

Brother John and Brother Jim.

He was a little beggar boy, a child not twelve years old,
With sunken cheeks and eyes so blue and hair of faded
gold,

And thus he did accost me as I wandered down the street,
"O please, sir, give me summat for to get a bite to eat."

He had but scanty clothing on, his breeches had a tear;
He had no hat, he had no boots, his little feet were bare;
And when he asked for help in need I answered with a
frown,

"Go, get away, you little cur, you nomad of the town."

I am a tender-hearted man—at least I think I am—

As pitiful as a woman and as quiet as a lamb.

And if there is a thing that I abhor it is to bring
A grief to any mortal man or child or creeping thing.

That little boy he wept and wailed until his sobs o'ercame
My clearer judgment, and I said, "Cheer up, now; fie, for
shame!"

Close up the torrent of your tears and be a little man,
And tell me all your troubles, and I'll help you if I can."

He told me all his story, and how his father drank,
And of how, through sad ill-usage, his noble mother sank;
And that now they'd left their father, his brother Jim and
he,
And lived alone, "and now," he said, "you've got my pedi-
gree."

His grammar wasn't quite the thing, his words were very
wild,

But yet I took a liking to that humble, starving child,
And from my pocket's dim recesses I took a sovereign bright;
Betwixt my finger and my thumb I held it to the light.

"I am not rich, my little man, except in ruddy health;
This coin I hold within my hand is all I have of wealth.
Now, if I give you this to change, you will not use me ill,
But bring me back the change again?" He said "You bet
I will."

He took the coin and vanished, and I waited on and on,
Until at last the day began a dusky garb to don;
And bitterly did I regret the being "done so brown"—
Deceived through simple cunning by a nomad of the town.

But lo! from out the gathering gloom a form upon me
broke,
And then a voice, a weakly voice, "Oh, sir, be you the
bloke

As give that 'shiv' to brother John?"—the youth was very
slim,
And very young—"for if you be, why, I'm his brother Jim.

"I've brought you back the money, sir," so said the little
elf,

"For brother John he's badly hurt and couldn't come
hissself,

A waggon run'd him over, sir"—he here began to cry--
"A waggon run'd him over and—the—doctor—says—he'll
—die."

You see an honest heart may beat beneath a ragged coat;
It follows not that he who hath the Scriptures all by rote,
Or he who drones the longest prayers, or uses grammar
right

Will show the clearest manifest in God Almighty's sight.

For he, who, spite of deadly hurt, or spite of temptings
dire,

Still holds to sterling honesty through want's allicting fire—
Though poor and barren be his lot, though lowly be his
name—

Is still the God-made gentleman, that prts the knave to
shame.

"Forgot for a Minute."

BY W. N. BURR.

"WHE-E-RW!"

The miller stepped out into the open air, rubbing
his eyes.

"Boys must be boys, I s'pose, and boys wouldn't
be boys, I s'pose, if they wasn't kicking up some
kind of dust or other most of the time; but I can't
have them bags of flour tumbled downstairs in
that way. Halloa, up there!" he called, turning
about and going to the foot of the stairway leading
to the upper part of the mill.

The faces of two mischievous but half-scared
boys appeared from behind the bags of flour that

had been piled up on the upper floor near the
stairway.

"If you want to look about and see what's going
on here in the mill, and how we do it, you're wel-
come to stay as long as you want to," said the
miller; but if you want to clinch and scuffle, I
guess you'd better go out on the common to do it,
hadn't you?"

"All right," said Ned Brown, rather sheepishly;
and he and his companion, Bert Thomas, came
quietly down the stairs and left the mill, glad to
escape so easily. They had feared a more severe
reprimand for their carelessness; but the miller
was a kind-hearted man, who, when he was tried,
as in this case, endeavoured to keep his temper,
and speak only such words as would be helpful to
the culprit.

"It don't pay to speak sharp words that only
make people uncomfortable, and raise their ill-will,"
I once heard him say.

"I must have a little talk with those boys the
next time they come in," he said to himself that
day, as he raised the sack of flour and carried it
back up the stairs. "Mebbe, if I'd just pay a
little attention to them, and show them about, and
explain things to them, I might put something into
their heads that would help to crowd out some of
the foolishness there. They'll be in again, if I
have to catch them after Sunday-school next Sun-
day, and give 'em a special invitation."

There seemed to be an attraction about the old
mill for these two boys, and a day or two later in
they came again. The miller was busy as they
went up the stairs, but he saw them, and remem-
bered the "little talk" he had promised to have
with them.

"I'll be through with this in a few minutes,"
ran his thought; "and then I'll go up and chat
with them."

But before he had an opportunity to go to them
they came to him.

"We are very sorry, sir," said Ned, twitching
his fingers, and looking straight down at the floor.
"We didn't mean to do it, after you let us off so
easy the other day; but we forgot for a minute,
and got to scuffling, and tumbled another bag of
flour downstairs. If you'll let us, we'll carry it
back, and promise to keep away from here after
this."

"No! you won't promise anything of the kind,"
said the miller, cheerily, "for I won't let you. I
don't want you to keep away from here. Come
as often as you like, and, perhaps, if you keep
your eyes open, you can learn something. But I
tell you, boys, I want you to try and conquer that
'forgot-for-a-minute' enemy of yours, or he may
lead you into a hard place some day that you
can't get out of so easily. Do you see that one
of my men has gone out and left that gas-jet
burning? And do you know there is danger of
an explosion when a cloud of flour-dust is raised
and comes in contact with a flame? I was read-
ing only the other day of an instance in Germany,
where a sack of flour, falling downstairs, burst
open, and scattered the flour about, and the cloud
of dust reaching a gas-flame was set on fire, and,
bang! came an explosion which lifted the roof and
broke the windows. Something of that kind *might*
have happened here, boys, when you knocked
that sack of flour downstairs. But it didn't
happen, and we'll all be thankful. And you'll not
let 'forgot-for-a-minute' lead you toward such
dangerous ground again, will you?"

The miller took them over the mill before they
left him that day—upstairs and down—and ex-
plained to them many of the mysteries of the
machinery which is used in turning wheat into

flour. And Ned and Bert never "forgot for a
minute" again when they visited the mill, and they
came very often after that day, for they and the
miller became fast friends.

"It helps a fellow to *think* to be good just to
see him," Ned sometimes says, in praise of the
miller.

"It pays to get boys to studying into things;
it keeps them out of mischief, and starts them on
a solid track," says the miller, with a fond look at
Ned and Bert.

The Beginning of a Great Painter.

ONE morning, something like a hundred years
ago, there might have been seen coming from a
barber's shop near Covent Garden, a man and a
little boy. They were father and son, and the
father was proprietor of the shop. He was going
to the house of one of his customers, to dress his
wig, for at that period it was the fashion of all
men above the poorer classes to wear wigs, and
these required frequent attention—brushing, comb-
ing, curling, and so on. So the two went hand in
hand to one of the fine houses in the neighbourhood,
which was at that time a fashionable quarter of
London, many of the nobility and gentry living
there. Arrived at the house, the father leaves the
boy in the hall, the panelled walls of which are
adorned with beautiful carving; and shortly, having
completed his business, they return together to the
shop. After a time Joseph—for that was the boy's
name—is missing, and his father calls out to know
what he is doing. The boy comes timidly into the
shop, a sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in
the other, and the delighted father, looking at the
paper, sees a very careful and accurate drawing of
one of the coats-of-arms carved upon the panelling
in the hall where he waited.

Of course every customer who comes into the
shop must see this specimen of little Joseph's skill.
And the boy, as he grew up, improved the talent
that God had given him by studying hard from
Nature, so that he became the greatest landscape
painter England—some say the world—has ever
produced; and if you go to the National Gallery
you will see a whole room devoted to the exhibition
of his pictures. His name was Joseph Mallard
William Turner.—*English Paper.*

Curious Customs Among the Chinese.

WHEN boys fall sick, there are two very curious
customs. Sometimes the little fellow is made a
priest, and dressed in priest's clothes. His parents
think the gods will not make him die when he is
dedicated to their service. But they may not want
him to be a priest, as he would have to change his
name and leave his family. After a time they take
him to a temple, and get the priest to burn incense
to the idols and chant prayers. When he has
finished, he takes a besom and chases the boy out
of the temple, who comes home and puts on ordi-
nary clothes. Others try to cheat the gods. They
put a silver wire round the boy's neck, and leave
off mentioning his name, calling him a pig or dog.
They imagine the god who is looking for the boy
will not search there for one when he hears them
speaking only to a dog. All the children have old
coins and charms tied to their clothes to keep off
the evil eye and drive away wicked spirits.—*Church
of Scotland Mission Record.*

"I FORGOT a great many things which happened
last year," said a little girl, the tears running down
her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I
spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead."