

School-Mates' Admiration.

While a party of Alpine climbers is ascending Mont Blanc, the visitors at Chamouni gaze at them through the telescope which stands in the public square. Not less intense is the interest with which men gaze at those who stand out on some one of life's peaks, the summit of which they have gained after years of toil. But none will gaze more admiringly upon the eminent men than his old school-fellows.

When Dr. Moffat returned to England, after fifty-five years of missionary work in South Africa, he was honored and flattered by civic and ecclesiastical dignitaries, anxious to express their admiration of "the venerable father of the missionary world."

He received these expressions with the modesty of true greatness. "I never thought," he said on one occasion, "when I was working in South Africa, to see a day like this. I simply did the work of the day in the day, and never thought that any one in England would think of me or it."

But one expression of admiration, that of a schoolmate, deeply moved him. Sixty-three years after leaving Carronshore, he visited this home of his boyhood. A little, quaint, old-fashioned Scotch woman ran up to him, seized him by both hands, and stood looking at him, speechless with excitement, exertion and chronic asthma. At last she gasped out:—

"Are—you—really—the—great Moffat?"

"Well, I believe," answered the doctor, with a benign smile, "I must be the person you refer to, whether great or not; but why do you ask?"

"Why! Because I was at the schule wi' ye. My name is Mary Kay, and you'll surely come to mind me; I sat in the class next ye, and ye often helped me wi' my lessons."

"I have aye kept my e'e on you since you left Carronshore, and I'll let you see a lot of your ain likenesses. I was aye sure you would come back to see this place some day; and though I didna expect ye the noo, I'm fair daft wi' joy at seeing ye."

She produced an old volume of Baxter's "Saint's Rest," which she had made into an album by putting between its leaves numerous wood cut likenesses of Dr. Moffat, clipped from illustrated almanacs, missionary magazines, and pictorial papers.

"They are all like him yet," said she, turning over her art treasures, "except that he wears a beard, and I never could thole [endure] those lang beards. Although," she added, apologetically, "to be sure, John Knox had a lang beard, just like yersel'."

Cruelty to Parents.

The newspapers occasionally mention instances of cruelty to children committed by parents and teachers. Such cases excite all the more indignation from their rarity, for, as a people, Americans err on the side of indulgence rather than of restraint and discipline. One rarely hears of a cruel parent or teacher.

But it is often the case that boys are cruel to those whose constant endeavor is to do them good. A few lawless, thoughtless boys make the life of a teacher a daily martyrdom. We have seen an aged professor, because he was aged, put to cruel shame by barbarous students. We have known mothers whose gray

hairs were brought in sorrow to the grave by the unspeakable cruelty of their children.

In Montreal, some weeks ago, a veteran colonel in the British army, aged eighty-eight, was compelled to appear against his son, who was accused of forgery. He took his place in the witness-box, looked at his boy in the dock, heaved a deep sigh, and fell dead to the floor. The scene was of such a harrowing nature that one of the jury fainted and the judge went to his room in tears. Scarcely any degree of cruelty of a parent to a son could cause such exquisite misery as this.

There was a melting scene in a New York police court-room the other day. A mother complained of her boy, seventeen years of age. "He drinks," said she to the magistrate. "He will not work, and frequently comes home and threatens me, until I am afraid he may hurt me."

She said this in German, and the interpreter translated it to the court. The justice said; after due admonition,—

"Tell the old lady that I mean to make her the jailer of her son. When she wants him back, let her come to me, and her wishes shall be obeyed. I'll make his time six months, but she can come to me before that if she wishes to do so."

When these words were interpreted to the heart-broken mother, she sobbed some words in German.

"What does she say?" asked the magistrate.

The interpreter replied, "She says, 'And has it come to this?'"

The justice turned to the cruel youth and sternly said:—

"Here, young man, while you are digging paupers' graves, remember how your mother looks at this minute!"

This was a terrible case. What a torrent of agony swept over that mother's soul as she said: "And has it come to this!" What a tale of past suffering it revealed, beginning at the time when he was a pretty, wilful boy, whose saucy tricks amused her, and she failed to train him to obedience! Perhaps remorse was mingled with her grief and shame.

For, in truth, there is cruelty beyond that of which bad boys are guilty. It is the cruelty of permitting children to grow up lawless, ignorant and base, because parents have not force of character enough to insist on respect and obedience from their children.

The New Baby.

A little Southern girl who had been for five years an only child was surprised, and not agreeably surprised, the other day, by the appearance of a baby sister.

After regarding it attentively for a few moments she said to her mother, "Mrs. Rogers," referring to a near neighbor, "is a very good lady, isn't she, mamma?"

"Yes, very good, dear."

"And she's awfully kind to me. She gave me some lovely sugarcane," the small schemer went on, "and I want to give her something."

"Well, send her a basket of oranges."

"Oh! I don't s'pect she likes oranges. But she must like children, 'cause she's got a lot of 'em. Let's send her this baby."—*Harper's Bazar.*

I consider the FARMER'S ADVOCATE one of the best papers of the kind in existence.—ROBERT BICKERDIKE, Montreal, Que.

Little Ones' Column.**"Santa Claus."**

"He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam.
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl."

"His sleigh is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang round on the sides,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone."

"The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright lit le sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away."

"He rides to the east, he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he touches not o'er;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man
When you find who the little man is."

Two Women and a Mouse.

"Frances," said Aunt Pennifeather, in a terrible whisper, "are you asleep?"

I started from the bed. "Oh, no; what do you want?"

"I hate to have you get up," said she, peering over the banister at me, as I peered up at her, "but there's something in the bed. I think it's a mouse."

Now Aunt Pennifeather has an uncomfortable degree of moral courage, and in that strength of spirit that holds its own against grief and pain, or the great mysteries, she is magnificent; but confront her with a creeping thing and a child could lead her.

"Why didn't you double him up in the bed-clothes?"

"It has got in the pillow-case, Frances. Oh, don't let him out!" jumping upon that throne of necessity—a chair.

"Don't scream, Aunt Pennifeather, I have the end secure, but it isn't as plump as a mouse. I believe it's a rat. I'll take him to the window and shake him out."

"Oh, Frances, be careful! Oh, I see him. Don't let him fly out!"

But the thing wouldn't shake out; and as the children were now aroused, scurrying around in their night-gowns and uttering little squeals, and their father shouted from below, "What's the row, Fan?" I concluded to take the object to him. The Captain jumped out of bed and seized a cane. I filled the bath-tub with water, while he passed his hand quickly over the protuberance; but it stuck fast.

"Shake, Frances!"

A dark thing fell into the water and was instantly submerged by a blow from the cane. It rose defiantly. Another blow with the stick.

"Hold it under the water," shouted somebody.

"Is it dead?" squealed Aunt Pennifeather, behind the crack of the door.

"Dead?" roared the Captain; "it has been dead a hundred years. Take your old black kid glove, and don't try to pass it off for a wild animal down here."—*Detroit Free Press.*