

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHO IS SHE!

Turns is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?—
Who always has a welcome
Whosoever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun,
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by every one:

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low,
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her:
You certainly can guess,
What I must I introduce her?
Her name is—Cheerfulness.

MAY BLOSSOM'S CANES.

NEW neighbours were coming to live in the pretty cottage over the way, and our Freddy had perched on the gate-post to oversee the moving in. Directly he scrambled down from his observatory in great glee, and ran into the sitting-room calling out, "Mamma, mamma, there's a boy in pants—just as big as me, I guess: Isn't that jolly?" and off he went in breathless haste, fearing to lose too much of the entertainment. In a moment he was back again with a pitiful look in his great blue eyes, and said in a low, hushed voice, "There is such a dear little girl too, mamma, but she walks with two long sticks under her arms. When they lifted her out of the carriage she had to wait till they gave her the sticks; she can't walk without them. Isn't it dreadful, mamma? isn't it too bad?"

This was Freddy's first sight of a child with crutches, and it made a deep impression on his tender heart.

Very soon the children became playmates, and every day Freddy romped and ran with the boys. They swung, and rolled hoop, and played horse-cars and steam-cars and all the other merry make-believes that shorten the longest summer day for the little ones; but very soon we noticed something that caused us to wonder. It was this: no game with the boys seemed to interest Freddy for very long. After a little he would say simply, "I am tired," or perhaps without a word he left the little fellows at their play, and wandered to the porch, or the long bench under the elm-tree, where "May Blossom" sat looking on with her pleasant smile; the "sticks" he had learned to call "canes," and, sitting down by her side, very often he leaned on one as they chatted together. He had begun almost to like May Blossom's "canes." She had soft, bright brown eyes, and a gentle, patient look on her small round face, and, when Freddy came, had always a pleasant welcome and a pretty story to tell, or perhaps a nice cosy little talk that was just as good as a story to Fred any day. We soon saw the result of these quiet talks, "Mamma, I must say please, every time; May Blossom always does." "Don't I say 'thank you' to Nora now? May Blossom says it is nice." "May Blossom never tells wicked stories, and I won't." "May Blossom says it

is cruel to touch the little blue eggs in the nest," and so it fared on through the summer. Very quietly May Blossom acquired this strong, sweet influence over our Freddy, till her gentle admonitions became a power with the wayward, loving little darling.

We, at first, had looked at her sweet figure through tears that dimmed our sight,—the tears of a wordless pity. Slowly we seemed to see her through a clearer, truer medium. Our hearts grew peaceful beneath the echoes of words spoken long ago concerning the "babes" to whom the Father had revealed himself. "Even so, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight." Truly it seemed that for every lesser blessing withheld by her affliction, the greater boon of a perfect content had been given to the little one.

The parents, in their ceaseless efforts for her relief, had found a new physician. His skill was marvellous. The feeble limbs strengthened-daily, and very soon the little girl could walk with but one cane, and then, before very long, she had learned to walk slowly, unassisted by any support. Great was the joy of all who knew May Blossom.

For a time she quite rejoiced in her new power; but soon we saw that she wearied, and went back often to the house for her cane, and used it in preference. Noticing this, one day a friend inquired, "Why do you not rather walk without it, dear, like other little girls?" "Because," said May Blossom, with a tone in her voice that went straight to the heart of her questioner, "because I am lonely without my crutch."

Could any repining at her affliction have had more touching rebuke?

It was the old story of the pearl in the oyster, with a new rendering; the sharp sorrow permitted to enter the daily life. The sorrow that apparently comes to stay, with all of its wounding power, and yet so mercifully softened by gentle alleviations born of itself, that the unwelcome guest becomes the gem, the pearl, the blessing, of the completed life.

Can the sweet lesson be too often repeated? Can we learn too much of the invisible help that comes with the visible sorrow, even to these unconscious little ones?

A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!" he turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin broken."

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye." The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.—*London Christian.*

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

LITTLE children have often very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been "naughty." A little girl said one day to her mother, "Papa calls me good, Auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good." "I am very sorry," said the mother, "and so am I," said the child; "but I have got a very naughty *think*." "A naughty what?" "My *think* is naughty inside of me." And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said, "Why, when I could not ride yesterday I did not cry nor anything, but when you *was* gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody know it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good *inside* of me?"

RELIGION is the most gentlemanly thing of the world. It alone will gentleize if unmixed with cant.

SAYS the good book: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."