

Children's Department.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay ;
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere
That mother while here—
Some time you won't know her kind kiss.

You have only one mother, *just one* ;
Remember that always, my son ;
None can or will do
What she has for you—
What have you for her ever done ?

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

At the age of fifteen, a boy whom we will call William Grey, found himself fatherless and motherless, and, as far as any practical help was concerned, friendless. His parents had had a hard struggle to procure the commonest necessities of life, and so the lad's education had been sadly neglected. But he was trustworthy, plucky, and industrious, and not ashamed to put his hand to honest work. The first job which the

boy secured was that of a sweeper at one of the New York ferry-boat docks. He swept the ladies' side, the men's side, and the highway for the horses ; and he swept every day for eight months, without stopping. To this work he gave all his time and attention. He was never seen loafing and talking with the deck hands, though he always had a good word and a smile for everybody. This unusual devotion to a generally considered ignominious business attracted considerable attention, and one day William was approached by a police officer, who was accompanied by a fine-looking man.

"I've been telling this gentleman about you," said the officer.

"About me, sir?" said the lad, with great astonishment, and instinctively touching his hat.

"Yes I've had my eye on you for some time" was the answer, "and as this gentleman asked me to try and find him a good lad for his stable I've brought him to you."

"Do you know anything about the care of horses" the gentleman inquired.

"Not a thing in the world, sir."

"Do you think you could learn?"

"I would be ashamed if I couldn't sir," was the courageous response.

The newcomer took a card from his pocket, saying as he did so :

"I will wait for you a week, but come as soon as you can. I will give you \$30 a month and your board, if you suit me, to begin with."

That day's sweeping William Gray will never forget. He took as much pains as ever with every crack and crevice, but his astonishment and gratitude were beyond description. How could it be, he asked himself, that so common a toiler and plodder