

a warm welcome awaited them; and when their story was told it did not take long for the kind gentleman to hurry and prepare means for carrying them immediately far away to another mission station. When morning came it found them a long distance from the old home. The journey took them past many places of Bible interest, for Syria is a land full of Bible scenes.

They were many days on their journey, for at night they rested; but finally they reached a seaport town on the Mediterranean. It was a busy, bustling place, but the kind Christian missionaries there took the little wanderers in. Do not think that the parents lost their children without hunting for them; no, to be sure, and they found them too; but being ignorant, money-loving people, they consented finally to leave Effendi and Adel if the missionaries would pay a certain sum.

All this happened four or five years ago, and now these two Syrian children are nearly grown up, and are themselves missionaries, and striving in their way to lead their friends to the true friend, Christ Jesus, who himself lived in Syria, and died there for every Syrian boy and girl.—'Children's Work for Children.'

### One By One.

'Pile them straight and evenly, my boy.'

Will's father came and stood near him while he was piling up some wood one cold February morning.

'But then I shall have to lay every piece of wood separately,' said Will, in a complaining voice.

'That is a good way—one by one.'

'One by one! Oh, dear. It takes so long. I like to arrange half a dozen at a time. Just think of going all through this great pile, laying the sticks one by one!'

'But one by one, little by little, is the way most of the great things are done in this world,' said his father.

'It's the way I'm making this fence, one lath at a time,' said Robert, Will's elder brother, who was working near by—'one lath and then another.'

'It's the way I'm doing this knitting,' said mother, with a smile, standing at the door—'one stitch and then another.'

'If I had my way about things, I'd have it different,' said Will. 'I'd

have things done in one big lump.'

'I don't think I'd like that,' said Robert. 'I like to see things grow under my hand.'

'When we think how many things are made up of one small thing added to another,' said father, 'it gives a great deal of dignity to little things. The ocean is made up of drops, land of grains of sand or earth, and the sunshine of separate bright rays.'

'Sure enough, there are plenty of littles,' said Will, who was becoming interested in the conversation. 'But,' the whine coming back in his voice, 'there's so much tug, tug, to it. At school it's day after day. And it's one figure after another on your slate, one line after another in your lesson.'

'Well,' said Robert, 'what would there be for us if it weren't one thing and then another? Would you like to get everything finished, and then have nothing more to do?'

'Ah!' said Will, 'I really didn't think of that. No, I don't believe it would suit me to be quite finished with everything.'

'I think,' said father, 'it is well for us sometimes to remember how few of the great things in the world are done by just one person or through a single effort. They are achieved by the united work of a dozen or a hundred or thousands of men, and from all these through the adding of one day's efforts to another. There! quite a little sermon for you! Now let us go in to dinner.'

'And after I've finished stacking this wood I can have a game of ball,' said Will.

'That will be one pitch after another,' said his father.

'One bite and then another,' said Robert, with a smile at his brother, as they sat at the table.

'Yes,' said Will, laughing. 'I shouldn't like to eat all my dinner in one lump.'—'Children's Friend.'

### For Each Day.

He liveth long who liveth well,

All else is life but flung away,

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each day with what will last,

Buy up the moments as they go;

The life above when this is past,

Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—'Bright Jewels'

### Florence Nightingale's First Patient Was a Crippled Dog.

There is a beautiful incident related of Florence Nightingale's childhood, and it shows that God had already planted within her the germ which was to develop in after days.

Her first wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog. Some boys had hurt and apparently broken its leg by throwing stones and it had been decided to put it out of misery.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay saying, in a soft, caressing tone, 'Poor Cap, poor Cap! It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now blood-shot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked, with her little, ungloved hand, the large, intelligent head.

To the vicar he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing he at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg, Florence persuasively telling him that it was 'all right.' Indeed, she was on the floor beside him, with his head on her lap, keeping up a continuous murmur much as a mother does over a sick child.

'Well,' said the vicar, arising from his examination, 'as far as I can tell, there are no bones broken; the leg is badly bruised. It ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down. 'How do you foment?' asked Florence. 'With hot clothes dipped in boiling water,' answered the vicar. 'Then that's quite easy. I'll stay and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil.'

There was no hesitation in the child's manner; she was told what ought to be done, and she set about doing it as a simple matter of course. 'But they will be expecting you at home,' said the vicar. 'Not if they are told I'm here,' said Florence. 'But you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?' 'Well, yes,' said the vicar, carried away by the quick energy of the little girl. And soon the fire was lit, and the water boiling. An old smock of the shepherd's had been deliberately torn to pieces, and, to the vicar's remark, 'What will Roger say?' she answered, 'We'll get him another.' And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress, and spent all that bright, spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.—'Onward.'