

cobwebs in his youth, by and by they may become iron chains about him, and when he is a man he will be a slave to them.

Now, boys, if you would help her down the hill of life and make the path smooth for her, do the things she wishes you to do. And if you are all right as regards bad habits, perhaps you are not as thoughtful of the "little things" that make up life as you might be. Be as polite in waiting upon your mother as you are in waiting upon other boys' mothers. Don't speak in rough tones to her. Be always gentle when you speak to her, and careful to remember what she wishes you to do at different times and in different places.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

THE BLIND BOY.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

O SAY what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
When'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy,
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

—C. Cibber.

BOYS' BRIGADE.

DR. CHAS. B. MORRELL, editor of the Boys' Brigade *Courier*, Cincinnati, Ohio, H. C. Hall, Esq., of Detroit, and T. Frank Fernald, Esq., of Boston, Eastern Secretary of the Boys' Brigade in the United States, visited Sarnia December 30th to discuss with T. W. Nisbet for himself, and as representing the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., St. John, N.B., provincial president of the Boys' Brigade in Canada, the better organization of the Brigade in both countries and the publication of the *Courier* as the organ of the Brigade in the United States and Canada. It was decided to issue a circular to all Canadian companies, advising them that a meeting would be called as soon as

possible to elect Brigade officers for Canada and asking them to recognize Mr. Fotheringham as provincial president under his appointment from Scotland, and such Dominion or Provincial secretaries as he may appoint to look after the work in the meantime. Also asking them to recognize the *Courier* as the organ for Canada. There will be a Canadian page in all future issues of the paper, and T. W. Nisbet has been appointed Canadian editor. All who are interested in the Brigade in Canada are requested to communicate with him and send in any items of interest in connection with the work. For information about the Boys' Brigade refer to Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., St. John, N.B., or to T. W. Nisbet, Sarnia, Ont.—*The Sarnia Canadian*.

SUCCESSFUL OFFICE BOYS.

AN editor of a great city daily was speaking a few days ago about the services of his office boy.

"I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the boy," said he. "Arthur is always on time, always ready, and quiet and thoroughly reliable."

Someone who stood by took the occasion to ask a question.

"Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing is always noticed?"

"Oh, yes," said the editor. "Noticed almost at once, and all over the office."

"But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually sees it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted."

The editor answered with decision:

"The chances are almost certain. I should say they were certain. A boy who is reliable, and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless, and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away. That sort of a boy doesn't count. But now Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do anything, always pleasant, and prompt, and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same

sort of boy. He grew interested in the typewriter. He stayed after hours and practiced on it till he became thoroughly skilful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer.

"The two boys before him are clerks in the counting-room. Still others are at work in the building in good places.

"It is entirely true that a boy who means to make the most of himself can do it. We're looking for just those boys.—*Our Sunday Afternoon*.

TWO NEWSBOYS.

A SMALL newsboy, with his arms full of papers, stopped short in the midst of a rush for a customer to say, "Xcuse m3," for some bit of clumsiness. There may be as much manliness in that boy as there was in the one of whom an exchange tells this story.

During the wretched wet weather prevailing a few days ago, while pedestrians with their coats well buttoned up were scurrying past the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Broadway, some little newsboys were engaged in eager competition selling the evening newspapers.

On the corner, out of the crowd and piping his wares in a weak voice, was a little cripple on crutches, forced out of the turbulent throng.

An active little fellow, who had secured a customer and stood with a quarter in his mouth fumbling in his pockets for change, espied his shivering, crippled companion suddenly, and turning to his patron, said:—

"Oh, see, mister! Buy the paper from him. Look at them weak little legs!"

"Mister" bought from the cripple and did not seek to recover his change, and refused to take back the quarter from the first newsboy.—*Our Sunday Afternoon*.

BLESS HIS DEAR HEART!

IN a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three little children—one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenances of the others.