

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## A PRAYER FOR HOLY PURITY.

Mary, Mother, pure and fair!  
Hearken to my heartfelt prayer,  
Pray for me that I may be  
A child of Holy Purity.

Let my heart to Thee ascend  
When Satan seeks my will to bend,  
Make my lips to move in prayer,  
That I may flee Dark Evil's snare.

Guiding Star of David's line!  
Destined from all time to shine,  
Pray Thy Son not to deny  
The precious boon for which I sigh.

Maiden Mother, meek and mild!  
Let me ever be Thy child  
Let my sole aim here be  
To imitate Thy purity.

Thou who in the crib adored  
Thy infant son as King and Lord;  
Ask of Him for me the grace  
That sin may ne'er my soul deface.

Holy Mother, pure and bright!  
Guard me through the treacherous night,  
Guide me o'er Life's foaming sea,  
Mother of Grace and Clemency!

## THE DESPERATE GANG.

HERE comes old Morris Meanwell, let us speak to him. Though he does not dress himself up in fine clothes, he is as neat and as clean as if he were going to the worship of God on a Sunday. If we had half as much knowledge as he has in that white head of his, we should do.

Stand close, for he is coming this way.

See! he has stopped to speak to the poor girl in the ragged shawl.—No poor boy and no poor girl are too ragged for him to speak to. Yes, I thought how it would end; he is giving her a little picture book, but old Morris Meanwell is not the man to give away a book without giving with it a little good advice.

Now he is really coming, smiling with good humor. Whoever may be dull and down hearted, old Morris Meanwell is as happy and as cheerful as a morning in May. We must not let him pass without a word or two. Will you please, sir, to tell us what o'clock it is?

"Will I? Yes, that I will, boys and girls, and anything else that may be of use to you. I see that you have been flying a kite, and a fine long ball of

string you have, enough to reach above the tallest tree in the park.—Well, now for the time of day. It is exactly half-past four; and now, perhaps, you will tell me how it was that you should ask me the time of day instead of looking up at the church clock there?"

"We did not think of the church clock, sir."

"So I expected. We old people know pretty well what is going on in the heads and hearts of young people. You cared little about the time of day, I suspect, and only wanted me to stop and talk with you."

"Well, sir, that is the very truth."

"And what do you want me to talk about?"

"Anything you please, sir. You are sure to say something worth hearing."

"Have you heard of the desperate gang that infests the neighborhood round about here? Perhaps I had better tell you of it, and put you on your guard."

"A desperate gang! Oh, please to tell us all about it! How many are there in the gang?"

"That I cannot say, there are so many of them; but where one is, you are pretty sure to see some of the others. The whole village is in danger, for they stick at nothing—pocket picking, house breaking, highway robbery, nor murder."

"What a desperate set they must be?"

"Indeed they are. So long as they keep to the beer shops and lodging houses, or hide themselves in garrets and cellars, or skulk under the arches of the bridges, they are bad enough; but when they come out into the city, and corrupt all the young people they can, and win them over to join them, it is high time to look about us. Set your faces against them, boys, have nothing to do with them."

"But how shall we know them?—Please to describe some of them."

"The head and leader of them is a sad old rogue, for had it not been for him, the gang would never have been formed. At one time he is seen with his hands in his trousers pockets and his stockings about his heels. At another time he skulks about, looking on while industrious people are at work, but never thinks of doing anything him-