

## Our Young Folks.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### GRANDMA'S STORY.

BY MRS. MOSCROP.

A three-year old darling,  
One morning in spring,  
Went into the garden  
To hear the birds sing.  
Her bread and her milk,  
She carried along,  
And she ate and she drank,  
And feasted on song.

But a flash of the brain,  
Caused this child now to think,  
Why do I eat? and why do I drink?  
Who am I? she cried,  
And where have I been?  
Where did I come from?  
Has I got a dream?  
And why am I here in the garden alone?  
And something it tells me  
I have more than one home.

The dear little soul,  
It was filled with the strife:  
It was reason unfolding  
Individual life.

Did the song of the bird  
Touch the depth of the soul  
When reason awoke  
To aid and control?  
Now the search is for knowledge,  
There is more yet to gain;  
Then she runs to her mother,  
That she may explain.

Mother, why do I eat?  
And why do I drink?

Well, you eat when you're hungry  
When you're thirsty you drink.

But why do I eat?  
And why do I drink?

Then the mother perceived  
The child struggling to think.

And who am I, mother?  
And where am I from?  
Why am I here?  
Have I more than one home?

God made you my child,  
And gave you to me:  
And He gave you a soul,  
That you cannot see.  
You eat and you drink,  
Or you body would die.  
But your soul would return  
To God now on high.  
To a beautiful home,  
A mansion of bliss,  
In a world of glory,  
Far brighter than this;  
The sun in his splendour  
On that home cannot shine,  
For Christ is its light  
And its glory divine.  
No song of the bird is heard on the air,  
But the song of God's angels  
And redeemed ones is there.  
The lambs of the flock,  
The kind Shepherd doth keep,  
And death dare not enter,  
There's no night and no sleep—  
Then this poor little lamb  
Began now to sleep.

Oh mother! she said, how can I go there?  
You know I must sleep  
When I've said my prayer,  
Then please to ask Jesus  
If He wouldn't mind  
If I took my cradle,  
And some place I'll find  
To set it aside, just out of the way.  
Then I'll rest when I'm weary  
And tired of play.

The mother then saw  
She had made a mistake  
In presenting strong food  
The child could not take.  
Let teachers take warning  
And follow God's plan  
To give milk unto babes,  
And strong meat unto men.  
The rosbud may swell  
Till it burst into bloom,  
But it must not be made  
To open too soon.

Now the years have rolled by  
And many have past,  
And this child has become  
An aged Christian at last.  
She is waiting the message  
That will come from above,  
And the cradle she rests in,  
Is the arms of God's love.

St. Mary's.

### TEMPERANCE SAFEGUARDS.

A young man of our acquaintance passed through many temptations in town and city, in college and in University, and never formed the drinking taste or habit. The secret of his safety lay in the fact that he was taught, from his earliest years, not only temperance principles, but to hate liquor in every shape. The power of early education is great, and is an important factor in the temperance-reform.

Mothers and fathers who begin in childhood to teach their children the evil effects of strong drink, and who create in them a disgust for it, and who follow up their precepts by prayers and example, have little reason to fear they will go back upon their training, or fall into intemperate ways. Intelligent and persistent home instruction and example are among the best and safest temperance safeguards ever invented. — *Presbyterian*.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

There are too many people, both in city and country, who require a more pleasant day and more favorable conditions for going to church than for almost any other purpose. If there is slush or ice on the pavement they feel quite excusable for staying at home; but they would not think of declining an invitation to dine with a friend if they had no better excuse. It is seldom that the roads are too muddy or too rough to keep the farmer from going to market with his produce, but how frightfully bad are they on the Sabbath! The young people must get to the social entertainment, however disagreeable the weather, but it is only at a time of unusual religious interest that many of them will encounter the storm to attend the prayer meeting.

### THE STREET ARAB'S TRUST.

The following pathetic story was told by John B. Gough: 'A story is told of a street boy in London who had had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up with 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 a mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him.'

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

'But he'll do all that if you asked Him.'

'How can I ask Him if I don't know where he lives, and how can I get there when both of my legs are broken?'

'Bobby, they told me at the mission-school as how Jesus passed by; teacher says as He goes round. How do you know but what He might come round 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 raised the little hand only to let it fall. Bursting into tears he said:

'I give it up.'

'Bobby, lend me yer hand,' said the other little fellow; 'put yer elbow on my pillar; I can do without it.'

'So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still propped up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to the mission-school but once.' — *Selected*.

### CREAM OR MILK.

'What am I going to do, this vacation?' said Tom, laying his books down on the old porch and turning to look at his cousin.

'Why, I'm going to find something to do that will help mother—that's what I'

'Well, I'd like to help mine, too, if I could get a chance,' said Cleve. 'There is need enough, now that father is laid up with his broken arm.'

'"Chance?" repeated Tom, catching up the word in his brisk fashion; 'there's got to

be a chance for me, I tell you. I'm going to spin around this old town like a top till I find it.'

'That sounds very fine,' said Cleve, with a doleful shake of his head, 'but places are not so easy to get. I've tried a little already, mornings and evenings. I've asked at several of the big stores and offices, and nobody wants any help.'

'Big stores and offices!' Tom fell back on repetition once more. 'I might go to the bank and ask Money-bags to let me be President for a little while; I hadn't thought of that. No, sir; that's not the kind of looking I'm going to do. Mother says this world is like a great panful of milk with only a little cream on top. If you are willing to take milk you may get your share; but if you must have cream, you are likely to wait long and fare slim.'

Cleve did not see his cousin again for several days. He made his own weary round, trying here and there for the things he thought he should like to do—the pleasant places that paid the best—but the world seemed uncomfortably crowded. It occurred to him that, since Tom also was in search of work, it was strange that he did not run across him somewhere; but when he inquired, he found that Tom had already found work. It was very strange, Cleve thought, chagrined, and somewhat envious, that Tom should have been the more successful of the two. Cleve was older, taller, and, so he flattered himself, more prepossessing in appearance and address than round-faced, blunt, merry Tom. But one evening he went around to the old porch again; the matter was explained. Tom had just come home from the wooden mill.

'At such dirty work as that!' exclaimed Cleve, in surprise.

'Well, it earns clean money, and that is more than can be said for all easy work,' laughed Tom, pouring a fresh supply of water into the great bowl before him, and preparing for another plunge. 'As for my face and hands, they'll wash; no danger that soap or water will hurt them. Besides, I couldn't afford to spend my whole vacation in looking up something. I took what I could get; and this is steady work, too.'

He worked steadily at it, and Cleve tramped pretty steadily, asking here and there—asking somebody to see somebody else, and inquire whether a third somebody could not make an opening for him. These embassies necessitated a good deal of waiting, and there were other days when poor Cleve was too discouraged to even try. He did get some odd bits of employment now and then—copying a few letters, taking the place of a clerk who was absent for a week, and occasionally staying in a doctor's office when that busy man of pills and powders was called into the country. But these occupations were too transient to afford much profit.

He saw little of his cousin until, with the crisp, bright autumn days, school reopened. Then Tom appeared, looking remarkably well in a comfortable new suit of clothes, buoyant, and ready for the winter's study.

Cleve glanced down at his own coat, where his pale-faced, anxious mother had put in a bit of dainty darning that morning, and over which she had sighed out a fear that the garment could not be made to last much longer.

'Did you really earn those yourself?' he asked of Tom.

'Yes, sir, besides helping mother, though she says providing these helps her as much as anything,' answered Tom, triumphantly. 'Why, it was steady work, you see, and that counts up pretty fast. I say, Cleve, that "milk" mother is always telling about isn't so bad. If you dip in and take your share that will raise a little cream of its own.' — *Visitor*.

The new prospectus of Boston's celebrated institution, the New England Conservatory of Music, is just out. The courses of instruction have been improved from time to time and this conservatory has always been the leader of such institutions in America. But the present standard shows a breadth of musical education which can probably not be surpassed by any one conservatory in the world, and insures a high state of musical proficiency and general knowledge in those who succeed in obtaining its diploma.

### A GLASGOW MIRACLE.

A SCOTCH FANER RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.

From the Glasgow Echo.

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Harding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 208 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy-cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. "Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeared to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, 'Oh, mother, I canna rise to-day,' and before she had got out the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, 'The poor lassie is very far through.' We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, 'Lizzie may stand the winter, but if she does, that will be all.' One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills, not like other medicine, but altogether of extraordinary virtue, called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, 'In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Well, before the first box was empty there was an improvement. She persevered and when she had finished her fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not now a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow, though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person in the street and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up nor down stairs; I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation at my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and feel that they saved my life."

Mrs. Wood, the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case, said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken, for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her house. "The change," said Miss Wood, in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sane lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hands."

### THAT TIRED FEELING

Is a dangerous condition directly due to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

The New York Herald says that the disappearance of all titles in the French Chamber is shown by a comparison of the Deputies in the new Chamber bearing titles with those returned by the first elections under the Republic. Now there are two princes, three marquises, fifteen counts and forty-five members bearing other titles—or sixty-five in all. In 1871 there were as many as two hundred and twenty-two, the number of princes being the same. The dukes, however, mustered seven strong, the marquises thirty, and the counts fifty-two.