

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

"Mamma said: 'Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea.'
I know I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep!

"I know it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call,
But I hadn't the heart for that at all,
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile
That means she's loving you all the while.

"I didn't make a speck of noise;
I know she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close and I didn't speak
One word, but gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea.'

"She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face.'
She pointed right at the very place!

"I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand and we went to tea."

MRS. HUMMING-BIRD.

One day grandpa said to Harry and Ida,
"Children, if you will come out while I am
picking peas to-morrow morning, you will see
something very pretty." That is all he would
tell them.

They kept wondering about it every little
while during the day, and made mamma
promise to wake them early. I was a little
curious myself to know what could be there
at six o'clock in the morning, and at no other
time. The children were very wide awake at
the appointed hour, and full of fun. Grandpa
said they must be quiet, or they would frighten
away his little pet.

"Won't you tell us what it is, grandpa?"
cried Harry.

"Do tell us, grandpa!" chimed in Ida.

Grandpa smiled, with a teasing look in his
eyes, and said, "O you will soon find out for
yourselves, if her royal highness favours us."

He had been at work only a few minutes,
and was whistling softly to himself, when out
flew the daintiest little humming-bird! Her
nest was in a quince tree just beyond the
fence. At first she was shy and did not
alight; but her wings quivered in the sun-
shine, and showed the lovely colours. She
flashed around like a rainbow, and the chil-
dren were wild with delight. Grandpa pre-
tended not to see her, and soon she gained
more courage. Then she flew back to her
nest and called her two young ones. They
had just begun to use their wings, and the
mother-bird coaxed them to the pea vines.

The children had a good look at them then.
They were about as large as a bumble-bee,
only slimmer in the body. Their feathers had
begun to grow, and they seemed like a mix-
ture of red and green and gold. The mother-
bird flew away, and left her little ones
near grandpa, as if she knew he would keep
them from harm. In a few minutes she
was back again, her bill laden with sweets,
which she fed to the birdies. She did this
several times. Then she gave a little call,

and flew towards the nest. The birdies soon
followed her. Grandpa said she helped the
little birdies along with her bill the first
morning she came.

The children were delighted with grandpa's
pet. They had never seen a humming-bird
before, and to have one so near was an induce-
ment for them to wake up early. Mrs. Hum-
ming-bird came every morning until the little
ones were able to fly away, and grandpa's
peas were all picked.

If children would only keep their eyes open,
they would learn many a valuable lesson from
what they see around them.

A BRAVE BOY.

His name was Frank Thompson; he was
fifteen years of age, and he lived in a large
city, where he was a pupil in one of the pub-
lic schools. He was a slender lad, with quiet,
gray eyes, gentle ways, and with nothing of
the "brag" about him. Some of the boys
called him a coward because he never would
fight; and whenever a rough fellow would
shake his fist in Frank's face, with "You don't
dare to fight," Frank would quietly say, "I
dare not to fight," which was a much braver
thing to do.

But there came a day after which no one
doubted Frank's bravery.

Suddenly the teacher in the division where
Frank Thompson studied discovered from a
cloud of smoke that burst into the room that
the school building was on fire. There were
five hundred children in it; and in less than
one moment half the children in her room
knew, as did she, of the danger, and were pre-
paring to rush out of doors. The teacher,
Miss Olney, said not a word, but springing to
the door, she lifted her hand, and with a com-
manding gesture motioned the pupils back in
their seats, and they dared not disobey. She
then hurried from the room to warn the other
teachers of the danger, and to give the alarm
of fire.

Quick as a flash, a slender boy with a flash-
ing eye had taken the teacher's place at the
door, for every pupil in the room had risen to
his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The
boy at the door was Frank Thompson.

"Stand back!" he cried; "not one of you
can pass through this door! Disobey orders,
and you will be crushed on the stairs!"

And do you think a boy moved? Not one.
The pale-faced, flashing-eyed lad at the door,
with uplifted hand, was equal to any army
with banners. Every one felt that the boy
who dared not fight dared to hold his post,
and guard it too. And so he stood till the
teacher returned, when he slipped into a pas-
sage way and fairly flew into one of the lower
rooms, where he knew there was a tiny lit-
tle fellow, weak and lame, who might be over-
looked and lost in the danger. Hunting him
out of the crowd of little ones, Frank lifted
him in his arms, and never lost hold of his
burden until he had put him safely down at
his mother's door, two or three squares away.
Then he returned to the school-building, from
which the children had all safely escaped by
leaving it in quiet order, and the fire engines
were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call
Frank Thompson a coward after that. The
story of his bravery, his quick, determined
action, got into the newspapers, and several
gentlemen had a gold medal made, and on it
were these words:

TO FRANK THOMPSON,
FROM THE CITIZENS OF C—,
IN HONOUR OF A BRAVE DEED,
DECEMBER 21, 1880.

This was the date of the fire. And the
medal was hung about Frank's neck in the
presence of all his school-fellows, while one of
the gentlemen made a little speech, in which
he told the pupils that it was always a brave
lad who dared to do right, and always a
coward who dared to do wrong.

CHOSEN FOR HIS WORTH.

One morning at the breakfast table, Mrs.
Grey said to her husband.

"We had such a fine rain during the night,
and I think the garden had better be weeded
and the walk smoothed over to-day."

"Let Sam do it," said Mr. Grey; "he is
large enough."

"But he is so careless," said his mother;
"Johnny would do better."

"Johnny is too small," said his father.

"Johnny is small, but he is the best worker,"
answered his mother. "He is conscientious,
and whatever he does he does well. You can
depend upon him."

So Johnny was sent to the garden to pull
up the weeds, and make the walks look trim
and neat, feeling very proud and happy at
the honour placed upon him by his parents.

Dear children, God has work for us all to
do, and sometimes He calls very young peo-
ple to do important work. He chooses only
those whom He sees are fitted for the work.
The pure in heart and life, and the earnest
and faithful ones are those He wants. Try
to be what He would have you, that you may
be fitted to do the work He gives you.

LOST WILLIE.

A poor boy employed in Scotland to keep
sheep was overtaken on the hills by a severe
snowstorm. Long and bravely he kept up,
and tried to drive his flock toward home by
taking note of the landmarks he knew. All
in vain; the snow fell fast, and before night
all traces of roads and paths were lost, and
poor Willie found himself alone on the hills
with his sheep.

As the night wore on, the fatal drowsiness
began to creep over him, beyond his power to
resist, and without a scrap of shelter, he lay
himself down among his sheep to sleep and
die, for he was sure he would never more wake
on earth. With a smothered prayer for help
he fell asleep, and as he lay there, more sheep
came and huddled around him. Strange, in-
deed, as it may seem, the warmth from their
bodies kept him from being frozen to death.
A party from home went in search of him, and
they found him surrounded by a dozen old
sheep, whose instinct had saved his life. In
keeping themselves warm they had kept
warmth and life in him. And he lived many
years to tell this anecdote of his boyhood's
peril when lost on the wild northern hillside.