

Nobody's Child.

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare, cold
feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and
dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so
wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things
bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful gl-e,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat!

Oh, what shall I do when the nig-
comes down
In this terrible blackness all over the
town!
Shall I lay me down 'neath the wintry
sky,
On the cold, hard pavement alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,
And mamma has tucked them up
snuggly in bed?
No dear mother ever upon me smiled,
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
child?

No father, no mother, no sister, no one
in all the world loves; e'en the little dogs
run
When I wander too near them; 'tis won-
drous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar
like me!
Perhaps it's a dream; but sometimes
when I lie,
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright
star,
I fancy the beautiful gates ajar;
And a host of shining, white-robed things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame.
And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home
above.
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue
eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary
night
I'm going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms
so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's
child.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

The following, which first appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touch-
ing incidents to be met with. If true, it
was a very remarkable case; and if mere-
ly imaginative, it is very suggestive:
There is a family in this city who are
dependent at this moment upon a little
child for all the present sunshine of their
lives. A few weeks ago the young wife
and mother was stricken down to die. It
was so sudden—so dreadful—when the
grave family physician called them to-
gether in the parlour, and, in his solemn
professional way, intimated to them the
truth—there was no hope.
Then the question arose among them,
Who would tell her? Not the doctor!
It would be cruel to let the man of
science go to their dear one on such an
errand. Not the aged mother, who was to
be left childless and alone. Not the
young husband, who was walking the
floor with clenched hands and rebellious
heart. Not—there was only one other,
and at this moment he looked up from
the book he had been playing with un-
noticed by them all, and asked gravely:
"Is mamma doin' to die?"
Then, without waiting for an answer,
he sped from the room and upstairs as
fast as his little feet would carry him.
Friends and neighbours were watching
by the sick woman. They wonderingly

noticed the pale face of the child as he
climbed on the bed, and laid his small
hand on his mother's pillow.
"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caress-
ing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"
The mother looked at him with swift
intelligence. Perhaps she had been
thinking of this.
"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked
faintly.
"Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma—every-
body," he whispered. "Mamma, dear,
'till mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'till
you?"
"No, Charlie," said the young mother,
after one supreme pang of grief; "no,
mamma won't be afraid?"
"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mam-
ma. 'cep hold my hand an', an' when
you open 'em, mamma, it 'll be all light
ther."

When the family gathered awe-stricken
at the bedside, Charlie held up his little
hand.
"Hu-s-h! My mamma doin' to sleep.
Her won't wake up here any more!"
And so it proved. There was no
heart-rending farewell—no agony of part-
ing; for when the young mother woke,
she had passed beyond; and, as baby
Charlie said, "It was all light there."

DIVIDING OUR TIME.

Many a young convert is troubled over
this question: "How much time must I
give to religion, and how much may I
use for the world?" He would, with his
present feelings, give all his waking
hours to God; but he has duties and
necessities that compel him to spend
many hours every day in work or busi-
ness, and he seems to himself thus rob-
bing God.
Now the question he asks, nobody can
answer except by saying, "Give God all
your time." And it seems to him, when
his friends tell him that, that they are
mocking him; and when the Scriptures
tell him the same, that is a riddle he
cannot solve.
Let us have a Socratic conversation
upon this matter.
"Does God appoint us any work—
actual bodily labour—to do?"
"Yes."
"Then, is there any sin in doing what
God appoints?"
"No."
"Then we have reached the conclusion
that all labour is not sin. Is God always
present with his children?"
"Yes."
"Then, if you are a child of God, will
God be always present with you?"
"Yes."
"In your hours of labour, as well as
in your hours of worship?"
"It must be."
"And is he not always pleased when
we do what he commands us?"
"Yes."
"Then, when we are enjoined always
to have the Lord with us, and when God
promises to be always with us, must it
not follow that we do not need to divide
our time between God and the world, but
have God with us all the time? If we
can make him, as it were, the senior
partner in our business, or the overseer of
our labour, shall we not feel that we must
do honest business, and do reliable work?
Then we need not, and must not, toil so
as to unfit ourselves for converse with
him who goes with us to our daily duties,
and is greatly interested in our worldly
affairs."
Thus, if we set rightly about it, we do
not need to divide our time: we can give
it all to God.—Selected.

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A sweet and intelligent little girl was
passing quietly through the streets of a
certain town a short time since, when
she came to a spot where several idle
boys were amusing themselves by the
dangerous practice of throwing stones.
Not observing her, one of the boys by
accident threw a stone toward her, and
struck her a cruel blow in the eye.
She was carried home in great agony.
The doctor was sent for, and a very pain-
ful operation was declared necessary.
When the time came, and the surgeon
had taken out his instrument, she lay
in her father's arms, and he asked her if
she was ready for the doctor to do what
he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.
"What do you wish us to wait for, my
child?"
"I want to kneel in your lap and pray
to Jesus first," she answered. And then,
kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and
afterwards submitted to the operation
with all the patience of a strong woman.
How beautiful this little girl appears
under these trying circumstances! Sure-
ly Jesus heard the prayer made in that
hour, and he will hear every child that
calls on his name. Every pain can be
endured when we ask Jesus to help us
bear it.

SPEAK THE TRUTH

Lying is supposed to be counted a
virtue rather than a vice by Orientals;
and exaggeration of language is a char-
acteristic of all their conversation. But
the ancient records of the East would go
to show that this was not always so. An
Egyptian tablet, that dates back to some
four thousand years ago, even prior
to the days of Abraham, gives a departed
worthy's record of his claims to accept-
ance with the powers of the heavenly
world. Among those things that he
affirms to his credit is this:
"I have taken pleasure in speaking the
truth."
"I have perceived the advantage to
conform to this practice upon the earth
from the first action (of my life) even to
the tomb."
"My sure defence shall be to speak it
(the truth) in the day when
"I reach the divine judges, the skillful
interpreters, discoverers of all actions,
the chastisers of sins."
And again he declares for himself:
"My mouth has always been opened to
utter true things, not to foment quarrels.
I have repeated what I have heard just
as it was told to me."
That is a good record for an ancient
Oriental. It would be a good record for
a nineteenth-century Christian.

**WHY THEY SIT WITH THEIR
HATS ON.**

It is often asked why members of the
English Parliament sit with their hats
on. I will tell you:
During the reign of King John (1199),
the king agreed to settle the difficulty
with Phillip the Second of France respect-
ing the Duchy of Normandy by single
combat. The English champion was
the Earl of Ulster, and as soon as he
appeared on the field of combat, his ad-
versary put spurs to his horse and fled,
leaving him master of the field.
King John, in the best of humour,
asked the earl what his reward would be.
He replied, "Titles and lands I want
not; of these I have already enough; but
in remembrance of this day, I would beg
the boon for myself and my successors,
to remain covered in the presence of
your Majesty as well as all other
sovereigns of this realm."
The request was granted and it has
never been revoked, which accounts for
the curious and often remarked upon
custom in Parliament of members wear-
ing their hats.

"HOW OLD MUST I BE?"

"Mother," a little child once said;
"mother, how old must I be before I can
become a Christian?"
And the wise mother answered: "How
old will you have to be, darling, before
you can love me?"
"Why, mother, I always loved you. I
do now, and always shall." And she
kissed her mother. "But you have not
told me yet how old I shall have to be."
The mother made answer with another
question, "How old must you be before
you can trust yourself wholly to me and
my care?"
"I always did," she answered, and
kissed her mother again. "But tell me
what I want to know;" and she climbed
into her mother's lap, and put her arms
about her neck.
The mother asked again, "How old
will you have to be before you can do
what I want you to do?"
Then the child whispered, half-guess-
ing what her mother meant, "I can now
without growing any older."

Then her mother said, "You can be a
Christian now, my darling, without wait-
ing to be older. All you have to do is to
love, and trust, and try to please the On-
who says, 'Let the little ones come unto
me.' Don't you want to begin now?"
The child whispered, "Yes."
Then they both knelt down, and the
mother prayed, and in her prayer she
gave to Christ her little one who wanted
to be his. Revivalist.

FINISHED AND FOLDED UP.

"There, that is finished and folded up,
and I am heartily glad," said Bertha, as
she took off her little thimble, and laid
on the table a pretty blue muslin dress,
on which she had been busy for several
days.
"Is it well done, too?" asked practical
Aunt Mabel.
"Pretty well done for me, auntie;
mother says I improve in dressmaking."
"That is encouraging. Now, Bertha,
do you know that something else of yours
also is finished and folded up this even-
ing?"
"What else can it be, Aunt Mabel?
This is the only piece of work I have had
to do this week, unless it is that tidy. I
do not expect to see the end of that for
six weeks."
"Still you have finished and folded up
something more important than your
tidy, or your dress even—something
which will not be unfolded again for
ages, perhaps; and yet you will see it
again, with every line and fold. Your
day's history is done and gone from your
keeping. You may remodel the dress, if
it does not please you, but you cannot
change one jot or tittle of the day's re-
cord."
Aunt Mabel had the fash- of drop-
ping these seed-thoughts, which often
grew up strong, vigorous plants in young
hearts.
"What has the record been?" asked
Bertha of her own heart, as she thought-
fully laid away the blue muslin. As little
by little she tried to go over the hours,
there was much she would have gladly
changed if she could.
"I wish I had spoken pleasantly to
Ned when he wished me to help him with
his flag. It would only have taken me
a minute or two; and he was first sad
and then vexed with my crossness. It is
too bad! I left mother to do all her
baking alone, and did not even prepare
the cherries for her, in my haste to
finish my dress." A sight of a little
Bible, whose clasp had been closed all
day, suggested still more reproachful
thoughts. "No wonder I had such a
poor day's record when I began it in too
much haste for prayer, or reading a
verse even."
The day's work did not look so satis-
factory from this standpoint, and she
sighed as she felt it was "folded up"—
Words of Life.

**THE LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL
HAND**

"Tell me a story, sister, please."
"A story, dear? Let us see what it
shall be. Oh, I will tell you of three
young ladies who disputed as to which
had the most beautiful hand. One held
up fingers tapering, delicate, and white
as a lily. The hand of the second was
beautiful in form, and tinged with the
pink of a shell. The hand of the third
seemed to combine all the beauties of the
first and second. Just then came an old
woman, homely and stooping with age,
and held up her wrinkled hand. "Give
me a gift," she said; "for I am poor."
The three ladies all declined. A fourth,
with hands bearing the marks of homely
toil, gave the old woman what she de-
sired. "This one," said she, "has the
beautiful hand. It is not the perfection
of form, the grace of dimple, or delicate
tint, but loving ministry to the wants of
the needy that constitutes the truest
beauty!" As she spoke these words the
staff on which she leaned disappeared,
the wrinkles of age were exchanged for
dazzling beauty, the bent form arose
majestically erect, and there stood in the
presence of the ladies an angel from
heaven. She had full authority to settle
their dispute, and there is none to this
day who dares reverse her judgment.
Let us both think on this story, dear.
We may profit much by its teaching."