

For Girls and Boys.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Out of a rum-shop on a dreary night,
Reeled a husband and father in pitiful plight;
His face was haggard, his garments were thin,
And his soul was scorched with the fires of sin;—
Weary and hungry his children sat down
To wait his return from the distant town:
In helpless silence, in grief untold,
They wait for father out in the cold,
Out in the cold,

Out of the bar-room into the cold,
Money all gone and manhood sold,
The poor man, wasted and worn with sin,
Breasted the storm with quivering chin.
Only the storm, with its spectres, was out,
And the eddying snow that went whirling about;
Thousands were happy in the home-fold,
Nor thought of the drunkard out in the cold,
Out in the cold.

The rumseller sat by his fire that night,
Smoking his pipe by his warm firelight,
And he clapped his hands in rollicking glee:
"The wind and the storm are nothing to me;
I've plenty of coal in my cellar," said he;
"My children are hearty, and warm, and well fed;"
But his children were warmed by the poor man's gold—
Only the wind heard those moans in the cold,
Out in the cold.

And when the morn broke in the twilight gray,
In a white sheet of snow the poor man lay,
And this was the verdict the coroner gave:
"Frozen to death and no one to save."
The wife and the children wept alone,
But the traffic is king and sits on a throne,
And who are the young and who are the old,
That next may go forth to die in the cold?
Out in the cold.

—*Temperance Record.*

DAISY'S GIFT.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Daisy Allen, although fourteen years old, had not yet learned the lesson that little ones should learn at least as early as they do their A, B, C's, if not before—that is, to think of others. Being an only child, she had things pretty much her own way at home, and such a thought as denying herself for others had never entered her thoughtless head.

The cool fall days brought a visitor to her home—an aunt whom she had never seen before, and to her she was strangely drawn.

"How do you like your auntie?" Daisy's father asked of her the evening succeeding that of her visitor's arrival.

"Oh! I love her," came the fervent answer. "I can't tell just why, either. She isn't pretty, you know," with a comical look at her father, who replied:

"Not pretty? Why, I certainly thought she was. Why don't you think she is pretty?"

"Why, because she isn't; her features are irregular." Daisy said this as if she were forty instead of fourteen. "But I've seen lots of faces with regular features that are not near so sweet and attractive as hers."

"Of course you have," answered her father delightedly, "and that proves that she is pretty, after all."

"How?" she asked, amazed.

"When I was little my mother taught me that pretty is as pretty does. It is your aunt's beautiful soul shining through her face that makes her so lovely. Perhaps the face is not pretty, but it is beautiful. Can you see the difference?"

"Yes," answered Daisy, a light coming into her eyes; "that is just it; her face is sweet, and good, and tender, just as if she loved everybody. I don't see how she can, though; I couldn't."

"I am going to the Y Street Hospital this morning; will you go with me, Daisy?" asked her aunt one cold day.

"Yes, ma'am, if you would like to have me; but I have never been to such a place," answered Daisy, desiring to please her aunt, and yet caring nothing about going to "such a horrid place as a hospital."

"This is the ward for the incurables," said the matron, showing them into a large, narrow room, on each side of which were many little cots, each holding a suffering, pale-faced occupant.

Daisy looked about her with wondering eyes, into which tears rushed, almost blinding her. She wiped them away, restraining herself with great effort. She had expected to be disgusted, but instead she was deeply touched.

"The poor, dear little children!" she said mentally as one and another sweet, pathetic face was raised to her; "and they never, never will get well. What can I do for them?"

They were approaching a cot on which a particularly beautiful child lay, her eyes partly closed and moans issuing from her half-open lips. The matron was talking in a low tone of voice to her aunt. She listened and heard: "She was brought in to-day, fatally injured by her own father. Her head is bruised, and her foot and her right arm are broken, and have just been set. The facts are these: her father, when sober, fairly idolized this child, and, though very poor, he bought her a doll, which pleased her greatly. She dropped asleep with it in her arms, only to awaken to find it gone. Her father had come home drunk, and had carried off the doll to exchange it for liquor. When he again returned she was sitting up in bed crying for her doll. He was so angry that he threw some blocks of wood at her, and this is the result—the child will soon die."

Daisy could not keep back the tears any longer. Had the dreadful liquor put out that sweet little life! Oh! it was too cruel, too cruel. She knelt down by the child's cot and pressed her lips to the little hands lying there. One hand—the well one—moved and then rested on Daisy's neck, and the child, still unconscious, opened her eyes and asked piteously, "Is you my sweet dollie come back to me?"

"O auntie!" said Daisy when they were in the street again, "I do so long to brighten the last hours of that precious little sufferer. I have a dollar left of my monthly allowance; couldn't I buy her a doll? Don't you think that she would know that she had a doll within her one little well arm if we should put it there?"

"Yes, dear, I believe she would."

The doll was bought—such a pretty one: a fair, waxen-faced beauty, with real hair, and with eyes that would open and shut. It was daintily dressed by Daisy, and was then put within the sick child's well arm. She did not arouse for some hours, and then, half-awake and half-asleep, she pressed the doll close to her. Soon after she fully aroused, and her first glance rested upon the beautiful gift. A look of great joy illumined the little face as she said rapturously, "Mamma said I would have a doll, if I wanted one, when I got to heaven. Am I in heaven now?"

No one spoke—no one could; but tears ran down the faces of all who heard the sick child's question, and saw her great joy. It seemed for days afterwards that the child was in heaven—in thought at least. She was unutterably happy. She seemed almost to forget her pain in her joy at possessing so beautiful a doll. When the pain became intense she hugged her doll vehemently, and when she was relieved for a little while smiles would overspread the dear little face, and as she pressed her loved doll yet closer she would whisper lovingly, "You helped me bear it, didn't you dearie?"

One morning word was brought to Daisy that the little one had died with the doll clasped close to her breast. It was Thanksgiving morning, and, although Daisy felt so sad that her tears fell fast, she fell upon her knees and breathed this prayer of thanks: "O Lord! I am so glad that I have fed this one 'little lamb' of Thine, and I'll try never to forget again to keep one under my care while I live.—*Ernest Gilmore in Youths' Temperance Banner.*