

Comfort One Another.

BY MRS. MARGARET K. HANOSTER.

Comfort one another;
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad
There is heavy burden bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken;
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Eternal
Love.

Comfort one another;
By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that shall not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another;
Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb,
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush or tear-drops starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his
people room. —Independent.

PROSPEROUS, RIGHTEOUS,
UPRIGHT & CO.

By E. Donald McGregor.

CHAPTER IV.

OWNING a coffee-stall was by no means playing at work, at least so thought three boys, named Jinks, Tom, and Pete, when their first day's work was over and they began to pack up for the night.

"Everything has gone upside down," Jinks said dejectedly. "The first coffee wasn't hot, an' the next was too weak, an' I don't reckon we'll have any one for breakfast to-morrow."

"Indeed, an' we will," Tom answered heartily. "Folks knows as we're new at it, an' they'll give us another chance, you see if they don't; but," he added seriously, "we must get things right to-morrow, or we will lose customers."

"Where do you buy them buns, Jinks?" Pete asked, as he packed a lot of cups into a basket.

"Jinks looked up from the tiny charcoal stove he was clearing.

"You're a smart youngster," he said approvingly. "I couldn't have fixed them cups no better myself—the buns? Oh, Mr. Spence got 'em from Mrs. Andrews, as lives round the Square. She's kept a big coffee-house there fer as long as I can mind, an' she's rich, too; she was awful kind to Mr. Spence. She let him wheel the stall inter her place every night, an' then she sold him the buns for just what she got 'em fer in big lots."

"Will she do the same fer us?" Tom asked anxiously.

"Oh, I guess so," Jinks answered with confidence. "She knows me, an' she's always good to them as has just set up."

"My! but I'm tired!" Pete said, stretching out his legs and leaning hard against a can of coffee.

"An' my head's sore, just with worriting," Jinks added mournfully.

"An' I feel like as though I'd never done a day's work afore, I'm that done out," Tom concluded. "Still," he added, "it's cause we was scart we wouldn't do things right. To-morrow we'll be all chirk."

"Ready!" Jinks announced, locking the little stall sliding window, and then the three boys leaned hard against the stall and its wheels turned slowly over the hard pavement.

Mrs. Andrews received them in a kindly, hearty way.

"So you're goin' to set up," she said, "an' poor Joe has gone. Well, that's the way we'll all have to get out of the way some day. Help you? Of course I will. What's the good of living if we can't help other folks?" She laid her hand on Jinks' shoulder. "I s'pose you're head; mind you come every day for the buns, an' I'll give you your coffee any way, too!"

The boys couldn't thank her, for she refused to be thanked, so they left their stall in the little back yard and set out on Mr. Black's. Jinks carried the money bag under one side of his jacket, and Scraps under the other, while Tom had, as usual, charge of the Chart. Mr. Black had cleared a small table in his back room, and everything was in readiness for the boys when they arrived at eight o'clock.

"Do you mean to work?" he asked, looking rather hard at each boy.

"Why, yes, sir!" Tom answered in surprise; "we want to learn to read the Chart, an' we're in an awful hurry."

"Very well," Mr. Black said quietly, "to work then at once."

Two hours later three tired but eager boys said:

"Good night, Mr. Black, can we come to-morrow night?"

"Yes, you may come to-morrow night," Mr. Black answered, and the three lads went out into the chilly night.

They slept in a corner of a porch, not far off, and awakened stiff and cold for their day's work.

"Shake yourselves an' make believe it's roasting," Tom said laughingly.

"It's hot 'nough to smother a feller," Jinks added, fanning his cheeks while he spoke,

"We might run!" Pete suggested, and right away quick the boys set out on a wild scamper down the street.

Mr. Spence had chosen a warm, sheltered corner of a bridge for his stand, and the two little coal-oil fires over which the coffee was heated, served to warm people as well. Then his coffee was royal, and he was never known to sell a stale bun, so that, everything counted up, it was no wonder his stall became a favourite one. He had \$2.33 in his small print bag when he died, so the new firm started with both capital and customers. Their second day's work was much more successful, and more than one rough workman said, as he turned away from the stall:

"I hope they'll get on—they're plucky little fellows."

Tom was, by general consent, soon made treasurer of the firm; in fact, before long, he became the real head of affairs. Jinks had had experience in the business, but he lacked Tom's energy and push, so with the best of good nature he gradually stepped aside, and Tom became head manager. Jinks, however, filled a place that was neither small nor unimportant. His plodding, cautious self served as a holdback upon Tom's rushing, impulsive way of doing things, and more than once he verily saved the firm from disaster.

Pete's place was never questioned; he was errand boy, dish washer, and general help, and the men who patronized the stall often patted him on the head, and said kindly:

"He's a knowing little chap; it wouldn't seem right, here, without him."

Sometimes, too, they tried to smooth Scraps' shaggy little head, but he had hair that wouldn't be smoothed, and so they only succeeded in making his little terrier lordship wiggle with delight.

Thus gradually the new firm became established, and the boys found that by hard work and energy they were able to squeeze into a tiny spot in this rushing, crushing, old business world.

They slept where they could, until one night Mr. Black said briefly; "You can creep in under the counter if you like."

After that they had a warm, dry spot that was theirs, and even when the nights became warm, it was right good to feel that they were no longer waifs of the street.

One evening, five months after they first became Mr. Black's pupils, a very exciting matter came up for discussion. Jinks grew so interested in it that he pushed his fingers through his mop of hair, and actually talked fast, while as for Tom, he rose to his feet, and worked his arms as he spoke, thereby rousing Scraps into a state of furious barking. Pete didn't say much, but he was as interested as any one in the settlement of the question.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BLACK had absolutely refused to have the Chart opened until every boy could read fluently. "You will only get incorrect ideas, and I will not be responsible for that," he had said with decision, and so right manfully they laded worked, and rather impatiently they waited, until—well—until the evening I am going to tell you about.

"At last the Chart had been declared open, and the point for discussion was, where should they begin to read? Tom said "of course at the first." Jinks objected, declaring that there were too many hard names there, and that they ought to begin at an easier place.

Pete put in a plea for Matthew's Gospel. "I just peeped now," he said, "an' Jesus' name is in big letters right on the first page."

"Let's open the book and see where it happens," suggested Jinks.

"No," said Tom, "that wouldn't be square."

"Well," Jinks asked in his meditative way, "what's you goin' to do?"

"We'll take it to Mr. Black," Tom answered impatiently. "I can't wait another moment," he added, picking up the Chart, which all these months he had never allowed out of his sight.

Mr. Black was seated at his table reading. And when he was asked to open the Chart he hesitated, then with a sudden movement he took the book, and carelessly opened it wide.

Tom carefully carried it over to the side table where he and his companions studied, and amid great excitement announced to his eager followers:

"We are to begin at the Gospel according to Luke."

"It don't make no difference 'bout Mr. Black hearin', does it?" Jinks whispered.

"Oh no," Tom replied, "he never hears nothin' when he's readin' anyhow."

That was at eight o'clock, and all through the evening Mr. Black heard Tom's sturdy little voice, and when he looked up he saw Jinks and Pete listening as though they dared not miss one solitary word. He tried to read, but he could not. Someway or other the sight of these boys listening for the first time to the Christ message, worried him. They were so eager and interested. Pete's blue eyes filled with tears, as he heard how the Lord Jesus was shamefully treated by the soldiers.

"How could they?" he said. "It was real mean," Jinks declared, while Tom's little fist was clenched as he muttered—

"I wish I'd been there, an' I'd have knocked him down, so I would." "But there's worse than that a-comin'," he added, glancing over the page, and then with his voice very queer and shaky, he read the old sad story of the Crucifixion.

"They aren't really goin' to kill him?" Pete whispered.

Tom didn't answer—he read on, his voice growing lower and lower. Jinks picked Scraps up from the floor, and almost crossly told him to "be still," and then after a moment Tom put the Chart down, and looked straight at Jinks and Pete.

"He's dead," he whispered.

"Then he aint gone to prepare a Place," Jinks said slowly.

"An' there aren't any Place," Pete added. The world had grown suddenly very dark for these boys—there was no Lord Jesus, and no Place.

"Read on." It was Mr. Black who spoke. "It aint no use, Mr. Black. It's a dreadful thing to have the Lord Jesus dead."

His eyes lit upon a fresh thought. He read a few verses, and lo! the clouds began to lift.

"He's a-goin' to come to life again," Jinks exclaimed.

Pete slipped up beside Tom, and in a moment, his little voice sounded shrill and clear—"He is alive."

"An' he's gone up to heaven," Tom added, as a few moments later he closed the book.

"That must be the name of the Place."

"Yes," said Tom thoughtfully, "I s'pose it's just like the big lords in England has places, only this must be a very rich, fine Place. I shouldn't wonder if he keeps a hundred servants." "An' if his dishes are solid gold," Pete added.

"But we aint found out how to get there," Tom said in a troubled fashion.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

It was Mr. Black's voice. The boys turned suddenly and looked at him. He was still sitting at his table, but he was not reading. His hands were tightly clasped, and his lips were pressed close together.

"Why, Mr. Black?" Tom said in great surprise, "do you know 'bout the Place?"

"Yes," Mr. Black answered slowly, "I know about the Place."

"Then why don't you go there?"

Mr. Black made no answer. He put his head down on the table in front of him, and the boys saw that he was sobbing like a child.

"Come with us to the Place," Pete said, putting his arms round Mr. Black and lovingly trying to offer the best comfort he knew.

"We could all go together," Tom said in a business-like way, "an' maybe they'd let us in easier, 'cause you was with us,—anyhow we do want you to come."

Mr. Black seemed to crush back his feelings. He sat up, and said in a low, strained voice:

"Boys, I've got something to tell you, I must tell you, no matter what it costs me, for perhaps it may save you, but not to-night. Go to bed now, and when you go start off in the morning, remember I don't want you to return for a month. One month from to-night you may come back. I want to be alone for a season."

"Good-night, sir," the three boys said, in

low, subdued tones. They felt they were coming very near some great sorrow, and they tried as it were on tip-toe.

(To be continued.)

DON'T TOUCH IT.

"WHAT a thar!" asked Johnny, pointing to a queer looking thing he had never seen before.

"That's a rat-trap," said his mother.

"Don't touch it."

"What's it for?" inquired Johnny.

"To catch rats," replied his mother.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"I put the cheese in for a bait, and when Master Rat comes prying about in the cellar he smells it, and says to himself, 'Well, what's all this somebody has been getting ready for me? Very kind of somebody.' So he puts his nose in this little hole, and says, 'Ah! that smells good.' He puts his nose in a little farther, and takes a good nibble. But, just as poor Master Rat is making up his mind that it tastes as good as it smells, pop goes the spring!"

"And then what?" asked Johnny.

"Then he never finds his way into the collar again to gnaw the bread and pies."

His mother carried the trap into the cellar and set it down, again saying, "Don't touch it."

Johnny stood and watched it for a while, hoping that Master Rat would come and try the cheese, so that he could see the trap pop. But, as Master Rat seemed in no hurry, Johnny began to wonder what made it pop.

He put his finger a little way into the hole. Yes, there was the cheese all ready for Master Rat. How tiresome of him not to come! Johnny wondered more and more where the pop was. Perhaps he could feel it. A little farther in his finger went.

"Snap!" went the trap.

"Oh!—ooh! Let go!" went Johnny.

He had found the pop.

If rat-traps had any sense that trap would have known that it was a little soft finger, and not a rat, that it had hold of. But we all know traps have no sense, so that one held Johnny's finger with a cruel grip of its sharp teeth.

"Ow! oh! mamma!" screamed Johnny.

If he had kept still he would not have been badly hurt. But he tried to drag his finger out, and it was sadly cut and scratched before his mother ran and let out the poor little rat.

"I don't like rat-traps," said Johnny, with sobs and whimpers as mamma carefully bound up the poor finger.

"Rat-traps never hurt little boys," said mamma.

"That one hurt me," said Johnny.

"Not until you turned it into a little boy-trap," said mamma.

WENT TO REVENGE A W. RONG.

Few tales from the oriental countries are without their moral. The following from Arabia is no exception.

A haughty favourite of an Oriental monarch, who was passing along the highway—so runs the story—throw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had assaulted him, for he knew the favourite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge will come by-and-by, and then I will repay him for it." Not long afterward this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found, to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favourite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace. The dervish, seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he carried in his pocket, saying to himself:

"The time for revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct." But, after considering a moment, he threw the stone away, saying: "The time for revenge never comes, for if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish, and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."