

## CHRISTMAS.

**H**ELP one another," the snowflakes said,  
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed ;  
" One of us here would not be felt,  
One of us here would quickly melt ;  
But I'll help you, and you help me,  
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

" Help one another," the maple spray  
Said to his fellow leaves one day ;  
" The sun would wither me here alone,  
Long enough ere the day is gone ;  
But I'll help you, and you help me,  
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

" Help one another," the dew-drop cried,  
Seeing another drop close to its side ;  
" This warm south wind would dry me away,  
And I should be gone ere noon to-day ;  
But I'll help you, and you help me,  
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

" Help one another," a grain of sand  
Said to another grain just at hand ;  
" The wind may carry me over the sea,  
And then, oh ! what will become of me ?  
But come, my brother, give me your hand,  
We'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

" Help one another," a penny said  
To a fellow penny, round and red ;  
" Nobody cares for me alone,  
Nobody'll care when I am gone ;  
But we'll stick together and grow in time  
To a five-cent piece or even a dime."

" Help one another," I heard the dimes  
Whisper beneath the Christmas chimes ;  
" We're only little folks, but you know  
Little folks sometimes make a show ;  
Ten of us, if we're good and pure,  
Equal a big round dollar, sure."

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts,  
The grains of sand to mountains ;  
The leaves became a pleasant shade,  
And dew-drops fed the fountains ;  
The pennies grew to silver dimes,  
The dimes to dollars, brother !  
And children bring their Christmas gift  
By helping one another.—*Selected.*

## A FORTUNE FROM A FEW CORKS.

BY REV. S. L. N. SPEARE.

**C**ÆSAR was successful as a military commander because he was careful about the smallest details. Each legion, or cohort, was kept up to a high standard of appearance and discipline, as if the whole campaign depended upon it alone. But this principle applies no less to obscure workers in small places—to boys and girls—than to world-conquerors. For an example, the following story may be related :

A Boston merchant had made up his mind to take a young man as partner in his growing business. While looking for the right man, he chanced to overhear, in the store of a friend, a

conversation between two clerks, somewhat as follows :

" Have you thoroughly cleaned up the floor behind those barrels ? "

" Yes ; with the exception of a few corks, which are of no consequence."

" That won't do. You must not waste even corks. Pick them all up."

That reply of the senior clerk made for him a fortune. The merchant, because of the business qualities it indicated, made the clerk an offer of partnership. A career of continued success followed, which was closed a few weeks since by death at the early age of fifty-seven. His senior partner retired early, and for twenty years this young man was head manager of the business.

Someone has defined genius as " conscientious thoroughness." No key to business favor and success is more reliable than such thoroughness, and it is within the easy reach of all

## BISHOP HANNINGTON.

**I**N Dawson's " Life of Bishop Hannington," we are told that one of his friends at college, who entered the ministry at the same time as he, was moved to write to him as to the state of his soul. He had known Jim Hannington as a young man devoted to spiritual religion, holding quite aloof from and good-naturedly ridiculing the more earnest men of his college, the men who thoroughly believed in conversion and consecration. To write to him thus was no easy task when he thought of the mockery, real, though kindly, with which he believed his words would be met ; but sitting down he wrote to him lovingly about his own personal experience, and his finding in Jesus rest and peace for his troubled heart. The letter seemed like bread cast upon the waters. No answer came for months, but meanwhile, unknown to the writer, his words were working in Hannington's heart, and were in the end the means of bringing him to a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ, of changing rollicking, careless Jim into the whole-souled, devoted Christian worker and missionary who, on the shores of Victoria Nyanza, gave up his life for Christ's sake, as truly a martyr bishop as old Hugh Latimer.

" Saviour, who didst from heaven come down  
A little child a while to be,  
Whose precious Blood and thorny crown  
From death and sin have ransomed me,

" Teach, me dear Saviour, some return  
Of lowly service for Thy love,  
Such as a thankful child may learn,  
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve."