

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' muckle faucht anil diu;
O, try an' sleep ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's coomin' in.
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froom,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly head—
Ho aye sleeps next the wa—
Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drink,
They stop awee the sou'n;
They draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out fra' neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at auce,
He's kittlin wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An' as he steeks the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Ha' a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
And lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursel's,
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his arm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his arm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' mirch that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' caro
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld,
"O, bairnies cuddle doon."

—Alex. Anderson.

NOT ABOVE WORK.

NEVER be ashamed of your business," is a wholesome proverb. If one has an honest business, he need not feel ashamed of it. Some young persons act as if they thought many kinds of honest toil menial and degrading. But they are wrong.

"Man hath his daily work of body and mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity."

When the service is for the good of man or the glory of God, and is performed in the right spirit, it must ever be ennobling. It is the work we do in an unwilling, slavish spirit that degrades us. Toil is manly, even if it be that of a boot-black. "If I were a boot-black," said a noble Christian man, "I would strive to be the best boot-black in the world." The lad who determines to do his best everywhere, in every place, however lowly, where honest work is needed, will soonest rise to honour.

"If little labour, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

Not long since a young man was asked to carry a small package of writing paper to his sick relative, but he turned up his nose with the answer, "No, you don't, now; send it by an expressman."

One evening, near the hour for closing a store in Philadelphia, a bundle of prints was ordered in haste by a house not more than a block distant. The carts and porters had gone. The merchant requested one of his young men to deliver the bundle, but as he did so he perceived a look of

disgust in the clerk's face, and without saying another word he turned to his desk, put on his hat, picked up the bundle, and walked off to deliver it himself, leaving his proud clerk dumb with mortification as well as with fear of losing a good position.

There are some city-bred boys who act as if they were "above carrying a market-basket home." Even when mother is bearing a heavy load for their sakes, they think it "degrading" to be seen doing such service. They soon get too big to wait on themselves. They grow up to be of less use in the world than butterflies. The following story of one of the greatest men of America is worth impressing upon each generation of youth:

Chief Justice Marshall was a great and good man. Good men are not proud men, for pride is an indication of a little mind. Chief Justice Marshall was not too proud to wait upon himself. He was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases.

Often might he be seen returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other in the most homely fashion.

On one of these occasions a fashionable young man was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his game. Judge Marshall stepped up, gently rebuked him, and asked him where he lived.

When he heard the reply he said, "That is my way, and I will take your game home for you."

When they came to the house, the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Judge. "You are welcome; it was all in the way, and it was no trouble to me."

"Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my game for me?" asked the young man of a bystander.

"Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my game?"

"He did it," said the bystander,

"I suppose, by way of teaching you not to be above attending to your own business!"

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

BY T. H. EVANS.

IF I caught a boy of mine smoking I'd thrash him," said a sturdy mechanic once in our hearing; and he puffed the smoke from his mouth with all the virtuous indignation imaginable. "Why would you thrash him?" we inquired, following the question by relating the street incident of a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth pointing out to his son a group of boys whom he saw smoking, remarking that it was very wrong for lads like these to smoke. To which the little fellow innocently replied, "If it's wrong for boys to smoke, isn't it worse for a man, father?" Of course it is. If, with our judgment and superior knowledge, we do not know better, what can we expect from the inexperience of mere lads? They commence the habit in thoughtless imitation of those who are older than themselves, and who ought, therefore, to be much wiser; but length of years is not always a sure indication of wisdom. Even as the future possibilities of a

great tree lie mysteriously folded up within the narrow confines of a tiny seed, so, in like manner, all great truths lie in a small compass. The whole question of how to deliver our country from this great curse has a nut-shell for its hiding-place. Train up the young in the path of total abstinence, and for their sake, if not for our own, let us walk the same pleasant road ourselves. Then will these pest-houses that disgrace our public streets die out, and become things of the past.

REPUTATION.

ABOUT the worst thing a boy can have is a bad reputation. He can't shake it off. His old hat he can pull off, and slap it down on the floor. He can take off his ragged old coat and hang it on a peg. But a ragged, dilapidated reputation he can't get rid of. It will stick to him wherever he goes. If he were to skin himself, it would still be there—and more than this, everybody will see it. Better, boys, have the chicken pox, measles, whooping cough, mumps; yea, better have the smallpox, bad as it is, than be made ugly and hideous by a bad reputation. And yet every boy—yes, and every girl, too—is making a reputation all the time. It never stops, but goes on when we are awake and when we are asleep, night and day—Sundays, too.

There are a great many kinds of reputation. One boy is known for his truthfulness, another for his lying; one for swearing and foul words, another for the care he shows in speaking; one is honest, straightforward, another tricky and deceitful; one is neat, another slovenly; one is economical and saving another is a spendthrift; one is respectful and kind to his parents, brothers, and sisters, and to all others, while another is cross, surly, and disobedient; one is studious, always improving his mind and manners, another is idle, irregular, and always going from bad to worse. Indeed, we might go on enumerating good and bad things which make up the reputation of every boy and girl, but this is not necessary. We have already made a good-sized looking-glass, and we wish all our readers to come and look into it, and there see themselves just as others see them. Don't be afraid or ashamed to come. You may, indeed, see something that will scare you nearly out of your wits, but never mind. It will do you ever so much good to take a good look at yourselves.

A BABY IN JAIL.

IT was a queer little tot of a girl who put in an appearance at a Philadelphia police-station, and, looking from one officer to another, said, "Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officer stared at the little midget, so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station house, and wondered what she meant. They had arrested a tangled-haired woman who had fought like a fury and stormed them in three languages, but they did not dream that this little innocent thing was her child. But she was, and the mother heard her voice and called for her.

So they swung open the door of the corridor and let the baby in. She trotted up to the cell door, and looking in, said, "Why, mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back, ashamed. The child dropped upon her knees upon the stone floor, and clinging to the cold bars began to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

There was a strange moisture about the strong policeman's eyes as they led the little thing away. When the case came into court, the Judge whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother should.

It was the drink that made the mischief, and drink is always making mischief. It begins with a little for medicine, and it ends with wretchedness, madness, misery, and death. Many a fair, bright young girl has tasted of this poisoned cup, and has never stopped until she reached the depths of sorrow and despair.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Massachusetts Good Templar.*

SELF SACRIFICE.

THE tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgworth, England, was left open; and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount up into the upper part, and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling; while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help; for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the little lad.

"I think I could, returned the older."

"Then good bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow loosing his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Some tales of heroism excite one to pour forth one's admiration, one's approbation in many words; but this one strikes us dumb, this little fellow unwittingly had followed so closely in the steps of his most loved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord, spoken while the disciple whom he loved was leaning on his breast: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Surely this little boy, in this one brief, awful act of self-sacrifice, had found his way to keep his Lord's commandment.