

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

(For the Little Ones).  
THE SANDMAN.

BY NELLIE K. KELLOGG.

O hark! the sandman's coming!  
Do you not hear his tread?  
He's coming up the stairway;  
It's time you were a-bed.  
You say you are not sleepy?  
Look! there the sandman stands,  
And laughs at all such speeches.  
He shakes from out his hands  
The grains of sand so precious  
Right into Willie's eyes.  
And sets the boy a-nodding.  
Then suddenly he spies  
Tom's look of bold defiance;  
He gives a hearty throw;  
The sand falls fast and heavy,  
And down his lashes go.  
He drops the sand-grains lightly  
On little Amy's head,  
Until she sighs "I'm sleepy;  
I guess—I'll go—to bed."  
They say good night demurely;  
The sandman, wild with glee,  
Leads off as willing captives  
The merry children three,  
And sees them safe in Dreamland;  
Then soft away does creep  
To conquer other children—  
The sandman we call Sleep.

## Little Good-for-Nothing.

## CHAPTER IV. [Continued]

"Will you have some flowers?" said a sweet voice beside her, and "Little Good-for-nothing" hastily brushed away her tears as she withdrew her eyes from the open window and turned to meet the gaze of a fair young face that was looking at her with eyes of gentle, tender pity.

"Thank you," said "Little Good-for-nothing," taking the flowers, but scarce withdrawing her eyes from the face of the lovely child beside her, lovely with more than mere beauty of feature, for there was about it that nameless charm and grace that can be derived only from spiritual loveliness within.

"Why do you cry?" said the fair child, dropping her voice with instinctive delicacy, lest the others should hear. "Have you had to leave your mother, poor little girl?"

"I have no mother," said "Little Good-for-nothing," sadly.

"Perhaps you want your father, then?"

"I have no father."

"No father, no mother!" said the child slowly, as though trying to comprehend the depth of such a bereavement, while her eyes filled with tears of pity. "Poor little girl; have you no one to love you?"

"No," said "Little Good-for-nothing" sorrowfully. "Why, yes, I have," she said, with a sudden recollection that brightened her face; and, putting her hand under her pillow, she drew out her Testament and took therefrom her little letter, in which was pressed her white rose. "Yes, somebody loves me, the little girl who sent me this, but I don't know where she is, and perhaps," her bright look fading away, "perhaps she would not love me if she knew me."

"Why should she not love you, poor little girl?" said the little visitor, laying her hand softly on the child's.

"Because I am bad," said "Little Good-for-nothing," turning away and hiding her face in

her hands, "so bad. I used to say wicked things, and tell lies, and once I stole a pie when I was very hungry; so the little girl couldn't love me, and Jesus won't love, and nobody won't love, for I'm just good for nothing," and the overcharged heart of the poor little child sought relief in a bitter burst of tears.

"Oh, yes, Jesus does love you, however bad you've been, and I love you too; for, oh, you are my little girl!" said little Amy, whose eyes had been fixed on the letter; and she clasped her hands with delight. "I wrote the letter and asked Jesus to let you get it, and I've prayed for you so often since."

"And are you really Amy, and do you love me now? Oh, how glad I am! I never, never thought I should ever see you;" and in a moment the children's lips had met in a loving kiss.

## CHAPTER V.

"Oh, mamma," said Amy, rushing into her mamma's room, later on in the morning, "what do you think? Something has happened so lovely! I have found my little girl!"

"Your little girl?" said her mamma, laughing. "Since when did you possess a little girl of your own?"

"Oh, mamma, you know what I mean—the little girl that I wrote to at the hospital; she got my letter and the roses; and oh, mamma, it was so good of Jesus letting her get my letter, for she has no one to love her in the world, the was grieving so about it, and it did comfort her so to get my letter, and, mamma, just think, she'd never heard about the Lord Jesus!"

"Poor little child! I am afraid there are many more in the great city in the same condition."

"But, mamma, isn't it nice that she should be one to come to the cottage?"

"Yes, dear; doubtless the Lord has sent this little waif to us that we may care for her and instruct her as to Himself."

"Yes, mamma, that is just what I was thinking; and, oh! I do wish you would go and see her, and make her understand that Jesus loves her, although she is naughty. She cried so bitterly this morning, because she said she was afraid she never could get good enough for Jesus to love her, and you know, mamma," said little Amy, earnestly, "she never can get good in her own strength, can she?"

And so it came about that Mrs. Arundale went that evening to see "Little Good-for-nothing" herself.

It had been a burning day, but the evening was pleasant and cool, and Mrs. Arundale found "Little Good-for-nothing" propped up by the open window, with her Bible on her knee. It was quite a delight to the little invalid to feel the soft air, all laden with sweet country scents, fanning her cheeks and brow, and she watched with a dreamy pleasure the day die away out of the violet sky, and the yellow stars peep out one by one.

How strangely different was this fair scene from the crowded, heated dirty court, where her young days had been spent! It was like another world, she thought. And how strange it was to think that there was another world far up there, past the stars, which was fairer and more beautiful even than this—a world that is all fair, where there were no dark places hidden away from the sight as there were here, where filth and wretchedness, vice and misery abounded, and from whence the sounds of strife and cursing were ever ascending, mingled with the cries and sighs from breaking hearts. Such thoughts as these were filling the head of "Little Good-for-nothing," although doubtless so vague were they that she could not have put them in words if she had tried. Mrs. Arundale had been watching for a little while, unknown to her, the child face, and had divined somewhat her thoughts, and, as in answer to them, she said softly, as she seated herself beside her, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth for

the first heaven and the first earth were passing away. . . . And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with him, and they shall be His people and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"Oh, ma'am," said "Little Good-for-nothing," turning with a pleased smile to the gentle face that was looking so kindly at her, "I was just thinking about that beautiful heaven."

"But all those beautiful things are said about this earth my child—this earth that you see around you."

"Little Good-for-nothing" was still for a moment with surprise. Her thoughts went back again to the scenes of her childhood. The dirt, the equalor, the cruelty, the oppression, the misery and ignorance, the cries, the tears, the breaking hearts—it was all going to be put right some day. God had not forgotten, as she sometimes thought He must have done. Oh, what a delightful thought that was!

Again Mrs. Arundale's voice broke in upon her musings.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

With a cry of fear, "Little Good-for-nothing" hid her face in her hands and agonizing sobs shook her frame. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "that's where I shall have to go when God makes his beautiful new earth, for, oh! I'm so bad, and I've told lies, and stole, and everything, and praying don't make me any better, for it don't do naughty things, I think them, and that's just as bad, isn't it?"

"Do you know, dear child, that God has said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin?' When you were lying all bruised and unconscious, as the nurse has been telling me you were, under the horse's feet, could you do anything to save yourself?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! I didn't know nothing till I found myself in my nice white bed in the hospital."

"Did the doctor ask you to try and help him to set the bone in your broken leg, and to try and think what medicine you'd better try to make you well?"

"Little Good-for-nothing" could hardly help smiling through her tears at this, it seemed so funny.

"Oh, no, ma'am! the doctor would not ask such a little ignorant thing as me anything. I had to just lie still and let him make me better in his own way."

"Ah, little one, that is just what God wants us to do with our poor sin-sick soul—just lie still and let Him save them in His own way. Listen to God's own words, 'For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.'—'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.'"

A gleam of light seemed to be breaking through the mists of doubt that were hanging over the child's soul as she listened.

Then Mrs. Arundale took the Bible and read the sweet story of the Good Samaritan, and his great love to the poor, helpless stranger who was lying wounded and dying by the wayside; and then she explained that it was a picture of the Saviour's love to the poor helpless sinners. Then she read of the poor silly shee that had wandered far away over the dark mountains, and how the tender shepherd went