

## 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 softly 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.