

papers on the streets—is hurtful in many ways. Besides tending to make boys cunning and unscrupulous, it is an occupation of a temporary character, leaving a youth at sixteen or seventeen years of age without a trade and altogether unfitted for any vocation which requires steadiness, punctuality, obedience or manual labor. With expensive tastes and a love of freedom, many boys of this class take to pilfering to keep up their decreasing revenue from the newspaper business. It would be very desirable to have open-air news-stands located on the leading thoroughfares in charge of old men, and limit the number of boys now running the streets as news-vendors.

All successful work on behalf of neglected children must be through personal contact and sympathy. The child must feel and know by many acts and words of encouragement and kindness that he or she has at least

one true friend. For this reason large classes are to be avoided, the economy that appears on the surface being really a loss and hindrance. In this thought there should be much encouragement for those earnest workers who have nothing but their services to offer. They may gather little bands around them at trifling expense, and experience the great joy of turning aimless young lives into spheres of usefulness and happiness. And surely there can be no greater service for God or humanity than in calling forth in young hearts, aspirations and hopes that lie dormant, and in removing from their path the obstacles that prevent them from achieving all that is best in their nature! Hope and joy may be brought back to crushed little hearts by love and sympathy, and if, through the reading of this article, some friendless child is gladdened and aided along life's journey, it will not have been written in vain.

SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight! far, far, and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,—
On, anywhere! he must not die—
Swifter the flight!

—G. H. CLARKE.