

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### EVENING SONG.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;  
God the Father thee will keep;  
Quickly now thy eyelids close,  
Softly, peacefully repose.

All without, in winds of night,  
Sway the lilies tall and white;  
Far above thee, to and fro,  
Move the angels white as snow.

Come, ye angels, bright and blest,  
Soothe my little one to rest;  
Sway his heart and move his mind,  
As the lilies in the wind.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;  
God the Father thee will keep;  
For His angel guards shall spread  
Shelt'ring wings above thy bed.

### JUDY'S PUPPY: FOR WHAT HE WAS SAVED.

"Carl, what is the matter with Judy? She's been whining and begging us to go to the shore for the last half hour," said Marion Chase to her brother, who was stretched full-length on the floor, reading.

Carl looked up, listened a moment to the big dog's pleading, then closed his book and said with an evident effort to give up his own pleasure to gratify his dumb friend:—

"Poor old girl, she's in some trouble, that's plain! Come, Marion, put on your hat and we'll humour her."

Marion, who never refused a walk on the sands, no matter in fair or stormy weather, was soon equipped, and the children followed their dog, who tried to hasten their steps, running far ahead and then coming back.

"What a high tide! 'Haven't seen the likes in ten years!' as old Sim would say," said Carl, "Hurry, Marion, Judy has got her nose in those rocks—there's some animal she wants to get at in there! Whatever it is it'll be drowned unless it can swim, and anyway unless it can squeeze out."

Bounding over the rocks and sand, Carl reached the crevice first, and with a short exclamation pulled out—a little puppy. His sister was by his side, and Judy with short, happy barks let them talk as they pleased.

"So that is where she hid her little one! Poor old Jude! she thought father would take this one as he took two of 'em. And you see, Marion, she couldn't get the little thing out—it got wedged in and this high tide frightened her—she knew her baby would be drowned."

The children and dog stood on the rocks, the poor mother nursing and fondling her little one, the boy and girl watching her contentment with great pleasure, for Judy had been their constant playmate and companion ever since Marion's second year.

"Wouldn't it have been just dreadful if she had lost her little doggie!" said Marion. "I do believe she would have stayed by it till she herself was drowned. You see the tide was never so high—O Carl, Carl, we are lost!"

It seemed true at first, for while the children and dog had lingered on the rocks the treacherous waves had crept round them till water surrounded them on every side and the

heavy surf threatened to roll even over their feet.

Carl started up, and seizing his sister's hand, said, "Not a moment, Marion, you must not mind the surf—even if it knocks you down—it is our only chance. Judy will save you at any rate, and I can swim."

"But Judy has her puppy," said Marion with white lips, for she was always a coward in the surf. Carl seized the puppy, and Judy, seeming to understand, kept near Marion. After all, there was not so much danger, though Marion fell twice and was dragged back by a receding wave. In fifteen minutes the children stood, panting and wet, but safe and beyond any possible tide.

"Carl, what did you think of as we ran?" asked Marion in an awed voice.

"Oh, of you and the puppy and—well, I did think how mother'd feel;" this last was added in a shame-faced way.

"I could only say over and over, 'When thou passeth through the billows I will be with thee.' I know He was, Carl."

Carl looked at the pale lips of his only sister, and with a heart full of real gratitude that she was spared said quietly, "Yes, I know He was—always know that when she's near," he added in his heart, for Carl thought this one sister almost an angel, and never teased and bullied her as some boys do their sisters.

"O little puppy, I wonder what your life has been saved for?" said Marion, taking the little dog for a moment, but quickly putting it down, for she felt faint and weak.

Ten years went by. Marion, a woman of twenty two, seemed older than Carl, a young man of twenty-four, for she had been married for two years, and, as she wrote to her brother, "was bringing him the dearest little nephew—just another Carl." She had lived in India with her husband, but was to spend a few years in her old Scottish seaside home, and now the vessel in which she was to come was hourly expected. How Carl watched the winds and tides! A storm came up, and the ship must be on the coast! The young man and his father were on the rocks before dawn, and in the darkness they heard the guns of a ship in distress. They knew that in all probability it was the "Albatross," and their darling with the little one they had never seen, was to drown perhaps, almost in their sight.

Suddenly a sheet of flame lit up the sky. The ship was on fire, and men and women could be seen throwing themselves into the sea. Boats are launched, and Carl started the first one. It was a great risk, but no one cared for danger; all knew "Miss Marion" was in the ship. Nearer and nearer came the boat; now sunk in the trough of the sea, they could see nothing, and again high on some wave they saw, still far ahead, men, women, and children struggling in the angry waters. Each time some had disappeared, O God, would they save her?

Suddenly a small, black object is seen coming towards the boat. It is a dog, and some one is swimming by his side, while there is something on his back.

"Marion! it is she! Here, Hero! here, old fellow!"

But Judy's puppy had seen the boat far off and was by their side before they needed to call. The baby, half-drowned, but saved, was dragged in the boat, and Marion, who had yielded to her father's wishes years before and learned to combat waves and surf, was soon in her brother's arms.

"It was Hero who saved us. How little we children knew what we were doing ten years ago," said Marion faintly, but with a happy quiver in her voice as she saw her baby reviving.

"And this time I thought who was with you, darling," whispered Carl, "and knew that even though you drowned He would keep you safe. Ah, darling, it was you roused me up to succour Judy when I was a boy. You deserve that her puppy should save your little one."—*Christian Chronicle.*

Be noble—that is more than wealth;  
Do right—that's more than place;  
Then in the spirit there is health,  
And gladness in the face.

### THE WOLF AND THE BOAR.

One very cold day the wolf found it hard to get a meal. In this state he met with the fox. "Ah," said the fox, "I have good news for you. If you are as fond of pork as I am, I can tell you where an enormous pig is to be met with. He's rather more than I can manage myself, so if you like we will go shares in him."

The wolf was delighted. There was nothing he liked better than pork, and many a young pig had fallen a victim to his appetite, to the great annoyance of farmers in those parts.

"He knows my voice," said the fox, "so he won't come out of his den for me; but if you will tap gently and say a friend wishes to see him, he will be out at once. Then you must pin him by the throat, and I will come up and help you. If you get a firm grasp and hold on, there will not be the slightest difficulty."

"Never fear," replied the wolf; "I am a match for a pig any day; and, besides, I am ravenous with hunger, and shall make an extra exertion to get such a delicious meal."

"Well good fortune to you," replied the fox, "and I hope you will rid the world of the creature, for he is quite a nuisance."

Away went the wolf, and did exactly as the fox had directed, but, instead of the fine fat pig, out rushed a fierce wild boar.

The wolf was so astonished that he fell back as if shot, and then recovering himself made the best use possible of his legs, and by good fortune arrived home in safety.

When he told his mother, a wise old wolf, what had happened, she said:

"My son, when a stranger tells you of something that is to be greatly to your advantage, always inform yourself that all he tells you is true. If the boar had been only a fine, fat pig, you may be sure that the fox would have told you nothing whatever about him."

CHILDREN, obey your parents.