

The Singer's Alms.

BY HENRY ABBEY.

An incident in the life of the great singer, Mario.
In Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman leading a fair child,
Graved a small alms of one, who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood,
was filled,
And many paused, and, listening, paused
again,
To hear the voice that through and through
they thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity, woven in a song.

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied
soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched
with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas
noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth
her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on and softly
thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed
was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that
wide throng,
And flowers rained on him; naught could
assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the
song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered
face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

HOW MATSU WAS SAVED.

BY JENNIE WHITE.

Matsu was a little Japanese girl who lived in one of the great cities of Japan. Her mother was a Christian. She had been a heathen, but one of the missionaries had visited her home, and had read the Bible to her and taught her about the true God and his Son, the Lord Jesus, and she had listened and believed, and had given up her idols and become a follower of Christ. But Matsu's father was still a heathen, and was very angry because his wife had become a Christian. And he was very cross and unkind to her and the little Matsu. Indeed, he had never been a kind, loving father to his little girl, because, like most heathen fathers, he thought that girls were not worth much account, and was always complaining about how much it cost him to take care of her, and wishing that she were a boy and could make her own living.

One day when Matsu was about twelve years old, he came home after several days' absence, and told his wife that he was tired of keeping such a useless child, and had sold Matsu to Marayama, a friend of his, who lived in another city. When the poor mother heard that she wrung her hands and burst into tears, and begged her husband not to do such a dreadful thing, for Marayama was not only a heathen, but a very wicked man as well, and she knew that if her dear little Matsu became his slave, she would lead a wretched, miserable life, for Marayama would compel her to become as wicked as himself. But her husband would not listen to her pleadings, and roughly told her to keep still and

get the girl's clothes in order, for in a month he was to take her to her new owner and get the money for her.

When poor little Matsu herself heard the dreadful news, her distress was pitiful to see. "O mother, mother," she cried, throwing herself into her mother's arms, "must I go to that wicked man's house to live? Can't you save me?"

But the poor agonized mother could only hold her fast in her arms and mingle her bitter tears with Matsu's. She knew of no way to save her; the father's word was law, and if he said so she must go.

Suddenly a happy thought struck Matsu. "Mother," she said, raising her head from her mother's shoulder and drying her tears, "the missionary ladies! They'll let me live with them, I am sure, and then father will not have to sell me, for I'll not cost him anything any more."

"Sure enough, the missionary ladies," repeated the mother. "I had not thought of them. We will go to see them this very day, and will pray that the Lord Jesus will incline their hearts to receive you into their home."

They lost no time in carrying out their plan, and were soon at the Mission Home, where the two lady missionaries in charge received them kindly, and listened with many expressions of sympathy to their story, but when it was finished they expressed sorrowful glances and one said: "We would help you if we could, we cannot bear to refuse to save this dear little girl from such a terrible fate; but the people in America who support this Mission Home, have sent us so little money this year that we cannot take even one more child into it. The last ones we took we are paying for ourselves out of our own money. And we could not pay for Matsu's food and clothes if she came to us."

Poor Matsu's face fell and the tears came again at this sad news. And her mother looked the picture of despair, as they prepared to take their sorrowful way home again.

"There is one thing that we can do," said the missionary that had not yet spoken. "We can ask the Lord to send us more money, so that we can take Matsu; and if we pray with faith, I am sure that he will hear and answer us. There is a month's time yet. Go home and pray and wait patiently until the month is up, and we will pray also that some way may be provided for us to take Matsu."

So Matsu and her mother went home, and prayed earnestly every day, and many times each day, to the Father in heaven that he would touch the hearts of the people in America and cause them to send more money to the missionaries, so that they could take Matsu into their Mission Home. And many similar prayers went up from the missionary ladies as well, for their hearts went out to poor little Matsu, and they longed to be able to help her.

The month was nearly over, and still no more money came to the Mission Home, and every day when Matsu came to ask if there were any hope for her yet, the missionaries had to shake their heads sadly and say: "Not yet, Matsu; the money has not come yet." Then, seeing the little girl's disappointment, they would add: "But do not lose faith. It will surely come in time." And she would go home once more to wait and pray.

One morning, just at the close of the fourth week, when the missionaries themselves began to feel discouraged and to think that they would have to let poor Matsu be sold after all, there came a letter to the Mission Home from one of the churches in America, and this was what it said: "Our Mission Band has decided to raise enough money to support one girl in your home. It is a support one girl in your home. It is a pretty big undertaking for twenty boys and girls, but they are very much in earnest, and you can depend upon them. They send you ten dollars now, and will send you the rest quarterly, so pick out a nice girl for them, please, and ask her to write to them."

This was signed by the superintendent of the Mission Band, and sure enough there was the ten dollars all safe enough. And how those missionaries' eyes shone when they saw it!

When Matsu came that day, the mis-

sionary ladies were at the door to meet her with the good news. And if the members of that Mission Band in America could have seen her happy face as she flew home to tell her mother the joyful tidings, and could have heard them thanking the kind heavenly Father for his goodness to them, they would have felt a thousand times repaid for their little sacrifices.

Matsu's father grumbled a little when he heard of the new arrangement, because, while it would relieve him of any further expense on account of her, yet he should lose the money that Marayama had promised to pay for her. But when half of the money sent by the Mission Band was paid over to him by the missionaries, he was satisfied, and gladly relinquished all claim to his little daughter.

So the end of the month found Matsu not the poor, miserable slave of the wicked Marayama, but the happy inmate of the pleasant Mission Home, where she still is, fitting herself to be a Bible reader to her own people, and often says to her mother: "Who knows but what I may help some little girl's mother to be a Christian instead of a heathen woman, just as our missionary ladies helped you, and so save some other poor little girl from being sold as a slave to a wicked heathen man."

And whenever that Mission Band in America receive letters from her, as they often do, they look proudly at each other and say: "Isn't it nice that she's our own Matsu, and aren't you glad we saved her from that dreadful father of hers and his wicked friend?" And then they go to work with fresh energy to raise the money for their next quarterly remittance to Japan for Matsu's support, and it never seems a hard task at all, because their hearts are in the work.—S. S. Visitor.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story," said Rob and Archie, running to their uncle.

"What about," said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed upon his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you!" said Rob.

"Something when you were a boy," said Archie.

"Well, once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and me go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes, so off we went, and we had some good fun together."

"After a while I took a piece of wood for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it got into deep water, and I could not reach it with a stick, so I told Roy to go in and get it for me."

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began to scold him, and he ran towards home."

"Then I grew angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could. Just then Roy turned his head, and the stone struck him right over the eye."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry, and lay down on the ground. But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but took off my shoes and waded into the water for my boat."

"But the water was deeper than I thought, and I was soon carried away by the strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but there were no men near to help me. But as I went down under the deep water, some one took hold of me and dragged me toward the shore; and when I was safe on the bank, I saw that it was Roy who had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around his neck, and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow-wow-wow.'"

"Why, who was Roy, uncle?" asked Archie, in great surprise.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil.

"The best dog I ever saw. He taught me a lesson that day, did he not, boys? And I hope my story may teach you the same lesson."

A NEWSBOY.

BY JENNIE HARBOTTLE.

It was a bitter cold day in December. Little Bennie had a bundle of papers under his arm, which he had been trying to sell. He was looking so wistfully at the beautiful cakes in the windows, when a man came up to him, and asked:

"What are you doing here in the cold?"

He said, "Papers, sir?—do buy them, for I am so cold and hungry."

"How much do you want for them?"

"A shilling, sir, please."

The man took the papers, handed him a crown, and told him to bring the change to his office on the next block. The man then went to his office, and was very busy for about two hours, when he thought, Oh, well, he has been tempted to keep the whole, and yielded.

Next day there came a little boy with the same honest face and blue eyes.

"Please, sir, take this coat; it is only rags, I know, but poor Bennie was run over by the horses and carriage, and they picked him up and took him to the hospital. He is hurted so. He did not mean to lose the money, and if you will trust him, he says when he gets well he will work so hard, and pay back every cent."

"Hush! my boy. Where is he?"

"At the Children's Hospital."

They hail a cabman. On their arrival they are shown to his bed. He says, "Oh, mister, I did not mean to lose it, but I was knocked down by the horses. I am dying. Jimmie will work and pay you back."

"Hush, never mind, don't worry—it will be all right."

The man can hardly keep back the tears. He grasps the hand of the dying newsboy.

Presently the child says, "Jesus, take me," and with that he passes away.

The man sees to the funeral, attends the last rites—gets Jimmie a place to work, and sincerely thanks God for the honesty of purpose shown by Bennie, the newsboy.

FAMOUS BOYS.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.