo! with clouds He comes again,  
The crown upon His brow;  
And every eye shall see Him then,  
And every knee shall bow.

Thine eye, O thou with soldier's spear,  
Or with more cruel dart  
Of unbelief, reproach, or sneer,  
Who pierced the Saviour's heart.

Thine eye, O thou in pride who dost  
His great salvation scorn,  
Or by neglect thy soul hath lost,  
Shall look on Him and mourn.

Thine eye, O weak and trembling saint,  
Whom sin makes often sad,  
Who, though pursuing, oft art faint,  
Shall see Him and be glad.

Thine eye, O thou whose faith is bright  
With joy in One unseen,  
Shall see thine Everlasting Light,  
Without a cloud between.

O! blessed hope, O! joyful thought,  
For those who know His grace,  
That when the fight of faith is fought  
They shall behold His face!

To work and wait, to watch and pray,  
With lamps kept burning clear,  
Be this our service, day by day,  
Until the Lord appear.

### HARD WAGES.

"I WANT your boy to my store," said a man to a poor widow. "I have had a great deal of trouble with boys; and now I want him because he is honest." The widow was glad that her son would now be in the way of earning something. So, when the boy came home, and was told, he was as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother. But neither the mother nor son knew anything about Mr. T's store. However, on Monday morning the boy went to his new post. As he returned at night, his mother asked him how he liked it. At first he said, pretty well, and next he didn't exactly know; and then not very well; and on Saturday night he told his mother plump, that he did not like it at all, and was not going to stay longer. "Why," exclaimed his mother, grieved, "are you so bad to please? Do you know how very important it is that you should stick to your business?" "Mother," said the boy, "the store is a grocery-shop, and I cannot stay there." The mother's mouth was stopped, as after that she had no wish to have him remain.

When the master paid the boy on Saturday, and he told him that he could not stay, the man was surprised. "How is this," said he, "have I not done well by you this week?" "Yes," answered the boy, "I could not expect to find a kinder master." "Then do you find fault with the pay?" "No, sir, it is good." "Well, then, what is the matter or difficulty?" The boy hesitated. "Come, come, you won't leave me. I'll raise your wages." "Oh, sir,"

said the boy respectfully, "you are very good; but I cannot be a dram-seller. I am afraid of the wages, for I cannot forget that the Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death.'"

### LITTLE SALLIE.

LITTLE SALLIE was sick; that is, she had a sore throat, and papa and mamma were worried for fear it might turn out to be something serious. And so Sallie had to have her throat painted with a solution of "something," and as this was a rather painful process she did not enjoy it at all, but kicked and struggled so that it required the combined efforts of her papa and mamma and nurse to perform the operation—one to hold her still, one to keep her mouth open, and one to do the painting.

It was after one of these painting "scenes" that Sallie's papa—who is a minister, and has to write sermons—sat in his study writing; and presently in came Sallie. Then her papa took her upon his knee and talked to her, and told her that we all had to be sick sometimes, but that God only, made us so for some good reason, and so we should try to be patient and not displease God and make those about us unhappy by being cross and unruly. And then he set her down and went on with his writing, while little Sallie ran away out of the room.

It was not long, however, before Sallie again came into the study, this time very quietly. And when papa looked up, there she stood, with her hands behind her, looking very thoughtful indeed. Then she said, gazing up shyly from under her long eyelashes at papa "You don't know what I've got!" And papa guessed ever so many things, but could not hit the right one at all; so he finally gave it up and asked, "Well, little daughter, what have you got?" And then she came close to papa, and drew her hands slowly from behind her. And what do you think she had? I am quite sure you will be as unable to guess as her papa was, and so I will tell you. In one hand was the brush, and in the other the bottle containing the solution, and she wanted papa to paint her throat. And when he did so she did not cry nor make any fuss at all. And now, little readers of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, cannot some of you learn a lesson from little Sallie?

### DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A CHILD sat on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story; the tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled joy and sadness. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour—how He so loved the people as to give His life a ransom for them to redeem them from a lost and ruined state. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in

tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired—"Did He die for me mamma?" "Yes my child,—for you, for all." "May I love Him always, mamma, and dearly too;" "Yes my darling, it was to win your love that He left His bright and beautiful home." "And He will love me, mamma; I know He will. He died for me. When may I see Him in His other home?" "When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one." "My spirit?" murmured the child. "Yes, your spirit; that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love Him here, you will go to live with Him in heaven." "And I may love Him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma." And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

### A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy once happened to be away from home. He started on his journey homeward, and, after walking some distance, came to a small stream flowing across the road, which he could easily have stepped across. "But no," thought he, "I see there are beautiful flowers along down the stream on this side, and I do love to gather them and play with them, and I have time enough to spare, so I will walk along down the stream, and when I have enjoyed these flowers as much as I like, I will then step across and go home."

But as he wandered on down, the stream gradually, and at first imperceptibly, grew wider and deeper. At length he began to discover that the stream had become much wider, but thought he could throw a rail across or find where some tree had been blown across and in that way get over.

"I will gather," said he, "a few more of these beautiful flowers, and select from the water's edge a few of these beautiful stones for the children, and bask in this delightful sunshine, for it looks very dark and gloomy on the other side, and after a while I will cross over, and go home."

Thus he talked and thus he walked, until he found that the stream had become a river. Now," thought he, "I will cross over the next bridge I come to."

But he passed the bridge. Finally the river has become an arm of the sea, but he must go over. So when the sun is just sinking in the west, and darkness is about to overspread the earth, pallid with fear, he slowly goes into the cold water, now it comes up to his knees, now to his waist (see how he shudders), and now up to his chin, and finally he sinks to rise no more.

Little children, the crossing of this stream is intended to represent the step which you must take, by receiving Jesus Christ as your Saviour, that you may reach that beautiful home in heaven where your Father awaits your coming. You may think as this boy did, "I will wait a while longer and enjoy the pleasures of this world, and then I will take the step." But remember, every day that you put it off, will make it but the harder, and the stream grows wider, and, it may be, you will find at last that you will have to enter the cold, dark stream of death unprepared.