

Steady.

A rush is good in its place, lad,
 But not at the start, I say;
 For life's a very long race, lad,
 And never was won that way.
 It's the stay that tells, the stay, boy,
 And the heart that never says die;
 A spurt may do with the goal in view,
 But steady's the word, say I.
 Steady's the word that wins, lad,
 Grit and sturdy grain;
 It's sticking to it will carry you through it,
 Roll up your sleeves again.
 Oh, Snap is a very good cur, lad,
 To frighten the tramps, I trow,
 But Holdfast sticks like a burr, lad—
 Brave Holdfast never lets go.
 And Clever's a pretty nag, boy,
 But stumbles and shies, they say;
 So Steady I count the safer mount
 To carry you all the way.
 The iron bar will smile, lad,
 At straining muscle and thew;
 But the patient teeth of the file, lad,
 I warrant will gnaw it through.
 A snap may come at the end, boy,
 And a bout of might and main;
 But Steady and Stick must do the trick
 Roll up your sleeves again.
 —'League Journal.'

Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago the superintendent of the 'Little Wanderers' Home,' in a large city, received a request from the magistrate that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged, and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The magistrate, pointing to them—utterly friendless and homeless—said: 'Mr. T., can you take any of them?'

'Certainly; I can take them all,' was Mr. T.'s prompt reply.

'Ah! what in the world can you do with all of them?' asked the magistrate.

'I'll make women of them.'

The magistrate singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again, 'What can you do with that one?'

'I'll make a woman of her!' Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good suppers and beds. The next morning they went into the schoolroom with the other children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the magistrate thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T., in reference to her:

'I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, but failed.'

Mr. T. said, afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office, and said pleasantly:

'Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her much. A kind gentleman and lady have adopted her, and I would like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?'

A gleam of light fitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny and told her she might go to a shop and get some sweets. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about

the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:

'Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up those papers, and make it look nice?'

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, half-fearful of mental wandering, he went to her and said:

'Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?'

'Oh, I've got somebody to love me! somebody to love me!' the child answered, earnestly, as if it were Heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that someone loved her and desired her affection that so lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort running like golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—'Christian Globe.'

The Bell-ringers.

The missionary had come back on furlough to his own little village. It was a village of poor folk, and had never given much to missions—except the missionary. He spoke about his work three times on the Sunday; but it was at the Sunday-school service in the afternoon that enthusiasm waxed highest. The boys and girls listened with rapt attention while he told about the little meeting-house that he hoped to build, and the way in which he and his people were trying to raise money for it. At the end of the talk the children clapped and clapped, and when the din was subsiding, one little boy cried out with explosive earnestness:

'Can't we help? Can't we do something?'

The missionary smiled, and the mothers sighed; but other voices had taken up the question, and now on all sides was heard the same cry: 'Can't we help?'

'Could you build the steeple?' suggested the missionary; and he named the sum of money necessary.

Mothers and fathers shook their heads, and the children's faces fell.

'Perhaps you could give us the bell?'

Again there was a shaking of heads; but suddenly out of the silence spoke the little boy who had first asked the question.

'We could give the rope to pull the bell,' he said.

There was a burst of delighted applause, and the little boy was allowed to pass the collection-plate.

A few years afterwards the missionary came home for another holiday, and brought with him a photograph of the little mission church. In the doorway stood an Indian lad, pulling on the end of a bell-rope. He passed the photograph round among the eager children, and as they studied it, he said to them: 'My little friends, you can see here one end of your benefaction; the other end stretches up toward heaven.'

And the children's faces shone, for they all knew what he meant.—'Christian Age.'

The Hero of the Tenements.

'Whew, but it is cold!' muttered Mat, the little Hungarian newsboy, as he jumped up and down at the corner of the street. The wide, rickety, boards of the sidewalk, covered white with frost, creaked shrilly with every movement of his feet.

'Morning papers, here!' shouted Mat.

It was yet too early for very many people to be astir. Across the street the sidewalk was squeaking under the clumsy shoes of a night messenger boy upon his way home.

'Hello, Billy!' Mat accosted.

'Hello, Mat!' How's the family?' returned Billy. 'Come over here.'

Mat ran across the street and landed with a bound upon the walk beside his friend, the night messenger.

'Ain't it cold, though!' chattered Mat, as he thrust his hands down into one of the pockets of Billy's overcoat.

'I asked you how your family was getting along,' said the older boy, not unkindly.

'They're all right as long as it's summer,' answered the newsboy. 'But this morning, Heddy is worse, 'cause it's cold-d-.'

Mat pressed up closer to Billy and shivered. Two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, but he was too much of a man to notice them or even to wipe them away.

'I've found a chance for you, Mat,' continued Billy. 'They want an office boy up in a fine place on Fourth avenue. I saw by the sign in the window this morning. Come along and see it.'

The boys walked along the street for a little distance, then turning a corner were soon upon the magnificent Fourth avenue.

'Here's the sign, Mat,' said the messenger boy, stopping in front of a handsome office building.

'Boy wanted for lawyer's office. Must have good recommendations. Apply in person on Tuesday morning,' said Mat slowly repeating each word.

'You'd get a pile out of such a place as that. Why don't you try for it? I would if I was out of a job and had your schoolin',' prompted Billy.

Mat shook his head soberly.

'No, there's no chance for me. Don't you see it says you've got to have recommendations—and where could I get any?'

'That's so,' assented the other. 'Didn't think of that. But say, it wouldn't do any hurt to try, anyway. So the next morning he presented himself at the office of one of the prominent lawyers of the great city in which he lived, and waited his turn to be examined as an applicant for the position in question.

Mat had not always lived in America. A few years before, when he was but a mere lad, he had come from Hungary, away across the rolling Atlantic, with his parents and his baby sister Hedwig, a wee, sweet-faced cripple. This little family was just beginning to get accustomed to the new life when misfortune, hard and sudden, came to it. The father became stricken with a mysterious disease and died. The poor mother, now prostrated with grief, longed for the dear old rural home in her native land. Here she was in a strange country with few friends and a family for which she must provide. What could she do? Little Mat, however, now came manfully to the front and showed that he was born of sturdy stock. He realized that he must now take his place at the head of the house. Leaving his school, which he loved far more than he chose to confess, and in which