

The Pretty Girl and the Newsboy.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDNER.

A little urchin pale and thin  
A newsboy, with an old young face,  
Climbed to an elevated car,  
And in a cross-seat took his place.

His cap and coat were ragged things,  
His hair was tangled—feet were bare,  
He looked as if he ne'er had known  
A tender mother's loving care.

He sat down with a grateful sigh,  
A childish sigh that was not deep,  
And leaning on the window frame,  
The weary boy fell fast asleep.

Just then a fair girl entered in,  
In rich attire, with modest mien,  
And took a seat beside the lad,  
With pitying eyes it could be seen.

She scanned his clothes, his poor, bare feet,  
His tangled locks of golden-red,  
Then raised him softly, gently up,  
And placed her muff beneath his head.

Still he slept on. Ah! did he dream  
Just then of angels bright and fair,  
Who sometimes come to our poor world  
To comfort mortals unaware?

'Twas but a trifling act, but like  
A pebble cast within the stream,  
Its silent influence was not lost  
Upon the hearts that careless seem.

One looker-on gave her a dime  
That she this much might help the lad.  
Another and another still,  
Until a shower of coins she had!

And searching then the tattered clothes  
That seemed of every comfort bare,  
She found the pocket, old and thin,  
And dropped the gathered silver there.

The boy awoke with a sudden start,  
The gray muff slipping to the floor;  
Stretched his young limbs as if refreshed,  
Unmindful of his hidden store.

Her muff regained, the maid went out,  
With parting looks of tenderness  
At that poor boy; while many a heart  
Was moved to thank her and to bless.

which broke in upon the struggle, and brought it to a pause. David heard it first, and loosed his grasp of Blackett in an instant. The steps had not yet reached the door; and in a moment he was down the staircase, and ready for fight by the way he had come. But Bess, whose light, swift feet had made no noise, was already within the house; and she sprang forward to arrest him, clasping him in her strong young arms with a vehement and tenacious grasp, from which he could not free himself. The policemen were but a few paces behind her.

"Oh! be quick!" she called. "He's here! I can't hold him long."

Her voice was shrill and strained; but David knew it too well. It was Bess who was holding him with such passionate strength, and his own strength seemed to melt away at the sound of her cry. The little sister he had loved so well, and been so proud of,—his poor mother's little lass!

"Bess," he groaned, "it's me—David!" With a wild, terrified, heart-broken shriek, the girl's arms fell from their close grasp of him, and she sank to the ground at his feet as if he had struck her a deadly blow. But, had he wished it, there was no time to escape; for the foremost policeman caught him firmly by the arm, and held it as if it had been in a vice.

"If you want to hinder murder," cried David, "be sharp upstairs. Take me along with you; but, for God's sake, lose no time."

Were they in time? or was it already too late? Old Euclid lay motionless on the floor, his withered face and gray hair stained with blood; and Mrs. Linnett was kneeling beside him, calling to him to speak, or look up at her. The window was open, showing the way by which the murderer had escaped. The second policeman started off at once in pursuit of him; whilst the other, who dared not loose his hold of David, looked on at Mrs. Linnett's vain attempt to raise the old man, and lay him on his bed. The whole room was in disorder; for the short struggle had been very violent.

"I'm David Fell," said the prisoner in a strange and lamentable voice. "I never knew as it was old Euclid we were going to rob. I'd ha' cut off my right hand first. Handcuff me, and tie my feet together, if you can. Only see if the old man's dead or not."

"Nay, I must see you safe first," the policeman answered. "None o' your tricks and dodges for me. Come along, and I'll send help as soon as I can."

Bess was crouching on the floor downstairs, slowly coming to her senses; and David stood still for a moment, as the light of the policeman's lantern lit up her white and scared face, and terrified eyes.

"She's my sister," said David again, in the same strange and lamentable voice. "Bess, I'd sooner have drowned myself in the river than come here to spoil your life!"

Bess covered her face with her hands, shivering, and listened, in faint and deadly sickness, to the sound of David's retreating footsteps, till they were lost in the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER XXI.—WHO IS TO BLAME?

When Bess, after a few minutes of almost deadly anguish, crept feebly upstairs, she found Mrs. Linnett still kneeling beside old Euclid, who was stretched upon the floor. The policeman's lamp, set upon the mantel-shelf, lit up his blood-stained face and hair, and displayed the disorder of the room. She helped Mrs. Linnett to lift up the old man, and lay him on the bed; and then she sped away again to fetch a doctor, though not so swiftly as she ran before for help against the housebreakers. Would she ever run so fast again?

By the time she returned, a woman had been sent from the police-station, and a policeman was on duty in the house. The doctor, who followed her quickly, after a brief examination of old Euclid, said he could discover no serious wound, but that it was impossible to tell how grave the injuries he had sustained might prove. He had the blood washed from his face and hair; and, after that, Euclid lay still, much as if he had been asleep; only his pulses beat very faintly, and life seemed to have ebbed away to its lowest ebb.

The morning came; and policemen were coming and going all day long, examining the premises, and asking the same questions over and over again,—or so it seemed to Bess. Neighbours crowded in to chat with Mrs. Linnett about the perils of the night, and to take a peep at the unconscious old man, who had been almost, if not quite, murdered. The question was, whether he would die or live. David refused to give up his accomplice; but Blackett had been arrested on suspicion. Nothing more could be done until Euclid's consciousness returned,—if it ever returned,—and he could give his evidence. A policeman was stationed there until this should happen. At last night came on again, and Bess, refus-

ing to leave old Euclid, persuaded Mrs. Linnett to go to bed; whilst the doctor, finding three or four neighbours whispering and buzzing in the room, ordered them all away, and told Bess to watch him by herself. She sat beside him hour after hour, sleepless, yet almost stupefied by her sorrow. Could it be true that David had done this cruel, wicked deed? And, oh! if Euclid died, what would be done to him? The sickness of despair filled her whole heart as this thought came back to her in spite of all her efforts to shut it out.

"Bess," whispered a very low, faint voice, in the dead of the night, "it was our David!"

"Yes," she whispered back again in Euclid's ear. But a deep throb of agony struck through her as she heard him say it was David.

"He fought for me agin' Blackett," said Euclid. "He saved my life. Blackett 'ud ha' murdered me."

With a loud sob, Bess fell on her knees by the bedside. Thank God, David was not as bad as he had seemed! He had not joined with Blackett in his savage purpose. David was not a murderer! Oh, what a load seemed suddenly rolled away from her girlish heart! Her brother was only a thief!

"He saved my life," murmured old Euclid over and over again, as though his brain was bewildered still. "Bess, he saved my life."

His faculties came back to him very slowly; and it was two or three days before he recovered the full possession of his memory, so as to be able to make a deposition before a magistrate. Blackett and David were committed to take their trial at the Central Criminal Court. Victoria had come back to help to nurse her father; and for a short time their life fell back into its old course, excepting that Euclid no longer started off for the market every morning.

(To be continued.)

"SALOON."

THIS is the sign they put out. You would think from the beautiful way in which they fit up their places with stained glass and mirrors, and marble, that they must be doing something very grand inside. If somebody would only make a business of fitting up saloons according to directions which I will now give, I believe the whiskey thugs would soon have to go out of the business. Go to the drunkards' graves (nearly a hundred thousand are said to be made each year) and take out all the bones. Cover the walls of the saloons with the skulls set close together. Take the long bones of the arms and legs, and make them into wheels to decorate the ceiling, and use the smaller bones of the fingers and back for rosettes to fasten up in ornamenting the ceiling still further. There might be niches made here and there in the walls for statuary, and into these might be stood some of the living drunkards dressed in their rags. Do you think there would be many customers found for such saloons as these? Perhaps you think it would be well not to fit up any saloons at all, not even in the terrible fashion I have described. I quite agree with you. I think a better way would be to put a stop to the whiskey business. Our Government could do it a good deal as the English Government is putting a stop to the thug business in India: that is by having a special police for their capture. It is called "The Thuggee Department." When they are captured they are shut up in prison. But, alas! I am sorry to say our Government does not seem disposed to stop the saloon thugs. Instead the traffic is legalized. I hardly expect you will know what that means. Well, it is just this: our Government says to the whiskey thugs, "If you will pay us so much money every year we will give you permission to go on with your business." And what a pile of money every year these whiskey thugs pay in to our Government! Let us stop it. How can we do it? By being out-and-out for temperance ourselves; by trying to get everybody we can to be for temperance; by learning temperance pieces to speak at school, so that by-and-bye we shall be able to make temperance speeches in halls and churches and everywhere; by just making ourselves hate the smell of a saloon; by praying that God will help the men and women who are trying to give up the drink; and, by-and-bye, voting against any man for Dominion, Provincial or Municipal office, who drinks liquor or is willing to legalize its sale.

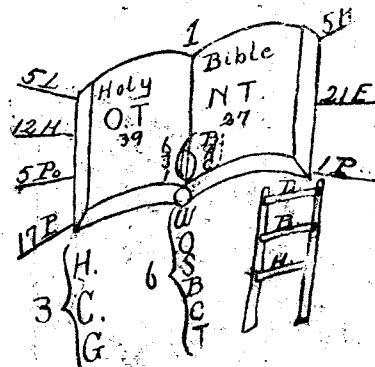
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

A HALF-HOUR WITH THE JUNIORS.

BY W. F. STEVENS.

THE following chalk-talk is designed to give to the little ones a few fundamental facts about the Bible in a manner that will fasten the points in their minds not only through the ear, but through the eye as well.

"Now, Juniors, how many of you can count? Hands up. How many can count



ten? How many fifty? How many a hundred? How many five hundred? How many a thousand?

"All right,—you need not count all these amounts; but I want to know how well you can remember numbers. Let me see how many can remember this group of numbers: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 12, 16.

"Only a few can repeat them. Now, try it again all together, again and again. Now just see how quickly you will forget them while we all learn the next and last group: 17, 21, 27, 36, 39, 66."

Drill the same as above, and then have both repeated again. Now draw the design or disclose the same, having had it covered. They will immediately recognize the numbers. Hold the Bible up and explain the meaning of the word "Bible," and why it is called "holy." Then explain "O. T.," Old Testament, "N. T.," New Testament, and how they are "2" grand divisions of "1" book.

Then speak of the number of books in the two Testaments, mentioning the names of some so that they will see that the Bible is composed of many books,—39 in the "O. T." and 27 in the "N. T.," and 66 in all. These 66 books are written by 36 authors in 16 centuries.

Review, beginning with "1" Book. Mention the different kinds of books in the Old Testament: "5 L."—five books of law, and whom the law was to govern; "12 H."—twelve books of history, and whom the history is about; "5 Po."—five books of poetry. Ask if they ever knew the Psalms were poetry. "17 P."—seventeen prophecies, telling what prophets were.

Review from "5 L." Explain the New Testament in the same manner, and review. Next tell them the Bible was written to "3" languages: Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek; and that this book is known by "6" different names: Word, Oracles, Scripture, The Book, Covenant, and Testament.

Review "3" and "6." "Did you ever hear of Jacob's ladder? This picture of a ladder before us does not represent Jacob's ladder, but it is one by which we can all get to heaven.

"This holy Bible,—this Old and New Testament,—that has so many books written by so many authors in so many languages, teaches us that we can obey our Lord and Master by taking three important steps. These three steps are 'H.,' 'B.,' and 'D.'—Hearing, Believing, and Doing the will of God."

Review.

SUPPOSE there were two lines of railroad; on one of them was an accident regularly once a week, sometimes on one day and sometimes on another; and on the other there never had been an accident. Suppose your only son wanted to go the journey traversed by the respective lines, and he were to come to you, saying, "Which road shall I take, father?" Would you dare to tell him to take that upon which the accidents were so frequent, because it was the most fashionable? You would say at once, "Take the safe road, my boy." And that is just what we temperance folks say.—John B. Gough.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

BLACKETT cast a glance over the little shop with its miscellaneous wares, and round the small kitchen; but it was plain there was no booty there. The miser's hoard and the seamen's chests must be in the bedrooms, and they wasted no more time before mounting the narrow and winding staircase. Euclid was not sleeping in his closet, as Victoria was away; and the door of the front room stood at the top of the crooked stairs. They pushed it open, and the light of their lantern fell full upon the old man's face.

"Why, it's old Euclid!" shouted David in a loud and angry voice.

"Ay, ay! Is it time to be stirring?" he asked, rousing himself, and looking up in bewilderment.

"Curse you! you never told me who it was?" cried David, turning fiercely upon Blackett.

But the old man had already sprung up, forgetful of his feebleness; and, calling upon Mrs. Linnett to fasten herself in her room, he flung himself with desperate courage upon Blackett. Blackett shook him off with ease, and, seizing him by the throat, threw him down on the floor, and knelt upon his chest, with savage cruelty in his eyes.

"Get up!" cried David, struggling to pull him away: "you sha'n't murder him, and me stand by."

"I'll half-murder him," muttered Blackett. "I'll have my revenge."

Then began a deadly conflict between them; Euclid, as soon as Blackett's hand was off his throat, helping in the fray with the feeble daring of old age. The chair on which David had set down the lantern was upset; and the light went out, leaving them in utter darkness as they swayed to and fro about the room, never loosing one another, amid oaths and threats, and smothered groans from Euclid, growing fainter and fainter, as Blackett and David fought above him.

But now Bess was speeding back again, with two policemen running at a few paces behind her. The clanking of their footsteps on the pavement below was the first sound