

NOTHING.

I ASKED a lad what he was doing.
 "Nothing, good sir," said he to me.
 "By nothing well and long pursuing
 Nothing," said I, "you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking.
 "Nothing," quoth he, "I do declare."
 "Many," said I, "in taverns drinking,
 By idle minds were carried there."

There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,
 Which idle hands and minds supply;
 Those who all thought and toil despise
 Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather
 When in a sum they all are brought;
 A thousand idle lads together
 Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,
 And sometimes pompous seem, and
 haughty;
 But still 'tis ever plain to most
 That *nothing boys* are mostly *naughty*.

LITTLE JAKE, THE ELEVATOR BOY.

THAT was what he was always called, for although he was the elevator boy in a big dry goods establishment, he was so small that ladies would look in and inquire:

"Where's the man that runs the elevator?"

Then little Jake would pipe out from his corner: "Here I be."

I do not know anything to compare him to, but a ray of sunshine lighting up a dark place. He was of such lowly stature that when he was in his corner there seemed to be nobody there. But gradually the small, earnest cheerful face grew visible and, as you looked it, brightened into such a happy smile that the little man seemed to fill the whole elevator with sunlight.

I wonder if the ladies who used to give him a nod or a word as they went up and down absorbed in their purchases will miss him now and speculate as to what has become of the quaint little fellow who was always smiling, helping, doing his duty bravely?

He went home sick one night and said "Good night" bravely, swallowed a lump in his throat and ran off. The day after his father came in.

"He was petter, mooch petter," his father said.

Then his mother came: they wanted the place kept for the boy,

"Oh, so sick. He is too much sick here," the mother said, laying her hand on her breast.

"Tell him to get well and he shall have

his place," said his employer. "To-morrow we shall come and see him."

But on the morrow the father came into the store and his eyes were red and swollen.

"Mine leetle Jake," he began, and then broke down and said no more.

It went the rounds of the store like wild-fire, the news that little Jake was dead, and you would have thought at least that he had been the proprietor.

And he was, in his small way, proprietor of the hearts of the people he served; of their esteem, their good will—a dividend that will serve him better than money in the land where he is to-day.

They sent, every one of them, beautiful flowers to little Jake's funeral; he was covered with the last offerings of good-will from those he served.

"We wish we had known that he was so ill. We might have ministered to his wants or perhaps saved him," his employers said with sad regret.

But there's nothing to regret. "It's well with the child." And it is no longer "Guten nacht," with thee, but "Guten morgen," Little Jake.

"TAKE HER."

MISS SHARP, an American missionary working in West Africa, has told the following story about her little scholars:

"A few days ago I said to them, 'A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl.'

"'Take her! take her!' exclaimed the children in chorus.

"'But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I have now,' I said.

"They thought a while, and then the eldest said:

"'If we could work and earn something, we could help buy her *chop*' (they will say *chop*.)

"'Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do,' I said.

"Another pause, and some talk in Kroc, and then one said:

"'Mammy, take her, and we will all give her a part off of each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some, some from all we plate till she have plenty.'

"'Are you all willing to do this?' I asked.

"'Yes,' was the answer. 'And,' continued the one who led off, 'now take her and teach book and teach her about God.'

"What made it touching to me was that they all had their meals measured out, and no more than they wanted for themselves! Never as much meat any one time in their lives as they could eat."

THE LITTLE ONES.

ONLY a little lad
 With a morsel of barley bread,
 And a few small fishes—'twas all he had
 So the disciples said,
 Yet they placed his gift before
 The blessed Master's feet,
 When, lo! from out the wondrous store
 Five thousand people eat.

Only a little child,
 Obeying the Saviour's call,
 Yielding his heart by sin defiled
 And his gifts and graces small,
 Yet, firm with a purpose true,
 And filled with a faith sublime,
 The good that little child can do
 May last till the end of time.

—Aunt Ad

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

ONE morning an enraged farmer came into Mr. Maris' store with angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a stick in his hand.

"Mr. Maris," said he, "I bought a pair of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts and that's the young villain I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. Maris, "did you buy this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the farmer, still more enraged at the assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir; I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp," said the farmer, grinning, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

GOD'S CHILD.

"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath school scholar. "I don't know," he answered, "I only know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not find him. Now he is near, and I love to do things for his sake, just as I do for my father or mother's sake." Here, indeed, was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.