

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

YES AND NO.

A little child said: "God always answers prayers, but sometimes He says 'Yes,' and sometimes 'No.'"

"Oh, papa, dear," said little Nell
One bright and sunny day,
"The sky is blue, the air is warm;
May I go out and play?"

"I'd like to gather flowers and fern,
And roam the hillside over
To search for berries red and ripe
That hide beneath the clover."

Nell's pleading looks as well as voice
Said, "Papa, may I go?"
But papa only shook his head,
And gravely answered "No."

It seemed unkind; Nell thought it so—
The tears were in her eyes;
But ere the day was done she knew
That papa had been wise;

For soon a sudden storm arose,
The sky was overcast,
The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled,
And rain was falling fast.

So in our Heavenly Father's care
We may in safety rest,
Knowing that, wiser far than we,
He gives us what is best.

WHAT AILED OLIVER?

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. Get up, get up, or I shall throw this pillow at you!"

That is what sister Charlotte said to Oliver Reed one frosty morning in November. He was a good little fellow, but he had one fault, he was too fond of lying in bed in the morning.

"Don't throw the pillow at me!" cried Oliver, "I'll get up in five minutes."

"If you would be 'healthy, wealthy and wise' you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte.

When Oliver came down to the breakfast table, his father said, "How is this Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head, and Charlotte said.

"I woke him in good time, father; but he went off to sleep again the minute I left the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."

"I went to sleep and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who after feeling his pulse, said: "Yes; it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Keep his breakfast warm by the fire; and when he feels strong enough, he can eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy wondered what Slack's disease could be; but he went up-stairs with his sister, and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors, he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary bird, sing a cherry song.

Then Oliver called to his sister and said, "Charlotte, what is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton, don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness—a sad complaint."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time.

Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease, and remembers that "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." (Prov. xix. 15.)

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

"O, where you going, my dear little bird?
And why do you hurry away?
Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,
In the sweet golden sunshine to-day."

"I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,
And the leaves are asleep on the tree,
But three times the dream of a cold winter's night
Has come to my children and me

"So good-bye to you, darling, for off we must go,
To the land where the oranges bloom,
For we birdies would freeze in the storms and the snow,
And forget how to sing in the gloom."

"Will you ever come back to your own little nest?"
"Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here,
We'll return to the orchard we all love the best,
And then we will sing to you, dear."

THE HAND UP FOR JESUS.

There was a little street-boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of an hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class lay near by, picked up with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No; I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus was a Saviour for sinners, and would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him."

"I couldn't ask such a big gentleman as He is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But He'll do that if you ax Him."

"How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how could I get there when both my legs are broken?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but what He might come to this hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped. They tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said, "I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my pillar, I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in, in the morning, the boy lay dead, the hand still propped up for Jesus!

WINGS BY-AND-BY.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir; and while she is out washing I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard; "what a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile: "I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by-and-by "mount up with wings as eagles: shall run and not be weary: shall walk and not faint."

GOOD COMPANY.

One evening a lady of New York, while on her way home at a late hour without an escort, was approached by a lewd fellow, as the boat on which they rode neared the landing, who asked:

"Are you alone?" "No, sir," was the reply, and without further interruption, when the boat touched, she jumped off. "I thought you were alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again. "I am not," replied the lady.

Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?" "God Almighty and the angels, sir; I am never alone!"

This arrow pierced the villain's heart, and with these parting words, "You keep too good company for me, madam," he shot out of sight, leaving the heroic lady to enjoy her good company.

HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know,
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Nor, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

"I HAD NOTHING ELSE TO GIVE."

A missionary in Persia gives the following touching incident: "I have one sweet story to tell you that will compare favourably with the love offerings at home. One young woman cut off the greater part of her beautiful hair and sold it and brought me the money; she knelt down at my feet, and with eyes full of tears, said: 'Take this money for the poor people. I want to give it to God; it is the price of my hair, I had nothing else to give.' Nothing has happened since I have been in this land that has been such a sweet savour of love, for she is a poor widow with two little children to support. A mother and an invalid sister need all the help she can give them; and yet she would willingly and unasked give so much to her poorer sisters for Jesus' sake."