



THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

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Poor little cripple! Most of us who have strong, healthy limbs and sound bodies can form but a poor idea of what those who have them not must suffer. When the spring comes round, and every body who can do so is out in the open air, walking, running or climbing, the poor little cripples can only move along slowly and unceasingly. Some of them, indeed, cannot move without great pain, and others cannot move at all but have to be carried or pushed in chairs and carriages. How thankful we, who have no such misfortunes, should be! and when we get a chance how ready and willing should we be to help the poor cripples!

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Nor to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to be about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

"In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

"When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking-vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers.

"Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied, 'I love him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.'

"On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of

the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn.'

"I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy when we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father."

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds in heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters, winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

DOUBLED.

STINGINESS often overreaches itself, seldom in quite so ridiculous a manner as in the case of a man mentioned by the *New York Star*.

When Dr. Willard Parker was just beginning his famous career, he was sent by a rich but avaricious man who had dislocated his jaw. The young surgeon promptly put the member into place.

"What is your bill, doctor?" asked the patient.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the man, and in his excitement he opened his mouth so wide as to dislocate his jaw the second time. Dr. Parker again set it.

"And what did you say your bill was?" again inquired the patient.

"One hundred dollars," answered Dr. Parker.

The man grumbled, but paid it.