

Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers, carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation-stones of character and honourable success.

## KHARTOUM.

BY REV. S. J. DOUGLASS.

**E**NCIRCLED by old Nilus tide,  
Within the burning zone,  
Proud as a dusky Ethiop bride,  
Still stands the city lone.  
Through all the desert's breadth and length  
Is whispered coming doom:  
They firmly trust in God's good strength,  
The heroes of Khartoum.

The spicy scent of myriad flowers  
Drifts on the morning air;  
Orange and tamarind, mid green bowers,  
Their cooling burdens bear:  
The crisping thorn and thirsty sand  
Hide many a Moslem tomb—  
A slender wand aye leads the band  
That mans thy walls, Khartoum!

Far to the north, new life to seek,  
O muezzin, strain thy gaze,  
Where Djebel Gerri's granite peak  
Swims in the mid-day blaze!  
What work from o'er Bahinda waste?  
Last for the cannons' boom!  
All know what bodes such speedless haste  
To watchers in Khartoum.

The golden sun, with richest glow,  
Sinks in the glowing sand;  
El Madhi's sentries pace full slow  
Along the White Nile's strand  
What strength would British rifles bring!  
Swift works Fate's deathful loom!  
What songs would British bugles sing  
To dwellers in Khartoum!

And still old Nile pours down his flood  
From Abyssinian hills;  
And still he drew his richest blood  
From Kilimanjaro's rills:  
And still each palm its frond uprears,  
And sweet mimosas bloom—  
The camp-fires show but Arab spears  
To those who guard Khartoum.

And still the tinkling camel-bell,  
At morning, noon, and night,  
Sounds like a distant, mournful knell  
Tolled by a desert-sprite.  
But knell or fend or flashing spear,  
Relief of swift-winged doom—  
He knows no fear but godly fear,  
The Hero of Khartoum.

To him the bond-child lifts his prayers;  
For him the gray-beard prays;  
A city's life, its hopes, its cares,  
Hang on his lengthening days.  
But come defeat or come release,  
A soldier's crown or tomb,  
He camly dwells in God's own peace,  
The Hero of Khartoum.

## A PLUCKY BOY.

**H**E boy marched straight up to the counter.  
"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"O, please sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

There were a few wisps of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them he gave the ends of the cravat a brush, and then his hands travelled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well now, about what sort of work might

your 'small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, 'you, can't look over the counter!"

"O, yes, I can, and I'm 'growing, please, growing fast—there, see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes—are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him—he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the next rejoinder. "Folks say I am very small for my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have—not—had—any—any breakfast, sir," the voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in the vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?" "We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer *City of Boston*."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he puckered up his mouth and looked straight into the boy's eyes, which were straight into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?" "Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his ear—then travelled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"O, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 got?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir—work all the time!" "As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that

tenement house" enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm took. I'm cash boy. Don't you know when they take parcels the clerks call 'Cash?'—well, I'm that! and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

The house was only a little ten by fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look as she took him in her arms and hugged him, kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness.—  
*From an English Journal.*

## FRANKIE'S DECISION.

**A** FEW mornings since a little incident came under my notice and touched me as one of John B. Gough's wonderfully pathetic stories could not. A little lad of St. Louis, whose mother has been an invalid for months, saw—aye, and felt, too—that the little they had left from a once handsome property was melting hopelessly away. Seeing his little sister going out to her daily duties in a Christian publishing house, it occurred to Frankie that he, too, could do something. The mother's heart ached sadly as from her pillow she saw him walk bravely out into the October sunshine to conquer fortune. Of course no one wanted a boy without experience or prestige; so in a couple of hours, his feet began to lag, and his heart sank, when whom should he meet but Mrs. Wilson, a former acquaintance of his mother's, who seemed heartily glad to see with what bright-faced bravery the little lad had taken up his burden. So she said: "Yes, Frankie, I want just such a boy."

Those who have tried and failed, and at last met with partial success, will understand with what eager alacrity his feet flew over the pavement on errands for Mrs. Wilson until near dinner-time, when she said: "Now, Frankie, you may go and get the beer for Mr. Wilson's dinner." Had she presented a pistol to his head, he would not have been staggered more under its spell than under this mandate; and how easy it would have seemed to some—and to none more so than to really kind-hearted Mrs. Wilson—to take that five-minutes' walk and earn money to buy some luxury for sick mamma. Not so with Frankie. His religious training was pronounced; there were no modern by-ways in it. So there came slowly, and with a little quiver in his boyish voice:

"I cannot go, Mrs. Wilson."

"Tired so soon?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; but I can't buy beer."

The angry blood rose to her face, and she was about to lecture him on what she thought, at the time, impertinence; but the quick-seeing instinct of childhood saw the storm rising, so he slipped quickly out and home.

It was well the heavily-shaded room did not allow even a mother's quick eye to see the trace of tears; but the mother's heart always vibrates to the least note of sadness in the voices of her little ones, and she knew he was disappointed. So she drew his head close to hers on her pillow, and said: "O my precious boy; you are not the first who has found that the world

does not meet you half way; but be brave, and by-and-by you will succeed."

And he was brave enough to keep his bitter sorrow in the background; and it was only after Mrs. Wilson's anger had cooled, and she saw his conduct in its real light, that she came to the mother and related the incident, and offered to take him back. But he preferred to make paper boxes at twenty-five cents a day. Now, I would like to know how many lads—aye, and men, too—are ready to stand as bravely by their colours as does little Frankie.

## GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.

**W**HATEVER you are, be brave, boys!  
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!  
Though clever at ruses  
And sharp at excuses,  
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!  
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!  
Still cleave to the right,  
Be lovers of light,  
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!  
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!  
The man gentle in mien,  
Words and temper, I ween,  
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!  
Be visible through and through, boys!  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The "greening" and "cramming;"  
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

## "I CAN AND I WILL."

**A** WRITER in the *Evangelist* tells a story to illustrate the difference between "I can't," and "I can and I will." The difference between the two phrases is just the difference between victory and defeat; and the story, we trust, will so impress our readers that they will adopt the latter as their motto:

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood; but the third, a very difficult one, he had not performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and I will do it, if you will give me time."

I said to him: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into the room to recite a lesson in the same study. "Well Simeon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their work; for they make the best scholars, and map too. The third morning you should have seen Simeon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labour. Not only had he solved the problem; but, what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until, to-day, he is Professor of Mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.