



PLEADING FOR FATHER.

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THIS poor man has been arrested, and brought to this cell, where he will have to remain till the judge passes a sentence upon him. He is sorry for his wrong doing now that he has time to think about what he has done. He was a very poor man and had to work very hard to keep his wife and family. Times were very dull and he could not find work to do, and becoming desperate he stole some money from a man, who had him arrested, and that is why he is here.

His little boy has just heard why his father did not come home to dinner, and is begging the policemen to let him off; but they cannot do it, and he has to go home with an aching heart to tell his poor mother where father is.

A LITTLE WEATHER PROPHET.

A FINNISH scientist gives in a Copenhagen paper this account of an old soldier's weather prophet:

"I have," said the soldier, "a sure weather prophet in a little spider. Let us visit him, and I will tell you what the weather will be for a few days. See him now sitting at the entrance of his house, we shall have rain to-morrow, for he sits near the door. If he had been sitting farther away the rain would not have come till the day after to-morrow. If he were still farther away, but turned toward the door, the rain would not come till the third day.

"Watch the spider to-morrow, and you will see him run into his house just before the rain comes. If he does not go in entirely, but leaves a part of his body outside, the rain will not last more than two or three days, but if he becomes entirely invisible the rain will last longer. If he closes the entrance, it will be stormy weather, cold, with heavy frost or snow.

"If you watch the spider while it rains, you will see how he once in awhile comes to the door and sticks his front legs out to try the weather. As the weather improves he comes out farther, and when the

weather is good again he puts half his body out. If he is out entirely, and repairs his web or spins a new one, you may be sure that the weather will be fine for many days."—*Our Animal Friends.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

DID you ever see the inside of a drunkard's home, with everything going to wreck and ruin? If you have you know how old Hunter's looked, not that he was very old, but he was so shabby and dilapidated, the boys called him "old Hunter."

He was very ugly when in liquor, abusing his wife and children shamefully. They often hid when they heard him coming; and the time has been when his poor wife has been turned out into a snowstorm. He had one little girl, however, the youngest, who seemed to fare better at his hands than the rest of the family. To her he was always kind. In his worst moments he appeared to know and spare Lucy.

One day she crept into his lap, and looking up into his face, she said:

"Father, I love 'ou." Lucy could not speak all her words plainly, though she was old enough to. "Father, I love 'ou," she repeated, "I love 'ou."

"Do you, Lucy?" said her father, in a subdued tone.

"Father, I want 'ou to be a good man, because I love 'ou. 'Ou will be a good man, father, won't 'ou? God wants 'ou to be a good man."

Tears rushed to the father's eyes, and he hugged his little girl to his bosom. Then he set her down and hurried out of the house. He had a job of work that day, and went to his work. Yet he saw and heard nothing for the rest of the day but Lucy and her pleading words. He be a good man. He wished he could. He did not then know that when other means had failed to bring him back to his duty and to himself, God sent his little girl to lead him.

Old Hunter was pricked in his conscience, for there was a little left, and it

kept pricking, until at length he was a temperance man.

"Sir," said he, "I want to sign a pledge, and turn over a new leaf."

"God be praised," said the temperance man; "it's the best news I've heard long time. But you must know that the pledge is not enough—it's only beginning; you must get help from on to keep it. Now, you take your first and come to church, and we'll rally on you, and help you, and help you on."

So one step leads to another. Hunter is now a reformed man, sober and industrious. He is Mr. Hunter now, goes to Sunday-school with his child every Sunday.

WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

BY CLARENCE LUCAS.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin shop sign,
Write, aye write, this truthful line
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
Where the young may often look
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it on the nation's laws,
Trampling out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it over every gate,
On the church, the halls of state,
In the heart of every band,
On the laws of every land,
"Where there's drink there's danger"
"Where there's drink there's danger"

ADVICE TO BOYS.

HORACE MANN gives a bit of advice to boys: "You are made to be kind, be generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about his rags in his hearing. If there is a boy, assign him some part of the work that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get lessons. If there is a bright one, be envious of him, for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no boy is so talented as before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember, who said, 'Love your enemies,' and 'Don't curse them that curse you.'"