

When it came to George, he said, very decidedly, "No."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I like gin and brandy too well."

Before her mother could answer him, little Greta had risen to her feet and stood beside him. There were tears in her blue eyes, and her voice trembled. "I wish you would," she said.

"Tain't no use," he answered, "I couldn't keep it."

"I would pray the Lord to help you," the child said, "and then He could—couldn't He, mamma?"

"I believe He could, if He would ask the Lord himself, too."

"Won't you?" the child pleaded.

"I vum, I b'lieve I'll try 't, if only to please you," George answered her, taking the pen in his clumsy fingers, and writing his name.

Before George left the school he had promised to come again, and carried with him a letter of introduction to a manufacturer who would give him work.

He did not dare to return home, so he slept that night, supperless, as he had often done before in an old cart.

The next morning he went with his letter to Mr. Brunn, the shoe manufacturer. When the proprietor had agreed to furnish him employment, at three dollars a week, the boy asked, "I haven't had any breakfast; could you lend me—"

"I'll lend you nothing," the man interrupted, "but wait here a moment."

He stepped into his office, and addressed a boy, who went out, but presently returned with a ham sandwich and a foaming glass of beer, which he handed to George.

For twenty hours the boy had not tasted food. How tempting the sandwich looked, and how he longed for a taste of the beer! He reached out his hand to take them. Then he saw a childish face with blue eyes filled with tears, and heard a sweet voice say, "Won't you? I'll pray for you." His hands dropped to his side again.

What does this mean?" the proprietor, who had been watching them, asked.

"Oh! you've signed the pledge—have you?" he inquired with a sneer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're too good to drink lager, you're too good to work for me," were the words which trembled on his lips, but something prompted a different answer.

"Here, Jim," he said to the office-boy, give the boy the sandwich and take the lager back and get him a glass of milk.

"Thank you," George said, simply.

It was the first time the words had ever passed his lips. But he was learning faster than he knew how Christianity refines and elevates.

He finished his frugal breakfast, and went to the work assigned him happier than he had ever been before.

I cannot tell you all the ways in which George was tempted, but continued to attend the mission school, and learned to pray for himself, and grew a thoughtful, devoted Christian boy.

This was thirteen years ago. George is now superintendent of that mission school. He never broke his pledge.

BRASS is not near so valuable as gold, but some people strive to get along well with it.

Little Naked Feet.

BY A. THOMPSON.

The biting blasts of Winter
Swept through the sleeping town,
And from the black clouds' centre
The snow came sifting down
The midnight hour was pealing
Out on the wintry air,
And many a wretch was stealing
From vic's midnight lair,
When out into the darkness
Of the long forsaken street,
There ran a tiny maiden
With little naked feet.

Down her long, shining lashes
The tears like raindrops ran;
The snow upon the ashes
Was like her pale face wan.
Her thin lips move and quiver
With a grief beyond control,
And the rude winds make her shiver
As if they reach her soul;
"My father, oh, my father,"
Those quivering lips repeat
As through the falling snow she ran
With little naked feet.

Alas! that brutal father
Is in the dens of rum,
And though his daughter calls him,
'Tis vain, he will not come.
Her mother lies a-dying
Upon a cheerless bed,
Her little brothers crying
From coldness and for bread,
And she to seek her father
Runs up the long, lone street,
A tiny waif of woe and rags
With little naked feet.

The great sky arches o'er her,
But not a star is there,
The lone street lies before her
Where but the lamp-lights flare,
No kindly door stands open,
No kindly word is said,
No kindly hand of blessing
Rests on her hapless head.
Her tearful eyes grow heavy,
And through the driving sleet
Her feeble will no more impels
The little naked feet.

The street spun round and round her,
The lamp-lights all went out,
And death's chill arms wound round her
Like serpent folds about.
A helpless thing they found her
And bore her from the street,
And white as were the snowflakes
Her little naked feet.

—The Witness.

"None of My Business."

In a flourishing Island city there is a large and wealthy church; it matters not of what denomination. The clergyman in charge teaches his people to love God and their neighbours, and the people have, apparently, endeavoured to learn the lesson. They are generous in their gifts to church-work, to the poor, and to charitable organization. It is a congregation, too, in which there is much refinement of taste, culture and kindly feeling, and hence but little gossip.

A few months ago a young lad came to this city from the country, and found employment in a flour and feed-store. He had no friends, had brought no letters of introduction. His first week in town was lonely enough. He worked all day, and slept and ate in a cheap boarding-house with twenty other lads, "all a little fast."

When Sunday came, in accordance with a promise to his mother, he went to church—his heart full of homesickness—remembering, with a thrill of pleasure, the pretty little village chapel where all the friends and neighbours worshipped side by side, and the cordial greetings among them when service was over.

Doubtless it would be the same in the city church. The people of God were alike everywhere. Some one would notice the poor, strange lad, and would hold out a friendly hand to him,

possibly ask him to his house and make life seem a little less bare, and duty easier for him.

He went, but nobody seemed to see him at all, though the crowds of well-dressed people, when service was over, smiled and spoke to each other as they passed from the doors of the sanctuary.

He was a stranger in a strange land, and felt it more bitterly in this house of God than in his boarding-house. Among the crowd were kind, fatherly old men, sweet-faced matrons, with sons of their own. He watched them eagerly, but they brushed past him in silence.

Nobody even asked him to come again. But he did go again, occupying the same seat during the winter Sabbaths. Some of the members of the church noticed him at last and asked who he was. One even said, "Somebody should ask him to join a church society," but added to himself, "Bro. A— will see to it." Bro. A— had the same vague idea, but left it to Bro. D—, it being none of his business.

The lad finding no welcome in the church, made acquaintance with the boys in his boarding-house, went with them on Sunday to the park to a boat race, and at last to a dog-fight. In the fall, one Sunday, a group of drunken young men gathered in front of the church; among them was our country lad, his face pale, his eyes dull from the effects of liquor, his steps unsteady.

"Is not that the young man who used to sit next to us?" said one lady. "Poor fellow! he's on the downward road! If somebody would speak to him, even now, it might do some good."

She hesitated. The boy looked at her wistfully, thinking she was a little like his mother. But she hurried into church, thinking that really it was none of her business after all.

In how many churches are such things done?

What should be the motto written over their altars—the words of Jesus, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?" or the words of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—*Youth's Companion*.

The Donkey's Dream.

A DONKEY lay him down to sleep,
As he slept and snored full deep,
He was observed (strange sight) to weep
As if in anguished mood.

A gentle mule that lay near by
The donkey roused, and, with a sigh
And kindly voice, inquired why
Those tears he did exude.

The donkey, while he trembled o'er
And dropped cold sweat from every pore,
Made answer in a fearful roar—
"I dreamed I was a dude!"

THE house-fly can only see a distance of thirty-eight feet, but that never bothers him any. He always manages to keep within thirty-seven feet of everything.

PEOPLE may live as much retired from the world as they please, but sooner or later, before they are aware, they will find themselves debtor or creditor to somebody.

In A.D. 59, soon after Paul was converted, he called himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." As the years rolled along, and he grew in grace, in A.D. 64, he cried out: "I am less than the least of all saints;" and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, in A.D. 65, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of sinners."

Ancient Divisions of the Day.

THE Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians began the day at sunrise, and divided both the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the division into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide this interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The "clock" invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria, B.C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and setting sun the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours, the civil day.

They began and ended their civil day at midnight; and took this practice from their ancient laws and custom, and rites of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the division into hours.

Power of a Book.

AN old Puritan doctor, Richard Sibbes, wrote a book, years and years ago, called the "Bruised Reed," which fell, just at the right time, into the hands of Richard Baxter, and brought him under the influences of the enlightening power of the Spirit of God. And then Baxter's ministry was like the sun in his strength, and he wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," which continued to speak long after Baxter himself had ceased to speak with human tongue.

That "Call to the Unconverted" went preaching on, until it got into the hands of Philip Doddridge—prepared by his pious mother's teaching from the Dutch tiles of a mantelpiece, with very quaint scriptural pictures—and it was the means of enlightening him to a broader knowledge and richer faith, and a deeper experience of the things of God.

And then Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which, just at a critical period in his history, fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, who wrote a book called "Practical Christianity," which, far down in the sunny Isle of Wight, fired the heart of a clergyman who has attained a broad and wide reputation; and most deservedly, too—for who has not heard tell of Leigh Richmond?

He wrote the simple annals of a girl, and published it under the title of "The Dairyman's Daughter;" and into how many languages has that been translated, and been made of God a power for the spread of truth! The same book on "Practical Christianity," went right down into a secluded parish in Scotland, and it found there a young clergyman who was preaching a gospel that he did not know, and it instructed him in the way of God more perfectly, and he came forth a champion, valiant for the truth upon the earth, until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers.

What a chain! Richard Sibbes, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, William Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond, Thomas Chalmers!—*Watchword*.