

Little Folks.

A Song For Jesus.

By Frances R. Havergal.

Have you not a song for Jesus?

All the little buds and flowers,
All the merry birds and breezes,
All the sunbeams and the show-
ers,

Praise Him in their own sweet way!

What have you to sing to-day?
Bring your happiest songs and sing
For your Saviour and your King.



After long days of storm and show-
ers,

Of sighing winds and dripping
bowers,

How sweet at morn to ope our eyes
On newly swept and garnished
skies.

'None so poor who cannot love,
Yet none so like his Lord shall
prove;
O Saviour, give thy love to me,
And make me ever like to thee.'

Sandy.

By Gladys Davidson.

One day in the summer-time,
Sandy, the little crossing-sweeper,
was standing as usual at his cross-
ing. Not that there was any mud
to sweep away, for no rain had fall-
en lately, and the roads were hard
and quite dry.

But Sandy, besides being a very
good crossing-sweeper, had another
accomplishment to fall back upon
during dry weather. He was a
street artist, and, whenever he had
time to spare, he would cover the
pavement about his crossing with
chalk drawings.

He loved this work, and was real-
ly clever at it; but, as his crossing
was in the suburbs of a great city,

and there were not very many peo-
ple passing to and fro, his efforts
did not attract much attention.

He had been advised, and had
himself often thought, that if he
changed his crossing for one in the
busy city, he might get on better.

But nothing on earth would now
induce him to give up his beloved
crossing. And why? What a use-
less question to ask! Sandy would
have said. Did not his beautiful
little 'angel' every day pass over his
present crossing, with her dear,
dainty feet, as she went with her
nurse for her morning walk? Did
he not always sweep his crossing
specially for her, so that those
same little fairy feet should not get
soiled? Did she not sometimes bring
him a flower, and even chinks for
his drawings? Oh, yes, she did all
this, and it was worth while to keep
on the crossing for the mere plea-
sure of seeing her.

Of course, she was not a real
'angel,' for she used to talk to him
(whenever her nurse would allow
her) about her dolls, woolly lambs,
fur monkeys, etc., and Sandy had a
vague idea that a real angel would
not talk of such things!

Yes, after all, she was only a pret-
ty little girl, with a kind heart, and
a sweet smile; but she looked like
an angel in a picture Sandy had
once seen in a shop window, and
that was quite enough for him.

Sandy had been drawing on the
pavement to-day, and he now stood
looking with doubtful eyes at his
work. He was a boy about twelve
years old, but small for his age; his
face was pale and thin, and his head
was crowned with a tangle of long,
reddish hair, hence his name.

There was nothing lovely about
poor Sandy's face, except his ex-
pression, which told of a beautiful
soul within. His clothes were
ragged, but his face and hands were
clean, for had not his 'little angel'
told him that she did not like dirty
hands and faces?

As he stood looking at his work,
a bright, happy voice cried out,
'Why, Sandy, you never saw me
coming!'

Sandy quickly turned round, and
there was his little 'angel!' In other
words, there stood before him a
pretty little girl about six years of
age, who had bright eyes, pink
cheeks, golden curls, and who was
dressed all in white.

Her nurse was in the distance, so
the child made the most of her time.

'What have you been drawing to-
day, Sandy?' she asked; then look-
ing at the picture on the pavement,
she cried, in delighted surprise—

'Why, it's me!'

'Yes, miss!' Sandy replied, the
color coming into his pale cheeks
as he spoke, adding with a sigh,
'But it's not a good 'un!'

'I think it is!' said the little girl,
decidedly. 'And, Sandy, do you
know, I've told my papa about you,
and he's coming with me to-morrow
morning to look at your drawings,
so mind you have some nice ones
ready! My papa is an arch—no,
an art-critic. I don't know what
that means, but I know he can do a
great deal of good if he likes! And
he's sure to like your pictures,
and—'

'Now, you just come along, Miss
Muriel, and don't keep me waiting!'
interrupted nurse, who came up at
this moment.

'Yes, yes, nurse, I'm coming!' said
the little girl, brightly. 'Good-bye,
Sandy, and mind you don't forget
about to-morrow.'

So saying, dainty little Muriel
ran off, leaving Sandy in a great
state of excitement and admiration.

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Next day Sandy was at his place
early.

He first of all carefully swept
every speck of dust from off his
crossing; then he set to work and
drew several fresh pictures on the
pavement. He left in the portrait
of his little 'angel,' and drew a pret-
ty frame of ivy leaves all round it.

When he had finished his pic-
tures he took a good look at them.

He decided that they were the
very best he had ever drawn, and
hoped that the grand gentleman
who was coming to look at them,
would be as pleased as his small
daughter always was.

Sandy was a very simple, innocent
little lad. Although he lived in
the very poorest part of the city,
where wickedness was openly prac-
tised, his beautiful mind and simple
but pure heart had kept him from
evil.

He loved to think that everyone
was good and kind; so he felt no
fear as he stood waiting for his ex-
pected visitors.

Presently, he caught a glimpse
of a white dress, and he knew that
his little 'angel' was coming.

She was walking with a tall gen-
tleman, but as soon as she caught
sight of Sandy, she left her father's