

ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." (Isaiah 66: 13.)

DREAMY child, with the sorrowful eyes
Are you growing so early old and wise?
Softly the light of the evening glides
On your forehead, child.
But it surely is morning still with you;
Why will you play as others do?
See pussy looks as if she thought, too,
I was time you smiled.

As you stand there watching the setting sun,
You poor little lonely motherless one,
Are you so glad that the long day is done?
And you tired so soon?
Do you wait the touch of a tender hand,
And the loving eyes that could understand
All the visions your childish fancy planned
Morning, night, and noon?

From the old church-spire came the evening
time,
And up over the clouds the first stars climb;
God comforts his little ones all the time,
As a mother would.

His sunshine falls like a kiss on your face,
And the sound of the bells, that fill the
place,
Steals into your heart like a sweet embrace
Hardly understood.

He who cares for the wounded birds that
fall,
And clothes all the lilies both great and
small,
Watches over the children most of all
With a mother's love.

He counts the pain of the joys you miss,
And for every gladness you lose in this
he will give you some deep and sacred bliss
In the life above.

THE CONTRAST.

"He's such a little fellow!"
"Little or big, the boy's been steal-
ing, and prison's the place for thieves."
"I didn't mean to steal; I only
just took two rolls 'cause I was so
hungry," robbed the boy.

"But didn't you know it was wrong
to take them?" asked a gentleman
who was looking quietly on while the
constable grabbed little Jake Follows
by the collar and shook him till the
little fellow's teeth chattered in his
head. Perhaps they shook from cold
also, for the snow lay thick upon the
ground and roofs, and the old clothes
which covered him let the north wind
in through many a hole.

"Don't know," said the boy dogged-
ly; "can't starve."

"Why, he's Mr. Fellowes' boy,"
said the baker's wife, coming out of
the shop, "and she's lying dead and
cold in her grave. Sure he's welcome
to a bite from me any time. Ours'able,
let him go; I'll see that he's taken
care of." And the kind-hearted
woman took the frightened little fellow
away, to warm and comfort him as his
mother might have done.

But across the street stood another
miserable looking object, a man with
blear eyes and slouching gait, who only
a few years ago had held Jake, then a
fair little baby, in his arms, while the
baby's mother looked on with delight,
and thought of the time when her boy
would be as fine a fellow as his father.

Now she was dead, and her poor little
boy, with no one to care for him or
teach him any better, wandered about
the cold streets, and stole his breakfast
when he could not stand his hunger
any longer.

"Do you know what makes the
difference?" said the gentleman, who
had before spoken to his own two
warmly-dressed boys at his side.

"Drink," said one of them, with an
expression of contempt, "John Fel-
lowes is a regular old sot."

"Yes, but there was a time when he
was as fine and well-dressed a boy as
either of you. I went to the same
school with him, and there wasn't a
smarter fellow in the class. But he
thought it manly to smoke cigarettes
and to drink cider, and then, when
these were not strong enough, as he
grew older, cigars and jugs. After
he was married and had a boy of his
own, he couldn't make money enough
to support his wife and baby and pay
for smoking and drinking too; so he
first broke his wife's heart, and now
lets his boy go round the streets neg-
lected, while he gets more and more
worthless every day. Do you wonder
when I look round my pleasant home
and note the contrast, I am very un-
willing that my boys should learn to
smoke cigarettes or drink cider?"

MIND THE DOOR

Did you ever observe how strong a
street door is? How thick the wood
is—how heavy the chain is—what
large bolts it has—and what a lock!
If there were nothing of value in the
house, or no thieves outside, this would
not be needed; but as there are pre-
cious things within, and bad men with-
out, there is need that the door be
strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our hearts, dear
children, may be called that house.
Bad things are forever trying to come
in and go out of our hearts. I will
describe some of these bad things to
you.

Who is that at the door? Ah, I
know him; it is Anger! What a
frown there is on his face! How his
lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I
will hold the door, and not let him in,
or he will do me harm, and perhaps
some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How
haughty he seems! He looks down
on everything as if it were too mean
for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride! I
will hold the door fast and try and
keep you out.

Here is some one else. I am sure
from his sour look, his name is Ill
Temper. It will never do to let him
in, for if he can only sit down in the
house, he makes everyone unhappy,
and it will be hard to get him out
again. No, sir; we shall not let you
in, so you may go away.

Who is this? I must be Vanity
with his flaunting strut and gay clo-
thes. He is never so well pleased as
when he has a fine dress to wear, and is ad-
mired. You will not come in, my fine
fellow; we have too much to do to
attend to such folks as you. Mind the
door!

Here comes a stranger. By his
sleepy look and slow pace I think I
know him. It is Sloth. He would
like nothing better than to live in my
house, sleep or yawn the hours away,
and bring me to rags and ruin. No,
no, you idle drone, work is pleasure,
and I have too much to do. Go away,
you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet
smile! What a kind face! She looks
like an angel. It is Love. How
happy she will make us if we ask her
in. Come in, come in; we must open
the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad
are crowding up. Oh, if men keep the
door of their hearts closed, bad thoughts
and bad words would not go in and out
as they do. Welcome to all things

good—war with all things bad. We
must mark well who come in, we must
be watchful and in earnest. Keep the
guard! Mind the door! — *Children's
Magazine*

THE BEST WAY TO MANAGE
FIRES ON THE FARM.

"A good way to manage fire on a
farm, say in the fields," remarks
Farmer Rosy Face, "is to put a lot of
men about the fire, with boughs in
their hands, and let 'em beat down the
flames wherever they're inclined to
spread. Of course, the old fire will
burn out for want of food."

"A good way in my way," says
Neighbour Solomon, "and that is to
plow a trench all about the field where
who's a fire, and not let the fire cross
the trench."

"If it's a big fire, perhaps in the
woods or out on a prairie," says Sec-
retary Spectacles of the Agricultural
Society, "a good way is to start
another fire, and let one fire eat out
the other fire."

"I think the best way," says Mother
Rosy-Face, whose opinion nobody has
asked for, "the best way is not to let
'em start in the first place."

A very good suggestion, Mother
Rosy-Face. If people in this world
would not scratch the match starting
the fire there certainly would not be
any trouble flaming up toward the
sky and demanding extinction. There
is the terrible evil of intemperance, a
conflagration in the land. What shall
we do about it?

"Shut the drunkard up in a good,
strong cell," says Bonga, the police man.

"Treat the drunkard as one sick in
a hospital," cries Dr Philanthropy.

"Preach him a gospel of love," sug-
gests Parson Good-man.

Let us add that, whatever may be
done, see that the match is not lighted,
and the fiery trouble started down in
the lives of the young. And let all
the boys and girls write on their
banner, and wave it high, that good
old motto, "Touch not, taste not,
handle not."

THE HALF HOLIDAY.

It is satisfactory to see in some of
our great cities an earnest movement
for a general Saturday half holiday.
To many—very many—in the cities
there is no rest from work from early
Monday morning to late Saturday
evening. Pay is received on Satur-
day afternoon. The weary workman is
tempted to misuse his pay in the
drinking-saloon, to go to his home
drunk at night, to sleep over on Sun-
day, and to rob his family as well as
himself of all of the advantages of the
Lord's day. If there were a general
dismissal of clerk, mechanic and
others at Saturday noon, the tempta-
tion would be less to mispend money
and misuse Sunday. The holiday on
Saturday afternoon would take away
the necessity for late rising on Sunday
morning and would confer upon those
who desired it the boon not only of a
free Saturday afternoon, but of a Sat-
urday bath that could be happily and profit-
ably used, both for body and for
spirit. Many good men are pressing
earnestly the effort to secure such a
Saturday half holiday and some have
suggested that if the pay-day be
changed to some other day in the week
it will be still more for the advantage
of the labouring classes and their

families. In some large establishments
the pay-day has been changed from
Saturday to Friday for this very pur-
pose. So far as the public convenience,
purchases can just as well be made in
five and a half days as in six days,
and five and a half days of work from
honest, cheery, temperate men will
fully equal the amount now yielded
by six days. Ladies may help on this
good work by ceasing to demand atten-
tion in the shops on Saturday af-
noon. *Forward.*

THE MODERN MOLDIC

HERN a foe within our borders.
One of most malevolent might
On who, fiend-like, loves the darkness,
Though oft he glimmers in the light.
Crowds of every rank and station
Year by year become his prey;
What of that? He pays state tribute
Wise men therefore bid to stay!

Talk of Juggernaut and Moloch!
Small would seem the whole amount
Of their victims, many-millions!
Matched with Allah's account,
Well may Heaven indignant look on,
Well may good men mourn to see
Such a hell-delighting record—
Such law-a-cited misery.

SHIPWRECK CHARTS

Besides the lighthouse and life-
boats, the light-vessels, beacons, fog
signals and buoys, which the life-saving
service make use of to protect and
save those who "do business in great
waters," they have provided shipwreck-
charts showing where unfortunate
vessels have met with disaster, the
time of the year it took place, and, as
far as possible, the manner of its hap-
pening. These are said to be of in-
calculable advantage to mariners who
make an earnest study of them.

None of our readers, we trust, have
suffered shipwreck in body or char-
acter, but now that they have passed
the first stage of existence, childhood,
doubtless most of them can look back
and remember special dangers, trials
and temptations which beset that
childhood. You know, far better than
we older folks do—for we have partly
forgotten—what things did you harm,
where it was easiest, to do wrong and
what helped you on toward the right
paths. Close behind you young folks
comes the eager company of younger
folks—the dear little mariners who
are just launching their small boats to
follow in your wake. Oh, will you
not make charts for them of the rough
places you have just passed? If each
boy and girl, each young man and
young woman, will only select some
little one or ones and keep an eye upon
their rudders, turning them into this
course, warning them off from that,
how many lives you may brighten and
bleat and help! Then, when we au-
drop anchor in the far and blessed
haven, you may find some who would
have missed the way had it not been
your guiding. "And if one soul," said the
old saint, Samuel Rutherford—

"If one soul from Amarth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land."
—*Forward*

"Is your chum a close student?"
wrote a father to his son in college
"You bet he is, father," was the reply.
"You couldn't borrow a V of him if
you were in the last stages of starva-
tion."