

## A MANLY, LOVING BOY.

He walks beside his mother,  
And looks up in her face  
With a glow of loving, joyous pride  
And a truly royal grace;  
He proudly waits upon her—  
Would shield her without fear,  
The boy who loves his mother well,  
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow  
Upon her loving cheek.  
To gain her sweet approving smile,  
To hear her softly speak,  
Ah, what in all this wide, wide world  
Could be to him so dear,  
The boy who loves his mother well,  
Her little cavalier?

Look for that boy in the future  
Among the good and true;  
All blessings on the upward way  
His feet shall still pursue!  
(Of robed and crowned and sceptred kings  
He stands the royal peer,  
The boy who loves his mother well,  
Her noble cavalier.

## "OUR VERSE."

As Mr. Lawrence was walking down town one day he noticed a boy standing before a shop-window, gazing earnestly at something within. It was the window of a book-store and the child was looking at an open Bible.

"Can you read, my little fellow?" said the gentleman, stopping.

"Yes, sir; and there's our verse."

"Verse?"

"Verse of the Bible, sir. That's a Bible in there."

"And what's a Bible, little man?"

"Why, don't you know, sir? The Bible is God's book, sir; it's the greatest book in the whole world."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know 'tis! My father says so, and my mother, and I'm sure they know; and—"

"Who are your father and mother?"

"My father's a shoemaker, sir, and there's lots of us; and my mother—"

"But how came they to know about the Bible?"

"Why, it's God's book, 'cause it's all about God; and it tells many a thing nobody could know but God; and the words in it come true."

"Come true? How?"

"My mother says she's proved 'em and tried 'em. Why, once we hadn't a thing in the house, and father was sick, and mamma prayed to God to make him well

and send us some bread, and there came a great basket of things, and some money and a doctor, and father got well; and mother said, 'Now see how God's word has come true!' He says, 'Call upon me and I will answer thee.' There's the very verse; don't you see it, sir?" and the boy pointed.

"Well, boy, I'm glad you know about the Bible and love it. I love it, too. Have you one of your own?"

"No, sir; father has a big one, but it's awful old."

"Well, I'm going in to buy you one. What's your name?"

"Allan Murdoch, sir."

"Well, Allan, come in." The boy's heart beat quick, I can tell you, when a Bible with his name written inside was given him. All his own! He could hardly believe it. And under his name was that of the good gentleman and the place where he lived.

"Allan, come and see me some time."

"I will, sir. Thank you, sir;" and the happy boy ran home hugging his Bible. It was better than gold.—*Selected.*

## A CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

A PHYSICIAN tells the following very pathetic story of the gratitude of a little German girl:

I was called one day in October to the family of a German who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a very poor man, with a large family. One of the many children, a boy of ten years, had the diphtheria. I attended the boy, and he recovered."

He had a sister two years older named Sadie, who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me for "saving brother Jimmy's life."

She always spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved Jimmy's life," and I in turn, won by her affectionate words and way, fell into the habit of speaking of her as "my good little girl." Thus we became great friends.

Not long afterwards Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to be given to me for saving Jimmy's life.

Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called to say that Sadie was much better, and that I need not call again.

But early next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside, and found that it was even so.

She knew me. Beside her in the bed under the ragged quilt, she had a small bag

of hickory nuts, gathered by her the day before at the expense of her life.

She held out the bag. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped, and in a few moments my good little girl was gone.

## ONLY ONE.

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of bees in summer weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
But only one mother the wide world over.

## DO YOU KNOW?

A POOR little street-girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered: "I'm having real good times here, ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well, but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in curiosity.

"O just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look gloomy if you knowed 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "'bout Jesus bein' born?"—*Faithful Witness.*

## LOOK UP.

LITTLE SAM came into the house with his head hanging down. "What is the matter with my boy?" said his mother. Sam said not a word, but his head went down still lower. Why do you think he hung his head? He had been naughty, and he was ashamed to look up. Ah! Sam, it is better to do right, and then you will not fear to look the great, smiling sun in the face! Look up, Sam. Confess your fault; say you are sorry for it, and try to keep right in the days to come.

KEEP aloof from quarrels: be neither a witness nor a party.