



"BUY A PAPER, SIR?"

In this cold winter weather the little paper boys must have a hard time of it to keep warm. They have sometimes to stand at the corners of the streets and wait until all the copies are sold, and in a cold wind this is by no means pleasant work. Others, however, run up and down the streets on the look-out for some gentleman who looks as if he wanted a paper, and others again hang about the doors of clubs, hotels, and the like to catch the people as they come in or go out. In our cut we see a little news-boy trying to dispose of his last copy. If he is successful his work will be over and he will be able to run away home and get his hard-earned supper. We hope the gentleman will buy it. We think he will for his hand is already in his pocket as if he were going to take out the needful cent.

BEWARE OF LITTLE SINS.

In his garden, in Vermont, the writer had growing a large and flourishing apple tree. How long it had stood there he could not tell, probably ten years. Many a severe storm had beaten against it; the biting cold of many winters had assailed it, but in spite of wind and frost, the tree stood as firm and unharmed as ever. With the return of every spring appeared the leaves and blossoms, when autumn came the branches were freighted with an abundance of rosy fruit. But two winters ago when a great depth of snow lay upon the ground, mice found their way to the tree, and nibbling away silently and unseen, stripped the bark to a height of three feet from the ground. What the result was one can easily imagine. With the coming of spring no more leaves or blossoms ap-

peared, for the tree was dead. Soon it had to be cut down as it was an encumbrance to the ground. What the storms of many winters failed to do, those tiny vermin succeeded in doing within a short time—sapping the life of this once flourishing tree.

In this story there is a moral for the young. It teaches the destructive power of little sins. When some great tempta-

tion meets a person, as a rule he will brace himself against it; he will fight the evil with all the power at his command. The same is not true, however, of our dealings with little evils. These are so small, so trivial, that we pay but little attention to them. And yet these little sinful acts do more mischief than the greater. By their silent subtle character they often succeed in working untold harm. A boy tells a lie now and then, thinking nothing of it, but the repetition of that act will, in time, make him a confirmed liar, in whose word no one will have confidence. Occasionally he may utter an oath, thinking little of what he says, but if he persists in doing so, he will become a foul-mouthed swearer, whose every other word will be a curse. Oh, remember that little sins cherished or persisted in are sure to lead to sad and terrible results.

A short time ago an incident came under my notice illustrating forcibly this thought. The pilot of a ferry boat was observed one day by the superintendent taking two bricks from the company's yard. A watch was placed over him, when it was discovered that he repeated the same act every day. At last he was arrested on the charge of stealing; and when his house was searched, there was found in his cellar a large pile of bricks which he had in this small way stolen from his employers. Of course the man was brought to trial, receiving a sentence of several years' imprisonment.

To build up a noble character and preserve the same intact, to gain the respect of their fellows and win the approval of God, the young need to put in constant practice the advice of the great apostle, "Abhor that which is evil."



HINDOO IDOL.

You will wonder what this is, children; well it is a very queer looking thing; but the Hindoos do not think it funny, for it is their God and they worship it and believe it can help or hinder them as it pleases. They bring money and pay to this God so that they may be kindly dealt with, and make all sorts of sacrifices to it. They also believe their God has all these hands and arms; they suppose that each hand is for a different use. For war and for peace, for good gifts, for evil gifts, one to lift up and another to cast down, and so on. You may laugh at these poor people, but they do not know better; they have not had any one to teach them about the Jesus we love and serve, and who really can give good gifts to those who love him. Let us, therefore, do all we can to help enlighten these poor ignorant people that they may learn of the love of Jesus who died for us."

ALL BY HIMSELF.

An old army officer, according to Mrs. Custer, had a four-year-old boy who never tired of war stories. Again and again they were related to him till he knew them so well that he would not permit the slightest variation.

The story is a little rough on me, said the officer, but if you know a child, you will know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of I's, and nothing told in the third person. So I kept on as he demanded, till one day he looked up in my face and said:

"Father, couldn't you get any one to help you to put down the rebellion?"