

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

JUST one word of advice, my lively young friend,

(And one word as you know is not two.)
Down a terrible path your footsteps now tend,
For whiskey will beat the best fellow, depend,
And the dream of to-day, life's to-morrow
may end.

Believe me, 'tis fearfully true, my young friend,
Believe me 'tis fearfully true.

I know how the tempter assails you, dear boy,

Alas! none knows better than I!
But the gold of the wine cup turns soon to alloy,
And woe follows quick in the footprints of joy,

For the pain of to-morrow will rack and annoy;
The tempter's best vow is a lie my dear boy,
Believe me, each vow is a lie.

I know that the boys whom you meet, my dear lad,

Are hale, good companions each one,
With many an impulse that's not of the bad,
And they join in the mirth with an ecstasy mad,
But the bright sun of hope 'tis terribly sad!

Often sets ere the day is begun, my dear lad,
Often sets ere the day is begun.

I have known several "boys" in my time,
Dear young man,

And royal good fellows were they,
With brain which God meant in His infinite plan,
For the noblest of deeds; but they fell as they ran,

And the hopes which we cherished, no longer we can;
But fond hearts will mourn as they may,
Dear young man,
Fond hearts are breaking to-day.

Ah! then, for the sake of the mother, dear boy,

Who loves you as mothers will do,
Forswear, while you may, the wine cup's alloy;
Do naught that fond heart to disturb or annoy;

Encircle her face with the halo of joy,
And life will be fairer for you, my dear boy,
All life will be fairer for you.

THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.

The greatest men have the greatest respect for children. President Garfield said: "I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never met a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

Kings look upon the children with a great deal of interest, for the children will soon become men and women, the subjects of the kingdom, the strength and support of the king. If the children are not healthy, strong and intelligent, he cannot have a great and flourishing kingdom. If the children do not love and respect the king, when they become older they will refuse to obey his laws and cause him much trouble.

In some countries the kings have made schools for the children where they may be educated and thus become more useful and happy. Sometimes they visit these schools and speak to the children. In the picture on the first page is the king of Prussia, visiting some little children in a village school. They were greatly pleased to see their king, and especially to have him visit them, speak to them, and ask them questions. The children were very polite and answered the king's questions brightly and promptly. The king took an orange from a plate and holding it in his hand asked them to what kingdom it belonged. One bright little girl quickly replied: "To

the vegetable kingdom." Then the king took a gold coin from his pocket and asked to what kingdom it belonged. The little girl answered again promptly: "To the mineral kingdom." "And to what kingdom do I belong?" asked the king. The little girl did not like to say: "To the animal kingdom," but just then a new thought came into her mind, and looking up with her eyes flashing with brightness she said: "To God's kingdom, sire." The king was greatly moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, very tenderly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Jesus is King of the heavenly kingdom. There was never so good a king as Jesus. There was never a king who so much loved the children. When here among men he too visited the children and spoke to them. He took them up in his arms, laid his hands on their heads, and blessed them. And while thus talking to them and blessing them he said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The children all belong to King Jesus, and they should love him dearly and believe all that he has said unto them in his word and be careful to obey him and please him in all things.

SISTER WYNNIE.

BY WILLIS ROYD ALLEN.

"I wish," said Wynnie, "I could be a Sister of Charity."

Her teacher smiled. Miss Channing had a way of smiling that was very pleasant, as if she were laughing, not at you, but with you.

"Why do you wish that, Wynnie?"

Wynnie Sherwood hesitated. She was shy about speaking of these things.

"Because—because, ma'am, they take care of sick people in hospitals, and—that's what He did in Palestine."

Miss Channing stroked the brown curls softly.

"And I want to do something that He did," concluded the little girl, looking up into her teacher's face.

"But He wasn't a Sister of Charity, dear."

"He couldn't be—"

"No; so He did what He could find to do, that was right and kind and loving, just as He was."

Wynnie pondered a moment. "I didn't think of that," she said slowly. "I guess I see what you mean, Miss Channing."

"Yes; it isn't wearing a black bonnet and veil, nor even being a nun, that makes the gentle sisters so loved by the sick. It is the kindness and devotion and true heart that is beneath it all. And you can have all that under your little poke bonnet and curls, as well as they—if you only want to do your Father's will."

"I see, ma'am. Good-by."

"One moment, dear. Just find the last verse of the twelfth chapter of Matthew and read it. That's the kind of Sister you can be if you wish."

Wynnie read the verse to herself twice, looked up brightly, kissed her teacher, and ran away through the city streets to her comfortable home in the South End.

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It was July. The Nantucket boats were crowded with people hurrying to the cottages and hotels along the beach. Business-men took off their coats and wiped their flushed brows, as they discussed the "hot wave" in their offices.

Elegantly-dressed young girls in hammocks and on shady piazzas out of town fanned themselves, sipped iced lemonade, and complained bitterly of their sufferings from the heat. The Sherwoods were staying in the city a little later than usual this year, but were packing for Nahant.

In the poorer quarters of Boston the blazing sunlight poured down until the brick fronts of the warehouses and tenements fairly seemed to quiver and swim in the dizzy eddies of hot air. The pavements burned the bare feet of the babies that toddled over them. Liquor-dealers, portly and crimson-faced, leaned against the sides of their doorways without moving, as they waited for customers—very much as certain well-fed insects hang motionless in the centre of their webs on a hot summer-day.

In a small room near the top of a building not far from the Albany Depot a thin, haggard-faced woman moved languidly to and fro, now pausing to adjust the rags hanging in the window to keep out the sun, now bending over a stove on which some kind of broth was simmering. The air was heavy with foul odors, but she didn't notice them; for she was used to that. Besides, she was thinking entirely of a narrow little bed in the farthest corner of the room, and the bit of human life panting upon it. "Meg," said the woman, coming up to the bed, "will yez be wantin' somethin' to ate, thin?"

The wee child shook her head and moved her parched lips slightly. The woman seemed to understand her, and held a mug of water for her to drink. In the few minutes the water had stood in the room it had grown warm, and the sick child was unrefreshed. Her mother sighed heavily and hopelessly as she turned, drooping, to the hot stove again.

Pant, pant, pant; then an uneasy struggle, and a dry, choking cough that would have told the story to an experienced ear in a moment.

The worst part of it was the terrible loneliness; for when the neighbours knew that little Meg Sullivan had diphtheria, they did what they could, at a distance—but, having children of their own to think of, kept away from the room.

Hotter and hotter!

"It's just horrid!" complained the pretty girls, in their gauzy muslins, as they idly swung back and forth on the shadowy piazzas with their swaying vines.

"Water!" moaned Meg Sullivan, tossing aside for the hundredth time the hot bed-clothes, and gasping for breath.

As her mother held the mug to her lips once more, there was a knock at the door.

"Don't come—kape out there!" called poor Mrs. Sullivan shrilly. "There's diphthary here!"

The door opened, and in walked Wynnie, sweet and fresh-looking in her cool dress.

The child and the woman looked at her a moment eagerly, as if she were a little spring of sparkling water in a desert. Then the latter found her voice again.

"Yer—yer mustn't come here, ma'am," she said, putting her two hands out to keep her away from the bed. "Shure you'll ketch it if you come—"

Wynnie laid down a little hand-satchol and calmly walked up to the

bed, on the edge of which she sat down, taking Meg's hot hand between her own.

"I heard there was sickness here," she said in her nice, lady-like way. "Some people I know in the next blood told me. They didn't know it was diphtheria, but I don't mind. Does your head ache, dear?" And stooping, she kissed the child's forehead.

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"What's all that red stuff in the street for?" asked the grocer's boy of Mrs. Sherwood's second girl.

"It's tan, Bill. Don't you know, Miss Wynnie is sick with—sh-b, don't tell!—diphtheria. They don't think she'll get well."

"How'd she get it?"

"Down in the North End somewhere, callin' on poor folks. There was a little Irish girl sick with it, and Miss Wynnie—God bless her!—went straight into the room. The other girl died next day, and Miss Wynnie was down about a week later."

The breeze, springing up at sunset, moved the curtains softly to and fro in the window of the chamber where the little Sister of Charity lay. In the next room Mrs. Sherwood was resting upon a bed, her face buried in her hands. Her husband paced back and forth, setting his lips tight together and clenching his hands.

By Wynnie's bedside sat the doctor, quietly but gravely watching every flicker of change in his little patient's face. Miss Channing stood near by.

Presently Wynnie turned her head feebly on the pillow, and beckoned to her teacher.

The doctor started, looked closely at the child's face, rose, and entered the room where her father and mother were waiting.

"Miss Channing," whispered Wynnie, with much effort, "I meant—to—do—right."

"Yes, darling," said the other; "and He loves you for it."

"I—thought—of—the—lepers," said Wynnie again. "And I wanted—to—be—a Sister."

Then she was still.

The doctor re-entered the room, followed quickly by Mr. Sherwood and his wife. They all three stood beside the bed in silence.

It was the doctor who spoke first. "Do you see," he said quietly, "that bit of moisture on her forehead. That's the sign I've been looking for. She will live."

And she did.

Her name has not been changed, and she wears no gown of black, but her teacher and one or two others have a specially tender name for her; it is "Sister Wynnie."

A TOUCHING story is told of a Chinese leper who was baptized. The disease had robbed him of his fingers and toes, but his intellect remained very bright. Helpless as he was, he wished to manifest in some practical way his love and gratitude to Christ, and his ingenuity suggested something he might do. Noticing the missionary's desk had become unsteady and rickety and not being able to grasp any tools in his hands, he put a knife between his teeth, and in that manner carved a beautiful little rest for the Bible.—*Wesleyan.*