

## Our Young Folks.

### Our Hospital Pet.

There was a crash on Broadway, a jostling of wagons, and a shouting of drivers. Then a sharp shriek. No one knew how it had happened, but a child was under the wheels.

"A street Arab," somebody said, as kind hands lifted the unconscious form and laid it in an ambulance. Then the busy tides surged on.

When the boy opened his eyes he was lying on a little cot in a room where there were many such beds. The walls were white and hung with pictures, and the sunshine streaming in through the long windows, filled the ward with brightness.

At first he thought he was dreaming, and closed his eyes in languid contentment. But gradually he became conscious of strange sensations. He tried to move and could not. It seemed as if he were tied fast. Just as he was beginning to realize this, a pleasant voice asked:

"Wouldn't you like a drink?"

Looking up, he saw a young woman standing by his bed, with a cup of milk in her hand. She was small and wore a dainty cap perched on the dark curls which clustered on her forehead. She looked very pretty to him, and for a moment he thought she was part of his dream, but he was thirsty, and milk was an unwonted luxury. Drinking it roused him more, and as he gave her back the cup he asked:

"Where am I? Why can't I get up?"

"You've been hurt and must lay still a little while. You are where you will be taken care of," she answered, evasively.

She knew, too well, the horror which many of the poor feel for hospitals to speak the word till he became accustomed to the thing.

"It is nice here, and you are good," he said, gratefully as she shook his pillow. "Can I stay here till I get well?"

"Would you like to?" she asked, knowing that there was no getting well for him.

"Yes; I have no where else to go," he answered.

This, and the fact that his name was Chris, was all she ever learned about him. If he had a history he did not tell it. Apparently he had always been as then, without father, mother, or other claimant.

Miss Morgan, the nurse, soon grew fond of him, for there was something strangely attractive about the silent child. Whether patient endurance was part of his nature, or was a result of early hardships, or a benumbing effect of his injuries, it was impossible to tell. But he lay quiet and seemingly happy, watching the frolics of the other children who were most of them able to be up and about, at least part of the day.

They, too, grew fond of him, and shared with him their toys and games. Indeed, one of the many beautiful things to be seen in a hospital is the kind and gentle sympathy of the patients for each other, and the way they share their few pleasures and luxuries. The generosity of the rich is as nothing to that of the poor, for the former give out of abundance, the latter out of poverty.

"What makes you so happy here?" Miss Morgan once asked him.

"It is warm, and I have enough to eat, and you are good to me," he answered, caressing the hand he held.

Accustomed though she was to dealing with misery and suffering, the answer startled her. Had the struggle for existence been so terrible to this gentle boy, that to be warmed and fed were luxuries to be rejoiced over, even though purchased by pain and confinement? Were love and tenderness so unknown to him that he was gratified by that of a hospital nurse? Yet, if she had but known, it was not strange that any one should en-

joy her care, for she, like most women who devote their lives to the relief of suffering, brought to her work a heart made tender by sorrow, and ministering for the love of ministering, not as a hireling.

His ignorance was no less remarkable than his quietness. It seemed as if there must be something lacking about him mentally, that he had picked up so little in his street life. He knew the name of the city in which he lived, but not of the State. He had heard of schools, but could not tell what was done there. Sunday was to him merely a day when people stopped work and it was harder than ever to get food, and when people who had good clothes went to church. He had heard the names of God and Christ in oaths, but knew no more of the Christian religion than if he had lived upon the steppes of Asia. Honesty and thankfulness were to him: luxuries of wealth. Stealing and lying incidents of poverty. It is a strange comment upon our civilization that such heathenism can exist in our midst.

Miss Morgan was to have an experience rare in this land. She was to teach this boy with his oddly mature and immature mind, those truths of Christianity which are familiar to most children, when scarcely out of the cradle, and to see how the old, old story would seem to one to whom it was altogether new. Religious teaching was no part of her recognized duties, but she was too truly a servant of her Master to let such an opportunity slip.

Little by little, as the chance offered, she told him the story, beginning with the angels' song and the childhood of our Lord. Most children would have asked questions, but Chris rarely did. He listened as if to a fairy tale. But when she told him of Jesus healing the sick, he started with eager interest.

"Where is He?" he asked. "Would He make me well again?" Then as he hesitated for a reply: "Would I have to go away from here?"

"I am afraid so."

"Then I don't want Him to do it; I would rather stay with you," he said, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

He listened with bated breath to tale of the mock trial, and the crown of thorns and scourging, but when she came to the crucifixion, he started from his pillow with flashing eyes.

"Curse them! curse them!" he cried. "They killed Him," and he burst into bitter tears.

She was frightened by the storm of grief and passion her words had roused, for to her as to the rest of us, the story had lost its startling force by oft repeating. She tried vainly to soothe him, till it occurred to her that the best consolation lay in the resurrection. On hearing of this he quickly dried his eyes.

"Then He was not dead?" he said.

"Yes, He was, but He came to life again, and will never die any more."

Then in answer to his wondering looks she pointed out the meaning of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, explaining that He came to save and purify us from sins, that we with Him might enter into everlasting life.

We who have heard these things from infancy can have no idea of the revelation they were to the homeless, suffering child.

To him the Gospel was truly good tidings and he received it with joy reaching to behold. Even his habitual silence gave way before his desire to share his new treasure with others. A new quality came into his cheerfulness.

What had once been placid contentment became actual joyousness, and even those who were wont to scoff grew thoughtful before the tokens of his simple faith.

Two years passed. The doctors said he might live many more, but would never walk again. As soon as he was able kind friends taught him to read and write and do pretty handiwork which

might bring him a little income. His cot became the brightest spot in the ward, and the other children gathered round it eagerly while he shared their joys and sorrows, and contributed greatly to their enjoyment. His life was narrow and his opportunities small, but he improved them well, and who may measure the good done by his humble service, or the honor which, in another world, may be awarded to faithfulness in little things.

Loving and beloved, his life was moving peacefully on, when a lady visitor, struck by his sweet face and gentle manner, inquired his history, and learning that he was without claimant took him to her home, which had lately been made desolate by the death of her only son. In heart and household, she has given him her dead boy's place, and means to educate him for the position he is to fill: and we may well doubt whether she in giving, or he in receiving is most blessed. But amid his changed surroundings he remains the same gentle, self-forgetting boy, and his great happiness is in planning to help and rescue other Arabs of the streets.—N. Y. Observer.

### A Practical Help.

About five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gayly-dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of the usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in. Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted.

"That is George C—," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P—. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead."

"What did it?"

"Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C— and took his arm. "Come inside," she said, sternly, with a secret loathing at her heart. "The Gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day He may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her. She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences. But that young man's brain did not want truth or the Gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deathly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said kindly. "Come, we'll go together and find some."

George C— muttered something about "a trifle," and "a-c-m-n." But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table

was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously. When he had finished his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said,

"I thank you. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C—'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go. "I was a man once like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believed in Christ; but it's too late now."

"It is not too late," cried his friend. It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last. George C— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.

WHAT THEY AGREED TO GIVE UP.—A poor woman in the village whose husband had died, was left with five children, and with nothing to live upon.

All the little Harpers were sorry when they heard their mother's tale.

"How can we help? We've got no money at all," said Janie the eldest.

Mrs. Harper smiled and said,—

"No, you have no money, but if you would like to give up some of your pleasures you could earn some."

"How mother?"

"You might give up having sugar in your tea, for one thing."

"But it's so nasty without, mother."

"Well, perhaps you can think of something else. All of you go into the garden for half an hour, and come and tell me what you fix upon."

Off ran Janie and Harr, and woo Johnny, hand in hand, and walked solemnly round the garden for half an hour. When the clock struck they ran in again, helter-skelter.

"Well," said the mother.

Janie spoke:

"We've thought of everything all round, mother, and if you please, we should like to give up our lessons!"

But that mother can not agree to.

A High Churchman and a Scotch Presbyterian had been at the same church. The former asked the latter if he did not like the "introits." "I don't know what an introit is," was the reply. "But did you not enjoy the anthem?" said the Churchman. "No, I did not enjoy it at all." "I am very sorry," said the Churchman, "because it was used in the early Church, in fact it was originally sung by David." "Ah," said the Scotchman, "then that explains the Scripture. I can understand why, if David sung it at that time, Saul threw his javelin at him."

Two poor men, on the death of a relative, came into possession of a large fortune. They didn't know very well what to do with it, but began to make an improvement in their personal appearance, and towards that end each resolved to have a gold watch, on going to Edinburgh for his, and the other to Glasgow. On coming home with their purchases they began to compare them, when the one says to the other, "What sort of a watch have you got, Jock?" "I've got a pented laren-ck," replied Jock. Then said the other, "I've got a better yin than you, for I've got a horse's uncle." The one had got a patent lever, the other a horizontal.