

## THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

Am—"Castles in the Air."

A wee bit raggit laddie, gangs wan'ren through the street,  
Wadin' mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,  
Shiverin, i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain,  
Wha's the puir wee callan? he's a drunkard's raggit wean.  
He stans at ilka door an' he keeks w' wistfu' e'e;  
To see the crowd aroun' the fire a' laughin' loud wi' glee,  
But he daurna venture ben though his heart be e'er sae fain,  
For he manna play wi' 'ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.  
Oh see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco fou,  
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's dreepit through and through;  
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers whar she's gane,  
But oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.  
He ken's nae faither's luv, an' he ken's nae mither's care,  
To soothe his wee sorows, or kame his tautit hair,  
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,  
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.  
Oh pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,  
The oath that lea's the faither's lip 'll settle on his tongue;  
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips 'll stain,  
For oh there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean!  
Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu mither's heart,  
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,  
An' mak them lea' the drunkard's cup an' never taste again,  
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir wee raggit wean.

## THE BIG BITE.

One day, at noon, as I was in a baker's shop getting my luncheon, two children came in to buy cakes. They were boys, one seven and the other three years old. They seemed to have a good deal on their minds. The older one was trying to persuade the younger to do something he did not want to do, and they had a talk at the door before coming up to the counter. Then the smallest fellow came forward and handed up two cents, and said,

"I want to buy a tream cake!"

"Oh! that's you, Billy, is it? so you've got two cents to spend to-day!" said the baker's wife. And she pushed a cream cake to the edge of the counter. Billy took it, and immediately his mind was so occupied that he didn't answer the woman. Then his brother came and put down a cent, and took up a bun, and the two boys walked off to the door-steps.

I guessed now how matters stood. Those boys were going to exchange bites of luncheon; and

the older fellow had been coaxing his little brother to buy something which would afford him a dainty morsel in return for the mouthful of bun he was going to give.

It was Billy's lot to bite first. His brother held the bun and Billy bit off only so much as his small mouth could hold neatly, quite like a gentleman.

Then the older boy made ready to attack the cream cake which Billy held. Really, I assure you it was shocking to look at the way he opened his mouth! When he shut it again only half of Billy's cream cake remained outside!

I could hardly help laughing to see Billy's eyes, they grew so big when he looked at his remnant of cake, but in my heart, of course, I was grieved at the older fellow's greediness.

The two boys disappeared; and no doubt Billy went down the street lost in wonder at the size of his brother's mouth.

I could not help thinking how exactly those boys had acted over what has been done by older people every day since the world began. This trying to give little for much—to secure the largest bite for oneself, shows the "Old Adam" in us very plainly.

Now there is little doubt that that older boy has often enough been told what a wicked world he lives in, and exhorted to be upright and honest when he shall be grown up. But if all the time he is a boy he goes on doing other things as mean as that one thing I saw him do in the baker's shop, he may not find it so easy to be honest when he wants to be, and nobody will want to have anything to do with him when he comes to be a man.

There is no use in thinking we can outgrow our sins. They must be gotten rid of some other way. As the boy grows the sin grows, till it fits the size of the man.

Boys! keep a sharp watch against selfishness. It's a very mean thing. It's a very dangerous thing. It has destroyed many souls.

LYNN.

## CHRIST JESUS ALL AND IN ALL.

A very old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ:

My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove; pursued by a hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need his cross to lay hold of and wind myself about it; I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace, I am ignorant and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of his Holy Spirit.

In no situation and at no time can I do without him. Do I pray? He must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the divine tribunal? He must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? He must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? He must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with the whole world and all that it contains than with thee, my Savior; and God be thanked, I know