

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."

"Indade, it's not that. I could just go or 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.

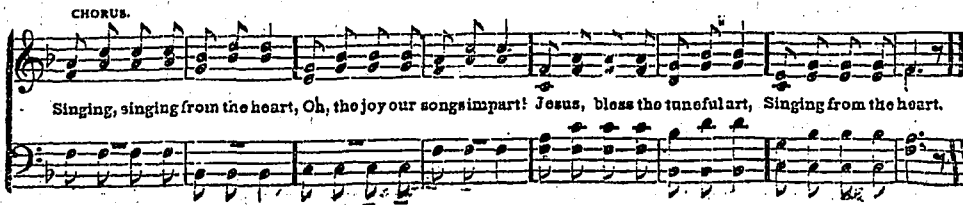
Some time after, Kate Dolan, seeking her child, came upon the two, happy as two innocent birds, listening to the "beauty box." Thus it came about that every time Maggie came with her mother she also came into the sitting-room, and Bertie gave her a music feast.

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,

IF YOU HAVE A PLEASANT THOUGHT.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.



A loving heart.

If you have a pleasant thought,
Sing it, sing it;
As the birds sing in their sport,
Sing it from the heart:
Does the Holy Spirit move,
For the children of his love—
Sing, and point the home above,
Sing it from the heart.

Every gracious deed of his,
Sing it, sing it;
Nothing sounds so well as this,
Sing it from the heart:

How the Lord walked on the way—
Rescued Lazarus from the grave—
Died for guilty souls to save—
Sing it from the heart.

Are you weary, are you sad—
Sing it, sing it:
Make yourselves and others glad,
Sing it from the heart:
Angels now before his face—
Sing of Christ's redeeming grace—
Give the Saviour endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.

—R. MORRIS.

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 con-

tinually 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*.

KIND TREATMENT OF HORSES.

It has been observed by experienced horse-trainers that naturally vicious-horses are rare, and that among those that are properly trained and kindly treated when colts they are the exception.

It is superfluous to say that a gentle and docile horse is always the more valuable, other qualities being equal, and it is almost obvious that gentle treatment tends to develop this admirable quality in the horse as well in the human species, while harsh treatment has the contrary tendency. Horses have been trained so as to be entirely governed by the words of the driver, and they will obey, and perform their

simple but important duties with as much alacrity as the child obeys the direction of the parent.

It is true that all horses are not equally intelligent and tractable, but it is probable that there is less difference among them in this regard than there is among the human masters, since there are many incitements and ambitions among men that do not affect animals.

The horse learns to know and to have confidence in a gentle driver, and soon discovers how to secure for himself that which he desires, and to understand his surroundings and his duties. The tone, volume, and inflection of his master's voice indicate much, perhaps more than the words that are spoken. Soothing tones rather than words calm him if excited by fear or anger, and angry and excited tones tend to excite or anger him. In short bad masters make bad horses.—*Scientific American*.

THE CRIME of constructive as well as actual murder is recognized even in human law. Much more in the law of God. A lady in Indiana called a certain rum-shop a "murder-mill." She was prosecuted for slander; but being able to prove that her allegation was true, she won the suit. "Murder-mills" are to be found, not only in Indiana, but in every state and in every city.