



A GRASPING GANG.

MULCAHY—"Well, and how did yez finish up?"

MULDOON—"Why, at the end of the year, there was a deficiency of twenty pounds, and I sez, 'Give it to a hospital,' and the mane skunks wouldn't."

MOODY AND THE PRESS.

MR. MOODY took several opportunities at his meetings to pay a tribute of thanks to the Toronto press. "The reports of my sermons which they publish," said he, "go to thousands upon thousands that I can never reach. God bless the press. It is a great power." These generous words will be appreciated by the Toronto editors, but apart from the commendation of the evangelist, it must be a satisfaction to a right minded man to have any share—however small—in the work of making better men and women in the community. This is what we are looking for as the "fruits" of the Moody campaign of pulpit and press. We are looking for the payment of a lot of outlawed debts, and a crop of kind words and gentle deeds in soil which has heretofore borne chiefly thorns and thistles. The religion which Moody has preached means this or it means nothing. There is no nobler work for preacher or press than the sowing of the good seed. And apropos of this, many of the ablest editors of the present as of the past are Christians. Only last week a tablet was unveiled in one of the New York churches to the memory of the late Elliott F. Shepard, Editor of the *Mail & Express*, a man who was active in the political fray, but illustrated in his busy life a noble character. "He was remarkable," said Chauncey Depew, on the occasion, "in his love for his father and his mother, and he brought them forward on all occasions as his exemplars and his guides. He was loveliest, sweetest, noblest, just where the veil fell down and hid him—in his family circle."

BOODLE.

WE are living in an age of enlightenment, and many of the mysteries that puzzled our forefathers are being cleared up. The great and puzzling problem as to how Aldermen who have no visible means of support outside the council, and no adequate salary for their services inside, can still afford to give their services year after year to the city, is in a fair way of being solved.

We all waste too much time in figuring on how to earn money without working for it.

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

IT was very remarkable, and contradicted all the current teachings about Heredity. Little Jane's parents were both dreadfully selfish, and nobody could have expected her to develop the beautiful, generous character that made her so lovely to all who came in contact with her. It is a great wonder she did not die young, but it only goes to prove that there is an exception to every rule. She was, indeed, a lovely child, and a goodly volume could be filled with the pretty incidents in which her life abounded. We have only space to mention a few. One day, for example, a beggar came to the door while the family were at dinner, and asked in a tearful voice for something to eat. Without an instant's hesitation, or a solitary thought as to the applicant's possibly undeserving character, Little Jane jumped up, and grabbing her sister's plate full of victuals made the beggar eat every scrap.

Another time a poor woman came to the house and the sweet child gave her a brand new shawl belonging to the servant girl. When the girl discovered what had been done, we regret to say she swore frightfully, and was not consoled, even when little Jane reminded her that we are commanded to be kind to the poor. Indeed she raged and ramped still more fiercely, and nearly broke the poor child's heart.

Once, when she was about seven years old, she was sitting in one of her "brown studies." Then she spoke in a gentle voice and said, "Ma, may I give a tea party to the poor of our Sunday-School?" Of course they let her have her wish. Then the little angel went around among the church folks and asked if they would not send something. They all did, of course, for they fairly adored Little Jane. Such lots of cake and pies as were sent to the house! And when the poor children were gathered in, a large company, how happy her kind little heart was! She fed them all on bread and buns that the baker had contributed, knowing, wise child, that the pastry would be too rich for their unaccustomed stomachs. She did not wish them to be afflicted with colic, or anything like that. She was so thoughtful. Then the next evening Little Jane invited a few of her own girl friends and they had a nice little feast. Her relations almost shed tears of pride the next Sunday, when the Superintendent told of Jane's doings to the whole school, and called her a dear little philanthropist. She was a wonderful child, was Little Jane.

A WOMAN always has a spare pin somewhere about her clothes, and if she is a mother, she also has a handkerchief to spare for one of her children.

WHEN a young girl is asked to give an example of the undying love she professes to believe in, she tells of some couple that has been married about two weeks.

FOOT-BALL TERM.



"A full Back."