

Remember the Poor.

I've been watching from my window  
And peeping from my door  
At the throngs of little children—  
The children of the poor,  
I see their hungry faces,  
Their rough and tangled hair,  
And I wonder if they ever know  
A loving mother's care.

I see their looks of sadness,  
As the Christmas days come in  
And the merry bells are ringing  
For the pleasure to begin;  
I know for them no table  
With dainty food is spread,  
And over them no Christmas-tree  
Its happy light will shed.

Poor little ones, how pitiful,  
How sad their lot must be!  
How good that ours is different—  
Glad, happy you and me!  
We have our homes, our parents,  
Our gifts and blessings rare;  
And all these gathered round us  
Without our thought or care.

I wonder if to-morrow,  
From out our crowded store,  
We cannot choose some treasure,  
To scatter to the poor?  
Some toy, or simple garment,  
Our eyes might never miss,  
Would yield their hours of comfort,  
And fill their hearts with bliss.

Then hie away, dear children,  
Search closet, box and bag;  
Who starts the first will be the best—  
And surely none will lag!  
See who will find the largest store—  
Not one thing will be lost—  
Our blessed Lord said, long ago,  
Who gives receives the most.

OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN:

OR,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER VII.

ERNEST could hardly believe his ears that Tiny was to have a dress and he that had not a pair of clothes, and he stood staring at Mrs. Hampton in a bewildered way.

"Take them, Ernest," said she, kindly, "and if you'll only be a good boy to us you shall have more, and Tiny too. This vest is a little fringed along the edge, but it is good enough for every day, and I'll hunt up some for a better suit."

"Oh, Mrs. Hampton! I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Ernest, with thankful tears in his eyes, "indeed, I'll be a good boy. I'll gladly do anything you wish to show you how thankful I am."

Ernest took the clothes upstairs and found they fitted exactly. "Wan't it grand, though, to have a real flannel shirt on! He never remembered having a bit of flannel on before: how soft and woolly it felt."

"You see," said he to Mrs. Hampton, as he came downstairs to show her how well his clothes fitted, "Tiny and I can't get any clothes because father spends all the money in drink. I got ten dollars for working in the hay fields last summer, but father took every cent of it."

"That's too bad," said Mrs. Hampton, "you will never be apt to drink any yourself when you see how much misery it causes," and she sighed deeply.

"I know I shall not," said Ernest with decision, as he snatched the milk pail and started for the barn.

The cold, north wind blew searchingly around the straw stack, but he was so warmly clad that he did not mind it. "It is fine to go to milk old Brindle when a fellow has lots of warm clothes on," he said to himself. And not one of the little sparrows chattering to the shed was any happier than he.

"I tell you what," he said to himself, "a fellow don't always know when he is well off. I was thinking I'd got an awful hard place to work, and that I would just hate Mr. and Mrs. Hampton; I thought they were mean and hadn't any more feeling than old Brindle here. But I was much mistaken."

"A person can't always tell what kind of hearts people have just because they sometimes appear harsh. I'll never be in a hurry to judge people again. Well, go along, old Brindle, I'll see you again in the morning," and giving the cow a friendly slap, he carried the pail full of milk to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had a long, serious talk with their wayward boy. They told him that such actions must not be repeated. He would make no promises; he was sullen and obstinate.

Mr. Hampton told him that he could not have any more money to spend. Whenever he needed anything they would purchase it for him, but they dare not trust him with money, lest he should spend it in drink.

Boy listened in sullen silence, and resolved that if he could not get money in one way he could in another—and not by working for it, either.

During the course of the day the minister called; having heard of Roy's waywardness he felt it his duty to speak a word of warning. He talked in a mild way to Roy about the folly of sowing wild oats, etc., and his words had about as much effect as pouring water on a duck's back if you will allow me to use that homely expression.

Ernest got out the minister's horse for him, and his heart beat high with hope, for he felt sure that he would now find out what he and Tiny so longed to know.

But the minister only said, "Thank you, my boy; I hope you will grow up to be a noble, Christian man," and jump up into his cutter, he drove quickly away.

"That's just what I want to do," said Ernest, gazing after the retreating form of the minister, "and I was in hopes you'd tell me how, but it seems you are not the one to

CHAPTER VIII

TINY was very busy that Saturday morning before she went to the house on the hill. She had her work to do up before she could go. Then she washed herself and neatly combed her fair hair.

Alas! she had no other dress to put on; she must wear the same one she had worn all winter, and that was very much faded and patched. Her shawl was thin and old, and she had nothing to wear on her head but an old scarf.

Mrs. Hampton looked at the little girl for a moment, and then with sudden tenderness she drew her to her bosom and kissed her. Her blue eyes and fair hair reminded her of a little girl she once had of her own, but the angels had taken her home.

I cannot tell you how busy Mrs. Hampton and Sally Ann were all that day measuring, cutting and fitting. They got two comfortable, every day dresses out of the flannel.

Then Mrs. Hampton went upstairs, and when she returned she had a large roll of clothing under her arm, while traces of tears were plainly seen on her face.

"These are my lost Edie's clothes," said she, "she was just about your size when she died. I did think I could never bear to give them to any one, but when I saw how much you need them, I changed my mind. Edie will never need them any more, and it seems wrong for me to keep them when they will do you so much good."



SCHOOL'S OUT.

help a fellow," and with a discouraged sigh he picked up his axe and went to the wood-pile.

Ernest got permission that night to run down and see Tiny a few minutes to tell her to come up on Saturday.

When he entered the door he looked so different with his new clothes on that Tiny uttered a little cry of fear, thinking it was some stranger, but the next moment she gave a shout of joy, as she said, "Oh, Ernest, where did you get those clothes? You don't know how fine you look!"

"Mrs. Hampton gave them to me, and she said if you would come up there on Saturday she would fix you up a dress out of some flannel she has. Isn't she kind, though?"

"Well I should say so. But I thought you said they were cross, and it was a hard place to work."

"Well, I was very much mistaken. I tell you what, Tiny, I've found out that it doesn't do to judge people harshly until you know them long and well. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton did seem cross at first, but they are so thankful because I found Roy and saved him from being frozen to death that night that they are ready to do anything for me now. So that shows that they have kind hearts underneath it all."

"Well, we are ahead of father this time, that's sure; he can't take these clothes to buy whiskey with, for the hotel keeper won't take anything but money," said Tiny, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"But do you know," said Ernest gravely, "in large cities they actually sell clothing for liquor? They have a place called the pawnshop where they take clothing and sell it, and then they spend the money for liquor."

"Oh, that's dreadful!" said Tiny; "I'm glad there are no pawnshops in our town, or rather would be sure to take our clothing, wouldn't he?"

"I'm afraid he would," said Ernest.

"I thank you very much," said Tiny, in a choked voice, "and I do wish your little girl had lived to wear all these beautiful things. I would rather wear my old clothes and have her here to wear these."

"You are a good, unselfish little girl," said Mrs. Hampton, "I could not bear to give these things to any little girl who would not take care of them, but you are such a womanly little woman I know you will."

"Indeed I will," said Tiny. "I can go to church and Sunday school. Oh, how much I have longed to go!"

The clothes were rolled up in a bundle for Tiny, one of the dresses, the hood and cloak were put on her; she was ready to go, but there was evidently something she wished to say, for she stood with her hand on the door-latch looking down in confused silence.

"What is it, Tiny? Is there something you wish to say?" asked Mrs. Hampton kindly.

"If you please, Mrs. Hampton, will you tell me what a person has to do to be always ready?"

"Ready for what?" asked Mrs. Hampton in surprise.

"Why, ready to go," said Tiny gravely.

"To go where, dear? I don't understand you," said she.

"Why," said Tiny, "we must die some time, and Ernest and I are wondering what we ought to do to be always ready, because we might not have the time to prepare just at the last moment," and Tiny lifted her innocent blue eyes very earnestly to Mrs. Hampton's.

Then when Mrs. Hampton fully comprehended her meaning she looked down in confusion as she slowly said, "I don't know, Tiny; I'm not ready; I haven't thought as much about these things as I should."

Tiny opened her eyes wide in wonder as she said, "Why, I thought sure you'd be ready, for your little girl is in heaven, and I

shouldn't think you'd want to miss meeting her for anything."

Mrs. Hampton's tears fell fast as she replied in a choked voice. "I do want to meet her, but I'm not ready to, and I don't know why I have put it off so long."

Tiny did not know what to say to comfort her, so she stole softly out, and walked gravely down the path.

Ernest was in the wood-shed cutting wood, and he put his head out and shouted, and Tiny walked quickly to him, delighted to see her brother for a few moments.

"How kind of Mrs. Hampton to give you those clothes," said Ernest.

"Yes," said Tiny; "they belonged to her little girl that died, and I do you know," said she, lowering her voice to a whisper, "she says she isn't ready to meet her!"

"Neither is Mr. Hampton," said Ernest. "I asked him to-day what a fellow had to do to be always ready and he said he didn't know, but he thought it was about time for him to think about it."

"Well," said Tiny, "we both have decent clothes now, and we can go to church and Sunday-school; perhaps we can find out the way there."

Tiny walked home with a very thankful heart for the many blessings that had suddenly come to her.

The next day was the Sabbath. Tiny put on her comfortable clothing and attended Sunday-school.

After the school was dismissed she still lingered, and the teacher turned to her and kindly inquired, "What can I do for you, my little girl?"

"You said when you were teaching the class that Jesus would save us if we would only come to him; will you please tell me how to come?" said Tiny.

With thankful tears in her eyes the lady said, "You have nothing to do, my dear; Jesus died that we might live; as soon as we accept his salvation he stands in our place between God and our sins. Let us kneel right here, dear, and ask Jesus to take your heart and save you," and they knelt down, and when Tiny arose her face glowed with happiness and peace.

Down in the entry she met Ernest, and they walked down the street together.

"I have found the way!" said Tiny, exultantly.

"So have I," said Ernest, in a glad, satisfied tone, "the teacher made it so plain that I couldn't help but understand."

When Tiny reached home she found her father there, and sober, for a wonder.

"Who gave you all those clothes?" asked he.

Tiny explained, and then he said, "Other people clothing my children, while I waste my money in drink! That will never do, Tiny, I shall never drink another drop."

"Let us kneel and ask Jesus to help you," said Tiny.

And together they knelt.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL'S OUT.

Yes, school's out at last, and it is high time; for the daylight is almost gone, and the snow is deep. It has been snowing all day, and there is more snow coming.

The children will have a hard walk home. Never mind. They are tough, and full of fun. Let the first class start first, and let Edith take a lantern and lead the way. Now they are all right.

Off they go. The snow is above their ankles. It is up to their knees. No matter. They follow Edith, one after another, and she pilots them bravely.

Next to her comes Fred, holding fast to his slate. Hans follows, with his hands on Fred's shoulders. Then come Fritz and Otto—having a little snow fight by the way, in which Otto is getting the worst of it.

Carl and Oscar bring up the rear, and are rolling a snowball along with them, which is getting bigger and bigger all the time.

Now the second class, with Emma at their head, are out too. They have sent a snowball to let Edith know that they are coming. It is hard work for some of the little ones, but they all keep moving.

So with shouts and laughter, all the children make their way home, where, of course their careful mothers will fit them out with dry stockings.

Anybody may see from the picture that these are German children, and that the scene is laid in Germany. But something very like it may often be seen in almost any Canadian village.