

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

IN MEMORIAM.

RE-PRINTED.

(Written by a Presbyterian Minister.)

"I exhort therefore, that, first of all, prayers be made for all men."—I Timothy ii. 1.

O'er land and sea, love follows with fond prayers
Its dear ones in their troubles, grief and cares:

There is no spot
On which it does not drop this tender dew,
Except the grave, and there it bids adieu,
and prayeth not.

Why should that be the only place uncheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared,
And sacred grown?

Living, we sought for blessings on their head;
Why should our lips be sealed when they are
dead,

And we alone?

Idle? their doom is fixed! Ah! Who can tell?
Yet, were it so, I think no harm could well

Come of my prayer;
And O! the heart o'erburdened with its grief,
This comfort needs, and finds therein relief
From its despair.

Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill
Our dearest, best,

And bring them home, and recompense their
pain,

And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
And give them rest?

Nor, I will not believe it. I will pray
As for the living, for the dead each day,

They will not grow
Less meet for heaven when followed by a
prayer

To speed them home, like summer scented air
From long ago.

Who shall forbid the heart's desires to flow
Beyond the limit of the things we know?

In heaven above
The incense that the golden censers bear
Is the sweet perfume from the saintly prayer
Of trust and love.

Edinburgh, 1887.

WALTER C. SMITH.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant
complacently (he had just risen from such a
good dinner) "what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for
you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes
that did it; for the man was not accustomed to
parle with such small gentlemen, and Tommy
wasn't seven yet, and was small for his age at
that. There were a few wisps of hair along the
edges of the merchant's temples; and, looking
down on the appealing face, the man pulled at
them. When he had done this, he gave the
ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hand
travelled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now,
about what sort of work might you be able to
perform? Why, you can't look over the coun-
ter."

"Oh, yes, I can; and I'm growing, please,
growing fast; there, see if I can't look over the
counter."

"Yes, by standing on your toes.—Are they
coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not
keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir."
And the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter.
It was too much for him. He couldn't see the
little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he
said, very gravely; "but I reckon if I get
close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat
rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small of my
age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded
the man with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a
look calculated to impress even six feet nine.
"You see, my mother hasn't any one but me;
and this morning I saw her crying because she
couldn't find five cents in her pocketbook, and
she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it
—and—we—have—not—had—any—breakfast,
sir." The voice again hesitated and the tears
came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my
little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest
pocket.—"There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the
simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went
away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of
Boston."

"Ah, that's bad. But you are a plucky little
fellow, anyhow. Let me see." And he packer
ed up his mouth and looked straight down into
the boy's eyes, which were looking straight int
to his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a
clerk who was rolling up and writing on par-
cels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low
reply.

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here is
a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, then he put
his pen behind his ear, then his glance travelled
curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter. "Yes,
he is small, very small indeed; but I like his
pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astounded
clerk.

"Put this boy down at four. There, your
name and run home and tell your mother you
have a place at four dollars a week. Come
back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do.
Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of
your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir; work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken
stairs that had a twist through the flight,
creaked and trembled under the weight of a
small boy, or, perhaps, as might be better
stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a
small boy's good luck, those in that tenement
house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that
morning.

"I've got it, mother, mother! I'm took.
I'm a cash boy. Don't you know when they
take the parcels, the clerks call 'Cash?' Well,
I'm that. Four dollars a week! And the man
said I had real pluck, courage, you know.
And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't
you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the
house now."

The house was only a little 10x15 room, but
how these blue eyes did magnify it. At first
the mother looked confounded. Then she look-
ed—well it passes my power to tell how she
did look, as she took him in her arms and
hugged him and kissed him, the tears stream-
ing down her cheeks; but they were tears of
thankfulness.—*English Journal.*

"GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU."

"How do you like that little new neighbor
of yours?" asked Herbert Greene's big brother
Wallace, who had seen the two little boys
playing together in the yard.

"Oh, you mean Georgie Wortham," said
Herbie. "Why, I don't know. I like him and
I don't like him."

Wallace laughed. Then you quarrel a little
sometimes," said he. "Is that it?"

"No, we don't quarrel," said Herbie. "I
don't let him know when I am mad with him."

"What does he do to make you mad with
him?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, he says things," said Herbie.

"Such as what?"

"Well, he looks at my marbles and says,
'Is that all you've got? I have five times as
many as that; splendid ones too. They'd
knock those all to smash.'"

"Ah, I see," said Wallace. "It is a clear
case of 'great I and little you.'"

"What do you mean by that?" said
Herbie.

"Well, if you don't find out by Saturday
night, I'll tell you," said Wallace. This was
on Monday.

On Wednesday afternoon Herbie was out at
play and presently Georgie Wortham came out.
Wallace was in his room reading, with the
window open, and could hear all that was
said.

George brought his kite with him and asked
Herbie if he would go to the common with him
to fly his kite.

"Oh, yes, if mother is willing," said Herbie.

"But where did you get that kite? Made it
yourself, didn't you? I've got one ever so much
bigger than that, with yards and yards of tail,
and, when we let it out, it goes out of sight
quick, now I tell you."

"This isn't the best I can make," said
Georgie; "but if I had a bigger one I couldn't
pitch it, or hold it after it was up."

"Pooh! I could hold one that pulled like ten
horses," said Herbie; and he ran in to ask his
mother if he could go with Georgie to the com-
mon.

His mother was willing if Wallace would
go too; and so, after a little good-natured
bothering, Wallace took his hat, and Herbie
got his kite and twine, and the three boys set
off for the common.

Georgie's kite was pitched first, and went up
in fine style. Then Herbie's went off, and soon
passed it, for it had a longer string; and both
were far up in the sky.

"There now," said Herbie, "didn't I tell you
my kite would beat yours all to nothing? I
bet there isn't another kite in town that will
begin to be a match for it."

"How is this? How is this?" said Wallace.
"Seems to me 'great I and little you' are
around here pretty thick."

"What do you mean by that?" said both
the little boys.

"Why, when a fellow says that he has got
the best marbles, and the best kite, and the
swiftest sled, and the handsomest velocipede,
and the most knowing dog, anywhere in town,
we say his talk is all 'great I and little you.'"

Herbie looked at Georgie, and both blushed
a little. The boys had great fun with their
kites; and when they got home, and Wallace
and Herbie went up stairs to put away the
kite, Herbie said, "Well, my kite beat Georgie's,
just as I told him it would."

"That is true," said Wallace, "but you said
the other day you liked Georgie, and didn't
like him, because he was always telling how
much bigger and better his things were than
yours; and now, to-day, you are making your-
self disagreeable to him, bragging about your
kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you,
my lad, you must give up talking 'great I and
little you,' for it is not sensible nor kind."

So Herbie found out what Wallace meant,
and he said to himself, "I don't mean to let
the fellows hear me talking 'great I and little
you.'"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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