

SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Father watches his sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Father watches his sheep,
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die,
Sleep, baby, sleep!



TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

Among the quickest of the little fellows who used to sell the newspapers in one of the busy streets of New York was a bright little boy called "Tiny Tim." He used to dart in and out among the carts and carriages with the nimblest of bare feet; and many a time the passers-by thought he was going to be knocked down by a faster horse than usual. But he always managed to escape somehow or other. In the picture we see him in a position where escape seems almost impossible. The driver is shouting at him and, at the same time, trying to stop the horse; the men on the side-walk are making movements to try and save him, but we feel pretty certain that he will get across before the horse's feet are upon him, and hope he will profit by his narrow escape and be more careful in future.

Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up to it and do it.

A REAL HERO.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, a ragged little boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful, sunny face, and eyes that looked like mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him, or pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy.

our informant, that he ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of the noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to tell the truth and save his life. But he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whom his stepfather could not care for, knelt on the ship's deck and prayed. Our young friend was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and there, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, he asked the Lord Jesus to take him to himself, and forgive the mate. Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

USEFUL AND HAPPY.

Little Bessie Eyebright awoke one morning with a merry laugh. "O mother, but I have had such a good sleep, and I had such a pretty dream about a little girl who did everything her mother wanted her to; and O, they lived so nicely together, and they looked so happy! and I believe I'll try and do the same thing. Won't you try me to-day, mother?"

Mrs. Eyebright smiled at the enthusiasm of her little girl, who so often fretted over the many steps that little feet are so often asked to take to relieve mamma's and sister's weary feet. But she believed in encouraging the child to carry out any resolution that would make her more willing and more useful. So she said: "Yes, my dear; we'll make a bond of good will between us, and mother will see how much you can be like the good little girl in the dream, while she watches herself lest she overtax you."

All day long little Bessie's feet were busy with their patter of willingness, and when night came she breathed a great big "O! I am so tired! But, mother, haven't I tried to be useful?"

"Yes, dear," replied mother; "and don't you feel happier than if you had fretted about doing it?"

"Yes, mother," said Bessie; "and I am going to be a busy little girl."

Mother said: "That resolution, if kept, will keep you out of much mischief, and make you a noble woman. For 'Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do.'"

He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his stepfather alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, weary with the boy's persistence in the same story, and, perhaps, a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, and said to him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship at his side. It was the finest sight, said