

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### IN GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

Yesterday I went roaming,  
Along with memory :  
Of all my boon companions  
'The pleasantest is she ;  
Whenever, we walk together,  
I let her lead the way,  
And back to grandmother's garden  
She took me, yesterday.

Back to the dear old garden  
I had left so long ago,  
Whose flowers seem the sweetest  
Of all the flowers that blow—  
Lilac and Rose and Lily,  
Woodbine and Eglantine,  
The dear, old fashioned flowers  
That grandmother planted there.

They nodded a cheery welcome,  
They reached out friendly hands,  
And spoke in the wordless language  
He who loves them understands ;  
And so we whispered together  
Of the dear days that had fled,  
As old friends do at meeting,  
Of the living and the dead.

They told me of grandmother's going  
Away from the dear old home,  
To the land she used to dream of  
When her thoughts would heavenward roam ;  
There were her dear ones waiting,  
Where the fadeless gardens are,  
And with love to bridge the distance,  
God's world could not seem far.

They told me how they had missed her,  
And how, each year, they gave  
Their fairest and sweetest flowers  
To grow about her grave.  
True to their olden friendship,  
'The flowers have not forgot,  
And grandmother thinks, in heaven,  
I know, of this dear old spot.

From grandmother's dear old garden  
I brought a fragrant store—  
Lilacs and Damask Roses,  
From the bushes by the door ;  
Pinks, and a faded Lily,  
Whose youth, like mine, had fled.  
And Rosemary, for remembrance  
Of the days and the friends that are dead.

### A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest of days in February last.

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store in Broadway, bare-footed, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silk, alighted from her carriage, went quietly to the boy and said :

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her half a dozen pair of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give

her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied : "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet, and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and patting him on the head said : "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words : "Are you God's wife?"

### TWO LITTLE BEARS.

Two little cub bears—  
Frisky and strong—  
Hair brown and shaggy,  
Claws sharp and long.

In the green grass rolling,  
Snapping their jaws ;  
Now standing upright,  
Licking their paws.

Two little cub bears  
In a child's breast ;  
Fawn-like and gentle,  
Bringing us rest.

Why, how can that be ?  
Not strange you stare ;  
Where was there ever  
A gentle bear.

Two little cub bears  
In a child's breast,  
Called bear and forbear !  
They bring us rest.

### A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

Isn't it a queer little fellow who knows everything as soon as he's born and builds a house for himself before he's one day old?

Everything about him is curious. To begin with, he lives at the bottom of a pond or river. At first he was nothing but a tiny atom of a green egg, stuck to the stem of some weeds under the water. After a while the egg burst open, out crawled Mr. Worm and proceeded at once to look for building materials.

You see, except his head and neck, which are protected by a hard covering, he is a soft little worm and he wouldn't live long in the same pond with fish and bats and spiders, who have nothing to do but eat and are always hungry, unless he had a safe home. So of course he goes the first thing to building. He hunts up the dead leaves and glues them together in such a way as to leave a nice cosy house between. It's perfectly safe, for who would suspect an old dead leaf of being anybody's house.

No sooner is the house done than Mr. Worm moves in. He doesn't have to wait for painters and furniture men—happy fellow! He just goes in and fastens himself there by means of a pair of hooks he has at the end of his tail, and then he's ready to live. The next thing is something to eat. So he starts off, taking his house with him, to hunt up some bits of green stuff or some atom of a worm smaller than he is.

But strange things happen to this bit of a worm at the bottom of the pond. His life is full of wonderful adventures. If he were bigger he would be the wonder of the world.

After eating as much as he can, Mr. Worm thinks it time to retire from the gay world so he finishes his house by hanging before it a silk door—no loose curtain, but a tightly-woven net-work, which he spins and fastens carefully on every side.

Whether he goes to sleep in his comical little house, or what he does, nobody knows, because nobody can peep in, you know. But something goes on therein in the dark; for after awhile the little prisoner opens the door, comes out of his house, crawls up the stem of some weeds until he is out of the water, and then—you'd never guess what happens!

Why, his old skin splits open and he pulls himself out—no longer a miserable little worm, but a gorgeous four-winged Caddice fly, dressed in a neat suit of brown. And he cares no more for the bottom of the pond and his old straw house. He sails off on the air a gay dancing fly.

### HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE.

Tom thought it looked very smart to carry his money loose in his pocket, and take out his quarters with an air which said : "I have thousands in my pocket." He always crumpled his bills into a shape fit for gun-wadding, and apparently took no possible care of his money. It was not that money was so abundant with him, but he wished others to suppose that it was; that it was quite beneath his genius to care for such trifling amounts.

Do you suppose Tom deceived anybody or made anyone respect him more on this account? No, indeed; people accustomed to handle money knew at a glance that he was possessed of a very shallow purse and shallower brains.

No business man ever desires such a boy about his establishment. No gentleman but would wish his son, to shun such an associate. "Straws tell which way the wind blows," and the way a boy takes care of his money pretty surely foretells his future fortune.

Successful business men did not carry their money loose in their jackets when they were boys. They were prudent of even their pennies.

Some one asked Mr. Astor, in his old age, to tell him the secret of his making money.

"Very willingly," said the old gentleman. "Just draw up your chair, and we will put out the lights, as we can talk just as well in the dark."

"Oh, I see!" said the man. "The secret is unravelled. You became a millionaire by saving what others waste."

"Yes the way to gain a million of dollars is to begin by saving the cents. They will soon turn into dimes, and the dimes into dollars."

If you desire to become a millionaire, buy you a good strong purse, large enough to hold the pennies, and let frugality furnish you a pair of strings for it. Then, with industry and perseverance, you may soon be able to make a good beginning for a comfortable fortune.