

### What Children May Do.

CHILDREN, you may work for Jesus,  
God has given you a place  
In some portion of his vineyard,  
And will give sustaining grace.  
He has bidden you "Go labour,"  
And has promised a reward;  
Even joy and life eternal  
In the kingdom of your Lord.

Children, you may pray to Jesus,  
In your closet, and at home;  
In the village, in the city,  
Or wherever you may roam.  
Pray that God may send the Spirit  
Into some poor sinner's heart,  
And that in his soul's salvation  
You may bear some humble part.

Children, you may sing for Jesus,  
Oh, how precious is his love;  
Praise him for his boundless blessings  
Ever coming from above.  
Sing how Jesus died to save you,  
How your sin and guilt he bore,  
How his blood hath sealed your pardon;  
Sing for Jesus evermore.

Children, you may live for Jesus,  
He who died that you might live;  
Oh, then all your ransomed powers  
Cheerful to his service give.  
Thus for Jesus you may labour,  
And for Jesus sing and pray;  
Consecrate your life to Jesus;  
Love and serve him every day.

### HE WAS ONLY A NEWSBOY.

#### THE PATHETIC STORY OF A BRAVE-HEARTED LAD.

It was a very small funeral procession that wended its way slowly from the King's County Hospital to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Flatbush. There were no handsome carriages, no long string of hacks, only the hearse containing a small, plain coffin, followed by a solitary coach. But the mourning was just as sincere as at the largest and most imposing funeral. And it was not confined to the four boys who accompanied the body of their dearest friend to its last resting place. A hundred hearts were touched by grief. A hundred faces were wet with tears.

"It's only a newsboy," said a policeman. True, only a newsboy, a waif from the streets of the great city. But no philanthropist was ever kinder, no friend more true, no soldier braver than little Joe Flanigan. Every newsboy about the offices of New York's great journals knew and loved him. All owed him a debt of gratitude for the many good deeds he had done in his humble way.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and alight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning after sleeping in a dry goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would swell up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start

bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a while no one dared to play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered, and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew that he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer. But the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. He awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras" to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Nobody had seen him since the previous night. Finally he was found in a secluded corner and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital in Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday, a newsboy who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty; "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys."

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and excitement on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They feared that the end was near and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night a hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

Resolved, that we all liked Little Joe who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the

hospital, again kindly offered the use of his carriage. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,  
Aged 14,  
The best Newsboy in New York.  
WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead.

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—*New York Herald.*

### READING BOOKS.

"Do you call that a big lake?" asked a half-witted lad. "Why I can pour all its water into this basket, and yet have room for two more lakes." "Of course, you can," was the reply; "the water would leak out as fast as it was poured in." That is the way with some readers; they pour into their mind a great amount of reading, but it soon leaks out. For a short time they may remember what they read, but after a while they can recall little more than the title of the book. Such reading profits them little more than does the water the basket through which it runs. To be able to read with profit, we must know what and how to read.

Select your books; select such as are worthy of careful reading; select those that present what you need to know, and in such a way that you can understand and remember; select those suited to you rather than to some one else. You may judge by what others say of the books, and by the titles and table of contents and introduction. If, after beginning to read, you find the book hardly worth finishing, stop reading; rather lose the time already spent than waste more for the sake of finishing what you have begun. You are not reading to get through, but to get good. Having the right kind of book, make a business of reading it. Give your attention to that as a work that must be well done. Begin at the beginning; read slowly. It is not the last page you are after, but the good the book has in it; get that and all of it, if possible. If you do not understand a chapter or paragraph, read it over slowly, stopping to think now and then. When it is understood, then try to fix it in the memory. Have it so fixed that you will not only remember, but be able to tell it to others or act on the lessons yourself. Do not skip unless you are reading for some special object. Read everything carefully, and stop to think of the writer's meaning. If he does not teach what you believe, consider why you differ. This may be a slow way of reading, but by it you will become master of the book, and will be better repaid than if you had read a dozen

books hastily. When the book is finished, fix the whole in your mind by thinking how you would tell it to others, and what you are to do now that you have those new facts and lessons.

### GAMES IN ANCIENT GREECE.

It is curious to find that the playthings which pleased the boys and girls of to-day are nearly the same as those that were in use among the little Greek children three thousand years ago. The boys and girls of Greece enjoyed their dolls and hoops and games of top and "blind-man's buff" as well as those in American homes. In fact, if we could go back to the streets of ancient Athens in the days of Socrates, we should find the young folks engaged in the same games and romps, in many cases, as are popular among the youths of the modern cities.

The first toy given to a Greek baby as it lay in its mother's lap was a rattle; when it was large enough to play on the floor it was given a ball of variegated colours to roll about. As the child grew older little carts or miniature waggons were the next playthings. These toys were bought at a great fair which was held in one of the famous cities of that country, and which was attended by every citizen of Greece at least once in his life.

Boys then, as now, loved to spin a top with a cord or to whip it along with a thong. This latter game, as we are told by one of the Greek poets, was played in open spaces in the streets:

"Where three ways meet, there boys with tops are found,  
That ply the lash and urge them round and round."

The hoop, too, was well known to the Grecian schoolboys; only little Herodotus and Alcibiades used to roll bronze ones which had tiny rings or bells to make a jingling noise as they were rolled along.

"Blind-man's buff" was a favourite amusement, only it was called "Polyphemus and Ulysses." A boy with his eyes covered by a bandage moved about and spread forth his hands, crying, "Beware!" He represented Polyphemus, who had his one eye put out by Ulysses, while the other boys played the parts of Ulysses, and his companions trying to get out of the cave.

In one of their games a number of lads stooped down, with their hands resting on their knees, in a row, the last springing over the backs of all the others, and then stood first in the row, just as the boys do now in the game of "leap-frog." A game called "scaporda" consisted of passing a rope through a hole at the top of a pole. Two lads took hold of the rope, one on each side, and he was winner who could pull the other up the highest from the ground.