Remember the Poor.

I've been watching from my window And peeping from my door At the throngs of little children The children of the poor, I see their hungry faces,
Their rough and tangled hyr,
And I wonder if they ever know A loving mother's care.

I see their looks of sailness, As the Christmas days come in And the merry bells are ringing For the pleasure to begin; I know for them no table With dainty food is spread, nd over them no Christinas tres Its kappy light will shed.

Poor little ones, how pitiful,
How sad their lot must be!
How good that ours is different—
Glad, happy you and me!
We have our homes, our parents,
Our gifts and blessings rare;
And all these gathered round us
Without our thought or care.

I wonder if to morrow From out our crowded store,
We cannot choose some treasure, To scatter to the poor! Some toy, or simple garment,
Our eyes might nover miss,
Would yield them hours of comfort,
And fill their hearts with bliss.

Then hie away, dear children, Search closet, bux and bag;
Who starts the first will be the bestAnd surely none will lag!
See who will find the largest store—
Not one thing will be last—
Our blessed Lord said, long ago,
Who gives reserves the most

OLD MARTIN'S CHILDREN:

The House on the Hill.

Bu Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER III.

Ir was no wonder that Ernest dreaded to go to work at the house on the hill, for the liamptons, though wealthy, were stingy and cold-hearted. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton seemed to be bent on seeing how much they could acquire of this world's goods. They worked early and late, and took great care that all their hired help should do likewise.

that all their bired help should do likewise.

Roy Hampton, their only child, was about fourteen years of age, and a spotled by the was, in every sense of the word. They could see plenty of faults in other children but none in him; he was a model of perfection in their eyes, and this young gentleman estermed himself quito as much.

He had fine clothes and plenty of money—two things which are almost sure to rum any boy—the clothes perhaps would not be so dangerous, only it would be much better to let him work and even them, then they are appreciated and taken care of.

The money he spent where he pleased, and

The money he spent where he pleased, and alss! a good deal he left down town at the

alas! a good deal he left down town at the liquor stores, young as he was.

But his parents knew nothing of this, and it would take them some time to believe it if any one told them. He felt himself above all the rest of the scholars at school, especially Ernest Martyn, and it cut Ernest to think that he must go there and work for them and be ordered about by him, as he felt sure he be ordered about by him, as he felt sure he

But he knew there was no escape, so he set

off the next morning just at day break.

Mr. Hampton was out in the barn-yard distributing hay to the cattle, and scolding

"What do you want?" he shouted, seeing Ernest climbing over the tence.
"I heard you wanted to hire a boy; have you say work I can do?" said Ernest respect-

Mr. Hampton did want to hire a boy very

Mr. Hampton did want to hire a boy very much, and had wanted to for some time; but the boys all knew that it was a hard place to work, so he had some difficulty in finding one. This was the first applicant, and he eyed him somewhat severely as he asked:

"What can you do? Not much besides eat, I'll het you! I'll warrant you're a professions! at that, most boys are."

"I think I could do chores," said Ernest, timidly.

timidly.
"Well, I'll try you for a week and see what you can do: you ain't worth more than

three shillings a week and your board, and

three shillings a week and your board, and you if he dear on ugh at that. I ome along to the mome with me and get the milk pail.

"Well, I've bred a new boy, give him the milk pail, Sananthy, and set him to work," said Mr. Hampton to his wife, as he entered the house followed by Ernest.

"Pear me!" exclaimed his wife, eying Ernest disdenafully, "what good do you suppose he li he! He won't own his ealt."

"That's just what I think. About all he'll be good for will be to keep bread from moul inc., but I've got to have some one to help at the choices, the other hired in n are kept on the jouep from morning until night new, and

the chores, the other hired in a sra kept on the jump from morning until night new, and I in pretty near used up my self.

This poor, over-weaked man had a strong, healthy boy upstairs alceping away at that very moment, but to be sure, he had been out the night before until after midnight—in fact almost every night he was out late- so or course he did not feel like doing choics in the morning the required a morning than and the morning; he required a morning map, and seldom got downstairs until the rest had

breakfasted.

Ernest took the milk pail and hirried to the barn, determined to make himself useful if possible. He had milked a f w times the summer before while working at farmer Johnston's during the holidays, but that was summer before while working at Farmer
Johnston's during the holidays, but that was
quite awhile ago, and he felt himself sadly
out of practice. It made his arms ache
dreadfully; and then he was so slow at it
that he was in constant fear every moment
that Mr. Hampton would put his head out of
the barn door and shout at him.

the barn door and shout at him.

But he worked patiently away, and after swhile he had the satis action of seeing his pail nearly full of milk. He was just finishing up when the sorrel colt, which had been frisking around among the cattle, suddenly took a sail around old Brindle, and frightened her so that she gave a leap, and put her big, clunsy for tright in the pull of milk, and then sent it sprawhing all over the barn-yard, while she unded off around the stree-lare. while she mished off around the atraw-stack with the tail well up in the air, the colt still teasingly pursuing her.

Self preservation is strong in any one, and

Self preservation is strong in any one, and the first thing Friest thought of was himself, for the colt came very near stepping on him. Then he thought of the pail of milk, but it was ten late to save it, for the milk was streaming all over the birn-yard, while the pail was several feet away with a big jam in the side of it, the mark of old Brindle's foot. Of course Mr. Hampton appeared on the scene at that moment, and his voice sounded very much like a heavy clap of thunder as he

very much like a heavy clap of thunder as he shouted:
"What on earth did you want to spill all

that milk for, you young rascal, you! Now you can work this week for nothing, for that milk was worth more than three shillings."

milk was worth more than three shillings."

Ernest was very sorry and a trifle sogry, so he replied: "Well, if I were a farmer I don't think I'd have colts in the same yard with cattle when a boy is milking."

"Don't you give me any of your sass!" shouted Mr. Hampton. "You needn't tell what you'd do; you'll never be a farmer or anything clae; all you'll do will be to hang around the bar-room like your father loes."

When he went to the house and Mrs. Hampton found out what he had do she felt it her duty to give him another a liding.

riampion found out what he had does he she felt it her duty to give him another adding.

Didn't I say," shouted the angry coman, "that you wouldn't earn your dt? I would send him away if I were you. We have no use for such awkward creature."

"If I knew of another boy I could get you'd march pretty quick," said N. Hampton, "but buys are scarce just now, so you've got to stay, and I'll see if I can take some of the awkwardness out of you."

CHAPTER IV.

When Roy Hampton came gauntering downstairs he was surprised and very well pleased to find Ernest Marryn established there as boy of-all-work, and he at once made up his mind to make use of him. He entered the kirchen where Ernest sat just finishing his breakfast, consisting of a bowl of break and milk, while the rest of the family breakand milk, while the rest of the family hreakfasted on toast and hot muffins, and tossing a
pair of shoes toward Ernest, imperiously said;
"You're lired here and I'll help you to carn
your wages; get to work and shine there
shoes up for me, you'll find the brush and
blacking out in the woodshed. I'm invited out to a party this evening, so put a
good shine on them while you are about it."

The hot colour came to Ernest's face, and
for a moment he felt half inclined to refuse,
and tell him plainly that he was not hired to

for a moment he felt half inclined to refuse, and tell him plainly that he was not hired to wait on him; but the next moment he reflected that his work had not been specified; besides much harder work might be given him than blackening shoes, so he went at it without complaint. Indeed, he felt that he would much rather blacken shoes all day than milk that old brindle cow, especially if that milk that old brindle cow, especially if

Ernest soon saw that they had no lift only in finding plenty of work for home, he must go down to the pend and chop the recoper for the cattle to drink; he must fill the wood box full of wood; he must churn; he must throw down hay for the horses; and when night came he must milk that old brindle cowagain; but he had bester lick this time, the surred out stood; solling away at the street.

again; but he had better luck this time the surred cult stood culting away at the straw stack, and never once looked that way, greatly to bruests substaction.

It was a tired boy with an aching look that crept into the little back kitchen that night and sat down behind the stove, and yet he had been told half a dozen times that day that he didn't earn his salt. Ernest pendered over it, and came to the conclusion that they must put a los of salt in a bowl of bread end milk, or else it must be a very expensive article. Had he been at home, though, he would probably have received far worse treatment whenever his father came home drunk, and the remembrance of this kept him from complaining. He could not kept him from complaining. He could not think of his treasured book which his father

think of his treasured book which his father had thrust in the fire, without a pung.

His school days over at the age of thirteen. And he had hoped that he might be very highly educated and be a great man some day. Certainly the outlook was a gloomy one! But he remembered the saying, "All things come to him who waits," so he determined not to give up entirely. He would study evenings, and try and improve his time in that way.

Mr. Roy Hampton came downstairs dressed with great care for the party, and Ernest summoned up courage to ask him for the loan of his school books, if he did not wish to use them. Boy was not at all foud

wish to use them. Itoy was not at all fond of study, so he threw his book sack roughly towards him.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked Mr. Hampton, as Hoy enterest.
"Out," was the short reply.
"Yes, I suppose so, but where?" questioned the father kindly. He had no cross words for his own boy, although he frequently deserved them. deserved them.

"The to see how far it is," was the rule

"This to see how far it is," was 'he rude reply, and Roy went out, closing the door after him with a bang.

"I don't feel just safe about that boy going out nights so much, and we not knowing where he is," remarked Mr. Hampton to his wife, as he looked at her over the top of his newspaper.

apaper. Noncense," exclaimed Mrs. Hampton, "Nonscribe," exclaimed Mrs. Hampton,
"Boys wil. be boys," and he likes to get out
once in a while and have a good time with
the rest."

"Once in a while! Why, he has been out

erery night this winter, just about, and I feel afraid he is not always where he should be. He spends so much money, too, and

what does he get with it? Nothing at all that we can see."

But the mother persistently refused to believe anything ill of her spoiled boy, so with a eigh Mr. Hampton returned to his

Quite late in the evening he chanced to remember that a letter of some importance ought to be posted in time to catch the early mail train in the morning.

"I suppose that young scamp of a Martyn could run down to the office and slip it in the law even if it is late! He hasn't gone to

the box even if it is late! He hasn't gone to bed yet, has he?"

"Dear ine, no? I forgot all about the young one, and he gits out there in the kitchen waiting for some one to tell him where he's to sleep."

Ernest willingly agreed to go down with the letter; it was a cold, stormy night out, but he was used to both storm and cold.

The kind-hearted hired girl threw a shawl around his shoulders as she said, "Here, you just hold that around you, and it will keep a heap of cold and snow out.

She telt sorry for the poor boy with his

she telt sorry for the poor boy with his thin clothes so fail of hiles, and she made up her mind that she would mend toen for him the first chance she got. Little I my had often tried to mend them, but she had so few pieces that she could not make a success of

Coming back from the office, just as he got half-way up the hill he suddenly tumbled against a dark object—the prostrate figure of a boy or a man—iying in the middle of the mad. It was key Hampton on his way home from the party very drunk.

(To be continued.

WHERE THE SHINE COMES FROM.

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's armchar, "what have you been doing here at tun window all day by yourself?"

All I could," answered dost grandma, "I Have read a little and prayed a great

deal, and then looked out at the people. There is a little gul that I have learned to watch for. Bhe has a wealth of sunny brown hair, her over have the same sunny look in them, and I wender every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now.

she comes now."

"Who, that gul with the brown apren on?" creel the lov. "Why, I know that gurl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an antid hard time, grandins."

"Has she, indeed?" said grandins.
"Then wouldn't you like to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to grandina's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, Susie, come up here a minute: granding wants to see up here a minute ; grandma wants to see

The little girl seemed surprised, but she

"Suste, grandma would like to know what makes you so bright all the time."
"Why, I have to be," said Susie; "you see, papa's been sick a long time, and

manina is fired out with nursing, and haby a cross with her teeth; and if I didn't be bright, she would be !"

And granding put her arm around the little girl, and said: "You could not have a better reason for shining. Keep on shining, dear little sunbeam!"

SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

A Scorrish clergyman who died coreral years ago, used to tell us that he once lived seven years rethout a birthday, says a Pattaburg paper.

The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 20th of February he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only. Their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who, in fact, was foud of a harmless jest, was somehow jest-

ing about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion.

At the present time there can be but very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have heen been a tell at must be a later on the 20th of February at least ninety-eight years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return: and, indeed, there are no doubt some readers who will have only one birthday to calciumts for nearly ten years to come

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The ry of 1892 had twenty-ninedays; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three years between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight days.

KEEP WAX AWAY FROM THE SÜN.

"I LOST my temper again to-day," said

Madgo dolefully.

"How did it come about?" asked the mother. "Every time that happens it is easier again.

"Oh! I just went home with Sara and Belle, and they tessed me, as they always do. They municked my voice and made fun of the way I held my hands in giving my recitation. They know I can't bear to be minicked. I get furious in a min-

to be minimized uto."

"It seems to me," said Aust Robocca, looking up from her work, "that the safest thing for you would be to keep away from those girls. They always atir you up, and you know it. There's an old saying that "He that hath a head of wax may not well in the sun."

Madge laughed at the quaint words, but

her mother said seriously:
"Daughter, your temper grows het at a tensing word as quickly as wax melts in the sun, and aince you know your weakness, one way to help it is to keep away from temptation. "To the only safe and sensible way, and you will do well to follow it."