

The Newsboy's Cat.

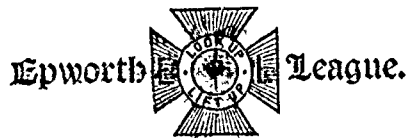
WANT any paper, Mister,
Wish you'd buy 'em of me—
Ten years old an' a family,
An' business dull, you see.
Fact, boss! There's Tom and Tibby,
An' dad, an' mam, an' mam's cat,
None on 'em caynin' money—
What do you think of that?

Couldn't dad work? Why, yes, boss,
He's workin' for gov'ment now—
They give his board for nothin'—
All along of a drunken row.
An' mam? Well, she's in the poor house
Been there a year or so;
So I'm takin' care of the others,
Doin' as well as I know.

Oughten't to live so! Why, mister,
What's a feller to do?
Some nights when I'm tired and hungry
Seems as if each on 'em knew—
They'll all three cuddle around me,
Till I get cheery an' say:
Well, p'raps I'll have sisters an' brothers,
An' money, an' clothes, too, some day.

But if I do get rich, boss,
(An' a lecture' chap one night,
Said that newsboys could be Presidents,
If only they acted right:)
So if I was President, mister,
The very first thing I'd do,
I'd buy poor Tom and Tibby
A dinner—an' mam's cat, too!

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,
But a good square meal for three:
If you think I'd skimp my friends, boss,
That shows you don't know me.
So 'ere's your papers, come, take one,
Gimme a lif if you can—
For now you've heard my story,
You see I'm a fam'ly man!



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

A League Library.

BY REV. F. S. PARKHURST.

WHAT possibilities present themselves as we study the different departments in the League wheel. In this age of reading the Church has no more important work than that of printing and circulating pure literature. What can the Epworth League do in this work? Not every Sunday-school has a library, and even where they do exist they do not meet the demands of our young people. An Epworth League library solves the problem. That there is a legitimate place for such may be admitted for several reasons. So much of the Oxford League idea that has come over to the Epworth League calls for it. We must not lose sight of our literary work, an important side of the many-sided, complete Christian life. Methodist young people should know the grand history of their Church; loyalty and devotion will be strengthened as they know the history of Methodism.

How shall we proceed. Let the pastor, or League president take the initiative; or, better yet, select some young person who has qualifications and is not working for the Master, and urge the work. O Epworthians! you must sing oftener the hymn, "Give me some work to do," and pray oftener the prayer, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

"There must be work for me,
Work fitted for my hand,
That holds no special power,
Yet longs to toil at thy command."

Even now while you read this, say, here is work for me to do.

Now that someone has taken the responsibility and has the work at heart, fire up the whole chapter. Show the need of a library, its value and necessity. Get the action of the League to back you and start the library at once.

Let as many members as will, contribute a book or money enough to buy one. By correspondence with Methodist authors and friends, many books will be gratuitous.

An entertainment by the department of literary work will start a library fund. Keep the books shelved at the church. Yet I know of those kept at the parsonage. Have system. A few good rules and regulations. Open the library at the close of each weekly meeting.

About books. "The Oxford League series," "Our Own Church series," "Home College library," Chautauqua text-books are excellent and cheap. Give prominence to Methodist history, biography, doctrine, etc. A few books like Zenobia, Hypatia, Ben Hur, and the like, will not be amiss. "H. H.'s" books will interest the young women in home missions. Young men will read "Manliness of Christ," "The Character of Jesus," "Oats or Wild Oats," and a like class. Here is a land to possess. We are abundantly able, let us go up and possess it.—*Epworth Herald.*

Look Up.

(From the *Epworth Herald.*)

Look up and trust fully.
Look up till vision is clear.
Look up and pray fervently.
Look up and away from self.
Look up till your zeal overflows.
Look up till your head is steady.
Look up till your heart is strong.
Look up till your soul is all afire.
Look up till motives are Christly.
Look up and receive bountifully.
Look up till pentecost comes down.

Lift Up.

LIFT up eagerly.
Lift up tenderly.
Lift up the lowest down.
Lift up with Christly pity.
Lift up; souls are sinking down.
Lift up without expecting reward.
Lift up till lifting makes you groan.
Lift up; the dying are your brothers.
Lift up till your soul is thrilled with the joy of service.
Lift up till you have set all the bells in heaven ringing over prodigals returning home.

That Brick.

Yes? It was found in the Nile mud, and so deep that learned men went clean crazy over it. It was made, they declared, long ere Karnac or Luxor were thought of; a stretch of time so far back as to make common people like us giddy. Some said 11,000 others 11,000,000 of years ago. It must be that age they declared. See for yourselves, count the layers of mud. Who can gainsay a record like that? It is infallible, thus men whose strongest wish was to make the Bible appear untruthful, dilated on the brick, the antiquity of Egypt and layers of mud. They like that other mud creature, the conger eel, were quite blind. They saw the marks on the brick, but being hieroglyphics only made the age all the greater. With other antiquities it was taken to the British museum, when Dr. Birch made out the name of Thothmes III., the Pharaoh

who know not Joseph, so all the eleven thousand like their eleven millions shrunk into something like three thousand. Again set uttile infidelity had to hide a head considerably diminished. J. M.
North Wiltshire, P.E.I.

October.

BY REV. JAMES B. KENYON.

OCTOBER lights her watch-fires on the hill,
For the days hasten, and the year declines;
The dusty grapes droop on the yellowing vines,
Plumped with the sweets these last warm hours distil.
The stream that loiters downward to the mill
Wimples amid its reeds and faintly shines.
At intervals, from out the darkling pines,
The squirrel repeats his challenge, loud and shrill.

In vain the sunlight weaves its golden snood
About the earth; an unseen pillager,
Night after night, with fingers chill and rude,
Despoiling her frail beauty, plucks at her:
While morn by morn, o'er garden, field and wood,
The hoar-frost scatters its light mincever.

Success.

"I TELL you, boys," said the schoolmaster, "it doesn't depend half so much on special talent as on energy and ambition, for success in life. You've got to work, work, work, and dig, dig, dig, right at a thing, if you are going to succeed. If you have a special talent, all the better; but the finest talent in the world will not amount to much without invincible energy and industry along the line in which your talent leads.

"There were two boys at school together. One could draw and caricature anything; the other could not. But one day one twitted the other.

"'You couldn't draw a cow so it could be told from the side of a house.'

"'I can!' said Morgan Gray.

"'Let's see!' cried Elliott Mandall. 'O! such a cow! Is it a cow? or a horse? or a dog? or a cat? or the side of a house? See, boys! See this cow! Ha! ha! Morgan Gray's cow! O, boys, this is too killing. Ho! ho! ha! ha! My kingdom for a cow!'

"He didn't mean to be cruel, but he could take a pencil and switch off a cow, or and other creature, in a minute.

"'I can, and I will—some day,' said Morgan Gray; and from that moment, though with no special genius (except for labour), he worked in that direction, until to-day he is one of our leading artists.

"He just went right into the work. He studied anatomy to get the right direction of veins and muscles—all for his work. He would sit for hours before a glass, distorting his face in various ways, and then trying to get the lines on paper, as he struggled for some particular facial expression. It was solid, hard work for him—but he succeeded.

"One other thing, boys; don't divide your energies. Decide on what you want to do, and then do that one thing. Don't dabble in half-a-dozen different lines, trying this and trying that. Where is Elliott Mandall to-day? Dilly-dallying between literature, art, and music—able to do a little in each, but not much in any one.

"Now, boys, you are going home for the holidays; many of you will not return, but will go into the world to succeed or fail, according as you work.

"Use the talent God has given you. Decide on what you want to do or become. Make your mark, then aim for it. Concentrate your energy. But, above all, work, work, work, and dig, dig, dig! Be not discouraged, but persevere, and surely success of the best kind will attend you, for you will have done the best of which you are capable. And the Lord asks no more—neither any less—of any man."