

whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light and the star of hope shine again.

There is no doubt that the longing to dis is mistaken for the need of a nap. Business men and working women want regular and systematic doses of dozing, and, after a mossy bank in the shade of an old oak that succeeding seasons have converted into a tenement of song birds, there is nothing that can approach a big soft, or a low, long couch placed in the corner, where tired nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.—*The Family Doctor.*

WHAT THE TRAMP EATS AND WEARS.

As a rule the "poke-out" beggar has but one meal a day, and it is usually breakfast. This is the main meal with all vagabonds, and even the lazy tramp makes frantic efforts to find it. Its quantity as well as its quality depends largely on the kind of house he visits. His usual breakfast, if he is fairly lucky, consists of coffee, a little meat, some potatoes, and "punk an' plaster," as he calls bread and butter. Coffee, more than anything else, is what every man of his kind wants early in the morning.

The clothes of the "poke-out" beggar are not much, if any, better than his food. In summer he seldom has more than a shirt, a pair of trousers, a coat, some old shoes, and a battered hat. Even in winter he wears little more, especially if he goes South.

While I lived with him I wore these same "togs." I shall never forget my first tramp suit of clothes. The coat was patched in a dozen places, and was nearly three sizes too large for me; the vest was torn in the back, and had but two buttons; the trousers were out at the knees, and had to be turned up in London fashion at the bottom to keep me from tripping; the hat was an old Derby with the crown dented in numerous places; and the only decent thing I had was a flannel shirt. I purchased this rig of an old Jew, and thought that it would be just the thing for the road, and so it was, but only for the "poke-out" tramp's road. The hoboes laughed at me and called me "hoodoo," and I never got in with them in any such garb. Nevertheless, I wore it for nearly two months, and so long as I associated with lazy beggars only, it was all right.

It is by no means uncommon to see a "poke-out" vagabond wearing some sort of garment which belongs to a woman's wardrobe. He is so indifferent that he will wear anything that will shield his nakedness, and I have known him to be so lazy that he did not even do that. One old fellow I remember particularly. He had lost his shirt somehow, and for almost a week went about with only a coat between his body and the world at large. Some of his pals, although they were of his own class, told him that he ought to find another one, and the more he delayed it the more they labored with him. One night they were all gathered together at a "hang-out" not far from Lima, Ohio, and

the old fellow was told that unless he found a shirt that night they would take away his coat also. He begged and begged, but they were determined, and as he did not show any intention of doing as he was bidden, they relieved him of his jacket. And all that night and the following day he was actually so lazy and stubborn that he would not yield, and would probably be there still, in some form or other, had his pals not relented and returned him the coat. As I said, he went for nearly a week without finding a shirt, and not once did he show the least shame or embarrassment. Just at present I understand that he is in limbo, wearing the famous "zebra"—the penitentiary dress. It is not popular among tramps, and they seldom wear it, but I feel that that old rascal, in spite of the disgrace and inconvenience that his confinement brings upon him, is tickled indeed that he is not bound to find his own clothes.—*Harper's Weekly.*

SAVED THROUGH A PICTURE.

A striking example of how art may become the handmaid of religion is afforded in a Scotch story related by some one thus:—

"I was 'way down with the drink, when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung His picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender, 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it, the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all my sin?'"

"No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered:—

"When the heart is thus opened to the Saviour, he takes the love of drink right out of it."

THE DOCTOR'S REPLY.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story:

Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collecting plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience, and blurted out: "We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners, and mair o' yer siller, ma leddy."

Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not overwell pleased tone, said:

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?"

"I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor; "but, with your permission, I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."

Our dear brother Weak-knees is in a spasm of fear lest the destructive critics prove the whole Bible a lie, "and leave us nothing but the Lord to depend upon." Alas, dear brother, when that time comes we will have nothing to depend upon at all.

Our Young Folks.

SKATING SONG.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,
As it skirts the meadows and sweeps the hill!
Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight
That tingle and beat in the winter's night,
When over the crystal lake we glide,
Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide!

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye,
For the joyous laugh and the courage high!
Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong,
So that life is gay as a merry song;
For the motion fearless, smooth and fleet,
When skates are wings to the flying feet!

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair
That spreads boldly out in the brilliant air!
Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,
On the mountains high, in the valleys low!
Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,
Fearless as over a highway tried!

Who chooses may boast of the summer-tide;
Hurrah, we cry, for the frost and time,
For the icicles pendant from roof and eaves,
For snow that covers the next year's sheaves!
Hurrah for the gleaming, glassy lake,
Where the skaters hold their pleasure take!

A TRUE STORY.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my creatures ye did it unto me."

ONLY A DOG.

Oh, how tired he was, the poor dog! Day was waning. Up and down Tremont Street throngs of people all busied with themselves, all careless of the poor creature who lagged and stumbled and at last dropped down at their feet just where he was sure to be most in the way of those who were coming up Temple Place, as well as of those who were on the broader pavement of Tremont Street.

On they went, these bustling people, swaying aside in two varying currents as they found that some one must yield the way and that the dog would not.

And there he crouched till one came who was hurried as the swiftest walker there, but who stopped instantly to respond to the silent appeal for sympathy.

She stroked his poor head until the dim eyes were raised to her and then she tried to coax him to get up and go with her to the office of the S.P.C.A., on Milk Street, where he could be housed and sheltered.

Ah, no! He was spent. Perhaps he did not believe in anybody just then. Had he not run hither and yon in search of some last friend and been repulsed, and bidden "to get on," and heard only strange voices when he craved a loving tone, until he was too cowered to ask more? He would not commune with her. No. He was so tired.

She, who always thinks of a wise expedient, did not tarry longer, but went straightway to Dooling's dainty restaurant, and walking up to the counter asked for a saucer of raw meat.

This was quite amazing to the attendants of a man who does not cater for ghouls nor cannibals; so all traditional store manners were not equal to the strain and the girl said: "What do you want raw meat for?"

"There is such a tired dog on the corner. I can't make him get up. Of course I must not leave him out there all night. If I can get him to eat something perhaps he will go with me then down to the Dumb Animal Society, where his owner may find him."

The girl gave the very unusual order through the speaking tube for a saucer of raw meat cut up fine. When it came up, she passed it over the counter to the lady whose purse was open. "We don't take pay for such service," she said, smilingly. The lady knew the kindly will that

prompted this and took the saucer without another word.

Bit by bit the hungry dog ate what she brought and then laid his head down again; no persuasion could move him to any action.

Finding herself powerless away hied the gentle lady down to the Society rooms in Milk Street, and asked them to send up for the dog.

The gentleman sitting in the office said:

"Our man has gone to the home in Brighton; he will not come in again until to-morrow morning. If you can only keep the animal this one night, I will telephone for a cab which shall carry you to the place where the dog is, and take you both to your house, at our expense. In the morning we will send for him and try to find his master."

The lady consented. But while she was speaking there were sounds in the hall, and some one spoke of a stray dog. The gentleman sprang up with, "I should not wonder if that were your dog." Even as he spoke a gentleman came in, half leading, half carrying the very creature for whom she had been pleading.

He, too, had stopped as he was running "to catch his train," and, unwilling to leave the dog, with a more persuasive force than the tender lady could use, had brought it with him.

The Society took charge of the lost animal and the gentle lady sped away happy in the consciousness of the kind act she had done.—*E. L., in Our Dumb Animals.*

"IF YE LOVE ME KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."

One day there was wood and water to bring home, and mother was tired and ill, and John said, "I love you, mother,"—and then he on with his cap and away out to the swing under the tree. And Nell said, "I love you, mother,"—and then teased and sulked till mother was glad when she went out to play. After that Fan said, "I love you, mother; there is no school to-day, and I shall help you all I can." Then she rocked the baby to sleep, and swept the floor, and tidied the room, and was busy and happy all day. Three children that night were going to bed, and all of them said, while mother tucked them in, "I love you, mother." But now tell me which of them did mother think loved her best?

If you love the Saviour, you will not forget him. Some of you tell Him in your hymns and prayers from morning to night all Sunday that you love Him. And then you go out all the week, and never seem to think of Him again till the Sunday after. You just live as if there were no Saviour at all. We shall meet Him some day, by and by, and He is going to say to some of us, "I never knew you. You sung My hymns, but you forgot My commandments."—*Rev. John F. Dempster.*

A shepherd once left his dog to watch a part of his sheep while he drove the others to a fair. While there he forgot about the flock at home, and did not return until the third day. He at once inquired about the dog. No one had seen him. "Then," said he, "I know that he is dead, for he is too faithful to desert his charge." He hurried to the fold and found his dog just able to crawl. With a look of joy it crouched at his feet and almost immediately died.