

## Little Bessie.

THE WAY IN WHICH SHE SHALL ASLEEP.

Hug me closer, closer mother,  
Put your arms around me tight,  
I am cold and tired, mother,  
And I feel so strange to-night;  
Something hurts me here, dear mother,  
Like a stone upon my breast,  
Oh! I wonder, mother, mother,  
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,  
As I lay upon my bed,  
I was trying to be patient,  
And to think of what you said,—  
How the kind and blessed Jesus  
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,  
And I wish he'd come and take me,  
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,  
Just before the children came,  
When the room was very quiet,  
I heard some one call my name,  
All at once the window opened;  
In a field where lambs and sheep,—  
Some from out a brook were drinking,  
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,  
Though I strained my eyes to see;  
And I wondered if he saw,  
If he'd speak to such as me;  
In a moment I was looking  
On a world so bright and fair,  
Which was full of little children,  
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh! how sweetly,  
Sweeter songs I never heard;  
They were singing sweeter, mother,  
Than can sing our yellow bird,  
And while I, my breath was holding,  
One, so bright, upon me smiled,  
And I knew it must be Jesus,  
When he said, "Come here, my child."

"Come up here my little Bessie,  
Come up here and live with me,  
Where the children never suffer,  
But are happier than you see."  
Then I thought of all you'd told me  
Of that bright and happy land;  
I was going when you called me,  
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry  
You had called me, I would go;  
Oh! to sleep and never suffer;—  
Mother don't be crying so!  
Hug me closer, closer mother,  
Put your arms around me tight;  
Oh, how much I love you, mother;  
But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer  
To her overburdened breast;  
On the heart so near to breaking  
Lay the heart so near its rest  
In the solemn hour of midnight,  
In the darkness calm and deep,  
Lying on her mother's bosom,  
Little Bessie fell asleep!

## Have You a Boy to Spare?

THE saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle.

"Wanted! 2,000,000 boys!" is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The minutaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year; but the minutaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this

great public business that is I'm going to pay your taxes, and finally placing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grieve up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

## Dick's Signature.

LITTLE Dick Howell was a boy who often surprised people. They called him "Lazy Dick," because he loved to get into sunny corners and think, and he was not always ready for such work as little fellows can do. But one day he said: "Pa, I want a lot of money."

"Yes, Dick, I have known other folks who felt so. Go to work, and earn it."

"How?" asked Dick, who really was in earnest, for he longed for a little express cart.

"Oh! weed the garden," said Mr. Howell, growing absent-minded, as he often became. He remembered suddenly a business letter he must write, and so when Dick said: "Will you give me a penny for every big weed?" his father said "Yes!"

Well, that night Dick amazed his father by presenting him with four hundred big weeds, and eagerly claiming four dollars. Mr. Howell never broke his word to a child. He said he not think what he was promising, because he knew there were too many weeds in his garden for such a bargain; but he paid the money down, and Dick had the prettiest cart in town.

Not long after, his father said: "Dick, you and I ought to have made a written contract about those weeds. If we had, I should not have agreed to such terms as I made. A man thinks, when he signs his name. If I had been dishonourable, too, I could have said I never agreed to pay you a penny a weed, and you could not have proved that I did. You must learn to write your name before I do any more business by contract with you. Then we can each sign our names."

And so Dick's father went on to tell him that solemn promises not to be broken were made in writing, and men who broke such promises were men whom nobody could trust.

Dick hated to read, and he could not write a letter, but, after that, he used to climb up on the wood-shed roof, with his dear little sister Nellie. She did her best to teach him, and the first word he ever wrote was "Dick," and the next was "Howell."

Such funny business contracts as Dick made that year with his father! And such a pile of nickels as he earned! First, five cents for every weed that he never forgot to shut a door, and never slammed it; ten cents for picking over a barrel of apples; and so on, up to a dollar and a half in three months. Every time he signed a written contract to what he agreed, or try his very best to do it. How proudly he used to sign "Dick," with a big, inky flourish!

When Dick was twelve years old, he was asked to sign a temperance pledge. He took it to his father, who talked it all over with him, and proposed that they sign it together—a contract that neither would break. Dick did not know then, nor until years after, that his father was taking too much wine. They signed the pledge, "Richard Howell, Senior," "Richard Howell, Junior." And then Dick's father told him to kneel by his knee, and, laying his hand upon the boy's head, he prayed God to help them both to keep the promise they had made.

"You have signed your name a great many times, my boy, but never to a paper that meant so much as this."

"Oh! I don't ever want to drink, father. It is easy to promise, and I shall never go back on my word," said Dick, gravely.

Years went by. Dick grew up, and many and many a time he was tempted to take a glass of wine or beer. He never yielded, for he had signed his name, and was on his honour. A few more years, and he had seen the course of drunkenness, and was so glad of that boyish pledge—so glad of a father who made him feel the sacredness of a promise.

## Bits of Fun.

—When looking for lodgings inquire within, or go without.

—A Promising Youth—Magistrate (to Chinaman)—"What is your complaint against this young man, John?"

Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill)—"He too nuchee by and by."

—"You girls want the earth," said a State street father, when one of his daughters asked him for \$6 for a new jacket.

"No, papa," said the ingenuous child of twenty, "not the earth—only a new jersey."

—A Manchester firm having introduced a typewriter into their correspondence department received a letter from an indignant customer, saying, "I want you to understand that you needn't print letters sent to me. I can read writing—even yours—and I don't want to be insulted by reflections on my education."

—"Why Ella, aren't you bathing to-day?"

"No, sir. Mamma won't let me."

"Why not?"

"Why don't you know? The other day a little girl was drowned while bathing, and mamma said then that I couldn't go into the water again till I could swim."

—Farmer's wife—"I must hurry home; there's a great deal to do, for we are butchering an ox to-day."

Professor's wife—"What! You don't kill a whole ox at a time?"

"A boy assassin hanged," read Mrs. Bacon from a newspaper. "Well," she remarked, "a assassin' boy is a great trial, but I don't think he ought to be hanged for it."

—A child was recently watching a young lady in Holliston busily talking to a telephone transmitter. Suddenly the child said,

"Who are you talking to?"

The lady answered,

"I am talking to a man."

The child replied,

"Well, he must be an awful little man to live in such a small house as that."

—Here is a specimen of youthful ingenuousness in a little fellow who confessed to some wrongdoing. "Papa, I can get along well with you and the rest of the family. I love you all; but there is one of us that I am always having trouble with, and that is this fellow," pointing to himself. It is a great pity that some of the brethren who are always in trouble as church members cannot see as well what's the matter.

—"Five cents apiece for peaches!" she exclaimed as she retreated a step or two in amazement.

"Yes'm—five cents."

"But isn't that awful!"

"Yes, rather steep, ma'am. Therefore permit me to call your attention to these beautiful Bermuda onions, five times as large as a peach—no pit in the eye, to take up room—and selling for three cents each. Might say six for 15 cents, ma'am."