



THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVELLER.

Merrily whistling along the street,
With his little pug nose and his hands and feet

Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,
His curly hair by the rude wind tossed,
Armed with his shovel, goes Pat Magee,
In search of a job, of course, is he.

Brave little chap 'tis little he cares
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he dares

With a merry face and a merry song,
As through the snow he paddles along -
This blue eyed lad - o'er the slippery street,
Hoping the chance of a job to meet.

Give him a dime and see him work,
Pat is not a bit of a shirk;
In goes his shovel with might and main,
Making the snow fly off like rain,
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,
Till your walk grows speedily clean and nice.

Then, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes;
Merrily whistling on his way,
His boyish heart so happy and gay,
That neither for wind nor frost cares he,—
This little snow-shoveller, Pat Magee.

JOHNNY'S CALCULATIONS.

JOHNNY was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow—scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment he heard his father say "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night, he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes, and said to his father. "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then a were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy, reflectively.

"There, there!" interrupted his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it's bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong; and just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure: if Dean hadn't taken one glass, he would not have been drunk. So

it is the safest way never to take one, and I never will."

And the next thing Johnny was snoring, while his father was thinking: "There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it.

So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic.

WHAT HE WANTED MOST.

A LADY who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "Cash" in the store, and, being interested in him, began to ask him questions. "Wouldn't you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she inquired.

"What does your little boy have?" asked the child, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her face.

"Oh! he has books and tops and a pony." And she enumerated a lot of things.

"Has he any papa?" asked the child.

Oh yes! he has a dear, kind papa, who gives him all those things."

"Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child, gravely; "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things."

The lady, who had been merely talking with the child for amusement, had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises a man or a child may be cheerful.



THE SOWER.

MIND THE DOOR.

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street door is, how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting.

We have a house—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our hearts. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in; so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has fine clothes to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep, and yawn my life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is Love! How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your hearts.