

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in a bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments;
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word, now and then, of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?

"DON'T LEAVE YOUR KEY!"

A BRIGHT girl stood chatting a few last parting words with her family before leaving home for a short visit. As her father kissed her, he laughingly said, "Be careful, puss, when you reach N., and then you'll be all right." Her mother, with her kiss, uttered a fond "God bless you," as all good mother's do; but grandmother's parting words, given in a feeble, tender voice, were, "Don't leave your key behind, Ruthie." "Why, grandma," laughed Ruth, "my key is safe; I would not be so careless as to leave that at home." "But the other key, the golden key of love and kindness, which unlocks all hearts, you will carry that, will you not, Ruthie?" whispered gentle grandmother. "Dear grandma, thank you for reminding me. I hope I will carry it all the way, and use it too," and the young lips sweetly kissed the aged ones.

Dear grandmother's voice is hushed forever in this world, but the "golden key" she carried to the last; and as she unlocked all hearts here, I think she will wear the key, even there. And Ruth, does she remember the tremulous whisper of long ago? I think she does.

We sometimes hear that "no person would ever want to study human nature in a railroad car, for there it is to be seen in its worst phases;" but recently we have noticed that some travellers carry their golden key even in a railway car. An old lady entered our car, who had a long distance to travel and was alone. A much younger lady accompanied by a child, followed and seated herself behind the former, with whom she soon fell into pleasant conversation. After about fifty miles of travel, the child being hungry, his mother gave him a sandwich. The old lady cast one of those amusing, wistful glances at the lunch, which plainly said, "That must taste good;" at least thus the younger lady interpreted the look, for she said kindly, "If you have no lunch I would enjoy dividing with you." She accepted what was offered in a thankful, deprecatory way, I thought, and soon after they parted to change cars. As the elder tenderly shook hands with her new-found friend, she said, "We may not see each other again, but I do rejoice at having met you this

once; your pleasant sociability will not be forgotten in the coming years."

Soon after their departure three young boys entered, cadets, I judged by their dress. They occupied a seat together, laughing and talking as merry as three bobolinks. One of them, named Fred, and his big satchel, had a seat to themselves. As new-comers enter the car, several gentlemen (?), each occupying a seat to himself, watch a troubled, rather forlorn looking stranger, who, seemingly unused to travelling, presses her way onward to find a seat. They look at her, as helpless and confused, she totters along, both hands loaded. Her eyes have an appealing, timid look, as they glance first one side then the other. As she reaches Fred's seat he shows that he has a big, full heart, by jumping up, and saying with a graceful little bow, "Please take my seat, madam." He vanished into another car, but his "golden key" had unlocked more hearts than one. The old lady in the quaint old style dress arranged her L'indles about her, and soon the helpless look faded out of her face, and a thankful, satisfied expression took its place, the change so quickly made that it was like a picture thrown from a stereopticon—before one is entirely gone the other grows in beauty before us. A half-hour later the little fellow returned for a glass of water, and as he passed her she looked at him fondly and the aged lips parted. Did they say, "God bless you, child?" I think they did, but I was not near enough to hear.

And why not be kind and helpful in a railroad car? Does any one who says, "Don't study human nature in a railroad car," suppose that the "recording angel" stands, even for one moment, with pen suspended, because forsooth we are travelling, and consequently expected to only think of number one?

An aged, crippled man got in at a way-station one drizzly day; his hair was long and white as snow, and his face wrinkled and sorrowful. He tremblingly advanced and tottered to a seat about the centre of the car. He put his satchel on the floor, and folded his trembling hands in his lap. Soon a party of gaily-dressed ladies entered. They found, of course, that they must separate, and closely scanned countenances before getting seated. The old gentleman drew himself closely in one corner of the seat, and offered a seat beside him. No; their manner showed the disdain they felt at the offer from such a source. They did not even thank him as they passed on to what they considered more eligible seats; that is, near glossy broadcloths or glistening silks. Presently a young girl entered; her presence was like a fragrant breeze; one glance spoke of loveliness. Her travelling-dress was rich, and her whole costume spoke of refinement. Two or three young gentlemen sprang from their seats as this vision of beauty appeared, offering them to her, but she smilingly declined; instead, she stopped at the old gentleman's seat, saying, in a low, sweet voice, "Is this seat engaged, sir?" "No, dear," answered the poor old voice. "Then I will sit here, if you please." She entered into conversation with the guileless old man, and found that he had recently buried his wife, and was on his way to see a dying daughter. When the old man reached his destination he arose, and with trembling limbs started down the aisle, while his poor hands

held the satchel. But this young girl could not see him get off alone, this poor, sad old man. She arose quickly, took his satchel in her strong, young hands, and sent him on his way rejoicing. There were some sneers and some low-spoken words at her expense, but she did not see or hear them.

Ah, after all, a railroad car is not the worst place to study human nature, for Christianity carries a "golden key" even there.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

A DOG HERO.

A steamboat, with a great many passengers, was sailing swiftly down the river. Among those on board was a mother, with a child about a year old, and a nurse. The nurse held the child in her arms until she began to be weary, and then stood it on the railing at the stern of the vessel, and held it to keep it from falling. The little one was active and full of glee, and in its baby play gave a sudden spring, escaped from the arms of the nurse, and fell into the water. A cry of alarm arose; the engine of the steamer was at once stopped, and the passengers as well as the sailors rushed to the side of the vessel to lower the row boat; but to get it in order required precious time. Meanwhile the infant, held up by its clothes, was fast drifting away in the distance. The mother, wild with alarm, implored those around her to save the child.

Just then a gentleman, with a large Newfoundland dog following close behind him, pushed his way through the crowd. Reaching the stern of the vessel, he called the dog, pointed to the child, still visible by its dress, and said, "Nep, go get it." Neptune stood up with his paws on the railing, and looked. Catching a glimpse of the pink dress in the water, he barked and wagged his tail. "Go get it," said the gentleman, and Nep plunged into the water, and swam in the direction of the child, the people watching with the most intense interest. Just as the dog seemed about to reach it the child sank. A cry of distress arose from the whole crowd. The poor mother fainted away. In another moment the dog also disappeared, and after a few seconds, which seemed a much longer time, he came to the surface, and lo! in his mouth he had the baby, held tight by its dress. Turning around, he began to swim toward the steamboat, the people cheering him with joyous shouts.

The sailors, who had at last got the tangle out of their ropes, met him with the row boat, and took both on board, and soon the mother with tears of rapture, clasped her baby in her arms. Finding her little one unharmed, she asked to see the dog, and she put her arms around his neck, all dripping as he was, and kissed his head, and thanked him for saving the life of her darling.

How much old Nep understood of what she said I do not know. No doubt he saw that everybody was happy, and that a good thing had been done, and that he had had a hand in it, or at least a paw. And so he gave his dripping hide a vigorous shake, which sent the water flying all over the people, and then sat down, wagging his tail, and looking around, with his tongue out, as if asking whether there was anything more he could do for them.—*Major Canis*.