

Benny's Jack showed one strange trait. He had a terror of a broom. No persuasion or threat could move him to touch one. In fact he had been thrown into such spasms of fear by the teasing of the boys that it was necessary to punish severely any one of them who should mention the subject to him.

As Christmas drew near, little Ben grew more feeble, and his hand was in Daddy Jack's the day long. It happened that a visitor noticed the listless baby, and sent him a toy broom for amusement. When that was in Ben's grasp, not all the fretting and calling he could try, would bring Jack near him. But let the broom be dropped, 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.

"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 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 neighbour's sleeve.

"Can Benny see the tree?" he whispered.

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

Daddy Jack disappeared, but a few moments after he pushed his way through the crowd close to the shining tree. His face was pale and set, and in his hand he held Baby Ben's little broom. Before any one could stop him, he had hung it by its loop of twine as high as he could reach, muttering to himself—"Good Jack. Benny's Jack. Benny's Jack wasn't afraid."

But the victory was too great for the weak brain. Benny's Jack staggered and kind friends caught and carried him to his little cot. He lay a long time, white and still, and when his eyes opened slowly to the light, they turned to the window where he had left Benny's shoes. His lips parted more than once, but he could not speak. Then a radiant smile broke over his face, and making a convulsive effort, his voice came strong and clear.

"See! See! Benny's in the shoes and they may be all turned to gold and the Christ-Child have him by the hand and they be holding out their hands to Benny's Jack. Benny's Jack wasn't afraid. Good Jack. Happy —"

The voice was still. Daddy Jack had gone to spend his happy Christmas with Baby Ben.

"So the tender Lord of Christmas, When He wipes away all pain, Lest His lambskins 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.

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 look at the motley crowd, would have 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, Andrew Sullivan, who had been killed 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 belonged to the Waif's Mission, and the kind men and women who were interested in the special charity, and who knew what intense suffering the poor boy had at times, were surprised at his quiet acceptance of his affliction. Many a lesson of submission they learned from the poor waif's patient bearing of his burden.

As the boys passed into the large

room where the remains of their companion rested, they laid the tokens of love in his coffin, and then took their places as mourners in the seats surrounding it.

The services were opened by singing the beautiful hymn, "He died for me." What a comforting thought that Jesus died for the poor, homeless waif, and that He had taken the fatherless, motherless boy to be forever with Him in the Father's house. No more suffering, no more sin, nothing but rest and joy forever more. The Rev. F. J. Brobst, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, read appropriate words from the Scripture, spoke tenderly and simply to the boys of their dead friend, and then committed them all to the Saviour who had given Himself 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 donated a spot for the grave.

As they rode along, they talked of their companion's kind words, of his patient life, and told how glad they were that they had done something to make his daily life happier. "I never got in his way when he was selling his papers," said one. "I've passed on to give him a chance, many a time," said another; and a third told how he had often taken Andrew's pile of papers from the wagon for him, in the gray light of early day, so Andrew could lie in bed a little longer.

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When the burial was over and they were on their homeward way, they told each other how they could sacrifice 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 just spoken of takes place in our great 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 the lowly walks of life.

"Thou, God, Seest Me."

One day the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples.

One was getting the apples, and the other was watching to make sure nobody saw them, feeling certain that they were not discovered. But there sat Professor Mitchell seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope 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 penetrate with the searching eye which science constructed for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon the circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth which He has made?

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