

was soon followed by an industrial school for boys and girls. Tania, in short curls and a clean new dress, is studying the Bible in the mission school, and sewing, and the duties of a lady's maid, which she wants to become, in the industrial school. She notices the improvement in the alley with much satisfaction, especially the change in Teddy Mahone, and never once regrets the cheerful sacrifice of her hair.—*The Presbyterian*.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix. 14.

Let the little children come
To a Saviour's breast;
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest-field;
To the touch of fingers small
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming—silencing.

Jesus lids those little feet
Carrv comfort rare
To some troubled, weary soul,
Full of dark despair.

Little saints have work to do,
Little souls to win,
Standing at the golden gate
Asking children in.

Perhaps, amid the crowding throng,
No one else might see
That some little faces asked,
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

—Selected.

YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION.

A poor idiot, who was supported by the parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the High and Holy one, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or

performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that, if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cot- ters, and always replied in the same words: "Na, na, ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I'll aye gang on my ane feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?" "Neither the one or the tither, laddie," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us!" The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wise ones laughingly said, "He is talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, "Please, minister, let Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came only quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded. "Oh, minister, if ye but kenned how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!" This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near, and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the

poor boy, and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it almost between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among his ain ones. He got a smile fro' His eye and a word fro' His tongue; and he's afeared to speak lest he lose memory o't, for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day, that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes yon lovely Man. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder; and one whispered to another, "Sure he's no longer daft! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted; and, after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humor, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ah, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more! Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loft, all gould. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her