

A CHILD'S SERMON.

A story is told of a nursemaid, who one day was walking in a square, round which there was no pavement, and which was very narrow. She was wheeling a perambulator before her in which was a child of about one year. Presently a waggon heavily loaded, with five or six horses to pull it, came along. There was no time to run to the gate of the square and go in, no time for thought. The waggoner did not see her, or all would have been well. Quickly she hung the child over the railing into the square. There was no time for her to follow. The waggon passed a living woman and left a dying one. The child was unharmed. The humble, devoted nurse gave up her life for the child and Christ, the King of Heaven, gave up his life to save us. Then should not we, as the brave nurse, without a moment's hesitation give up our lives to him?

A minister one Sunday earnestly besought all the congregation, every one, however small, to give up their lives to Christ. A little boy rose up and said, "Am I too small to serve Christ?" The minister smiled and answered, "A little child shall lead them, none are too small or too weak to serve God. Many who smiled at the time thought to themselves afterwards, 'If that little boy was not too young to serve Christ, cannot I, who am so much older do something too?' Children, will not you, too, do something for the Saviour who died to save you? Give yourselves up willingly, devote your whole life to him. That is the most acceptable gift you can possibly give him."

A missionary box was passed at a meeting. It came to a group of boys. The first, who had plenty of money, dropped sixpence in, thinking, "I suppose I must, as every one else does." His brother dropped his in without thinking at all. The third dropped threepence in, thinking, "Poor little heathen, this will help to buy you some clothes." The last, a poor boy, dropped a penny in, thinking, "Lord, I have no more to give but myself, and I give myself willingly to thee." Which was most acceptable to God? Was not the last most pleasing in his sight?

RAILROAD MEN AND DRINK.

At the twenty-second anniversary of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. of New York City, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railroad, made a speech in which he contrasted the extent of drinking among railroad men twenty-two years ago, and now. He said: "Then there were about 15,000

men in the New York Central service. Now there are over 30,000. At that period it is safe to say that twenty per cent. of the force were discharged for drunkenness within a given period. The saloon everywhere abounded; it was the great force at all railway centres; it was the great force wherever there were railroad shops. It surrounded all our terminals, and its alluring features were inviting all the force, so that I know that at least twenty per cent. of the force at that period were discharged or dropped for drunkenness, and that means that their families were reduced to absolute misery. To-day we have twice that number of men in the service and not one per cent. disappear from drunkenness. It is the rarest thing in the world that it is brought to my attention that any man in the service upon whom depends the lives of others or the safety of trains is disciplined for that vice."



OPHELIA.

OPHELIA.

This fine engraving represents one of Shakespeare's most pathetic characters—a poor, distraught girl, who in a fit of insanity destroys herself by drowning. She dresses her hair with wild flowers and sings.

Bonny, sweet Robin was all my joy . . .

And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God 'a mercy on his soul!

In the picture the artist has finely shown the strange, distraught look and the pathetic attitude and gesture.

HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

Tom did odd chores for the great house of Smith & Co. It was "Tom, do this," and "Tom, do that," "Tom, here," or "Tom, there," from Monday morning until Saturday night, until it seemed to Tom some nights, as he lay in bed, that his legs would drop off, they ached so.

"Well, I musn't complain," the cheery boy would say to himself, "whatever should we do if they did not want me?" By "we" he meant his mother, little sister and himself, who found it pretty hard to get the necessities of life in the great city. They never expected to have any luxuries.

To-day, in spite of his cheery disposition, Tom was feeling decidedly "blue" as he vigorously swept the sidewalk. He was thinking of his little sister at home, and wishing that he had money to buy her an orange, a bunch of white grapes, or some other tempting thing in the fruit store across the street, for lately she had not seemed very well and ate scarcely anything.

Just then he felt a soft touch on his hand, and, looking down, saw his employer's little daughter standing beside him. She was just the age and size of his little sister. She had found the soft spot in Tom's heart, as only a gentle little girl can.

"There, take this," she said, thrusting a bright quarter in his hand, and before he knew it Tom had told her about the little sister and his wish.

"Well, now you can get Susie something," said Nellie, as she ran across the street to nurse, who was waiting for her. Nellie had intended spending her money in the very fruit store Tom was thinking of when she saw his sad face and changed her mind.

That night she told her papa Tom's story. There seemed to be something the matter with his eyes, and Nellie thought that she felt something like a tear drop on her cheek when he kissed her.

"Supposing we give Tom another dollar a week for the present," said papa, "and by-and-bye we will add to it."

"Oh! you dear papa," said Nellie, giving him a bear hug; "Tom will be delighted." And Tom was delighted, and showed it by trying to work the harder, if it were possible.

The next morning mamma packed a large basket with everything tempting to the appetite, and nurse and Nellie carried it to Susie. Nurse waited while the two had a merry feast, for Susie had heard about Nellie from Tom, and wanted her little friend to "play tea" with her, which she did.

Nellie told mamma that she had never had such a lovely time before.