She Kamily Gircle.

MISS MUFF AND LITTLE HUNGRY.

A BALLAD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MISS WARNER.

PART I.

I must tell you a tale about money, And two little girls who had none; Although it's an everyday story-No novelty under the sun.

The first one, I think you must know her; She lives, very likely, next door.

And the second, you've certainly met her
A hundred times, maybe, or more.

But, listen and see if you know them As well as they ought to be known; And if any part of my story Sounds just like a part of your own.

Miss Muff went out for an airing, One bitter cold winter's day, And many a one smiled to her.

As she walked with her doll down Broadway.

 Her face was so round and so rosy,
 People said, as they passed one by one,
 Why, she looks like a dear little bundle! A bundle of comfort and fun!"

For her frock was of finest merino, Her boots were as warm as could be; And two little blanket-like leggings
Wrapped round from the foot to the knee.

The bonnet was silk, neatly quilted;
The cloak was well wadded all through;
Round her neck hung a furry grey tippet,
And each wrist had its furry cuff too.

Even dolly was dressed in the warmest, And muffled in cloth and in silk; With her cheeks that were red as spring tulips, And her forehead as white as new milk.

And there she went laughing and dancing, In the funniest sort of a way; While Muff held her little kid fingers, For fear she should dance quite away,

They stopped and looked in at the windows Where other dolls hung in a row;
With woolly dogs, wagons, and kitchens,
Gray kittens, and cocks that would crow.

They went into shops just for candy, And they went into stores just for play; And there was not a happier couple Than Muff and her doll, on Broadway.

There stood upon one of those corners Where the winter winds played hide and seek, A child who seemed waiting for courage, Or waiting for power, to speak.

Her face was so thin and so frozen, Her lips were so blue with the cold, That, whatever her pitiful story, It seemed it could hardly be told.

Sometimes, as the ladies swept by her, She held out one little stiff kand, And pleadingly looked in their faces— For surely they must understand.

And then as they passed her, unheeding, And floated away gay and sweet, She patiently waited—and shivered— And looked up, and looked down the street.

But when she saw Muff and her dolly, The child's deep sunk, hunger worn eyes Could not leave her again for amoment, And even grew bright with surprise.

And Muff, every bit as astonished, Stopped short where she was in the street, And stood there and gazed at the beggar,— Her rags and her bare hands and feet.

And while other people strode onward, And the wind whistled carelessly by; Muff listened—and heard Little Hungry Break forth with her pitiful cry.

"A penny!—please ma'am, a penny! Sweet lady, just give me one! All day I have not had any, And the day is nearly done.

"My basket you see is empty, And my feet are all aching with cold; If I was not so very hungry,
I never should be so bold."

"Little girl, why do you go ragged, And stand in the street to beg? And why don't you have a stocking To cover your little bare leg?"

"O lady, we have no money, And very little to eat;
And mother says, if we must starve,
We may as well starve in the street.

"And, maybe, some blessed lady,
Or gentleman kind and good,
Might pity the poor little beggar,—
My mother said, maybe, they would.

"So, lady, please give me a penny!— Dear lady, to buy some bread! For mother can't work as she used to, And father has long been dead."

"Little girl, I would give you a penny, (Mother gave me a dollar to day)
But the things that I like are so many,
I've spent all my money away.

"I wanted a hat for my dolly, And those little red shoes for her feet;
And by that time, you know, we were hungry,
And had to get something to eat.

"And then, after all, I eat nothing But two little pieces of cake; For the icing that covered the last one Made this little wicked tooth ache.

"So, poor little girl, I have nothing;-I gave my very last cent For one stick of wintergreen candy, And now all my money is spent

PART II. Miss Muff went home to her dinner, And failed not to tell her nurse Of all the events of the morning, And how she had emptied her purse.

She took off her cuffs and her tippet, And tumbled them down on the bed, And carefully lifted the bonnet That covered her gay little head.

Still all the time talking and laughing, And telling the sights she had seen;
The poor little girl on the corner,
And the lady in purple and green.

"Dear, dear!" said the nurse, "who'd have thought it! That you should stand still on the street, A talking to all the beggars
That ever you happen to meet!

"Why, some day you'll freeze all your fingers, And, maybe, the half of your toes; And like as not catch from the beggars Some terrible sickness—who knows?

But run down to the parlor, my pigeon,-Mamma is just waiting for you;
I know who'll have turkey for dinner, And custard, and apple pie too.'

Miss Muff went down to the parlor, And gave her mamma a good hug; And then she stood still by the fire, Her feet on the soft velvet rug.

The fire went blazing and crackling, And Muff warmed each fat little hand, And thought about beggars and candy,— Things wiser heads don't understand!

Mamma, she said gravely, when people Have nothing to wear, nor to eat, Why, do you suppose, they like better
To come out and die in the street?"

"My dear!" said her mother, "good gracious!
Why, what makes you talk of such things?
But what has become of our dinner?— Muff, give the bell two or three rings."

Miss Muff rang the bell,—and the servant
Flung open the dining room door;
And the room seemed to glitter with comfort
As it never had glittered before.

The firelight danced up the chimney,
And the gaslights burned clear overhead;
And the dinner for two that was spread there Was enough for a dozen instead.

There was cranberry sauce for the turkey, And potatoes both golden and white; With celery, cold ham, and oysters, And more—that I won't stop to write.

You'd hardly have thought it was winter, The room was so cheerful and warm; Within, all was shining with comfort, But without, was a wild winter's storm.

So gravely Miss Muff eat her turkey, And, gravely took pieces of bread; She scarcely could relish her dinner, With so many thoughts in her head.

She heard the wind roar in the chimney, And knew how it blew in the street; And sharp, icy hail was beginning
The window and pavement to beat.

She looked at the gay crackling fire,
And mamma's dress, of rich silken stuff;
And thought of that poor empty basket, And her plate-where was more than enough

Then tasted the pie and the custards,
And wondered, and wondered, and thought
Till the waiter again cleared the table,
And the almonds and raisins were brought.

"Mamma, why don't people get money,
And not be so dreadfully poor?
And buy themselves bonnets and tippets?
I should think they would like to, I'm sure.'

'Indeed," said mamma, "I can't tell you,-Just hand me a nut-cracker, dear ;— But if people will choose to be wicked, Why, then they must suffer, I fear."

'O, are all the poor people wicked?" Said Muff, with her wide open eyes; 'Mamma, would my poor little beggar, Be better for turkey and pies?"

"And pray, who is your little beggar?
And where have you been all the day?
And could you find nothing more pleasant
Than beggars, to see in Broadway?" 'Yes, mamma, I saw plenty of people,

Dressed out just as fine as they could.
Would such clothes make my child a good beg

gar?
Mamma, do you think that they would? What nonsense you talk," said her mother,-"As foolish as foolish can be.

Go read in your story books, darling— Or play with your dolly till tea. "These beggars you talk of, are naughty;
They're children for whom no one cares:
They don't wash their clothes nor their faces,
And, I daresay, not one says her prayers."

"And then if they were nice and pretty,
And had ribbons and dresses and lace,
And said their prayers, too, God would love

Said Muff, with her serious face. "Why, yes—I don't know—I suppose so,—
Dear me, what strange things children say!
You can talk of such things when you're older,
Now. darling, run off to your play."

Muff went and sat down on the hearth rug, And tried on her dolly's new hat;
But for waiting till she was a lady,
Her thoughts would not hear about that. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LETTERS TO GOD.

[LONG'S MONTHLY LETTER FOR NOVEMBER.] One day I met a little girl coming

young folks think a letter is worth.

ters to their "Friend" in Heaven. Yes, He fed the hungry multitudes with and how God sent them answers, too. Did you ever think how "nigh" God the fish in the sea to bring up money and Heaven are "to such as be of a when it was needed—ah! thought and believed this?

said: "Mr. Wise, won't you take me did thus, in the German language: carrying destruction before it,— Professor Wise, the balloonist, and it will write Him a letter. This are considered the said: "Mr. Wise, won't you take me did thus, in the German language: carrying destruction before it,— is did thus, in the German language: carrying destruction before it,— it will write Him a letter. This is considered the said: "Mr. Wise, won't you take me did thus, in the German language: carrying destruction before it,— it will write Him a letter. This is considered the said: "Mr. Wise, won't you take me did thus, in the German language: carrying destruction before it,— it will write Him a letter. This is considered the said: "Mr. Wise, won't you take me how wong they were, but Jesus forgave me." How do you know He forgave you? "O,I know He did; I just asked Him, have lost my father. We are very how of wrecked vessels, telling a lamentable you? "O,I know He did; I just asked Him, and letter." was just about starting, he said: "Why have lost my father. We are very of wrecked vessels, telling a lamentable you? do you want to go, my dear?" "I want to see my papa in Heaven," was that 'All we ask in thy name, God dangers attending those "who go down

the touching reply. go high enough to reach Heaven.

A little boy, four years old, was sent half a mile from home on an boys get to be wise and good. Then the ground, and the earth was covered mock meeting, of some other boys, who, near errand. On his way home, he had to I can serve Thee and help my mother. ered with the many-colored leaves of by, were having a real one. I turned to ask come through a piece of woods. As Good-bye. KARL." he entered it, he heard a loud clap of thunder, which frightened him very much. Soon there came a bright flash of lightning, and the boy trembled all over. Just at this moment he remembered that he had two cents at home, keep him safely till he could get home,

he would give Him his two cents. God took care of the little boy, though he got wet all over during the After the day's work was over, he shower. As he went to bed that night, took up the curious letter and opened he thanked God in his prayer for it. His heart was touched by it, and keeping him from being hurt by the so he gave it to a Moravian friend, thunder and lightning, but still he who read it aloud at church. could not go asleep. His mother hearing him crying and sobbing, went and asked him the cause. "Why, mother," said he, "on my way home to-day, when I was afraid in the shower, I Jesus," and would send him to that told God I would give him my two cents if He would keep me safe; and now how shall I get them to Him?" He found himself in quite a fix; how to get out was the great question that caused the tear-drops to flow.

ed him out?

lived a poor family. The mother was they are yet speaking, I will hear." sick, and the father had met with an May our eyes ever be turned towards accident, so that neither of them could God, and our lips kept open in prayer.

Yours, ever, E. M. Long. work.. The five little children were beginning to suffer hunger. One of the number going to school was told that, when in trouble, we should "address ourselves to God." So she thought that the poor-box which she saw aside of the church door, and which had a large hole on the top to letter-box. Getting pen, paper and ink, she set to work and wrote God a wretched state of the female prisoners drop things in, was God's post-office letter, telling Him all her troubles, and asking Him to make father and mother well, and to send some bread for her hungry brothers and sisters. After it was all nicely written, she ran off with it to the church of St. Roch. Her letter was about being dropped in, when a kind lady, noticing her singular conduct, stopped her, thinking she was at some mischief. When she asked the girl what she was doing, she at first did not wish to tell; but after a little she confessed what had brought her to the church.

The lady took the letter, and promised it should reach its destination, but first asked to what address God's answer should be sent. The girl gave the number of her house in one of the narrow streets, and then ran home with a light heart. Next morning, on opening the door of her room, she found a large basket filled with clothing for the family, and a heap of money, and on top of the package were the words-"An answer from the Lord." Soon after, a kind doctor came, who gave the needed medicine to the sick father and mother. O, how thankful the daughter was, to think her letter was answered so soon and so well. No doubt she felt as did old David when he said, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will

I call upon Him as long as I live." Let me also tell you what happened in Berlin. One day a canary bird was found, with a nice letter hanging about its neck. The bird was caught; the letter was thus addressed, in German: 'An den lieben Gott." ("To the Good Lord.") The seal was broken open, when inside was found a touching letter from a lady who was confined in a lunatic asylum. She was sent to this silence at the further end of it. Mrs. as they would not listen to her sad and the convicts; a few visitors like insane asylum by her relatives; and story of sufferings, she took this canary bird from the cage, and sent it forth to the sky, with a letter "to the Good Lord," asking Him to take her out of this world. As the lady signed her name in full, her friends were soon found out, and she was set at liberty and restored to a happy home. Thus and answered to the joy of her soul.

My pen feels like writing you also from our post-office, crying most bit about a German boy whose name was terly. I drew near, to see what could Karl. Before his father died, he was be the matter, when I heard bubbling often told that, when he got a little up from her broken heart these words:
"I didn't get no letter"—"I didn't—
get—no—letter." What friend failed er's death, his mother was left very to write to this little pet, I know not | poor, and found it difficult to get food I wish he or she had been there, to see and clothing for little Karl. What in those tear-drops how much the was Karl to do? Reading in the Bible the many stories how Christ At this time, dear friends, my pen helped the poor; how He opened the would like to tell you how some have, eyes of the blind, and made the deaf in times of trouble, tried to send let. to hear, and the lame to walk; how bread and fish; yea, and even made broken heart?" How much trouble it would save to many, if they but knew and believed this?

When I was needed—and should all street and should are clouds and pelting rain have hindered me from getting even a peep of tell Him. But how shall I get to Him?" the earth. When I did so to-day, I One day a bright little girl came to said he. "O! I know what I will do. saw at once that a change had passed Professor Wise, the balloonist, and I will write Him a letter." This he over it. A fearful tempest had raged, poor, but Thou hast said in thy word tale of woe, and speaking of the Tears stood in his eyes, as Mr. Wise hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray Thee, had to tell her that his balloon didn't then, O my God, in the name of Jesus, to give my mother the money to send tempest; here and there great trees discovered they were laughing, instead of me to the good Moravian school, where torn up by the roots lay prostrate on praying, and as they rose from their knees, I boys get to be wise and good. Then the ground, and the earth was cov-

The letter was then folded and addressed—"To our Lord Jesus Christ in saw in some hearts suffering in unison Heaven." Away he ran with it to the with nature around. But even while post office, and dropped it in the letterbox with a hopeful heart. After a while the postmaster was sorting his letters, when he came to this one-"To suburbs of a beautiful Scottish city, I and looking up, he promised God that But how was he to send it? That partially shut, but I slid in, and peepif he would take care of him, and place was not on the mail route. No line throught the half drawn.

A rich lady, the Baroness of La Lippe, listened to its touching appeal, and sent an answer to Karl, saying in dismay at the prospect before it, the that she answered it for the "Lord gentle spirit had fled to brighter Jesus," and would send him to that school.

kind answer to his letter. Now, my work for Him. Already that work dear friends, you and I know of a quicker and better way to make our wants and wishes known to God. A baby-girl had come, bringing happi-

In what way would you have help- simple look of faith will do; for the ness and comfort to anxious hearts. what we were doing, even more plainly than In what way would you have help- simple look of faith will do; for the help- look of "roundabout ways" that have been simply opening our lips in prayer, we made to send things to God. In Paris "shall receive;" and God says, "While made to send things to God. In Paris "shall receive;" and God says, "While and country. But as she gazed on said that I must tell God so and ask Him to Yours, ever,

MRS. FRY.

Mrs. Farrar, in her new book, gives the following account of that womanly philanthropist, Mrs. Fry:

She had been married many years, and was the mother of ten children, wretched state of the female prisoners | hearts. in Newgate, by some male friends who went there to see some criminals whom they knew. She was shocked to hear that three hundred women, with their numerous children, were crowded into four small rooms, without beds or boon could I wish for it, than that it mad with the boys bedding, without classification, tried and untried, in rags and dirt, and there they lived, cooked and washed. Their wretched condition made them | blessed them, and who from yonder | first time this ignorant little child heard so fierce and brutal, that the governor heavens, from His throne of glory, of Jesus, she says, "I could not help of the prison entered this portion of it says still, Mothers, "suffer little chilling Him." And yet you have with reluctance; and when Mrs. Fry, dren to come unto me, and forbid accompanied by one other lady, them not." "My ways are ways of have never loved Him at all. Like wished to be admitted, he advised pleasantness, and all my paths are these wicked boys, you have mocked them to leave their watches outside, lest they should be snatched from them. This they refused to do, and taking with them a quantity of clothing to give away, they entered that Babel of discordant sounds. Their appearance produced a lull, and certainly the tall, commanding figure of Mrs. Fry, with her mild, benignant countenance, and her sweet tones of voice, might well make her appear like some heavenly vision to those degraded women. She distributed the clothing of which they stood so much in need, promised them some comforts, and spoke words of kindness and encouragement to them, such as they rarely, if ever, heard.

Many years after this, I visited Newgate with Mrs. Fry, and witnessed the thorough reformation that had been effected there. The female prisoners were classified, cleanliness and order prevailed, swearing and fighting had given place to reading and sewing, and a committee of ladies were constantly visiting the prison by turns. The morning I was there, Mrs. Fry was to have her last religious exercises | FAMILIAR TALKS-2D SERIES. VII. with sixty female convicts about to embark for Botany Bay. We entered Fry stood at a small table between her She read from the New Testament a proposed to pray with them. The women rose, turned round, and kneeled and comfort to the afflicted and sorrowlove to the throne of grace. Such a they were told to me. prayer I never before heard, and I came upon a little girl, one afternoon, never shall again. It was sublime, it whose plain dress showed her to be of the poorer class. Under the ragged hood there prayer I never before heard, and

with at sea.

THE LITTLE STRANGER. October 25 .- For the last three days will do it for us.' I believe what Thou to the sea in ships, who do business in hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray Thee, great waters." The face of nature also bore on it the ravages of the tle prayer-meeting; but watching them, is

I glanced into several abodes, and come to others.

In one room of a mansion in the railroad cars or steamboat goes there. of a bed, saw there a mother and a sked her what they were; and she said Mr.

"O, I guess some crazy one has new-born babe. The child was asleep, written it." And so he threw it aside. but the mother watched it as it lay, a but the mother watched it as it lay, a strange feeling of bliss stirring her strange feeling of bliss stirring her took now the correct strange feeling of bliss stirring her latter and opened beart for this babe was her first born. heart, for this babe was her first-born. Only two days had the little stran-

ger as yet lived on earth; in the midst of the raging tempest it had first opened its eyes on a world of care and sorrow. Could one have wondered if, O, how glad little Karl was for this had a work for it to do on earth—a

was begun. As a little messenger of joy, the

the lonely little babe, the mother felt strengthened to bear up till, in hapits father's arms.

life has yet been in this world, thou she went home, but took me in a side seat hast done a work in it which many, alas! who have lived years on earth have failed to do—thou hast brought joy to a human heart. May thy life beart, for Jesus' sake. Mother prayed with be a happy one; thine earthly mission me too, and I think God forgave me there, the blessed one of comforting weary for I have been so happy ever since, and it

may early be led to the good Shepherd, who, whilst He lived on earth, have you not felt that you too would took the little ones in His arms and like to love Jesus? You see the very peace."—Diary of the Sun.

A TEST.

ed by a Malay merchant in the Indian to save you from your sins? Are not seas, and almost the first question was, you far more wicked than this child if he had good books or tracts to dis-

You cannot read them," said the cap- way this little one did.

people, or an Englishman, comes to O, then, do it "just now." trade with me, I give him a tract, and watch what he does with it. If he asked God to take away my wicked reads it soberly, and treats it with re- heart and give me a new heart, for not cheat me; but if he throws it down me then." Now, you see, he loves to with an oath, I'll have nothing more pray and to read the Bible, and "Sun-

For the Little Folks.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.*

THE MOCK PRAYER-MEETING.

I JUST ASKED HIM (JESUS), AND LEFT HIM TO DO IT."

I want to tell you, my little friend, two nice stories about some children few consolatory passages, and then in Brooklyn. One is about a little this wicked world to die for me, a singirl, who seems never to have heard ner. I wish to love Thee and to give of Jesus; and the other is about a myself to Thee. O, God, help me by beside the benches; Mrs. Fry kneeled boy who, though he had a praying on a hassock before her table, and lifted up her melodious voice in such T lifted up her melodious voice in such Jesus. He was so wicked, that, with was her letter sent "to the Good Lord," a strain of tender supplication for help some other boys, he got up a mock and comfort to the afflicted and sorrow-ful, as I can never forget. She merged lady told him that he was mocking herself in them, and seemed as it she Jesus, he says, "I was very sorry." I were bearing them up on wings of will tell you these nice stories just as in front, and by accident slipped and

> aloud. Mrs. Fry had previously talked with each one of them and given them appropriate advice, and furnished them with employment on their long voyage. My mother used to dress dolls for the convicts' children to the solution of the convicts' children to the solution of the convicts' children to the solution of the convicts' children to the convicts to was a simple, sweet face, and a peaceful smile voyage. My mother used to dress dolls go to Sunday-school there, and a gentleman for the convicts' children to play told us about Jesus, and how He came to die with at sea.
>
> go to Sunday-school there, and a gentleman told us about Jesus, and how He came to die for us; and so I could not help loving Him." But did not your father or mother ever tell you anything about the dear Saviour? I asked. "I haven't any father or mother, brother, or sister, or anybody; I live with a lady, and when the gentleman told us about Jesus, I went home and asked her, and she told me a great deal more about him." What makes you love Jesus? I said. "Be-What makes you love Jesus: 1 same. cause He came to save me from my sins." Then you feel you've been a sinner? yes; I did a great many wicked things before others to come to Jesus and get the new heart? "Yes, I wish everybody would, and then they would be so happy."

> At another time, six boys were kneeling in a side seat, and having, as I supposed, a litsaw plainly they were making sport, by a you to go and speak to them, but you urged me to go. With a trembling heart I went, not saw in some hearts suffering in unison with nature around. But even while the storm raged thus without, joy had come to others. one on the other, except one, who spoke up honestly and said: "I started it." I will let him tell the whole story, however, in his

own words.

"A lady met me on the street, one day, and asked if I had been to any of the meetings at the Tabernacle, I told her no, and I went and took some boys with me; thought I'd have some fun. Something that was said made me teel badly, and when a gentleman came and talked and prayed with me; I thought I'd like to be a Christian. I went home, however, and forgot all about being good, and two or three days after went to meeting again to have some fun.
"Mr. Hammond told us we must go home,

"Mr. Hammond told us we must go home, unless we had prayer-meetings, or were waiting to be talked with; so I told the boys we'd have a meeting. We knelt down, laughing all the time; but when we got up and commenced to sing 'I love Jesus," a lady came to us and told us we were doing a terrible thing; we were mocking God; that He saw

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forgive me. Then she prayed with us and went away. A gentleman came and talked with me, and he made me feel still more how pier days, she could put the child in wicked I was and had been all my life. I tried its father's arms.

Sleep on, little babe, happy in the land of baby-dreams! Short as thy for me. She said she would not wait until seems so nice to read the Bible and pray now. I did not love to go to Sunday-school before, I brightened up all around, then withdrew—thinking, as I did so, that though my rays shall one day be extinguished, the immortal soul of the literature is the pleasantest time of the whole week. It is hard sometimes to do right, and I have to run in the house every little while and little babe can never die. What better kneel down and pray, I come so near getting

heard of Him all your life, but you Him many times.

What a good answer this child gave, when asked why she loved Jesus-Because He came to save me from my An American vessel was once board- sins." Hasn't He come just as much was, for not loving Him? If you should die this hour, are you prepared? "Why, what do you want of them? If not, O! come to Jesus in the simple

Šhe says, "I know Jesus forgave "True," replied the Malay, "but I me. I just asked Him, and left Him have a use for them. If one of your to do it." That's what you have to do.

This boy who was so bad says, "I spect, I take it he is honest, and will Jesus' sake; and I think God forgave to do with him, for he can't be trusted."

day is the pleasantest time of the whole week." John Bunyan says, "Praying will make us leave off singlening, or sinning will make us leave off praying." So, if this boy runs into the house and prays every time he "comes so near getting mad with the boys," he will soon gain the victory over his bad temper.

Come, then, to Jesus, my dear little friend, and offer this

"I have been very wicked not to love Thee, when Thou wast so kind as to come down from heaven unto

INCIDENT OF A CHILD.

A little boy, about eight years old, having jumped off the car from the rear platform, ran forward to get on fell, so that the heavily loaded car passed over his leg, crushing it in a frightful manner. While he was lying on sone straw by the roadside, previous to being taken to the hospital, a little girl picked up his cap; and having ascertained from him his name and residence, ran with it to his home. His mother opened the door, when the child exclaimed, "Here is the cap of the little boy who has just been run over by the railroad car."

What words to reach a mother's ear! What wonder that, with frantic speed, she should have rushed to the fatal spot, thence to track him by his blood to the hospital. There she was at first denied access to her boy, lest her excessive agitation should hasten his death. A few moments and the mother's love so stilled the surging anguish of her heart, that, with the calmness of despair, she was admitted to the presence of her darling child, only to find him conscious of his danger, and ready to obey the sudden summons to his heavenly home. 'Jesus is with me, mother," he said; 'I must die, but Jesus is with me."-S. S. Times. .

VELVET TONGUES.

When I was a boy, I and a number of my playmates had rambled through the woods and fields till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found our selves far from home. Indeed, we had lost our way. It did so happen we were nearer home than we thought; but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not, I do not know, but he gave us some very surly answer. Just then there came along another man, a near neighbor, and with a merry smile on his face. "Jim," said he, 'a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand-paper, just as he likes to use it; and I declare you always seem to use your tongue for sand-paper. Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle."—Blind Amos.

STERNE used to say the most accomolished way of using books is to serve them as some people do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance.