

TALKING WITH JESUS.

LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast;
And he answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tender love—
"I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above."

Ah, this is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see;
And, I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me!
He gave His life a ransom,
To make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise
To me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while away the time.
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know him more and more.

I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food;
He's altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand—
The fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient
And mourn His long delay;
I never can be settled
While He remains away.
But we shall not 'oug be parted,
For I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine.
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He shall talk with me.

"ONLY."

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CLEAR out, boy! we don't
want you and your box on
our steps. Come down from
that lamp-post and take
yourself off, I say!"

Kittie drew her breath
quickly for a moment, as
she heard her uncle's harsh
words to the humble-looking
boot-black, who was dangling from the
tall lamp-post to the delight of a crowd
of ragged urchins.

Only the day before Kittie had been
to Sunday-school, and read about
Christ, and how he went among poor
people, quite as ragged as this boy,
and perhaps even dirtier, and left a
bright look in their suffering faces in-
stead of an angry one.

Uncle William didn't go to Sunday-
school nor church. He said he guessed
he was as good as the average, and so
he would do what he liked—sleep all
day Sunday, if he wanted to. Kittie
knew he didn't like to talk about
Sunday-school, so she said nothing to-
night as they started on their evening
walk after the heat of the sultry
August day. She wondered if he
would not have been kinder if he knew
about Palestine and the gentle Physi-
cian. As the boy sullenly descended
from his perch, and gathered up his

box and brushes, she turned back a
moment, took a white pink from her
belt, and dropped it in his grimy hands.

Half an hour later Uncle William
and his little niece were sauntering
slowly toward home. The streets were
full of people, and carts rattled noisily
over the pavements. Suddenly Kittie
noticed that a good many men and
boys were running, and all in the same
direction. Then a beautiful machine
with gleaming brass and steel, and a
column of black smoke rolling from its
polished funnel, went past them
swiftly, its horses at full gallop.

"It's a fire!" said Uncle William,
"and it must be near here!"

"O look! look!" exclaimed Kittie,
at the same moment. "There it is!
It's the Rawton House! See the
smoke and fire coming right out of the
windows!"

They went as near as they dared,
and stood watching the wonderful
sight. Engine after engine arrived,
and foaming jets of water hissed upon
the hot brick walls from every side.
Still the fire had the mastery of the
building, and all the sky seemed filled
with floating brands.

"A great loss of property," they
heard some one say, as they stood in
the shelter of a huge telegraph pole,
near the centre of a large square on
which the hotel fronted. "A great
money loss, but no lives—ah! what's
that? See, in the fifth storey!"

Strong men groaned, and clenched
their fists, as they saw those windows
filled with the forms of young girls cut
off from escape, and almost sure of a
horrible death.

"Can't they get the ladders up?
O hurry, hurry!" screamed hundreds
of people in the crowd. Then the
poor creatures in the windows began
to jump. Kittie could bear it no
longer. She pressed her uncle's hand
nervously, and found it trembling like
a child's. They were turning away
from the dreadful sight, when there
was a commotion in the crowd close
by them.

"Let me through! let me through!"
they heard a boy's shrill voice calling.
People jostled him from side to side,
heavy boots trod carelessly on his bare
feet, but in a moment more he tore
himself out of the press, and as he
rushed toward them Kittie recognized
the boot-black. Her white pink was
fastened on his ragged jacket with a
bent and brassy pin.

He neither saw her, nor any body
else. He made straight for the tele-
graph pole. He launched himself at
it fiercely, and began to make his way
up. Ten feet, fifteen, twenty. The
crowd noticed him, and, guessing his
purpose, cheered. Still higher, with
feet torn and bleeding from the rough
splinters left by the spikes of the
telegraph men. It was no crowd of
children watching him now, and human
lives hung on his long, thin wrists.
Once he stopped, and his face was so
deadly white that Kittie thought he
was going to fall. A shudder ran
through the crowd. No, he has not
fallen. Clinging with one hand and
his wounded feet, he takes the white
blossom from his jacket and holds it
close to his face, perhaps kisses it.
The crowd see the act, and cheer again
to encourage him. Slowly, inch by
inch, he moves upward. Now he
reaches the cross-bars, and, without
stopping to rest, draws a jack-knife
from his pocket and begins to hack

furiously at the wires with the broken
blade. One part at last, then another
and another. The long, trailing wires
sweep down, hanging from the top of
the blazing building directly across
the windows where the women are
watching and waiting for death. One
by one they try this new road to safety
which has come down to them as if
from heaven itself. They reach the
pavements, and are caught into the
arms of their friends.

IF.

IF you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

HOW BOYS SUCCEED.

A FEW years ago a drug firm in
New York city, advertised
for a boy. The next day the
store was thronged with applicants.
Among them was a queer-looking
fellow, accompanied by a woman who
proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faith-
less parents, by whom he had been
abandoned. Looking at this waif, the
proprietor said, "I can't take him;
besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the
woman, "but he is willing and faithful,
and never drinks, uses tobacco or
profane language."

There was a twinkling in the boy's
eyes which made the merchant think
again. A partner in the firm volun-
teered to remark that he did not see
what they wanted with such a boy—
he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.
But after consultation, the boy was
set to work. A few days later a call
was made on the boys in the store
for some one to stay all night. The
prompt response of the little fellow
contrasted well with the reluctance
of others. In the middle of the night
the merchant looked in to see if all
was right in the store, and presently
discovered his youthful protegee busy
scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he.
"I did not tell you to work nights."
"I know you did not tell me, so but
I thought I might as well be doing
something."

In the morning the cashier got
orders from the merchant to "double
that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before
a show of wild beasts passed through
the streets, and, very naturally, all
the hands in the store rushed to wit-
ness the spectacle. A thief saw his
opportunity, and entered at the rear
door to seize something, but in a
twinkling found himself firmly clutched
by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and,
after a struggle, was captured. Not
only was a robbery prevented, but
valuable articles taken from other
stores were recovered. When asked
by the merchant why he stayed behind
to watch when all others quit work, he
replied:

"You told me never to leave the
store when others were absent, and I
thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once

more, "Double that boy's wages; he is
willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is getting a salary
of \$2,500, and next month will become
a member of the firm.—*Exchange.*

DR. CAREY AS A BOY.

MR. SMILES tells a story of
Dr. Carey, the Indian mis-
sionary, which you will like
to read.

When he was a boy he was most
persevering. A difficulty seemed to
call out all his courage. In play as
well as in work he never allowed any-
thing to beat him. Well, there was a
tree near his home that no boy had
ever been able to climb. "It shan't
beat me," he said; "I mean to climb
that tree somehow."

So he went to work, and very rough
work he found it. He tore his clothes,
he scratched his flesh, and bruised his
sinews; but he would not give in—he
was determined to climb that tree.
One day he succeeded so far as to get
three parts of the way up, when down
he came and broke his leg.

He was only a little lad, and of
course the suffering was hard to bear.
For six weeks he had to lie in bed,
and it was a long time before he could
walk again. At last he was allowed
to go out. Where do you think he
went first? Why to climb that tree
again, to be sure. Ay, and he did it
too this time before he went home.

This boy was only a poor shoemaker,
and yet he determined to become a
scholar. He had to face difficulties
worse than the high tree, and to suffer
from worse things than a broken leg,
but nothing daunted him. He became
a learned man, and when at last he
went out to India as a missionary he
translated the Bible into sixteen differ-
ent languages, in order that the poor
Hindoos might read the word of God.
By his steady perseverance he altered
the hope and life of thousands, who
might without him have been in dark-
ness.

"I can't" is a coward with a very long face,
And with limbs that are shaky and weak;
Whatever the time, or wherever the place,
You will know if you once hear him speak;
There's a drawl in his voice and a whine in
his tone
That stamp him coward abroad or at home.

"I'll try" is a brave one—so stalwart and
strong,
With a bright cheery manner and word,
Who feels he must conquer before very long,
And who thinks giving up most absurd.
So when anything difficult causes a sigh,
Just take my advice, and call in "I'll try."
—*Illustrated Treasury.*

THE GREATEST WHIRLPOOL
IN THE WORLD.

OFF the coast of Norway, close
to the Lofoden Islands, the
current runs so strong north
and south for six hours, and then in
the opposite direction for a similar
period, that the water is thrown into
tremendous whirls. This is the far-
famed Maelstrom, or whirling stream.
The whirlpool is most active at high
and low tide; and when the winds are
contrary the disturbance of the sea is
so great that few boats can live in it.
In ordinary circumstances, however,
ships can sail right across the mael-
strom without much danger, and the
tales about the vessel and whales
which have been engulfed in the
stream are more or less pure fables.