# CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

No persuasion or threat could move and kind artas caught and carried him love in his coffin, and then took their him to touch one. In fact he had to his little cot. He lay a long time, places as mourners in the seats surbeen thrown into such spasms of fear white and still, and when his eyes rounding it. by the teasing of the boys that it was opened slowly to the light, they turned The services were opened by singing necessary to punish severely any one to the window where he had left Ben- the beautiful hymn, "He died for me." of them who should mention the subject ny's shoes. His lips parted more What a comforting thought that Jesus to him.

Daddy Jack's the day long. It hap his voice came strong and clear. pened that a visitor noticed the listless hm. But let the broom be dropped, afraid. Good Jack. Happy and in a moment Daddy Jack clasped him tight, and Daddy Jack's kisses fell thick on his little face and hands. It came to be accepted in the asylum that Jack must have been at one time greatly terrified and perhaps received his mental hurt from a common broom.

Christmas week Baby Ben died. The night before, the matron lifted him from his cot, and let Daddy Jack hold him in his loving arms. The child suddenly roused from his weakness and called for the little broom. Jack grew pale and trembled, but did not answer. Then Ben began to coax.

"Get it, Jacky." Benny's Jacky'll find it, won't he, Jack? Benny's Jack. Good Jack. Benny's Jack Jack."

Jack only kissed him, and could not speak., Then Baby Ben turned away, and would be put to bed again. In the early morning his little spirit passed away.

It was feared that Daddy Jack would suffer from dangerous excitement when the child was taken away. He settled into a dull hopelessness that was most pitiful to see. He found a pair of Baby Ben's shoes, and came to the matron with them in his hand.

She tried to tell him where Benny's feet were walking then, and spoke of golden streets where snow came, but he went away sadly with the shabby little shoes. He opened the window in the dormitory near his cot and put them on the sill. The few remaining days before Christmas he kept a close watch upon them all day when he was not driven away.

trait. He had a terror of a broom, weak brain. Benny's Jack staggered panion rested, they laid the tokens of were on their homeward way, they told than once, but he could not speak. died for the poor, homeless waif, and

baby, and sent him a toy broom for and they may be all turned to gold and rest and joy forever more. The Rev. he could try, would bring Jack near Benny's Jack. Benny's Jack wasn't words from the Scripture, spoke tender-

mas with Baby Ben.

"So the tender Lord of Christmas, When He wipes away all pain, Lest His lambkins should not know Him, Stoops to be a child again.'

### He Makes His Mother Sad

He makes his mother sad, The proud, unruly child, Who will not brook Her warning look, Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad, Who, in his thoughtless mirth, Can e'er forget His mighty debt

To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad, Who turns from wisdom's way Whose stubborn will, Rebelling still,

Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad, And sad his lot must prove ;

A mother's fears,

A mother's tears, Are marked by God above.

Oh! who so sad as he

Who, o'er the parent's grave, Too late repents,

Too late laments, The bitter pain he gave ?

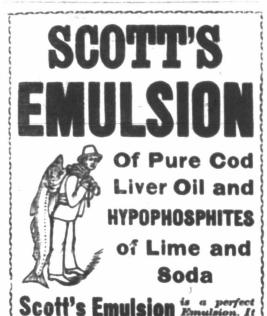
May we ne'er know such grief, Nor cause one feeling sad; Let our delight

Be to requite, And make our parents glad.

But the victory was too great for the room where the remains of their com-

As Christmas drew near, little Ben Then a radiant smile broke over his that He had taken the fatherless, grew more feeble, and his hand was in face, and making a convulsive effort, motherless boy to be forever with Him in the Father's house. No more just spoken of takes place in our great "See! See! Benny's in the shoes suffering, no more sin, nothing but amusement. When that was in Ben's the Christ-Child have him by the hand F. J. Brobst, pastor of the Westminster grasp, not all the fretting and calling and they be holding out their hands to Presbyterian church, read appropriate ly and simply to the boys of their dead The voice was still. Daddy Jack friend, and then committed them all had gone to spend his happy Christ- to the Saviour who had given Himself the lowly walks of life. for them. Six pall-bearers, inmates of the mission, bore the remains to the hearse, and all the newsboys followed it in the street cars to Graceland cemetery, where the directors had engaged in making some observations donated a spot for the grave.

> their companion's kind words, of his there came into the rays of the great patient life, and told how 'glad they telescope the top of a hill seven miles were that they had done something to away. On the top of that hill was a make his daily life happier. "I never large number of apple trees, and in onegot in his way when he was selling his of them were two boys stealing apples. papers," said one. "I've passed on One was getting the apples, and the to give him a chance, many a time, " other was watching to make sure nosaid another; and a third told how he body saw them, feeling certain that had often taken Andrew's pile of papers they were not discovered. But there from the wagon for him, in the gray sat Professor Mitchell seven miles light of early day, so Andrew could lie away, with the great eye of his telein bed a little longer.



When the burial was over and they some of their comforts and pleasures. to save money for a head stone to be placed at the grave, as a mark of respect for their former friend, who had passed away from the burdens and sufferings of this world, and had entered into the joy of his Lord.

Many a pathetic incident like the one cities, but the crowd who throng the streets know nothing of it. Sometimes mere mentions of the circumstances find their way into the daily papers, but they are quickly passed over as one of the many things that are continually happening among the poor in

## "Thou, God, Seest Me "

One day the astronomer Mitchell was on the sun, and as it descended towards As they rode along, they talked of the horizon, just as it was setting,

> scope directed fully on them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is with men. Because they do not see the eye which watches them with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the eye of God is upon them, and not one action can be concealed. If man can penëtrate with the searching eye which science constructed for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not Hewho sitteth upon the circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth which *He* has made?

January 1st, 1891.

"Poor Jack!" the matron said on Christmas morning. "How can we make a happy Christmas for you? Benny would not like to see you fret."

He looked up wistfully and she drew him to her while she repeated, over and over, two or three simple sentences about the Christ who had been a child on earth on the first Christmas day. She said that He had taken Benny to His beautiful home and that He would look at the motley crowd, would have not like it if any one did not try to be good and happy on his birthday.

When the asylum children gathered gleefully around their Christmas tree and sang their pretty carols, Daddy Jack stood watching and listening very attentively. He suddenly clutched his Andrew Sullivan, who had been killed neighbour's sleeve.

"Can Benny see the tree?" he the Auditorium. whispered.

"Why yes, may be," was the asonished answer.

hrough the crowd close to the shining 1y's Jack. Benny's Jack wasn't patient bearing of his burden. fraid."

### A Touching Scene.

A crowd of newsboys gathered around the flower-stand on the corner of one of the great thoroughfares in Chicago a few days since. Some of them were barefooted, all of them were ragged, and many of them could not boast of clean faces, yet the passer by who had interest enough to stop and seen a pathetic look on all the faces. They were buying rosebuds, these boys-red, white, and yellow ones, to carry to the Second Regiment Armory, for there was to be a funeral there, the funeral of their dead companion, by a fall through an elevator shaft at

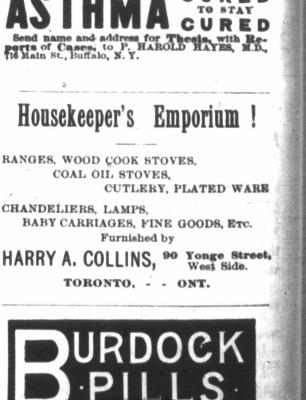
Daddy Jack disappeared, but a few with a smile and a pleasant word. He moments after he pushed his way belonged to the Waif's Mission, and the kind men and women who were ree. His face was pale and set, and interested in the special charity, and n his hand he held Baby Ben's little who knew what intense suffering proom. Before any one could stop the poor boy had at times, were surnim, he had hung it by its loop of prised at his quiet acceptance of his wine as high as he could reach, mut- affliction. Many a lesson of submisering to himself-"Good Jack. Ben- sion they learned from the poor waif's As the boys passed into the large

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by a fall through an elevator shaft at the Auditorium. Andrew Sullivan, although he was a cripple and had to go about on crutches, had always greeted them with a smile and a pleasant word. He of hature brought into active and unoperructed play through the peculiar agency of this unique system. The effect on nearly all manner of dis-eases is truly marvellous. Write or call for a **Free Copy of The Microcosmic Monthly**, an eclectic journal devoted to the Physical, Social and Ethical Life of Man-contains the bistory of the radigovery of this evotem results history of the re-discovery of this system, results history of the re-discovery of this system, results of the treatment, strongest possible endorse-ments from ministers, doctors, editors and others who have been cured when all other agencies failed, and, in many instances, when every hope itself had fled.

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