



BLESSED IS HE
 THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR;
 THE LORD
 WILL DELIVER HIM IN TIME
 OF TROUBLE.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
 The farmer's rosy children sat;
 The fagot lent its blazing light;
 And jokes went round, and harmless chat.
 When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
 Low tapping at the bolted door,
 And thus, to gain their willing ear,
 A feeble voice was heard t' implore:
 "Cold blows the blast across the moor;
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
 Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
 A dreary, tireless waste behind."

"MIND MOTHER" SERMON.

THIS is to be a "mind mother" sermon. Of course you must mind father, too; but then he is away all day, and you are not old enough to help him much; so you are mother's right-hand man or woman, and have to mind her most. There are two ways in which you ought to mind every-

thing she says:
 Mind her instantly. The very first time she speaks. When mamma says, "Harry, please bring me some coal, or water, or run to the store," don't answer, "In just a minute, mamma." Little folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clock

ticks off. When you say "yes" with your lips, say "yes" with your hands and feet. Don't say "yes" and act "no." Saying "Yes, in a minute," is not obeying; but doing yes is.

Mind cheerfully. Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go to play with the other boys. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. When Carlo comes to you at your whistle, you want him to come wagging his tail and barking good-naturedly. A boy ought to mind a great deal better than a dog.

Suppose your mother frowned every time she gave you a doughnut? The doughnuts wouldn't taste half as sweet. Suppose father snarled at you as he handed you a dime for candy? You wouldn't enjoy the candy one bit, for thinking how unwillingly father gave the money. Don't you suppose mamma feels the same way when you obey her with a pout and a cry? Jesus, the Son of God, minded his mother.
 —Our Children.

A LAZY boy was complaining that his bed was too short; when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER.

I WANT to be a soldier,
 With trusty sword and gun,
 To fight on many a battle field,
 And tell of victories won.

I want to be a soldier
 And mighty deeds to do;
 To win a great and glorious name
 As warrior bold and true.

I want to be a soldier,
 But father said one day
 I should not need my sword and gun,
 There was a better way.

I want to be a soldier
 And now I've come to see,
 That Jesus is my Captain dear,
 And he's enlisted me.

I want to be a soldier,
 And many a fight to win,
 Against temptations all around,
 And wicked thoughts within.

I want to be a soldier,
 In Christ's own valour strong,
 Then hear my Captain's words—"Well done,"
 And sing the victor's song.

JOHNNY'S REASON.

A CIRCUS came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tents and horses set all the boys agog. Quarters and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity. "Halloo, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em."

"Oh, well, I'll give you the money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me the money if he thought 'twere best: besides I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box—twice enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, for once: it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it."

"I can't," said the boy.

"Now, why?" asked the man.

"'Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I couldn't look my father right in the eye, but I can now."