



WAITING FOR FATHER.

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Inside the bar-room the gas is brightly gleaming from a score of burners with their colored glass shades. The light shines through the windows, its rays falling across the street and showing the figures of two little girls who, though it is night and darkness all around them, wait patiently in the cold night air for their father to come out. They have waited there often before and know that his steps will be unsteady, and they will take his hand and lead him home. Poor children! They are trying to take care of the father who should rightly be their protector. We hope that all our young readers will do all that they can to help banish this curse from Canada.

### PRAYING FOR FATHER.

"I haven't anything to pray for to-night," Hattie said to her mother, shaking the curls out of her sleepy eyes.

"Why, Hattie, and father is away from home on the water. Won't you ask God to take care of him?" Hattie nodded. "I forgot about that."

"And you never thanked God for the good time you had at Aunt Kitty's."

"But I guess he knows I had a good time."

"Yes, dear, but he likes you to say so. If father gives you something nice you say 'thank you,' don't you?"

All next day the wind blew, and the rain beat against the window-pane. Hattie pressed her nose against the glass and thought of father on the water. It was a terrible storm. Mother walked

about the room and every now and again she stopped near the window and the tears came to her eyes. Then Hattie knew she was thinking of father in his little fishing-boat.

"Won't God take care of him?" Hattie asked patting mother's face.

"We will ask him," mother whispered, and they knelt down.

"Please God take care of my papa and bring him safe home for Jesus' sake," prayed Hattie, and mother kissed her, and felt almost happy again.

It was quite late at night when father came home, but he took supper with Hattie on his knee, and mother close beside him.

"We prayed for you, father," Hattie said. "Did you, dear?" father whispered, and something warm and wet rolled on to Hattie's hair. It was queer to see father cry.

"Aren't you glad we did?"

"Indeed I am. I think that was why I wasn't frightened, for I knew God would take care of me in his own way."

### JOHN'S PIGEONS.

John had a flock of pigeons so tame that they would perch on his shoulders, arms and head, and eat out of his mouth. They were almost all the same color, and so like one another that a stranger could not see any difference. But John never made a mistake. He knew them all, and had a name for each one. If he cried "Snowball!" then Snowball came whirring down from the little pigeon-house to rub her head against John's cheek, as much as to say, "Here I am." So it was with them all. They flew to him when he called them, one by one.

One day, John's cousin, Raymond, came to visit him, and he was so delighted with the pigeons that he got up early the next morning so that he could have them all to himself. He thought that, if he called them the way John did, they would come and light on his shoulders. So he called "Snowball! Fanny! Peep-bo!" but not one of them came. Instead, they walked about the roof, looking down at him with bright eyes, as if saying to one another, "He isn't our master. We don't know him."

Raymond told all about it at breakfast. "Why don't they come to me, too, uncle?" he asked John's father.

"Because they don't know your voice, Raymond. It's like the sheep in Palestine. Don't you remember how Jesus said that the sheep hear the voice of the shepherd, and follow him, for they know his voice, but will fly from the voice of a stranger. I hope we all know our Master's voice as well as that."

"Do you mean Jesus?" Raymond asked.

"Yes, he knows us all by name, too, and we should follow no one else."

### ACCOMMODATING FIREMEN.

A young man from the country was going along a street in Philadelphia the other day, a newspaper writer informs us, when he came to an engine house, and, with the usual interest—not to say curiosity—of country folks, stopped in front of it.

"Have many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No; not unless they're in our district, or there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?"

"O yes."

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the hose-cart, and within a few seconds men, horses, and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The young man watched the performance with undignified admiration.

"Well, now," he exclaimed, "that's something like! There ain't many towns in this country where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they could do."

### PAPA'S MAN.

BY MRS. E. W. MALONE.

You fink I'm little? No, I ain't—  
I'm growin' all I can;  
Do' mamma calls me "Baby,"  
I know I'm "papa's man."

I was a baby one time—  
You wouldn't fink it now,  
To see me walk like papa,  
And watch how I can bow.

I've got a big long overcoat,—  
I fink they call it "tan,"  
It's 'zactly like my papa's—  
So co'se I'm "papa's man."

I haven't got no whisters,  
I'll get 'em soon's I can;  
I'm sure they're sort o' sproutin'  
Since I've been "papa's man."

My mamma, she's a lady,  
An' does the bes' she can;  
But co'se she don't know 'zactly  
Jest how to be a man.

But when I see my papa  
Do somepin', soon's I can,  
I go an' do jest like it,  
'Cause I'm my "papa's man."