

Jim's Dream.

BY MINNIE G. FRASER.

Roon homeless Jim—his small, bare feet
Had wandered down the sloppy street
Since the sun rose; and now, 'twas going
down,
But tired out, he lingered in the town.

'Twas Christmas eve; the angels sang
Long years ago. The heavens rang
With the glad news—"To us a child is
born,"
But Jim had tolled since early, early morn.

And now within cathedral walls
He creeps; the softened light enthral
His little heart. With awe he gazes round;
He dare not move—the place is hallowed
ground.

Sweet music—tender, soft and low,
Rippling like waters in their flow—
Is floating on the fascinated air,
Dying away in the deep, pleading prayer.

The boy lay down and fell asleep,
And slumbering, heard the organ sweep
In mighty harmonies from chord to chord,
While choral voices sang: "Praise ye the
Lord!"

And fleeting fancies filled his brain,
And visions mingled with the strain;
Pure forms of beauty dawned upon his sight,
Elysian scenes—bright transports of delight.

He saw the city of the King,
He heard a voice say: "Go and bring
Home little Jim"—and then he seemed to
rise
And angel wings to bear him to the skies.

The golden gates were open wide,
And he passed through, while by his side
An angel walked, who gently took his hand
And showed him all the glories of that land.

For beautiful fields of green were there,
And Esheol's grapes in clusters rare
Hung purple ripe, and shady, waving trees,
Whose branches whispered in the balmy
breeze.

Each seraph's face was full of love
And perfect peace. They dwelt above
All thought of ill. Their robes were
glistening white,
And on their heads were jewelled crowns of
light.

Jim fain would hide his little feet,
Black with the squalor of the street!
Looked at his ragged coat with brimming
eyes—
He was not fit to be in Paradise.

The angel led him to a throne,
And in its midst was seated One
Who took his hand, and wiped away his
tears,
And comforted and calmed his tremulous
fears.

And looking up, he knew the Lord;
'Twas he; and his gracious word;
And in agony began to pray:
"O, keep me, Father; send me not away."

And, wondrous ecstasy!
With joy he heard him say:
"Behold little Jim," and, O, the radiant
light!
For evermore he walked in spotless white.

And when the sexton came at morn,
A formless waif with clothes all torn
Was lying dead within the sacred dome,
He mourned, nor knew the lad was safe at
home.

"Here, now," said a mother to her
little boy, "take this good medicine.
It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I
love little brother," he replied; "give
it to him."

WAS IT LUCK.

THE curtains were drawn to keep
out the wintry blasts, and the bright
firelight aided the shaded gaslight in
revealing all the comfort of that
pleasant room. The number and
variety of books in the elegant book-
case, and numerous papers on the
table, indicated that the owner was a
man of culture and familiar with the
world's daily doings, while luxurious
chairs and lounges proved that he was
not unmindful of physical comfort.
Indeed, as we look at the owner of
this beautiful establishment as he is
seated in an easy-chair reading a paper,
we feel that he is every inch of a
gentleman, and worth our entire re-
spect. The merry group by the fire,
who are visitors for the holidays,
evidently share our opinion. Suddenly
one of the boys, turning to his uncle,
said:

"Uncle Harry, do you believe in
luck?"

"Well, boys," said he, "that is
rather a leading question. I will tell
you a little story, and you can call it
what you please:

"When I was about ten years old,
my father died, after a lingering illness.
He had been unfortunate in business
ventures, and his sickness had entirely
exhausted our funds. I left school,
and felt that, as I was the oldest, I
must help mother to support the family.

"Poor mother! it grieved me greatly
to see her patiently stitching away on
the coarse work she received such a
pittance for from the shops. I tried
to get a place in some store, but could
not succeed. My efforts in that line
and my many rebuffs would astonish
you.

"I concluded I would sell papers, but
at first it was very hard work. I did
not mind the fatigue. I sold the even-
ing papers, but could not call my paper
out loud and clear, and then some other
boys would get ahead of me. I was
better dressed than the other 'newsies,'
and so they looked upon me as an inter-
loper, and tried to run me out of the
world; but I thought of my mother at
work at home, and determined I would
succeed. One evening I jumped on a
car, carrying my papers in my best style.
I sold several, and was just leaving
the car, when a gentleman, who was
busily talking with his neighbour,
while both occupied uncertain stand-
ing room, called me: 'Here, boy
—a *Cronicle*,' I gave him one, and he
put his hand in his pocket and drew
out and gave me what he supposed was
a three-cent piece, but I saw it was a
gold piece. I jumped off the car in a
hurry, and soon went home. I felt a
little uncertain as to how mother would
view the matter, but I never had any
secrets from her, so I told her all
about it, adding that I considered it a
rare piece of luck, for we needed the
money more than you children can im-
agine; but mother argued that moral-
ly I had no right to any more than
the price of the paper, unless it was

given me; that it was a mistake. I
insisted that any man so careless ought
to lose his money, and that it was in-
tended to relieve our own necessities;
but mother said: 'My son, he in
whom I put all my trust has never
deserted me yet, and I cannot distrust
him now. I would rather starve than
have my boy become dishonest.'

"I believe there comes to everyone
some supreme crisis in life, when good
and evil strive for his soul, and that
night was the crisis in mine." Mr.
Morton had forgotten his eager listen-
ers, but was recalled by the question:

"But what did you do?"

"Well, your grandmother finally got
me to promise that if I saw the man
again I would return the money. No
fear of my not knowing him; his face
was before me all the time. Next
evening I began my work as usual. I
had been through several cars, and
almost hoped I could not find my
generous (!) patron; but at last I came
face to face with him. I spoke quickly,
for fear my courage would fail.

"You bought a paper of me last
evening, sir," I exclaimed.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I did.
I bought one from some boy. What's
wrong? Didn't I pay you?"

"I told him what was the matter,
and his astonishment was great. He
looked at me as if I were a curiosity,
asked my name, and where I lived.
Others heard the conversation, and my
papers were soon all sold at double
their price, the gentlemen laughingly
telling me that they knew what they
were about. I fairly flew home that
night, and I never felt so proud and
happy as when I poured that money
into my mother's lap, and heard her
say: 'Thank God for having kept you
honest, my boy.'

"The next day my mother had a
call from the gentleman, and the
result was that my career as a newsboy
ceased, and mercantile life began—
very low down, to be sure, but I work-
ed away. I attended night school, and
by degrees I rose, till, as you know, I
am a partner in the house. Now, you
may judge whether I believe in luck,
or the 'divinity which shapes our ends,
rough them how we will.'"—*Kind
Words*.

DYING FOR A SON.

TWELVE men in the reign of Kureem
Khan were robbed and murdered
under the walls of Shiraz. The
murderers were not discovered for a
long time; but the king, resolved in
making an example, commanded his
officers, under heavy threats, to perse-
vere until all should be brought to
light.

At length, by accident, it was found
out that a small branch of the king's
own tribe were the guilty persons.
Their crime was clearly proved, and
they were condemned to death. The
circumstances that they were of the
king's own clan made the case worse.
They had dishonoured their sovereign,
and could not be forgiven.

When the prisoners were brought
before the monarch to be sentenced
and executed, there was among them
a youth twenty years of age. His
father rushed forward and asked, before
they were led to death, to speak with
the Prince. Permission was easily ob-
tained; and he addressed the monarch
as follows:

"Kureem Khan, you have sworn
that these guilty men shall die, and
it is just that they should suffer; but
I, who am not guilty, come here to
ask a boon of my chief. My son is
young; he has been led into crime,
his life is forfeited; but he was just
about to be married. I come to die
in his stead. Be merciful; let an old
worn-out man perish, and spare a
youth who may long be useful to his
tribe.

The chief was deeply moved by
this appeal. To pardon the offence
was impossible; for he had sworn on
the koran that all concerned should
die. He granted the father's prayer;
and the old man went to meet his fate,
while the son, wild with grief, loudly
called on the Prince to inflict on him
the doom he deserved and save the
life of his aged and innocent father.

How much greater was the love of
the Lord Jesus; for "while we were
yet sinners, Christ died for us." And
how deep should be the gratitude of
those in whose stead he gave up his
life!

That Boy.

THROUGH the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbows out,
Mamma hears with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught;
In one short hour they are forgot.
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Vain the work of fingers deft,
Till of strength they are bereft;
One fatal fall in rags has left
That boy.

Thus she muses, while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries;
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

With aching head, this mother mild,
Looks to the future of her child—
Still heedless, yells in accents wild,
That boy.

She hears the dread, unearthly tone,
And stifles something like a groan.
To some bad end will surely come
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile;
Summon back thy loving smile;
Soon will graver cares beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy "with cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man.
If thou wouldst trust and honour then
That boy,

Trust him now, and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

And when, though worn and oft distressed,
Thou knowest that God thy work has
blessed,
Then trust with him for all the rest,
That boy.