

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORKS OF DELFT.

The bells clanged dread in every spire,
The watchman cried: "Fire! fire! fire! fire!
Ho! men of Delft, the city flames,
Run from your labours and your games.
Ho! rich and poor, haste for your lives,
Snatch your dear children and your wives,
The bedrid, aged, sick, and blind,
The idiot and insane of mind,
Then think of household goods and gear,
Rich tapestries and flagons dear,
And plate wherewith your town makes cheer.
Run, burghers, for the flames are red;
They hiss and crackle overhead,
And high above each lane and street
Hangs our brave city's winding-sheet."
And thus it chanced in Delft of fame
Lived many storks, that went and came,
Free from all harm, protected, blessed,
Because they cleared the city's pest—
Toads, frogs, and noisome creatures foul.
So wise a bird some gave a soul,
And scarce a man but reared a thatch
Whereon the little storks might hatch.
Now, on that fatal third of May,
When lurid clouds obscured the day,
With nestling birds just out of shell,
A strange and piteous thing befel.
Soft, downy, formless wing and head
They lay within the natal bed.
The parent birds quick saw their doom,
'Mid stifling smoke and sullen boom
Of falling roof and splintering wall,
And groan, and curse, and anguish call,
'Mid swaying crowds and rushing feet,
And furnace-blasts of withering heat,
And flying sparks like living things,
That bore destruction on their wings.
And first they sought in haste to bear
Their nurslings through the heated air.
But no, their strength may not suffice;
They struggle, but they cannot rise,
And, panting back upon the nest,
They hide their young with wing and breast,
And calmly wait the fiery wave
To lay them in a common grave.
The flying crowds with wonder saw
A sight to fill the soul with awe,
Those birds that chose not life, but death,
To shield their young with latest breath;
Mourning in love a funeral-pyre
They gave their bosoms to the fire.
And thus perchance the storks that day
Taught some poor craven heart the way
To stay his feet for those in need,
To help the weak, the sick to heed,
Remembering those old words, how writ:
"Who saves his life shall forfeit it."
Amid the records of the town
This tale is truly written down.
In letters of the purest gold
Such noble story well were told,
Of birds heroic in their death
Teaching Christ's truth with failing breath,
And glazing eye, and fluttering wing—
Those storks of Delft whereof I sing.

—Augusta Larned.

"WHERE SHALL I GET WINGS?"

LITTLE Julia had listened with great interest to her mother's description of the glories of heaven. And her thoughts ran forward to the time when she hoped she would herself be among the redeemed.

But her eye just then fell upon a beautiful picture hanging on the wall, in which an angel was represented hovering over the earth with outspread wings. And a doubt flitted through her mind whether she should be able to fly to do the will of her dear Saviour, for the wings were wanting. She had hands, and feet, and a tongue, all ready and willing every day to do all they could to please Jesus, as her parents and brothers and sisters had learned full well from the many gentle words and kind acts of this sweet little daughter and sister; but these could not help her in

flying, and Julia asked her mother anxiously, "Where shall I get wings?"

It is not the first time, perhaps, that a little heart has been troubled for the same reason.

Dear child, if you really love Jesus, who loves you so well; if you believe His words and have asked Him to keep you, and guide you through this world home to Himself, making you His faithful servant here, and preparing you for His presence in the better world; and if you do this every day, do not let your heart be troubled concerning the wings. You will not need to "get" them anywhere. Faith, hope, and love in your heart are preparing them for you. The same dear Friend who has made ready the harp and the crown and the bright mansion for every dear child of His, knows all about the wings that you will want as you hasten to obey Him, and therefore you need have no anxiety on this account.

I hope your prayer every day will be, "Dear Jesus, make me to love to do Thy will, as the angels do in heaven."

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

What is the road to slumber-land? and when does the baby go?

The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the music of "lullaby."

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;

A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and the stocking free;

Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear;

And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,

And the lullaby soft and low, singing the song of rest.

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby-eyes,

As over the road to slumber-land the dear little traveller hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go,

To the beautiful city of slumber-land when the sun is sinking low.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

IT was recently our privilege to spend a few days in a family where there were five sweet children. One of the days passed in this pleasant household was the Sabbath. At the breakfast table one of the little boys said:

"Ruth, May and I cannot go to church to-day, because we are not well."

"What will you do at home?" was asked.

"O, we shall have a service; we always do when we cannot go to church with papa and mamma."

"Have a service!" was echoed. "What do you do?"

"It is just like real church," answered the little fellow. "To-day I shall be the preacher,

and my two sisters will be the customers,' meaning the audience. "We shall have a text, repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert, sing hymns, read in the 'Peep of Day,' and take up a collection."

When we returned from church the youthful preacher of the church in the house confided to us that the service had been interesting, and that the collection had amounted to eleven cents, adding, "Don't you think that was pretty good?"

"Yes, little man, good indeed from your small audience."

"We always have church at home when we cannot go to real church," continued the little fellow. "Last fall, when we had measles, we stayed at home for six weeks, but we had church every Sabbath, and always took up a collection. When we got well, and could go again with papa and mamma, we sent our money away to help to build a church in the west; and we got a receipt for it. Shall I shew it to you?" and the dear boy's eyes shone with pleasure.

I have written this account of the way in which one family of children spend the Sabbath when unable to attend church with their parents, in the hope that others may follow their example. I am sure that you will enjoy it, children. It will help to make the Sabbath hours pass pleasantly; and do not forget the collection. Think how delightful it would be to help to build a church, to educate a child in some heathen land, or to print the Bible in some of the languages of India, or China, or Japan, or send a missionary to Africa.

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?

THE clock upon the tower of a neighbouring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, 'Gone—gone—gone—gone!'"

"What, mother? what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high of you?

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness begin on ours.

GOD can make you happy in the world, with the world, or without the world; but never expect that anything, or any one, can make you happy but the Lord.