one. At that moment the door opened, and a boy entered, drew a chair to the hearth, and strove to impart a little warmth to his chilled hands,

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m.

the smile on her face was sad and forced. the poor mother endeavored to speak cheerfully.

wants a boy-at least nobody wants meso we must all starve, I suppose. Oh, if father would only be different ! What shall we do?" and the boy, leaning his head on his clasped hands, sobbed in agonv.

man as she laid aside her work and drew the boy's head on her lap. "Don't. Jimmy. don't! there must surely be help for us.

"Then why don't he send us help? I went into Deacon H's store: and though one of the clerks said they needed a boy. the deacon wouldn't take me because father drinks. He said he wanted a respectable boy in his store. The hardhearted old miser ! If he's got religion, I don't want any of it."

"It isn't religion that causes him to be so unkind. my son; it is the want of it. rather. Look at his wife, if you wish to know what religion can do. You are not to blame for your father's acts; and no good man will ever think the less of you for them. But cheer up; you know you are mother's principal stay and hope; she cannot bear to see her boy so sad. Here is Mrs. H. now; who knows but she has found a place for you ?"

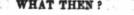
that lady, entering the room; "I have good news for you ; but have you no wood, this must not be; you will perish in this bitter weather. I will send some this very afternoon. Poor little girls," glancing pitifully at the shivering children, "how cold you look; come here and wrap these warm furs around you. Well, James, I have found you a place at last. Farmer B. says you are just the boy for him ; and, Mrs. Conner, I have seen some of the reform boys, who have promised to do all they can for your husband. They say be wouldn't have broken his pledge, had it miserable rumseller at the corner. But the boys will watch him more closely for the future: and I am convinced better days are in store for you."

the poor woman, grasping the lady's

of it.

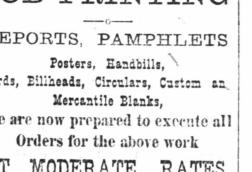
herself

her fall off the steps.



What then? The pitching of the evening tent. And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;

For all my wants and woes His loving kindness For darkest shades the shining of God's face, And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim. And then a deep, dark, rolling river;



WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

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The humblest child, unblest, unfed, Unkissed and supperless in bed, Love is pure, unwritten creed, Rise higher than the partisan, Moved by the best instincts of man, And this year rounds our century, The little Arabs of the street Struggle for scanty crusts to eat, Their poverty binds like a fetter.

> Spread far and wide thy sheltering wings o cover the defenceless things, Churches and schools of reformation Save them from nakedness and blows, From vice and sin and cruel woes, Ye heroes of this generation.

HOW BESSIE WAS ARRESTED.

I ever saw. I suppose that she loved her mother better than any one else, and next to her she loved the baby. Where the baby came from, was a great mystery to Bessie, and all the time her mother was sick nobody would answer the little girl's question. But when mamma was well enough to talk to her little girl again she told Bessie that mamma had been so sick that God sent the baby to comfort her." The next morning the nurse, Mary

Ann, could not make the usually obedient Bessie get up : and when Mrs. Murray asked her if she felt sick, she