

Young People's Department.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days,
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time ! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent.
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time ! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer,
To those around whose lives are now so dear,
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

—*Medical Missionary Record.*

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

(*Young Christian Soldier.*)

“**T**HERE'S a new family in Number 4,” announced the children in Mill Row. Their mothers, however, had already discovered this, for the women in Mill Row, it seemed, had little to do but sit in doorways and gossip. Their “men folks” worked in the mills, and when they were at home were too tired to notice how dirty and disorderly the little houses were.

These houses had once been neat and cosy, and the mill owner had hoped that each workman would have a really good home. Each house had a little garden at the back, and a rough stone pavement in front, and had they been in a German village, every inch of ground would have been full of growing plants, flowers and vegetables. But they were not in Germany, so there was nothing in the backyards but pails, and piles of garbage, and clothes-lines.

Each house-wife seemed to feel that, since her neighbor took no pains to make a home, she need not. So it was felt rather an offence when the new family, the Lockes, began a vigorous cleaning of house and garden.

The family was small, father, mother, a girl of ten, and a baby ; but even the tired father went to work at the garden the minute he

came from the mill, when the other men sat on broken-legged chairs tipped back against the wall, and smoked.

The Lockes and their cleaning were quite amusing for awhile, and the neighbors used to stand in doorways and smile. “Would ye see the water that child has carried this morn ! All to wash a mite of scrap from them door-stones !” said one. “Oh, but did you notice Locke ? Up before sunrise and digging in that ash-plot, the back yard !” said another.

The ground was really pretty good, under the layer of cinders that ten years of careless tenants had given it, and Mr. Locke had discovered this as soon as his spade went deep enough. No one else in Mill Row had thought of looking for good ground under bad. But presently there was a wonderful greenness in the Lockes' yard. There were green things in rows—a row of lettuce, one of beans, three of onions, two of cabbages, and a few radishes ; and along the fence, marigolds and peas and a sunflower. In front of the house there could be nothing grown, and the Row boys would have destroyed a flower-box ; but the white window-curtain and the clean stones made Number 4 catch one's eyes and please them.

And there was Dora on the door-step, with knitting and the baby. Dora could knit the baby's socks and her own stockings, and could mend her father's things. When the other children played games that she liked, Dora played, too, but when they raced and screamed, she liked better to knit, and as the back of the house was too hot in the afternoons, she sat in front.

It was her very clean white apron that caught the manager's eyes, and made him stop and speak. Then he saw through the open doors the back-yard glowing green in the setting sun's blaze. After that he stopped often, and even sat in the garden for a while, one evening, talking to Mr. Locke. “Well, well ! ain't the Lockes the shuperier ones !” said old Mrs. Mackenna, sneeringly. But she began to scrub her door-stones.

“If old Granny Mack ain't cleanin' up ! Well, that beats all !” laughed Mrs. Green and Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. Finnerty. But they began to scrub their door-stones.

“Say, that fellow Locke's got a lot of greens growing in his yard ; really tasty stuff,” said the men who lived in the row of houses back of Mill Row, where the gardens ran back and