

when his father heard him crying, he began to scold him, and he kicked him till he got him to the head of the back stairs which are very steep you know, and then he kicked him again as hard as he could, and poor Jemmy fell from the top to the bottom ; and in going down, his cheek caught on a sharp nail, and tore the great gash in it that I told you of. The people that lived in the lower part of the house, ran out to see what was the matter, and they found little Jemmy with his leg broken, and the blood running out of his cheek in a stream.

Harriet. What a brute old Bateman is ; I wish he had fallen down stairs and broken his own neck.

Mary. I don't wish so, that would be too *easy* a punishment for him, he ought to have something done to him that would make him suffer all his life.

Eliza. Oh girls ! I am sorry to hear you say so ; I am sure you can't be Washingtonians.

Har. Why what makes you sorry Eliza ? don't you think he must be very bad to treat such a kind, sweet tempered little boy as Jemmy, so cruelly.

Eliza. Yes, I think he must be very bad indeed, but I do not think it would make him better to break his neck, or to make him suffer all his life : don't you remember our last sabbath school lesson said that we must "love our neighbour as ourselves" and that our teacher said that it meant that we ought to love *every body*, and to try and do them good.

Har. Oh yes, I know all about it, but I can't love Jemmy's father nor I *won't* try to.

Eliza. You need not love his faults, nor his crimes, but you ought to love *him* enough to try and do him good, if it was not for liquor, he would be as nice a man as your father or mine.

Har. I should think you felt very big Eliza, to talk about us girls doing good to grown up men, for my part, I don't see what we can do.

Eliza. Why I am sure Harriet we can do a *little*, if we can't a *good deal*, sometimes men will hear the truth from children, when they would be too proud to listen to it from people of their own age.

Jane. Yes I am sure little girls can do something : don't you remember how Sarah Straton, got George Lyman to sign the pledge.

Har. O yes I remember that.

Mary. Do tell me about it Jane ; I never heard the story.

Jane. Why George was a great drunkard, he had a nice trade, and got plenty of money, but it was of no use to him, for he was always ragged, and frequently he did not have enough to eat because his money all went for liquor as soon as he got it ; the Washingtonians tried all they could to save him, but it was of no use, he said he *would* drink as much as he liked and it was no body's business ; then the Martha Washingtonians tried, but he was angry with them for pestering him about temperance and *they* gave up, then Sarah tried ; she told him she had a nice little pledge book, and she wanted his name in it very much ; he was not angry with *her* for talking to him, for he thought it was so *funny* to hear her talk about temperance, so after she had tried a long time, he signed the pledge and has ever since been a sober man.

Mary. Well I believe I was wrong in wishing to punish poor Bateman so severely, I think it would be much better to follow Sarah Straton's example and try to get him to put his name to my pledge book.

Har. I think you are right Mary, I am sorry I spoke so harshly, I will join you with all my heart.

Eliza. Suppose we all go to see Jemmy and then if his father is sober we can all try together.

All the girls. Oh that will be nice.

Chas. If we should succeed in making his father a Washingtonian, Jemmy would be so glad that he wouldn't feel the pain of his wounds any more.—*Columbia Washingtonian.*

POETRY.

The Stranger and his Friend.

Matthew xxv. 35.

A poor wayfaring man of grief

Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,

That I could never answer nay.

I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came ;
Yet there was something in his eye,
Which won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—

Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,

And ate, but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst

Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst ;

He heard it, saw it hurrying on—

I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew

A winter hurricane aloof ;

I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof ;

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,

I laid him on my couch to rest ;

Then made the ground my bed, and seemed

In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,

I found him by the highway side ;

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath.

Revived his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed.

I had myself a wound concealed,

But from that hour forgot the smart,

And peace bound up my broken heart.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,

And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,

His sweat fell fast along the plains,

Deep dyed from many a frightful gash ;

But I in bonds remembered him,

And strove to free each fettered limb,

As with my tears I washed his blood,

Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

I saw him in the negro pew,

His head hung low upon his breast,

His looks were wet with drops of dew,

Gathered while he for entrance pressed

Within these aisles, whose courts are given

That black and white may reach one heaven ;

And as I meekly sought his feet,

He smiled, and made a throne my seat.

In prison I saw him next condemned

To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;

The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,

And honoured him midst shame and scorn.

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,

He asked if I for him would die ;

The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,

But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view.

The stranger started from disguise ;

The tokens in his hands I knew,

My Saviour stood before my eyes

He spoke, and my poor name he named—

"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,

These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."