



WHICH IS THE WISER?

AT BEDTIME.

When my good-nights and prayers are said,

And I am warm tucked up in bed,
I know my guardian angel stands
And holds my head between his hands.

I cannot see his gown of light,
Because I keep my eyes shut tight.
For if I open them I know
My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut I hear
His white wings rustling very near;
I know it is his darling wings,
Not mother folding up my things.

WHICH IS THE WISER?

This is a difficult question to answer, for we think both these mountain goats in our picture are very wise—a great deal wiser, indeed, than many human beings. The one that has the easier part to play is certainly that which is lying down; for it is no simple job, on so narrow a trunk, to jump across an obstacle of such size. There is a deep ravine beneath them, and if either slips he will go flying through the air and be dashed to pieces. However, we are quite sure that they will get past in safety and reach their destination without any mishap, for these goats are very sure-footed indeed, and rarely miss their footing at all.

HELPING A FELLOW UP.

Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Oh! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man who is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one who had an eye to observe him and a heart to feel for him, had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

BY D. VIRGINIA FARLEY.

Hundreds of children have spent many a pleasant hour in reading Andersen's stories and fairy tales; and for the children who are not yet able to read them, there is laid up a very rare treat. Hans Christian Andersen was born in 1805 at Odense, a town of Denmark, on the island of Funen. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and at an early age began to help his father mend shoes. The people of Odense often employed him to "run errands" for them, because he was a thoroughly honest boy, and always paid him for his services.

Young Hans was a favourite with grown-up people and the children truly loved him because he was so good to them. Indeed, his love for children, his desire to please them, and to make their little lives bright, caused him to be known everywhere as "the children's friend." Even from the time he was a very young boy he would, whenever he had any leisure time, gather a number of little boys and girls around him and amuse them by telling the most wonderful stories, all of which he drew from his rich imagination.

After a while the children formed a habit of congregating near the shoemaker's shop to watch for their young friend, so eager were they to hear the delightful tales from his childish lips. They liked also to watch him cut pretty designs from paper; for while he told them quaint stories there would fall from the scissors held in his awkward-looking little hands fairy scenes, bunches of flowers, dancers and numerous other objects. While Hans was still a child his father died, and he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. At the age of fourteen he went to Copenhagen; there he made many efforts to obtain work enough to furnish him with proper food and clothing, but was not very successful; so the youthful genius passed many months in adversity. But his honesty, his lovable disposition, and his rare talents finally gained for him generous friends, who placed him in the university at Copenhagen and had him educated. So the years passed, and Hans Christian Andersen continued to be loved by old and young. Ever and always he was "the children's friend," and he loved them with a love akin to passion. To the children he yielded place and gave time that men and women never even dared to expect; he never considered any child's questions as "too silly to be answered." Because he so truly loved the children he understood them and they understood him—he was their playfellow, their confidant. To him the children brought their troubles, for he could always help them and find a balm for their wounds. His religion was sweet and child-like. Often he would say: "God has made it so, therefore it is right;" or, "God has said it is wrong, therefore it is wrong." One has but to read his sweet story called "The Loveliest Rose in the World," to know how grand and yet how simple was his religion. When he was a small boy every one had said that "he would make a grand writer," and, as every one knows, he did. His stories and poems have been highly praised, but his fame rests chiefly on his matchless fairy tales that were written to delight and instruct his little friends, "the children."

I suppose a good many juniors have read his stories, and I hope this little article will call the attention of many more to his delightful stories. I hope you will read them, for they cannot fail to instruct and please you.

"Andersen's Fairy Tales" have been translated into many languages. He died on the fourth day of August, 1875, and the child-world lost a noble friend that ever had its interest at heart. The children knew it, too, and little ones of many lands joined hands and hearts in sending many heartfelt tributes of love to the funeral of "The Children's Friend."

One great duty of life is not to give pain.