

They rode over, and Mary was surprised to see the changes which had taken place. They looked over the lower rooms and over the mantelpiece in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass, in large gold letters were the words: "Not a drop more, Daniel."

Mary, on reading these words, said: "Oh, friend Edgerton, if Daniel could have said these words and stuck to them, this beautiful place might have been his."

"Then thee don't know where Daniel is," said the Quaker.

"No, I have not heard anything of him for more than three years."

"Thee would like to see him, would thee not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I should."

As they went up the front stairs, Daniel slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the front room. When they returned Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room with his back to the door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said: "It is a friend, Mary."

Daniel turned around; but in the man with the heavy beard and mustache Mary did not recognize her husband. Daniel advanced to the spot where Mary was standing, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed:

"Don't you know me, Mary?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said he must go and see Amy, and, addressing himself to Mary, said:

"Mary, this house and farm are thine. Daniel has got the papers, and will give them to thee. Thee can stay here as long as thee likes; thee will live happily once more, for that (pointing to the frame over the mantelpiece), 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' is his motto, and will be as long as he lives."

Daniel and his wife fell on their knees before the Lord. Their prayers were mingled with many tears, but in their future life those prayers were found to be answered.

Several years have passed away since the above events occurred, and Daniel Akin now an earnest Christian man, still sticks to his motto—"Not a drop more, Daniel."

For Girls and Boys.

TOM'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

There was a loud knocking heard upon the door, and it was the very door, too, upon which a piece of black crape fluttered.

The ladies within the house were a little startled, for it was an unusual occurrence for any one to knock upon the front door. There was a bell in plain sight, and it was customary for people to ring it very softly when the sign of death was placed so near it. Indeed, it seemed almost irreverent for any one to knock in that way upon the door, while little Annie, the household idol, was lying still and cold in the room close to the door.

"Some tramp, I guess," one of the ladies said. "I will tell him to go to the back door," she added, going toward the place where the knock was heard. To her surprise she found a little ragged boy standing there with a few wild flowers in his hand.

"Be you Annie's mother?" he asked in an eager voice.

"No," the lady answered, and then she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tom Brady, and I want to see *her*," he answered quickly.

The lady hesitated, and was about to say to him that Annie's mother was in deep affliction and could not see him, when the lady in question came to the door herself.

"What do you want, little boy?" she asked kindly.

"Be you *her*?" asked the little fellow, with tears in his eyes. "I mean, be you Annie's mother?" he explained.

"Yes," was the low answer.

"Well, I heard that she died, and I brought these flowers to put upon her coffin," he said, while the tears came larger and brighter into his eyes.

"What made you bring them, little boy?" the mother asked, while the tears came into her own eyes.

"'Cause she always said 'Good mornin' to me when she went past our house upon her way to school, and she never called me 'ragged Tom' like the other girls. She gave me this cap and coat, and they were good and whole when she gave them to me; and then when our little Jean died, she brought us a bunch of flowers to put on his coffin, and some to hold in his hands. It was winter then, and I don't know where she got the flowers. They looked very pretty in Jean's hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us, but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You see it is too early for them, but I found two or three upon a high rock where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon *her* coffin?" and the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary walk.

"Yes and we will place some of them in her hand too," the mother answered in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower and placed it in the shiny golden hair of little Annie.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed in the little white hand, and upon the coffin. Surely, the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.—*Zion's Herald*.

"FATHER MAKES THEM!"

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

They were having the celebration in the town park, a large, delightful spot, shady nearly the whole of it from the beautiful branching limbs of tall trees. It seemed as if the whole park was surrounded with booths, there were so many of them. In them one could find everything possibly wanted in the way of refreshments, cakes, buns, sandwiches, pies, cold meats, coffee, tea, lemonade, ice-cream, ice-water, and, I regret to say, beer, and other drinks still worse than beer. Of course, there were all sorts of people gathered in and about the park, and the occupants of the many elegant carriages going to and fro were vastly amused at some of the queer specimens of humanity that met their view. A lady leaning back languidly against the satin cushion of a very handsome carriage suddenly aroused herself as she passed a booth in which lemonade, candy, buns, etc., were sold. There were quite a number within the booth refreshing themselves, but it was upon one young boy that her gaze was riveted. A boy of thirteen or fourteen years was talking earnestly to seven or eight little boys much younger than himself. Each little boy held a glass of lemonade from which he was drinking. The older boy was dressed in expensive clothes and presented a strong contrast to the other boys, who wore patched or ragged clothing. He evidently was treating the little ones; at least that was what the lady thought. Turning to her coachman, she said: "Dennis, did you notice Arthur in that booth?"

"No, ma'am; I wasn't a-lookin' that way. These horses be a-prancing so on 'count of the music, an' fire-crackers, an' such like, they take up all my attention."

"Turn around, Dennis, and drive slowly past the booth."

Dennis did as requested. As he drove close to the curb-stone she saw distinctly Arthur, *her* Arthur, passing a basket of cream-cakes to those same dirty little boys. She was very angry, but she would not stop and call to him, she was too proud for that, but she would find out what he meant by associating with such ragamuffins as soon as she could have an opportunity to speak with him. It was late in the evening before that opportunity came to her. The lady's two little girls had just returned home with their nurse and were in gay spirits.

"O mamma!" said one, "you never saw such fire-works in all your life, they had George Washington all spelled out in great fiery letters, with stars shooting out from every letter."

"And they had the star-spangled banner all red and white and blue, and 'twas all burning," said the other child excitedly.

"All burning! Why, I should not think they would want to burn up the star-spangled banner," answered their mother.

"They didn't, ma'am," explained the nurse.

"I don't know how 'twas ever done, but 'twas all ablaze as if in glory, and the pink and blue lights were makin' everything look like fairyland, and then when all the lights went out there 'twas waving as beautiful and as sound as ever. Is Master Arthur home, ma'am?"

"No, he has not been in the house since tea. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I'm a bit worried. I saw him an hour ago a-leadin' an old drunken man, and I called after him, but he told me to 'hush.'"

"And oh! mamma," said little Edith, shivering in disgust, "I saw brother Arthur leading two awful dirty little girls by the hand, and he bought them lots of things—sandwiches, and cakes, and even dolls."