

HOW LITTLE BESSIE FELL ASLEEP.

**W**UG me closer, closer, mother,  
Put your arms around me tight;  
I am cold and tired, mother,  
And I feel so strange to-night;  
Something hurts me here, dear mother,  
Like a stone upon my breast;  
O! I wonder, wonder, mother,  
Why it is I cannot rest!

All the day, while you are working,  
As I lay upon my bed,  
I was trying to be patient,  
And to think of what you said;  
How the kind and blessed Jesus  
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,  
And I wish he'd come and take me  
In his arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,  
Just before the children came,  
While the room was very quiet,  
I heard some one call my name.  
All at once the window opened—  
In the field were lambs and sheep;  
Some from out a brook were drinking,  
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,  
Though I strained my eyes to see,  
And I wondered if he saw me,  
If he'd speak to such as me.  
In a moment I was looking  
On a world so bright and fair,  
Which was full of little children,  
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, O, how sweetly,  
Sweeter songs I never heard;  
They were singing sweeter, mother,  
Than can sing our yellow bird.  
And while I my breath was holding,  
One so bright upon me smiled;  
And I knew it must be Jesus,  
When he said, "Come here, my child."

"Come up here, my little Bessie,  
Come up here and live with me,  
Where the children never suffer,  
But are happier than you see."  
Then I thought of all you told me  
Of that bright and happy land:  
I was going when you called me—  
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry  
You had called me; I would go—  
O! to sleep, and never suffer—  
Mother don't be crying so!  
Hug me closer, closer, mother,  
Put your arms around me tight,  
O! how much I love you, mother,  
But I feel so strange to-night!

And her mother pressed her closer  
To her overburdened breast;  
On the heart so near to breaking  
Lay the heart so near its rest,  
In the solemn hour of midnight,  
In the darkness calm and deep,  
Lying on her mother's bosom,  
Little Bessie fell asleep!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

**N**EVER mind, Katy, never mind the sneers of your lady-fied cousin sitting by the window toying with the last novel; come here, and let me see your hands. Nay, do not try to hide them under your apron. Are they red and cold? Let me warm them between my loving palms. Sit here on my lap, let me kiss the tear from your eye, and smile the burning blush off your cheek, and we will have a little talk about beautiful hands. Now you need not offer one excuse, my child; I know all about it. You cannot always stop to put on gloves when your mother is in a hurry for a few chips, or a stick or two of wood. I know you rub them with glycerine at night, but that will not always keep them smooth; and you wash them with meal or with boiled potato, but it will not make them always look white; nevertheless they may be beautiful hands for all that.

Let us see. Are they industrious hands? Do they always find something to do for themselves or for

others? Are they dutiful hands? Are they always ready to do father's wishes and mother's bidding? Are they discreet hands? Do they always do that which is right and becoming? Are they bountiful hands? Are they always ready to give to the needy and the destitute? Are they clean hands? Do they never perform a sly or a mean action? Are they loving hands? Do they often reach out to caress the dear ones around them? Ah, my darling! Your hands may not be lily white; you may not wrap them in kid, and anoint them with idleness; still they may be beautified with a thousand graces poured over them from a pure mind and a loving heart. God has given you these hands, my child, for unnumbered useful purposes. With them you can bless yourself and all about you. It were a sin and a shame, then, to keep them idle to be looked at. Never let another tear come into your eyes when any one is so thoughtless as to ridicule the roughness of your hands. Never be ashamed of the signs of toil upon them, they are evidences of your usefulness; they are some of the marks which in the sight of God and good men make your hands beautiful.—  
*Aunt Julia.*

SEEKING REST.

**T**HROUGHOUT India, at certain seasons of the year, the Brahmins consult their works on astrology, and appoint *melas*, or religious festivals at certain sacred places. These places are generally near some body of water, some supposed sin-cleansing pool. The people assemble from afar and near to bathe and to worship the idols in the temples.

The late Rev. J. D. Brown, in a letter, told the following touching story in regard to one of these annual gatherings:

"Having preached to the crowds of pilgrims one morning, I had gone to my tent. Sitting in the door, I watched the pilgrims passing by, on a three mile march around the pond. Among the many that morning there came a poor woman, bowed under the weight of many years. Leaving the others she came and sat down under the shade of a tree in front of my tent. Contrary to custom, I approached her and said, respectfully: "Old mother, who are you?" Looking up with a sad face, she replied, "I am a poor, old pilgrim." "How long have you been a pilgrim?" Again she turned her weary-looking face toward me and said, "O, sir, I have been a pilgrim for fourteen years. I have been to the Ganges, and to many other shrines. I have spent all my money, and I am a poor old pilgrim still."

I then said, "Tell me why you go on these long pilgrimages. What are you seeking?"

A look of utter loneliness and despondency gathered over the old pilgrim's face as she said, in words and tones I can never forget, "I am seeking rest for my soul."

"Have you found it?"

Again the lonely, weary expression came over her face as she said, sorrowfully, "No rest yet."

Christian sisters, hear the cry from the women of heathen lands: "seeking rest for our souls." They look to us imploringly. Let us hasten to tell them of One who says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHEWING GUM.

**I**D you know that nearly three-quarters of the chewing gum that tires the jaws of the rising generation in the United States is now made from petroleum?" said a manufacturing confectioner to a reporter the other day. The reporter did not know it. "Oh, yes," said the confectioner. "Petroleum first knocked the spots off the whale oil business of New England, and now it is clipping into its spruce and tamarack gum industry at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of petroleum we have just received." The confectioner slapped his hand on a large oblong block that resembled a block of marble. "A few days ago," said he, "that came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with a smell that would knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things, with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice, clean wax. There isn't any taste to it, and no more smell to it than there is to a china plate. We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece weighs about 200 pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it and flavour it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any pleasant essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this one will make 10,000 penny cakes and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufactories using almost as much wax as we do. I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

**G**IVE them a good education. Teach them to be brave, strong, true! Teach them to respect women and treat them as their equals. Teach them to be pure in thought, deed, and action, to despise meanness and falsehood. Teach them to be self-supporting and ashamed of idleness. Show them the way to love nature, to love the sunshine, exercise in the fresh air and honourable work. Teach them to hate tobacco, rum, all strong drinks, and to love fruit and simple foods. Teach them to spend their evenings at home or in good society. Teach them all the virtues, none of the vices, and they will, when you are old and ready to depart, rise up and call you blessed.—*Ex.*

THERE are several pressing requests from needy schools for second-hand libraries. Will not schools having such kindly send them to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto, for distribution to schools urgently needing them? Send by express, and he will pay all charges.

BOYS HAVING FUN.

**N**OW, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sledding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a saw?"

"I have, so have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them; and you and Fred and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use saws, axes, and shovels could be in the play.

But Charlie was a favourite with them all and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon back again for the fun.

"Now," said he, "Widow Bradley has gone to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she could get some one to saw it to-night she would have nothing to make a fire with in the morning. Now, boys, it will be just as easy for us to saw, split, and pile up her wood as to make a snow-man on her door-step, and the surprise of the first will be better than that of the last. What say you, boys?"

One or two of the boys objected, and could not see the fun, but the majority went in for it with the inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It did not take long for seven smart and healthy boys to split and pile up that load of wood, and shovel a good path from the door-step to the wood pile. They felt great satisfaction over their fun, and they all went over to a neighbouring carpenter's shop, where shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each brought an armful; and they went home with light and joyful hearts.

The next morning when the poor, weary widow returned from watching at the sick bed, and saw what had been done, she was astonished and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks. She wondered who had done the kindly deed; and when afterward told, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" would have richly repaid them could they have heard it.

FIRST YEAR IN BUSINESS.

**T**HE first year of a boy's business life is a critical one. He comes, perhaps, from a country home, certainly from a school-life well hedged and protected by careful parents and teachers. He has lived heretofore under conditions in which it was easier to go right than wrong, and it is, indeed, a change when he takes life into his own hands and plunges into a great city's business current, whose ramifications encircle the world, and becomes one little atom in its vast force. Then it is he gets his first practical experience of life, and gains his first real knowledge of men and things. Then, too, he begins to find out what mettle he himself is made of, and to shape his life's course, and as he gives it an upward or a downward curve, so it is apt to continue.