

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WRINKLES.

Every wrinkled, care-worn brow
Bears the record: "Something done"—
Sometime, somewhere, then or now,
Battles lost or battles won.

Mother nature gave us faces
Very fresh and round and fair
Later on her finger traces
Lines of struggle, doubt, and care.

Merit marks, I think, are sent us
When some lesson hard we learn;
Wealth and fame seem sometimes lent us,
But our wrinkles we must earn—

'Gainst life's current upward rowing,
We must earn them one by one,
Each an index, truly showing
How much work the soul has done!

LITTLE BLUE JACKET

"My grandfather's clock was too long for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor,"

SANG a small piping voice, in broken English, nearly drowned by the harsh notes of a hand organ.

"Mamma, come look! There is a little boy, a monkey, and a man with an organ." And Sulvie's mamma went to the window to see the little boy whose childish voice was now repeating the chorus—

"Never to go again, when the old man died."

There stood the group, the man evidently a native of fair Italy grinding out at rapid speed the discordant notes of the organ, gliding without pause from "My Grandfather's clock" to "Pop goes the weasel," the monkey dancing to the gay tune, while the boy sang in breathless haste the foolish words:

"The priest he kissed the cobbler's wife,
Pop goes the weasel."

The young minstrel was dressed in an old, ragged suit of blue, his pinched face wearing a haggard look such as no innocent child of nine or ten should ever have. "Poor little Blue Jacket!" said Mrs. Marsh. "Here Sulvie, give him these pennies, and ask him whether he wants something to eat."

"Thankee, me no wants nothing to eat."

The man smiled a grim smile, and struck up another tune, the monkey in his grave fashion waltzing around the pavement among the crowd of children, who always miraculously gather around an organ and monkey.

"Mamma, he did look hungry, didn't he?" said Sulvie.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Marsh, "and I fear he was afraid to say so before the man."

Little Blue Jacket came often before the window and sang, always saying, "Me no hungry," as he looked askance at the man, and once while the man had turned his head to jerk the monkey back from the middle of the street, Blue Jacket took a piece of cake from Sulvie and hastily put it in his pocket.

One evening, late in the fall, when winter gives us warning of his approach by violent gusts of north-east winds, that howl and sigh like weird spirits, while the rain dashes against the window panes, and pours on the roof, making wild, sad music to those comfortably housed—and God alone knows how sad to those homeless ones who roam the streets of our crowded cities—there was a timid ring at Mrs. Marsh's front door-bell, hardly noticed at first amid the noise of the storm, then a

louder peal, followed by the exclamation of the family, "Why, who can that be such a night?"

The door was opened, and there stood a little drenched figure, hatless and shoeless.

"Why, little Blue Jacket, what do you want?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"Let me in please. Please send me no way. He get me if you do;" the tears and sobs of the boy being dreadful to witness.

Taking him by the hand, Mrs. Marsh led him into the sitting-room, where the bright gaslight and cheerful fire made a pleasant picture.

"Who is this?" inquired Mr. Marsh.

"O, papa!" exclaimed Sulvie, "it is little Blue Jacket. Don't you know I have so often told you about him?"

Blue Jacket had crouched near the fire and was crying piteously.

"Come, my boy, tell us what is the matter," said Mr. Marsh in his kindest tones.

"Don't send me away. Me will die. He so bad, he beat me so hard." And the old torn and soaking wet blue jacket was thrown open disclosing the skin, all scarred and red and purple from whipping.

Tears filled the eyes of the kind family, and Mrs. Marsh went up-stairs and got a suit of clothes which had belonged to her little boy Frank, who several months before had left his earthly home to dwell with God in the heavenly home above. Blue Jacket was soon arrayed in the clean, neat suit; and a nice, warm supper was eaten by the half-starved child. The tears and sobs ceased, and smiles lit up the pinched face.

"Now, Blue Jacket, tell us what has happened, and what brought you here to-night in such a storm?"

The child looked around in a scared, nervous way as though fearful some one he was afraid of would hear his story. "He beat me bad. Me lost a penny one lady gave me—he often do so—and me so hungry and tired, and he make me tell people me no want to eat. He beat poor Joeko, too—he the monkey—and he tired too, and no want to dance. And me run away and come here. You kind to me, ask me to eat when me sings in the street. Me like you"—looking at Mrs. Marsh—you like my mother in Italy. She die, and me come over the water with the man and the organ. He whips me so much." And again the sobs burst forth.

Blue Jacket was put in a warm bed and tucked in by Mrs. Marsh, whose motherly heart was touched by the friendless boy. He told them next morning where the wretched hovel he called home was. Mr. Marsh went there to see what he could learn of the man, and whether the tale of Blue Jacket, whose real name was Givo Lugli, was true. The man was gone and nothing could be heard of him.

A consultation was held as to what was to be done with Blue Jacket. It was thought best to put him in the Home for the Friendless, where he would be educated and well taken care of. He is a bright little fellow, so the matron tells his kind friends, the Marshes. Once in awhile he is permitted to visit them, and he is so contented and full of gl-e, and tells Mrs. Marsh confidently he means to be a good man just like Mr. Marsh,

and will do all he can for boys and monkeys who have to travel around with bad men who play on organs.

THE LITTLE HERO.

A GENTLEMAN and his lady, travelling in a western train, had to share their section of a palace-car with another lady and her little son of eight summers. In the morning, after travelling all night, the gentleman went out and brought in two glasses of foaming ale. One glass he gave to his wife and the other he offered to the little boy's mother, who very respectfully declined to accept it. Little Charlie became quite excited over the affair.

It was really ludicrous to see him put out both his little hands in a deprecatory way—as if warding off a mad dog—and hear him say, half laughing, but wholly in earnest, "Oh! take it away, take it away; it makes me sick."

"Why, why?" said the man. "What do you mean, child?"

"Do you see that?" asked the blue-eyed child, looking fearlessly into the man's eyes, while he pointed to a little enamelled temperance badge he wore, with three bits of red, white, and blue ribbon, just below it.

"Yes, I see it; what does it mean?" asked the man roguishly.

"It means no ale or beer for me, *now* nor *never*," the boy said bravely; "and none for mamma either."

But the badge you wear only pledges *you*; it has nothing to do with your mamma," the man answered, looking a little shamefaced as he sipped his ale.

"But mamma wears one her ownself. Shew it to him, please mamma."

The mother turned back her sack and displayed her white rosette, but spoke not a word. Still, I think that the little boy sowed a good seed in that palace-car that bright summer day.

Then the same little boy sowed more good seeds before he had finished his journey. He gave away some beautiful temperance cards to a number of children, who thanked him timidly and learned the pretty texts. One with three rosebuds, green leaves, and a wee bunch of forget-me-nots, had this motto. "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine." Another, with sprays of bright flowers and buds, read: "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Still another, with a great magnificent rosebud, said: "Goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" and one with its lovely pansy face, whispered warningly: "Look not thou upon the *wine* when it is red." One tiny girl held in her soft, white hand, a card with a bouquet of flowers, underneath which were the words, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," and her little brother looked delightedly upon his card, which told him, between a white rose and a bunch of blue-bells, to "Be not among wine-bibbers." Then there was another I saw, with great purple grapes pictured upon it, and it gave the advice, "Temperance in all things."

And, in conclusion, we would say to all the boys and girls who read THE PRESBYTERIAN, never be afraid to shew your ribbons or stand up to your temperance principles.