

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

Are the pleasures all in palace?  
Are the happy people all  
Drinking from a silver chalice,  
And treading in a marble hall?

Are all the happy mother-hood  
Set down in fairy places?  
Do all the blessed sons and daughters  
Wear broadcloth, silk and laces?

Are all the ills and cares of life  
Tied up in ragged bundles—  
And dropped—at the weary laborer's door  
Where his scant-clad baby tumbles?

The rain comes down on evil and good,  
The sunshine blesses us all  
But the comforts and joys dwell more in the cot  
While care thrives in palace and hall.

God pity the poor; and who are they?  
Not those with honest faces  
Who whistling go to their daily toil,  
And cheerfully fill their places.

God pity the poor who are poor indeed,  
Poor in sympathy, kindness and love,  
And bid them look over the clouds of care,  
To the rest and sunlight above.

### HARRY AND KITTY WHITEFOOT

TWO busy little feet, two hands, each with five little pink servants, who didn't mind getting a little sticky and dirty, if they could only keep busy; a sweet face, with two red lips to kiss and talk for it; one funny little round nose to smell for it, and two pretty pink ears and two bright eyes to carry the news from the outside world into the busy little brain that lived shut up in the dark, inside the curly head—all this helped to make Harry.

But I haven't told you the very best part yet. Harry had what he called a "think" in him that made him so thoughtful and kind that everybody loved him dearly. It made the sticky little fingers stroke grandma's face when she had the headache, it made the little feet very ready to run to help mamma, and I really suppose it lay at the bottom of all the trouble about Kittie Whitefoot.

The wind and rain were so cold that day when they found her on the piazza, that it really did seem too bad not to take her in. Yet mamma didn't like cats, and sister Helen thought them "simply disgusting." Sister Helen wasn't good authority: for she thought peanuts and black licorice were "simply disgusting," too, and nearly everybody knows better than that. Harry had to beg very hard before mamma shewed any signs of relenting.

"You don't want such a kittie as this, Harry," she objected; "it is thin and miserable, and has dreadfully weak eyes."

"I wonder," mused Harry, "if this is one of God's little kitties. If it is, I suppose God knew my papa was a doctor, and mended people; so He sended her here on purpose."

Mamma kissed her little boy without saying a word. Have you ever noticed that when mammas do so, they almost always mean yes? Harry took kittie to the kitchen, and put her down by the range, where the warmth and some nice milk soon made her so happy that she commenced to purr contentedly.

"Her's got a little teakittie in herself," said Harry; "it's boilin', 'cause her's so warm."

In a few days kittie's appearance was deci-

dedly improved, but the eyes remained very weak. In vain did Harry watch for a chance to speak to papa. Ever so many people were sick, and he was so busy from morning till night that for days he had not a minute to spare. Still Harry did not give up hope. If he couldn't get papa's advice, his own bright eyes were strong, and he would keep them wide open, and try to find out what people did for weak eyes.

But it became evident that something must be done. What should it be? At last a happy thought struck him. When he felt so sick that time when papa was away, and the bed kept tipping over, and the walls kept spinning round, grandma said mamma had better soak his feet because it couldn't do any harm. Yes, he would soak his kittie's feet. He got one of the pretty teacups with roses on it, because he reasoned that if kittie could see anything, she ought to see pretty things. Filling the cup with hot water, he dipped one after another of kittie's white feet into it. Kittie meowed long and loud, much to Harry's delight. "Her likes it, her does; her's singin'" said he to himself. Just as he began to realize that kittie's eyes were no better after all his trouble, Matilda came down and looked upon the whole performance with profound displeasure. Our little doctor was ordered to leave the kitchen, and never again to touch "them cups your ma takes such stock in." When mamma heard the story, Harry was shut up in the nursery for the rest of the afternoon, to help him remember not to meddle with the china closet again.

So it happened that a very gloomy little face was peering out of the nursery window when a little boy from the Eye and Ear Infirmary came down the street. Harry watched him and was wondering if he knew how wretched little boys felt when they were shut up for a whole forenoon, when something attracted his attention. Could it be? Yes; the little boy had a little green blind over his eyes, or perhaps it was a leaf. How did it get there? Did it grow just as the green leaves grew over the violets? How nice it would be if people had little leaves over their eyes: His eyes were blue, so would be almost just like violets. O if mamma would only come she could tell him all about it. She knew about everything. Pretty soon when mamma came up stairs to bring him his supper, she was surprised to see the little face looking so bright and eager.

"O mamma! there was a little boy with a cunning little green blind, or else it was a leaf, and do they grow just like the violet leaves, or—"

Here mamma stopped him, and by dint of questioning found that it must have been a little boy with a green shade over his eyes.

"But what for does he wear a green shade?" questioned Harry.

"Because he has weak eyes, I suppose. But I must go now, and as soon as you have eaten your supper you must go to bed."

Away went mamma; but oh! how much Harry had to think about. So that was what they did when people had weak eyes. How funny for little boys to have just the same kind of eyes as his kittie! Perhaps it was only

good to soak people's feet when they had the sickness that made the bed tip over. At any rate his dear little Kittie Whitefoot should have a green shade the very minute he woke up in the morning. And when at last, he went to sleep it was only to dream of little kittens with green shades over their eyes, playing with blue violets with green leaves over theirs. And the very plumpest of all the little kittens was his own Kittie Whitefoot.

### ASK MOTHER.

YES, go and ask mother. She knows how to straighten the tangled threads in the knitting—how to fix the ball so it will bound, how to bind up and soothe the pain in the bruised finger. Mother knows, go and ask her. Charley says, "Mother knows everything, I wonder where she went to school?" Dear, patient mother! she has had a wise and good teacher in the school of life, and He has taught her the best of all lessons, patience.

Dear children, ask mother as long as you can; she will help you over the hard places, but don't forget to thank her. By-and-by there will come a time when mother will go away and not come back; when the patient hands will lie folded over the still heart that can no more awaken to your cries, when mother is at rest from her earthly labours, and you can ask her for counsel and help never again. Don't forget to thank her.

Live—like the rose, so bud, so bloom—  
In growing beauty live;  
So sweeten life with the perfume  
That gentle actions give.

Die—like the rose, that when thou'rt gone  
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,  
Like rose leaves, may be treasured up  
To embalm the memory.

Another six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath has begun  
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

In holy duties, let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away:  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

### BIBLE STORIES.

HOW we all have loved them, and love them still, even we grown up ones, and you who feel yourselves almost grown up!

When the little ones of a family circle are gathered to listen to a Bible story, you will seldom fail to see the older ones listening, too, although they may know the story by heart. And surely this is well, for our blessed Lord caused the Scriptures "to be written for our learning," and we never shall find that we have grown too old or too wise to learn fresh wisdom from them.

Those dear, familiar histories of Abraham and Isaac, of Jacob and Joseph, of David and also Samuel, and of the prophets, should not be read or listened to merely for amusement. It was meant that we should learn something from all that is told us of their earthly lives. Yes, by carefully studying these "Bible stories" of the saints of old, we may learn to "embrace and ever hold fast" that blessed hope which cheered them on—even the hope of everlasting life.