

The Washerwoman's Friend.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
"With a Saviour for a friend;
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotonous the song
She was humming all day long,
"With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes;
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Saviour and a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spoons;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

—Utica Press.

Locking up "The Tower."

Excess of ceremony was the old expedient for making power venerable. In these more practical days it oftener makes power ridiculous. A good deal of form and etiquette, however, are doubtless necessary in official places; at all events there is likely to be a good deal, especially under imperial governments—and the poor fellows who hold the places, and whose duties are chiefly traditional, must do something to earn their salary. It is no very great affair for a smart man or boy to lock the doors of a building, but the Government of England makes a very solemn and deliberate job of it. Large bodies move slowly.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot.

Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled, and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven,—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve,—the head warden (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother-warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice:—

"Escort keys!"

At these words the sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," an outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass the post,—

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then exclaims,

"God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutly respond,—

"Amen!"

The officer on duty gives the word,—

"Present Arms!"

The firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman porter marches majestically across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with this talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was carried about when the White Tower was on fire.

A Sad Looking Boy.

I SAW a sad looking boy this morning. I don't like sad boys. They generally die young. This boy had red eyes. He looked like a little old fellow. He seemed to think it was smart to have red eyes, for he was continually trying to make them redder. He was smoking a cigarette; this was what made him look so old, and this was the way he was trying to make himself have red eyes and look like an old man. He went down the street and into a saloon. He stepped up to the bar like an old toper, and simply said, "One beer." He drank it all at one breath, just like an old drunkard, and said, "I'm braced up."

Thinks I to myself: "Yes, you are braced up for becoming an excellent drunkard one of these days. You'll spend the money you ought to save. You'll be blotched in the face and not more than half-grown, and when you die people will mourn principally because you hadn't hurried up and died sooner." It don't pay to try to be a toper. Perhaps some men can smoke, and drink beer and whisky, and stand it, but boys can't. It kills them every time. Do you say, "I don't believe it?"

How do you know? The men who drink didn't commence when they were boys. Drinking and smoking kill men sooner or later, but they kill boys very quick.

Do you want to try and see? Would you like to try and see what would be the effect of the bite of a mad dog or a rattle-snake?

Boys, if you want to grow up strong, active, large, successful men, don't smoke, and by all means don't drink. Be happy, have just as much fun as you can, but do nothing wrong.—*The School Journal.*

SOME double their burdens through life by loading their conscience with sin.

The Good Shepherd.

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore

And as He passed by me I knelt to adore

O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! Thy wounds they are deep;

The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;

Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?

Ah me, how the thorns have entangled Thy hair

And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!

How feebly Thou drawest Thy tattering breath,

And, lo, on Thy face is the paleness of death!

O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! and is it for me

Such grievous affliction hath fallen on Thee?

Oh, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,

To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn.

A Story of Street Life.

[Boys and girls who believe that tender and sweet stories are only found between the covers of books of fiction will do well to read the following story, which was *lived* in the busy, crowded New York streets. We give it as it is told in one of the New York papers:]

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry-goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a while no one dared play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck; kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt; the vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally, he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first, and learned to love him afterward, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys."

It was sad news that Jerry brought back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself; their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

"Resolved, That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

Aged 14.

The Best Newsboy in New York.

WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There was no service, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead! He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

Do it Now.

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit, the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now; then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it and not do it at all; or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it wore, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have a doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with him. But there the fact was: he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed.

The doctor was nonplussed:

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring, but that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, the boy got well. Putting it off made his task prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, "do it now."—*Selected.*