

sist, a few days of feverish pain, and then, as the sorrowing father bent over the bed, the heavy eyelids raised, a smile of angelic beauty passed over the face, and with the words, "Father—Jesus," Jack was in the presence of the Lord, whose dear name was the last on his mortal tongue, to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Mary Gray in S.S. Times.*

WHO FILLS THE STOCKINGS ?

Look where the stockings hang in a row !  
Least and greatest, how plump they show  
Let lispers and toddlers still believe  
Lapland Kriss on a Christmas eve  
Lowers himself through the chimney black,  
Lades each sock from his well-filled sack,  
Leaps on his sleigh—and his reindeers go  
Lightly over the frozen snow !

"Likely story!" you cry, and you  
Laugh with your lips and your eyes of blue  
Look sharply now—and now look again—  
Lesson in primer was never more plain :  
Long stocking, short stocking, all show the  
same

Large letter L, which stands for a name !  
Love left his monogram written here—  
Love fills the stockings, O children dear  
—*Edith M. Thomas.*

A STREET INCIDENT.

A REPORTER called to a little boot-black near the City Hall to give him a shine the other day. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out, another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the one aside, said :

"Here, you go sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of bullying, and told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh! dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see he has been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can!"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the small boy,

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned, even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and help him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep of it?"

"I don't keep none. I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy—I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying :

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents, and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim!"

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

OBEDIENCE.

SUBMISSION to proper authority is one of the cardinal points of Christian duty. Christ even told His hearers to observe the ordinances of the scribes and pharisees because they sat in Moses' seat. There are many, however, who profess to see in obedience a loss of independence and manliness. They would yield obedience to none. They forget that there can be no such thing for man as absolute independence. He must, by his very nature, render obedience to some power. He has no choice in the matter. But it is given to him to choose whom or what he shall obey. He may, as he thinks, cast off all restraint and do only what he pleases. But this involves a greater loss of independence than submission to the laws of truth and right. For let him but try to turn in his course and he will find upon himself the chains of habits it is well nigh impossible for him to break. In seeking freedom he has become enslaved. On the other hand the servant of the truth has the divine promise that by the truth he shall be made free.

Again obedience implies self-control, and self-control is simply the expression of the highest manliness. The conqueror of a city ranks second to the conqueror of self. Let those who think there is anything weak or unmanly in obedience to righteousness and truth, think of Him, whose whole life, from the day when He went down to His parents' home at Nazareth and "was subject unto them," to the day when "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," was a life of constant and cheerful obedience and, withal, a life of the strongest manliness.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

GULLIVER AND THE PIGMIES.

YOU may have heard that famous story of Gulliver? He was a giant, they say. He lay down to sleep one day amid the pigmies. They began binding their little threads around his fingers. He said :

"This is fun : I can break that at any minute with this great muscle of mine. I can break a hempen rope, and can I not break a spider's web?"

The little pigmies tied another finger ; he laughed. By and by they tied another and another, until both his hands were tied and fastened down to the ground. He could have broken off then, for they were only gossamer tissue—only spider's webs, that's all. But they bound another around his waist, another around his arm, another around that wrist and that arm, and one around his body, so that little by little they climbed over his knees, over his breast, on his face, and then upon his nose. He was looking at them, and said :

"My dear boys, I am bigger than you are ; go ahead."

By and by they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise but didn't rise. He didn't laugh any more ; they laughed that time. He did not look at them with a twinkle out of his eye, saying : "My muscle is big ;" but he looked as much as to say, "Whatever has been done to me?" There he was tied fast and absolutely helpless.

Now, so it is, dear young people with indulgence in any wrong habit. For instance, it is not one drink that kills a man ; it is not two drinks that destroy him. These are only little threads, each one a thread, and you laugh to