

## OUR YOUNG FOLK.

### CHANNIE'S QUESTIONS.

"Shall I ever grow old like grandma?"  
Our little Channie said,  
"Shall I look through those funny glasses,  
And where a cap on my head?"

"Shall I be wise and solemn,  
And never play or run?  
Shall I wear long poky dresses,  
And never have any fun?"

"Shall I know how deep is the ocean?  
And what makes the world go round,  
What becomes of the fold moon,  
And, where, the fairies are found?"

"And if at the end of the rainbow,  
There is really a pot of gold?  
Is there any winter in heaven,  
And does ever God grow old?"

Ah! Channie has gained a knowledge,  
Greater than earthly ken,  
She is wiser now than grandma,  
Wise as the wisest men.

For she learns at the feet of angels  
Afar in the upper fold,  
And we cannot sorrow, remembering  
Our Channie will never grow old.

### "HELP ME ACROSS, PAPA."

There was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands, and as they tried in vain to keep her, or even to smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in the bit-  
t. hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were up-turned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. O, the awful, cruel strength of death, the weakness, the helplessness of love! They who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait until the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed!

Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought, "She is better! She will live." Yes, she knew us; her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze: O! how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless Him all our lives! She lifted one dainty hand—cold—almost pulseless, but better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest to her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch, that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving.

She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star, or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his—eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms said, in her weary, flute like voice:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grow strangely dark."

O, Infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach out pleading hands to Thee, wilt Thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of Thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God!

### PUSSY AND PONTO.

Pussy and Ponto could never agree;  
They scratched, and they barked, and they fought!  
Now, dear boys and girls, I sure you will see  
That they did not live just as they ought.

Pussy and Ponto had breakfast enough  
To share it, and eat it in peace;  
But one was so cross and the other so rough,  
That the noise would each minute increase.

Pussy and Ponto had each a nice mat,  
Which lay on the floor in the sun;  
But when she wanted this, and he wanted that,  
Then the quarrel, of course, was begun.

Pussy and Ponto caught rats, and caught mice,  
And every one liked them for that;  
But they never would take anybody's advice  
To be friends, like a wise dog and cat.

Pussy and Ponto could never agree;  
And yet they were never apart!  
If he said "Bon jour," then "Meow" answered she—  
And up they would both of them start!

Pussy and Ponto, — well, yes, — but you know,  
They were only a dog and a cat!  
My boys and my girls, — ah, you never would show  
Such a quarrelsome temper as that.

### "LITTLE MINNIE'S MISSION."

In the city of Savannah—where roses bloom through December, and where, instead of snow-banks and ice-locked streams, are trees "dressed in living green," and the japonica's gorgeous masses—lived some years ago a little girl named Minnie. Her stay in this world was not long—only seven years. When our Saviour came "into his garden to gather lilies" he did not pass her by, but transplanted her to heaven. During her life here this little girl had been much interested in orphaned babies, had been very sorry for them, talked much of them, and wished to help them. In the heart of childhood to pity is to help. Who has not seen the instinctive offering of the little one's possessions to the destitute? So Minnie wished to help these needy little ones. And the memory of her love for the babies who had no father to pro-

vide for them, to buy them nice clothes and good food, was so precious to her mother that she took the money which would have been Minnie's, had she lived longer in this world, seventy-five thousand dollars, and with it founded a home for such babies, and called it by her name, "The Minnie Mission."

Here eleven waifs are cared for until they are seven years old (Minnie's age). They are then given a home in the orphan's asylum. As each leaves the mission another finds a home in it. The babies have the best of care; the board of directors and those who take a mother's place are all nice, Christian ladies.

The house is pleasant-looking, built on a corner, has a balcony, and, outside the door, on a large white vase, is this inscription:

LITTLE MINNIE'S MISSION.  
1882.

Here the little ones live in the sunlight of love, rescued from nakedness and hunger, and from unkindness and ignorance.

Is not this a noble work? Is not this a grander monument than one of marble, though never so costly? More lasting than one of granite, for the souls saved by the Minnie Mission—we have reason to believe—will live rejoicingly throughout eternity.

### NOT A LIAR.

One day a little lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself and rushed back to his uncle's workshop with all speed.

"Why are you running yourself out of breath in that manner," asked one of the men. "Tell your uncle the people kept you waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie!"

"To be sure it would, but what's the odds?"

"I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the boy indignantly. "No, not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me that lying was the first step to ruin, and my Bible says that a liar shall not enter heaven."

### GOD HEARS THE PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

"God will hush the song of the angels to hear a little child pray," some one has beautifully said.

During the great revival in Ireland, while a number of school-children in the parish of Droghara were met together, and one little boy was praying for all his unconverted play-mates, a little girl suddenly broke out into prayer for herself. Overjoyed at the timely answer to his petition, the boy rose, and clasping another boy's hand, said, "Johnny, God sooner hears us wee fellows than He does big men."

THE lips of the righteous feed many: but fools die for want of wisdom.

DURING a heavy thunderstorm one day a little girl, very much frightened, ran to her mother, and, hiding her face in her dress, whispered, "Mother, is it God that makes that awful noise?" Upon receiving the answer, "Yes," she shook off her fear, and, with a smile, said, "Well, I won't be afraid then, for God wouldn't hurt His little Fanny."