



Idle Moments.

"DAD AND ME AND JIN"

MOTHER'S gone about a year
And it's mighty, mighty queer
She don't come back!
This here thing 'bout being dead
I can't get it thro' my head
And that's a fact!

Where the mischief has she gone?
She knows well we can't get on
Worth a mite.
Can't she see how Jinny frets?
And Dad just sets and sets and sets
Lookin' white!

Mother's some place! 'thout a doubt
She's too good to be wiped out,
Far too good!
But she must be far away
Or she'd come hikin' back some day.
Wish she would!

Night fore last, when Jin took bad,
If she had a' seen poor Dad
Goin' some!
Tried to put hot things on Jin,
Dropped the dish and burnt his shin,
She'd a' cum!

I was sure she'd come that night,
Listened till the room grew light—
Nary soun'!
Can't tell me that she's got wings
Flyin' round with cherubims—
She'd come down!

Better off! Now don't tell me!
You are talkin' I can see
Thro' your hat!
She was happy as could be
Here with Dad and Jin and me—
Bank on that!

God don't need her half so bad
As poor wee Jin and Me and Dad
Way down here!
If He'd let her come to Jin—
She so small and sick and thin,
I wouldn't keer!

Dad and Me are nearly men;
We can stand it better than
Wee girls do!
P'raps when she comes flyin' down,
Dad and Me'll be somewhere's roun'
And see her too!

Nellie L. McClung.

JAMES'S WOE

"Well, James, how are you feeling to-day?" said a minister to one of his parishioners, an old man suffering from chronic rheumatism. "I hope the pains are nothing worse. You are not looking so bright as usual to-day."

"Na, sir," said the old fellow, sadly; "I've been unfortunate to-day."

"How, James? In what way?" queried the pastor.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I got a letter frae a lawyer body this mornin' tellin' me that ma cousin 'Jack' had died, an' that he had left me two hunner' poun'."

"Two hundred pounds!" repeated the minister. "And you call that hard luck? Why, it's quite a fortune for you, James."

"Ay," said the old man sorrowfully,



SIR KNIGHT

Times and customs may change, but the spirit's the same.—*Life.*