

BABY'S SHOE.

BY MISS JENNIE E. CROSS,
(Late of Ottawa, Ont.)

ONLY a baby's shoe,
A tiny thing and small,
With the print of each little toe
A baby's shoe—that's all.

Tossed aside in a basket,
Almost hidden from sight,
For the thing is of little value,
And the broker is busy to-night.

"Where is the mother whose needle
Should sew on these buttons again!"
But the pawnbroker hurried away with a
frown,
And I waited an answer in vain.

Yet aye from his motley treasures,
Old timepiece or diamond ring,
Ever backward my eyes kept wandering
To gaze on that tiny thing.

And ever my heart kept questioning
Of the baby that wore the lost shoe,
"What foot was enshrined in this casket?
Whose little pink toes hid in you?"

When methought from the faded morocco
With the anale straps torn at the heel,
Above all the din of the pawnbroker's shop,
A strange plaintive voice seemed to steal:

"Far away by the shore of a murmuring lake,
Where the breezes blew gently at night,
And the elders dipped down to the water's
brink,
Their branches all laden with white,

"There nestled upon the green hill-side
A neat little cottage brown,
And the wild rose clambered its lowly eaves,
Far away from the dust of the town,

"And there ere ever the morning broke,
Or ever the robin sang,
And dearer than dawn to the glad mother's
heart,
The glad baby's laughter rang.

"'Twas there to that home 'mid the whisper-
ing pines,
Rolled up in a parcel tight,
And stowed in the deepest of pockets away,
I was borne as a present one night.

"Methinks I can still feel the pressure
Of those soft infant feet as they pranced
All over the carpet, and down through the hall
Where the flickering sunbeams danced.

"But the winter came with his chilling
breath,
And deep 'neath the frozen clay
They dug for their darling a baby's grave,
And laid his wee slipper away.

"Yet oft as the twilight gathered
Its curtain of gray o'er the lake,
That mother lorn clasped her dead child's
shoe
To her heart for fear it should break.

"Thus the years stole on though the child's
voice came
No more with the bird's sweet song,
But the silver threads streaked the mother's
brow,
And I felt there was something wrong.

"I felt—ah, you laugh that a shoe should
feel!
But I was a treasured thing,
Far dearer, I ween, to that mother's heart,
Than her golden wedding ring.

"And at last when they left the old home
'mid the hills,
And came to the hot dusty town,
I was the last treasure packed away,
Ere they moved from the cottage brown.

"But I ween you would ask why neglected I
lie
All alone on a pawnbroker's shelf;
Well, I'm sorry to say, being only a shoe,
I don't quite understand it myself.

"But I know that a sad woman's face grew
pale,
And her locks as the snowdrift were white,
When the husband tore me away from her
grasp,
And pawned me for gin Christmas night."

"O, where is that mother bereft!" then, I
cried,
"And where is that father untrue?"
"I can tell you no more," baby's slipper
replied,
"Remember, I'm only a shoe."

SEVEN STREET ARABS.

AN icy winter storm drove them
into our Sabbath-school last
Sabbath. The superintendent
asked me to give my class into
the hands of a friend, and take charge
of them. The chances were their stay
would be temporary, but it surely
would not be permanent unless an
effort was made for them. They were
unpromising-looking little fellows; but
then Jesus said: "They that are whole
need not a physician; but they that
are sick." I saw at a glance they were
the very kind of boys whose sweetest
pleasure is to make people trouble by
breaking windows, ringing door-bells
and running away, and countless other
forms of mischief.

I began by asking their names.
Some of these names sounded like those
often heard in Roman Catholic Church-
records, and one or two told me they
were of that Church. I said: "All
right; I expect to find many good
Catholics in heaven when I go there."
By this time I was on the right side of
the Catholic boys.

Then I said: "Boys, when you see
a man with a fine business and a nice
home, don't you wish that when you
grow to be men you could be doing as
well?"

"Yes, sir," they all said at once.

Then I told them that the way to
get such things is by having some
knowledge in the head and some good-
ness in the heart, together with neat-
ness of person and good habits. "You
can make a start in the same way by
having clean hands and faces, and
combing your hair and keeping your
clothes as clean as you can. You can
go to night or day-school, and by hard
study get something in your heads.

"By coming regularly and promptly
to Sabbath-school, and being attentive
while here, you may get that in your
hearts and minds which will help you
to do well in this life. Better still,
this school will help you find the way
at last to a home in a world where
people are never cold or tired, sad or
sick or hungry."

That seemed to be just the kind of
a place they wanted to hear about on
a cold, wet day, when most of them
were in the street because they had no
homes and very little food, and still
less of loving care.

By this time, there not being room
for all of them to keep their seats and
yet get their heads close to mine, one
of the boys was kneeling on the floor
at my feet, with his face upturned to
mine and looking eagerly into my eyes.
All were drinking in every word.

"To have the best things in this
world," I continued, "you must be
just the kind of gentlemen the Bible
will incline you to be, if you study it.
Now let us pick the word gentleman
to pieces. What is the first part of
the word?"

"Gentle," said one.

"What the last part?"

"Man," said another.

Then I said: "If some boy calls one
of you a hard name, is it gentle for
you to call him a hard one back, or to
go on silently?"

"To go on silently," said one boy.

"If, then, there is sometimes a
temptation to lie or to cheat, and one
boy does so and another does not,
which is the man?"

"The one who don't lie or cheat,"
said several of the boys at once.

"If you see a boy who smokes or

swears and breaks the Sabbath, and
another who does not do so, which do
you think has the habits that will help
him grow up into the man to have the
happy home and the good business?"

Thus I tried to lead them along till
they seemed to have a little gleam at
least of the light from the happy land
both for this world and that which is
not "far away." Several of them had
the peculiarly bright, active turn of
mind which makes them not only
troublesome but very expensive mem-
bers of society if "the better soul that
slumbers" is not awakened and kept
awake in them. Which is cheapest
as a question of business, not to speak
of right and wrong? Who of the boys
and girls reading this will try to get
"street Arabs" into the Sunday-
school, and also help to keep them
there?—*World*.

PROCRASTINATION.

PROCRASTINATION is a long
word, but it is one most of us
know something about. It
has, you know, a connection
with the Latin word *cras*, which means
to-morrow; and the boy or girl who
is fond of procrastination is the boy or
girl who thinks that to-morrow, or
presently, is the proper time for every-
thing. Hapless mistake! There is
danger in it.

A noble ship had sprung a leak, and
lay upon the ocean with a signal of
distress flying. To the joy of all, a
ship drew near, and at last came
within hail.

"What's amiss?" called the strange
captain through his speaking-trumpet.

"We are in bad repair, and are
going down. Lie by till morning,"
was the answer from the sinking ship.

"Let me take your passengers on
board now," called back the ready
helper.

"Lie by till morning," was the only
answer.

Morning came at last, but the
"Central America" went down within
an hour and a half of the refusal; and
passengers, crew, and procrastinating
captain, went down with her.

"I'm going to turn out at six to-
morrow," says Tom, with an air of
most thorough determination. At
half-past five the next morning Tom
awoke with a feeling of having some-
thing on his mind.

"Halloo! it's time to get up! Stay
a minute, though; I can dress in less
than half an hour."

Tom accordingly lies upon his back
and follows the movement of an early
fly, which now and then makes a dash
at his face. This position not being
satisfactory for long, he turns upon
his side, and, while experiencing a
sensation of relief, his eyes show a
tendency to close.

"This will not do!" cries Tom,
arousing himself with a jerk. "But
they say it is bad to jump out of bed
in a hurry."

Acting upon this caution, Tom's
head once more returns to the pillow;
and we are hardly surprised that the
next time he thinks of turning out it
is because there is a loud knocking at
the door, and somebody calling out:
"It's half-past eight, Master Tom, and
breakfast is begun!"

So Master Tom's procrastination
ends in his coming down to breakfast
an hour late, with a sleepy face and in
a bad temper for the rest of the day.
If Master Tom goes on through his life

like this in every matter, we know
well enough there is but little success
awaiting him. This is a busy world,
and while one is thinking of doing
something "presently," another comes
up and does it at once.—*Chatterbox*.

WORTH WINNING.

HERE was a boy who "lived
out," named John. Every
week he wrote home to his
mother, who lived on a small
farm away up among the hills. One
day John picked up an old envelope
from the kitchen wood-box, and saw
that it was not touched by the post-
master's stamp, to show that it had
done its duty and henceforth was use-
less.

"The postmaster missed his aim
then," said John, "and left the stamp
as good as new. I'll use it myself.
He moistened it at the nose of the
teakettle, and very carefully pulled the
stamp off

"No," said John's conscience, "for
that would be cheating. The stamp
has been on one letter; it ought not
to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John,
"because, you see, there is no mark to
prove it worthless. The post-office
will not know."

"But you know," said conscience,
"and that is enough. It is not honest
to use it a second time. It is a little
matter, to be sure, but it is cheating.
God looks for principle. It is the
quality of every action that he judges
by."

"But no one will know it," said
John faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God
will know it, and that is enough; and
he you know desires truth in the in-
ward parts."

"Yes;" cried all the best parts of
John's character; "yes, it is cheating
to use the postage-stamp the second
time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to
the winds. And so John won a
victory. Wasn't it worth winning?—
Good Words

ONLY ONCE.

BRIGHT and once promising
young man under sentence for
murder, was brought forth
from his cell to die on the scaffold.
The Sheriff said: "You have but five
minutes to live. If you have anything
to say, speak now." The young man,
bursting into tears, said: "I have to
die. I had a little brother with beau-
tiful brown eyes and flaxen hair; and
I loved him. But one day I got drunk
for the first time in my life, and com-
ing home I found him getting berries
in the garden, and I became angry
with him without a cause and killed
him with one blow of a rake. I was
so drunk I knew nothing about it
until next morning when I awoke and
found myself bound and guarded, and
was told that my little brother was
found, his hair clotted with blood and
brains, and he was dead. Whiskey
had done it. It has ruined me. I
never was drunk but once. I have
only one more word to say, and then
I am going to my Judge. I say to
young persons, never! never! never!
touch anything that can intoxicate!"
The next moment the poor wretch was
swung into eternity. He was drunk
only once, but it was enough!—*Jerry
McAuley's Newspaper*.