

In the Children's Hospital.—Eddie.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

Our doctor has call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes! But they said, too, of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb.
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead.

II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward—every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own."
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

III.

Had? Has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by-and-bye.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that he had said "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?"

IV.

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain, tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cow-slip out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crossed on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live through it, I fear."

V.

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor, as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.
Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vex'd!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it! O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd: "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,

It's all in the picture there: Little children should come to me."
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then, if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? Such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to! But, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

VI.

I had sat there three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass.
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tossed about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife,
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see the child.

VII.

He had brought his ghastly tools: and we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane.
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had pass'd away.

A GIRL'S CHIVALRY.

BY K. G. WALKER.

EARLY one bright January morning, a few winters ago, a pleasing little incident happened in an Eastern city. Two or three warm days had been followed by a sleet and weather bitterly cold. Everything was as radiant in the vivid sunlight as though powdered with diamond dust, and the trees were great crystals; but the glassy rime on the sidewalks and crossings was very treacherous, and many an unwary footfall brought dire disaster.

Avis Morton, on her way to her daily work, after many narrow escapes, reached a street-car in safety. She had the good fortune to secure the last vacant seat, and, smiling and warm in her plain, comfortable clothes, she sat watching her fellow passengers. At the next crossing the car stopped, and a shabby little old woman fell on the steps, and was assisted by the conductor, with rough good-nature, on to the platform. Weak and dizzy from her fall, she entered the car trembling in every limb, and with a pitiful appealing look on her pale, wrinkled little face. There were a half-dozen men and boys in the car, but not one of them saw her; of course not, they were all absorbed in their morning papers.

But Avis saw her, and in an instant she sprang up, and led the old lady gently to her place. With a grateful look into the girl's frank, compassionate eyes, she murmured tremulously:

"You are very kind, child, very kind to a poor old woman."

"I ought to be, madam; I am young and strong, and it would be a shame for me to keep my seat while you were standing," was Avis' chivalrous reply.

Several gentlemen arose and offered their seats to Avis; but no, she would not accept one of them. They thus acknowledged that this fair, lithe young girl of fifteen had put a stigma upon each of them.

After riding three or four blocks the old lady wished to alight.

"It is so slippery I am afraid you will fall," said Avis as she arose to leave the car.

"It can't be helped, child; it can't be helped; but I am grateful for your kindness."

The aged voice was very tremulous, and went straight to Avis' heart. She hesitated only a moment—every penny of the three

dollars a week she got for clerking in the great down-town store counted in the petty sum she and her mother could scrape for their living, and she would be docked if she were late—but it was only for a moment. The old lady needed somebody to assist her, and the next moment Avis was on the platform, saying:

"I will see you safely across."
Very carefully and kindly she assisted the shabby, uncertain little figure which clung so closely to her across the glassy street.

"Oh, child, if I had known it was so bad, I never would have come out; but I must go on. Oh, dear!"

"How far have you to go?" asked Avis.
"Two blocks down this street, I think."
"I will go with you," said Avis, quietly.

In a little while Avis had her *protege* safely at her destination.

"Now, child," said the little woman, as she stood at the door, "tell me your name, and where you live. I never want to forget the blessed girl who saved poor old me from breaking my bones."

Avis told her, and then added:
"I am only a poor girl and shall have to make my own living, and I may be glad when I am like you to have some one remember me; but it's nothing at all, ma'am," she added, with a light laugh, "for I should have had the blues all day if I had let you go by yourself."

After making Avis write her name and address on a card, she said:

"Good-bye, child, I can give you only an old woman's blessing."

"I am very grateful for it," replied Avis, reverently. "Good-bye."

She was late, and was docked, and that meant sacrifice; but that did not matter to Avis. Her gifts went with a sovereign freeness that admitted no regret.

A year passed by, and sickness had brought many privations to Avis and her mother. While health lasted they could live; but the fever that had overtaken Avis had made the future very dark. But one day during her convalescence the postman brought an official looking document addressed to herself. Had the stars fallen, she could not have been more astounded as she read: "Christina Long has bequeathed to Avis Morton \$50,000, in remembrance of her chivalrous kindness to an old and helpless woman!"

This is a true story, and not a make-believe one, by any means. A fortune may not reward us for kind acts, but every one lifts us into a nobler life.

DICK.

BY NED GWEN.

"CLEAR out, you little darky!"

"Home with you. We don't want you!"

Dick Thurston made no reply, but, swinging a pair of skates high in the air, he burst into a perfect roudade of melody.

His one weapon of defence was irresistible, and whether he trilled like the birds of the forest or sang the quaint old Negro songs his grandfather taught him, the village boys were silenced when he chose to have it so.

As soon as skates were strapped, the river, with its sparkling icy coat, was a scene to delight the eye.

Suddenly, when the jollification seemed at its height, little Dick, after a pirouette no other boy dared attempt, struck out for shore.

"What's the matter, Dick?" "Where are you going?" shouted the boys.

"Goin' home to get a lickin', an' I must run."

"What for?" "What do you mean?" cried one and another.

"Cause mammy said if I went on the ice before she said so, she'd whip me; an' she allus say, 'When you get a hard thing to do, Dick, do it quick and have it over; so I'm goin' to cut and take it.'"

"Hurrah for Dick!" cried one of the jolliest of the crowd.

"If you have a hateful old thing to do, why do it. I'm going home to split the kindlings."

"There'll be a splendid moon to-night, and I'll be back," he called to those he left behind.

Fred Danforth looked at Tom, and Tom looked at him.

"That miserable little imp!" muttered

one; and then they both laughed rather faintly. But they pulled off their skates.

As soon as they reached home one "went at that horrid composition," that was usually dreaded and postponed till it became a veritable nightmare; while the other, who "always studied his algebra last, because 'twasn't any use anyway, and he didn't see why a fellow need learn it," was, as he told his mother, "hard at it, to have it over, like Dick's lickin'."

Mrs. Danforth, who had often told her boys to "have nothing to do with that low-lived coloured boy who brought home their laundered clothes," was not only amazed at the unusual spectacle, but she herself could not but think of dreaded duties, and in a few minutes was at the door of a bedridden woman, on whom she had said she would never call except for decency's sake.

The visit so soon followed a previous one, and was so totally unexpected that the sometimes neglected old lady was almost amiable instead of in her usual exasperating mood.

The girls who were skating—but it would be quite impossible to tell you all about it in this little space. Besides, the end is not yet. But if you will follow the advice of Dick's "mammy," you may be sure you will make the world better and brighter for having lived in it.

"DRINK IT? NEVER!"

It was a gay, convivial marriage entertainment. Mabel Howard had just been united to the man of her choice. Many young people were assembled, and all were enjoying themselves greatly. The ruby contents of the wine-cup flashed ruddily in the bright light, and lent a glow to many a manly cheek, and made many a maiden's eye sparkle with brilliancy. Few there were who hesitated to sip the sparkling fluid.

Perhaps the most beautiful being in the entire assembly was Mabel Howard, who had just become the wife of Hugh Harrison. She was a lady of most attractive form and features, admired by all and respected for her strength of character and nobility of nature. A friend led her to the table, and pouring out a glass of wine from the decanter, offered it to her, inviting her to drink with him. Mabel took the glass, and holding it at arm's length, and pointing at the sparkling wine, she exclaimed:

"Drink it! Drink that which has been the cause of so much misery to me! Once I had a noble and generous father. No nobler man existed than he. Admired, respected and honoured by all for his talents and manly beauty, he was nevertheless ruined by the demon—Drink. Lower and lower he fell, until he became a miserable sot—a disgrace to humanity. And now he fills a drunkard's grave. One day, frenzied by this, this which you ask me to drink, he struck my darling mother—his own wife—a fierce blow, and felled her to the ground. She never rose again—for he killed her! And yet you ask me to drink this! This, which has brought so much woe to me! This, which has destroyed the happiness of so many wives and daughters and mothers! This, which has ruined so many noble men! This, which is a curse, and nothing but a curse to society! Drink it? Never!" And she dashed the goblet to the ground, breaking it into a thousand pieces.

A solemn silence rested on the assembly. Surprise and astonishment were visible on every countenance. The wine was removed, and never again was seen on the table of that mansion. From that evening many a man, accustomed to imbibe sparkling wine, refused ever afterwards to touch the ruinous wine cup.

A PONY SAVING THE LIFE OF ITS MISTRESS.

A LITTLE girl, playing one day in her father's grounds, fell into a canal which passed through the estate. No human being was near to save her from drowning. But a small pony, which had become a pet in the family, and of which the children, who often rode on him, were especially fond, was gazing near by. The cries of his little mistress fell on his ear, and, plunging into the stream, he quickly seized her into the stream, he quickly seized her clothing and took her ashore with such gentleness that she was unhurt except by her fright.

* We print, by request, the whole of this poem, which the Rev. Dr. Rose quoted in part in the February number of the *Methodist Magazine*, in his admirable article on "Tennyson's Indebtedness to the Bible."