



### THE LITTLE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

WILLIE is a three-year-old darling. This summer he visited his aunt in the city, and was very much interested in the curious sights and sounds which abound there.

A few days after his return home, when his mamma sat on the piazza with some friends, Willie marched up the gravel path with his little wheelbarrow on his back.

He stopped at the foot of the steps, set his burden down, resting it upon the handles, so that it stood upright. Then holding it with one hand, and rolling the wheel with the other, he kept his foot rising and falling just as if he were at work with a genuine treadle. He looked very sober, and said, "Please, madam, have you any scissors to sharpen?"

The ladies handed him several pairs, which he ground in the best style, trying the edge with his finger, and at last passing them to the owner with the request for ten cents.

Mamma gave him a bit of paper, which he put into his pocket, returning the change in the form of two leaves.

When he had finished his task, he shouldered the wheelbarrow, and was saying "Good afternoon," when one of the party ran after him, calling to him to kiss her.

"Scissors-grinders don't kiss," he said; but the fun sparkled in his bright black eye, and he burst into a hearty laugh, which must have been a relief to the merry boy after being sober so long.

THERE is but little bad luck in the world, but there is a heap of bad management.

### TOO COSTLY.

"It is a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades besides the corkscrew," said Tom, "it could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know, I gave him my red alley for it and the medal I picked up in the road, and I told him the medal was silver and the alley real marble and worth a lot of money; and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred pounds as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

He is welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel, "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."—*Boys and Girls' Companion.*

### DIDN'T WANT TO GROW UP BAD.

Of all the spectacles of neglect and want in a "cold world" none is more pitiful than that of a child begging, not for charity, but for Christian care and moral training. A case of this kind was recently given by the *New York Times*.

A bright little boy of twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into Jefferson Market Police Court one evening, and said to Justice Morgan, "Judge, your honour, I want to give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I ain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the streets and become a bad boy."

"Why don't you stay at home?"

"I ain't got no home. Father's been dead nine years, and mother died before that."

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my aunt. She lives on Forty-first Street. But she gets drunk and she won't let me stay in-doors. To-day she chased me out, and said if I ever came back, she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home."

"Nobody will take me in, because I ain't got good clothes, and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it; then the cops'll take me in. I don't want to get arrested. I don't want to steal, nor to be

a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something, and get to be a man? There's places like that, ain't there?"

The justice told the boy there were such places as that for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution. —*Selected.*

### HAROLD'S QUESTION.

"MAMMA, dear," little Harold said  
One morning at the table,  
"Will I, who eat the broken bread,  
Will I be a disciple?"  
For his mamma to him had read  
How often Jesus blessed the bread  
And gave it to the people.

Yes, darling, if you will but learn  
The lessons that God sets you,  
And not like some his kindness spurn,  
Because the teaching frets you.  
Though there were many who were fed  
When Jesus blessed the broken bread;  
But few were his disciples.

For no disciples, dear, are they  
Who cannot be contacted,  
Like Harold, when he wished to play  
But was by rain prevented;  
For when the rains and dews are spread,  
It means that God has blessed the bread  
And gives it to the people.

—*Footsteps of Jesus.*

### ROB'S BETTER THOUGHT.

ROB has just got home from a long journey, he says, and Pony Jack is very tired and hungry. He has driven the faithful fellow down to the brook for a drink, and now he says, "Get Jack a piece of bread, Sue, quick;" and Sue runs and picks up a stone, which she calls bread.

But what is the matter with Elva? She looks sour and sad as with finger in her mouth she turns about to go into the house. She is affronted because Rob didn't call her instead of Sue to get bread for the pony. She gets put out very easily.

But Rob didn't mean to hurt her feelings; he only didn't think. "She is nothing but a cry-baby," said Rob to himself, scowling as he said it, "and I don't care; let her be affronted if she will."

ALWAYS speak kindly and politely to servants and work-people. If you want them to do anything for you, ask, and not order them. They will respect and love you, and be much more willing to wait upon you if you do so.