

Wishing.

I wish, and yet I dare not wish
For something that might be;
I wish, but all in vain my wish,
It will not come to me.

I wish, but always keep my wish
Deep buried in my heart;
The hidden secret of that wish
I will to none impart.

I wish, oh that I could not wish!
For wishing leaves a sting;
Oh! who would think a simple wish
A heart with grief could wring?

I wish—I must not, will not wish;
God's child, there is no need
That I should murmur in a wish,
At what His love decreed.

I wish—I will not, do not wish;
I yield me to His care;
Hereafter let my every wish
Be changed into a prayer.

A Word to Boys.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys of whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to become one of them? No, of course you don't! Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it will never fail, and it is worth knowing.

Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan and it is worth putting into practice. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come this way. You will find yourself some time with a number of companions and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them.

Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not be drunkards.

The Seasoning.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
And she took from her arms a kettle,
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions,
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.



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Lost Children in New York.

Between three and four thousand children get astray during a year in the city of New York; but the system of caring for the little ones is so admirably arranged that you never hear of a child dying in the streets for lack of food or shelter, or failing to reach its parents or guardians, unless it has been purposely set astray.

The place to look for stray children is at the police building on Mulberry street, on the top floor, which has come to be known as the "sky parlor"; and they are brought there from all parts of the city, often as many as thirty a day. The children range from toddlers of a year old to those of six and eight years. Some of them are so little that they are not able to speak plain, and others are so bewildered that they do not remember even the number of the street where they live, or the part of the city. It is on fine days that the largest number of children are registered at the "sky parlor"; on rainy or very cold days there may not be one.

Children get astray in many ways, and the largest number is brought in when a circus parades through the town, for the little folks run after it, and often run along with the crowd for a dozen blocks, not thinking that they are getting away from home. They also follow hurdy-gurdy men and organ-grinders, national or other parades, and frequently follow a crowd when a policeman is taking a prisoner to the station-house.

Some children leave their homes owing to the cruelty of their parents or guardians, and scores of little boys and girls every year run away from their homes at points outside the city, the conductor passing them along when they say they have no money. But the thoughtful conductor questions the child carefully, and if he finds it is running away from home, he takes or sends it back, or else, on arriving in the city, has it sent to the Home of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. But a number of the waifs found astray in the streets are put there by parents and guardians, who want to go off to Coney Island or elsewhere for a day or two. An officer who has charge of stray children makes this statement:

"There are hundreds of parents in New York who purposely put their children astray in the streets. A mother, father, or guardian sets out for the ferry, bound for some place out of town; and when a police station is neared, the guardian or parent stops someone in the street, and says, 'I have found this child in the street; will you take it to the station? as I have to catch this ferry at once.' The child is too little to explain, and is led off by the stranger to the station, where it is registered. This thing," the officer continued, "is done to such an extent that it has become a nuisance to the police department. Of course, when the parent or guardian returns, the child is reclaimed, and



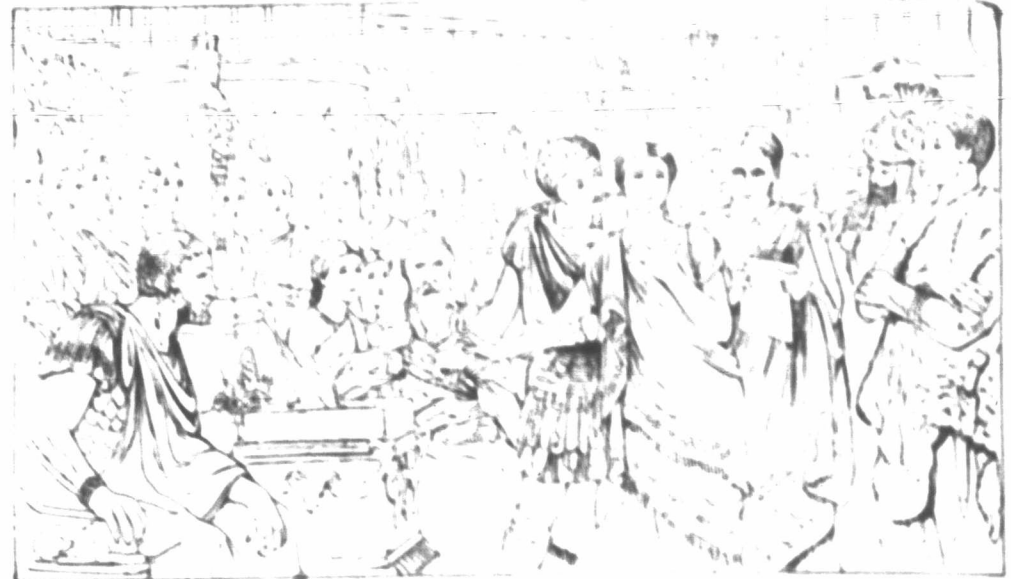
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many fictitious tears are shed and false kisses given to the little one."—*Harper's Young People.*

How to Please.

"One great source of pleasing others lies in our wish to please them," said a father to his daughter, discoursing on the "small sweet courtesies of life." "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention.

"The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—

not he—because nobody cared for him,' and the whole world would do so if you give them the cause.

"Let the people see that you care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender, affectionate looks, and the little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting and standing."