

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

BLESSED Saviour, thou didst suffer
Little ones to come unto thee:
Lo! we offer now our tribute.
Let our praise accepted be,
Mid the hallelujahs ringing,
Mid the burst of angel song,
Stoop to hear our childish hymning
While we glad the note prolong.

We have found there's room for children,
We have found there's work to do,
All our hearts and hands enlisting,
May we to that work be true.
In the great and glorious army,
Battling with the hosts of sin,
We can march with banners flying,
We can help the victory win.

For a cry of deepest sorrow
Comes across the water's blue:
"Ye who know salvation's story
Haste to help and save us too;
Shed, oh! shed the gospel glory
O'er the darkness of our night,
Till the gloomy shadows vanish
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions
We can give and work and pray,
And our gifts and prayers united
Sure will speed that happy day,
When no more to idol bowing,
Jesus only shall be king,
And ten thousand voices ringing
Shall his praise victorious sing.

Oh! 'tis sweet to work for Jesus
As our youthful days go by—
Sweet to send the cheering message
Of the home beyond the sky;
And, when earthly days are over,
On its glory-lighted shore
May we join with them in singing
Of his love forevermore!
—Mrs. H. B. Gunn.

THE MUSIC-BOY MISSION.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

IT was a birthday present, and Bertie was never weary of looking at its many beauties or of listening to the sweet tunes it played.
"My own lovely music-box, my treasure; I could kiss you!"

He was very softly to himself saying this over and over again, when he suddenly became conscious of somebody looking at him; and sure enough, there was little Maggie Dolan crouching in the doorway. Crouching, I say, because, being a poor, all-out-of-shape little creature, she could not stand upright.

Mrs. Dolan, "Honest Kate," was a washerwoman, and whenever she worked for Bertie's mother was told to bring Maggie, in order that the afflicted child might have one happy day at least in the long week.

The instant Bertie spied Maggie, he said:

"Come in, and I'll make my beauty-box play all its tunes for you, if you'd like."

She needed no urging, but creeping in quickly, she curled her wee, twisted form close to his feet, and fixing her large, unnaturally bright eyes upon him, prepared to listen. Bertie wound the box up, and with a happy smile watched for its effect upon his visitor.

Wonderfully soft grew the brown eyes, a faint flush tinted the white cheeks, and then, to the boy's unspeakable surprise, slowly the tears began to fall.

"What makes you cry, Maggie? Does it make you feel badly? I'm ever so sorry."

"Indeed, it's not that. I could just go on a-hearin' the like uv it for iver. It's the swate sound uv it that makes the tears come, I'm thinkin'."

This child's emotion was a revelation to him. Again and again did he "set" the music box in order that she might enjoy the sweet tinkling notes.

Some time after, Kate Dolan, seeking her child, came upon the two, happy as two innocent birds, listening to the "beauty box." Thus it came about that every time Maggie came with her mother she also came into the sitting-room, and Bertie gave her a music feast.

But the very best part of the story is this, Maggie Dolan's enjoyment of the sweet music set our Bertie thinking. He talked with his mamma a great deal about his thoughts. Shall I tell you what they were about?

Well, he thought that in the city where he lived there were a great many sick children who would like to hear his music-box, and couldn't get to his house, even if they were to know that he would play it for them. That was his first thought. But that thought grew, and more thoughts were added to it. And, as the result of all this thinking, one day dear little Bertie and a cousin, who also had a music-box, and whose name was Charlie, started off upon a sweet mission.

They took with them a number of tiny bunches of flowers, and they sought out the darkest, dingiest streets where the poor people lived. Here they asked for any sick children, and having found some, they first cheered them with the soft, tinkling tunes of the "beauty boxes," then gave each some flowers to give them pleasure when they left their miserable homes.

In one day's loving labor they found six dear suffering ones, and the next day two more; and then, seeing that they could spend but a little time with each if they went together, they separated and each took half. After a while a gentle little girl who sang sweetly joined them, going first with Bertie, then with Charlie.

The parents of these dear little missionaries furnished all the dainties, clothing, medicine, and other needful things, as the children ascertained the necessity of the afflicted ones. They were visited, comforted, and in many ways cheered by the older people, to whom the children talked continually of their "poor sick" little ones. By means of this persevering trio, who did not grow weary in well-doing, but found new delight in their mission day by day, more unfortunate ones were discovered from time to time. In the course of time a new field was opened to Bertie and his little helpers. It happened in this way. The older people thought best to secure places for some of the more complicated cases of hip and spinal disease thus brought to light in the City Hospital, and thither the "music-boxes" followed, and you may be sure that the newly-arrived patients were not the only ones in that dreary place whose hearts were gladdened by the presence of these little messengers of the ever blessed Lord. Twice a week the sufferers in that hospital listened, all who wished to at least, to the sweet child-voices singing and the soft notes of the little music boxes: and the tired eyes were cheered by the sight of beautiful flowers, while the wasted bodies were helped on to recovery, or relieved temporarily by the kind gifts of the older people quickened and urged on to increased acts of Christian charity by the loving zeal of these dear child-workers.

Year by year the "Music Box Mission" increased in number of patients and in new devices for the relief of the sick poor, especially the afflicted children of the lower classes. If the parents grew forgetful, the eager children reminded them; if they waxed cold, the children warmed them. A great, noble work of benevolence grew out of little Bertie's childish thoughts over his beloved music box. Anything may be used for the Lord if only it be given cheerfully to him, with the desire that he use it as he thinks best—anything, even a little "music-box."—*Christian Weekly.*

A CHILD HEROINE.

SHE was only a little girl, dressed in a homely garb, but with a face that bespoke innocence, confidence, and love. A miniature maiden, young in years, but yesterday she performed an act of valor that places her on the level with Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and other heroines whose deeds have been emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

Yesterday morning as the Jefferson City passenger train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was rushing at full speed through the cut on the road between Glendale and Webster Stations, the engineer noticed a little girl standing on the track waving her apron wildly, and making other gestures signifying that the train should stop. The engineer was undecided for a moment, believing that the child was at play. He looked again, and saw the little maid still holding her position, and still waving aloft the signal of distress. The engine was reversed and the steam-brakes applied, the train coming to a halt almost in the middle of the curve. Looking down the road apiece, the trainmen were horrified to see the Washington Express coming down upon it, and the little one still on the track waving her apron. The engineer of the incoming train saw the child's signal, and the engine was stopped within one hundred feet of the Jefferson City train. Both trains were on the same track, and according to the best mathematicians, could not possibly pass each other, and had it not been for the girl's action a terrible accident would have occurred, entailing a great loss of life. The girl disappeared as soon as the danger was over, and her name and residence could not be learned. The railroad company will see that she is suitably rewarded.

THE FATAL QUICKSAND.

IN certain places on the sea-shore of Scotland and France there are dangerous quicksands. But they appear very harmless-looking to the traveller. The beach seems perfectly dry. All the sand is smooth and solid-looking. The traveller walks along not fearing much danger. But somehow he feels as if the weight of his feet increased every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in two or three inches. He thinks he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. He pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half leg deep. He throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his shins. Then he discovers with unspeakable terror, that he is already caught in the quicksand. He throws off his load if he has one,

lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is too late, the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief, but the sand gains on him more and more. If there is nobody on the shore, or if the land is too far off, it is all over with him. He is condemned to that long, appalling burial which lasts for hours; which seizes you erect and in full health, and draws you by the feet. Every effort you make, every shout you utter, you are dragged down a little deeper, sinking slowly into the earth, while you look upon the sky, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, and the sunshine all around you. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep. Every movement he makes, sinks him deeper. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs. The sand reaches his breast. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out, and sobs frenziedly. The sand reaches his neck, the face alone is visible. The mouth cries—the sand fills it and there is silence. The eyes gaze still—the sand shuts them—it is the night of death. A little hair flutters above the sand, and soon that is gone. The earth-drowned man has disappeared for ever. That is a picture of the progress of drink, from the first cup of wine a young man takes to the last.—*Temperance Battlefield.*

EYES OR NO EYES.

WHEN I first began to teach school in the country, I said to a bright boy, one pleasant spring morning, who had a long mile to come to school every day, "Well, my young man, what did you see this morning on your way to school?"

"Nothing much, sir."
I said, "To-morrow morning I shall ask you the same question."

The morning came; and, when I called him to my desk, you would have been surprised to hear how much he had seen along the road—cattle of all sizes and colours; fowls of almost every variety; sheep and lambs, horses and oxen; new barns and houses, and old ones; here a tree blown down, and yonder a fine orchard just coming out into full bloom; there a field covered with corn or wheat, here a broken rail in the fence, there a wash-out in the road; over yonder a pond alive with garrulous geese and ducks; here he met a carriage, and there a farm-waggon. And not only had he seen all these and many more things in the fields and by the wayside, but looking up he had noticed flocks of blackbirds going north to their summer home. He saw the barn and the chimney-swallows flying about in every direction; there he had noticed a kingbird making war on the crow, and here a little wren pursuing a hawk; yonder he had seen robins flying from tree to tree, and over there the bobolink mingling his morning song with that of the meadow-lark. A new world had sprung up all around him—earth, water, and air were now full of interesting objects to him. Up to this time he had never learned to look and think. Things around him had not changed in number or character, but he had begun to take note of them.—*Golden Days.*