



TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

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Among the quickest of the little fellows who used to sell newspapers in one of the busy streets of New York was a bright little boy called "Tiny Tim." He used to dart in and out among the cars and carriages, with the nimblest of bare feet; and many a time the passers-by thought he was going to be knocked down by a faster horse than usual. But he always managed to escape somehow or other. In the picture we see him in a position where escape seems almost impossible. The driver is shouting at him, and at the same time, trying to stop the horse; the men on the side-walk are making movements to try and save him, but we feel pretty certain that he will get across before the horse's feet are upon him, and hope he will profit by his narrow escape and be more careful in future.

A REAL HERO.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, a ragged little boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful, sunny face, and eyes that looked like mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him, or pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; it was

his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and requestioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his stepfather alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, weary with the boy's persistence in the same story, and, perhaps, a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, and said to him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship at his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that he ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to tell the truth and save his life. But he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whom his stepfather could not care for, knelt on the ship's deck and prayed. Our young friend was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and there, with clasped hands and

eyes upturned to heaven, he asked the Lord Jesus to take him to himself, and forgive the mate. Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

BABY'S DREAM.

What does baby dream about?
Little angels at their play
In the gardens of delight
Winding in a shining chain
'Mid the roses red and white?
By his smile I have no doubt
Something sweet he dreams about.

Does he dream that silver stars
Hang in clusters from the trees,
Making a soft, tinkling tune
In the warm and fragrant breeze,
Gathered from the store of toys
For good baby girls and boys?

Is he listening as he sleeps
To an angel lullaby
Wafted over flowery fields,
Sweeter than the south wind's sigh?
By his look I have no doubt
Something sweet he dreams about.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

In a school a big boy was so abusive to the little ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old; yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because if he is expelled perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still."

"Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong, God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

GOD HAS NOT GONE AWAY.

Annie and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lil to go off somewhere and play with her.

"But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily.

"Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away for a little while," naughty Annie said.

"But God has not gone away; he would know," Lily replied, as she ran home fast.