

## TRUE TO THE LAST.



NOT long ago in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said :

"Please, sir, buy some matches."

"No, don't want any," the gentleman said.

"But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded.

"Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last, and so to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says, "I bought a box ; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.'"

"O do buy them to-night, if you please," the boy pleaded again ; "I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry."

So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling ; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him.

Late in the evening I was told a little boy wanted to see me ; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said :

"Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie ?"

"Yes."

"Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling ; Sandie cannot come ; he's very ill ; a cart ran ower him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'."

And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things

lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings : he knew me as soon as I came in, and said :

"I got the change, sir, and was coming back ; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken ; and O, Reuby ! little Reuby ! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone ? What will ye do, Reuby ?"

Then I took his hand, and I said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up at me, as if to thank me ; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment

"He lay within the light of God,

Like a babe upon the breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

The story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young. Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, I want you to remember little Sandie.

## THE MOTHERLESS.

SITTING in the school room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word : *Willie has nō mother.*" The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "*Willie*" compared with his own happy lot. "*He has no mother.*"

Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him ? Has the little wanderer *no mother* to listen to his little sorrows ? Speak gently to him, then.—*Good News.*