

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO!

Oh what can little hands do  
To please the King of heaven?  
The little hands some work may try  
To help the poor in misery;  
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh what can little lips do  
To please the King of heaven?  
The little lips can praise and pray,  
And gentle words of kindness say:  
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh what can little eyes do  
To please the King of heaven?  
The little eyes can upward look,  
Can learn to read God's holy book:  
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh what can little hearts do  
To please the King of heaven?  
The hearts, if God His Spirit send,  
Can love and trust the children's Friend:  
Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all that we can do  
To please the King of heaven,  
When hearts, and hands and lips unite  
To serve the Saviour with delight,  
They are most precious in his sight:  
Such grace to mine be given.

### THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley, on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you can earn in a whole year."

"I cannot go sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, and he felt the boy had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country round. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after, and had him educated. In after years, Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

### A FAIRY TALE.

IN the wonderful days of "once upon a time," there lived a worthy Miller. Now he was a very worthy Miller, indeed; and he had a very large family of small and rosy boys and girls. As you may suppose, he had to struggle with all his might and main to keep his own head and his wife's head and his children's respective noddles above water. "Clatter, clatter, hum, hum," went the mill all day long; yet, when Saturday night came round, and the Miller took from his earnings this little amount for the butcher, and that little sum for the shoemaker, there were but few, if any, left to lay by for a rainy day. In truth the Miller's purse was considerably lower than the water in his dam. And that is saying a great deal. Week after week he grew more discouraged. Instead of the cheerful face which he was wont to show to his neighbors, he turned to them a sour and—not to speak harshly, but to give the Miller his due—a repulsive and ill-natured visage. Time went on, and matters grew from bad to worse.

One winter's evening, the Miller sat by his scanty fire, which he hugged as if he were trying to keep the smouldering embers from growing cold. The rest of the family had gone to bed. He was frowning and moping as usual. On his breast hung his shaggy head, and it was in that state of depression that it looked as if it were about to tumble from his shoulders into the ashes. Suddenly he heard the patter of a light footstep outside the cottage. A low knock fell upon the door.

"Come in," said the Miller in no welcome tones.

The door sprang open, and in popped a fairy—a lovely, merry-eyed fairy! Of course the poor Miller was astonished and bewildered. So would you or I have been.

"Am I welcome, Master Miller?" rang out the sweetest little voice in the world.

Now the Miller couldn't find it in his heart to say "No," so he brightened up, and in his most polite manner said: "Yes, quite welcome, thank you."

"Are you sure I am?" questioned the fairy.

"Why, yes," quoth the Miller; "come closer to the fire, won't you, and take a chair, for you must be cold roving about in such pinching weather as this is."

"Oh! no," replied the fairy. "I'm not cold, thank you, for you see, we wee folks have good warm hearts, and a warm heart goes a great way toward keeping the rest of

the body warm, Master Miller. Besides, we are always contented, no matter what weather the seasons bring, and you know there's nothing like contentment to keep one cheerful and happy.

"But you are sad and you are morose, Master Miller. I know the reason, and I have come to help you." The Miller's darkling frown changed into a glowing smile.

"You don't get on in the world, Master Miller. You are often discouraged and depressed by trifling difficulties. You often neglect your work, then sigh and bemoan your fate, because your work neglects you. You have tried to make money too fast for your own good. Now turn over a new leaf, Master Miller. I leave you this chest, wherein you will find a great treasure."

The Miller took the chest. It was not a very large one, but it looked to him as if it were bursting with golden guineas.

"Now hearken to me," said the fairy. "You are not to open this until your family are actually in need of bread to eat. Toil on in your mill. Be trustful and earnest. Drive away your ugly frowns, for they are exceedingly unbecoming to that manly face of yours. Do as I bid you, on pain of my displeasure."

I tell you a fairy's displeasure is something awful!

The Miller promised he would obey the fairy in everything.

"Good night, Master Miller," chirped the fairy.

"Good night, and bless you a thousand times!" cried the Miller.

"But stay," said the fairy, as she was about to go, "I have forgotten something. I have one more injunction to leave you. After ten years have passed away—recollect, ten years from this very night—you have my full permission to open the chest; that is, provided your poverty does not force you to have recourse to my treasure before."

"Remember?" The fairy smiled archly, and raised her finger warningly. The door flew open, and away flew the fairy. The Miller was the happiest man in the whole kingdom. He danced with joy. He roused his good wife and his troop of children, and told them of his good fortune. He never made any complaints if things at the mill went awry. He carried another face on his shoulders. He worked cheerfully. He sang the merriest songs; and he was altogether the busiest and happiest man for miles around. He threw off his old habits, and became a new Miller. Of course he thrived! Many a time he thought he would like to take a peep in the chest, but he was an honest Miller, and he would have lost his right hand sooner than disobey the good fairy.

Ten years came and went, and found the mill still driving, and the Miller a portly man of wealth and importance.

On the evening of the tenth anniversary of the fairy's visit, he called his family around him and opened the chest.

What do you suppose he found in it?

Diamonds? No.

Gold? No.

You Can't guess. I'll tell you. The chest was empty! But engraved upon the inside was the golden word—*Contentment*.