

your buildings and the other thousands of acres of land?"

"It's a long story. I'll tell you how we got our first building, though. We pitched in and built it ourselves—yes, sir; people scoffed, but we even made our own bricks. The point at which we stuck was the burning of the bricks—none of us knew how to fire a kiln. We had no money to hire labor, but we had to have those bricks, and I owned a gold watch which I took to the pawnshop and got enough money to employ an experienced brick maker to burn the bricks.

"That was a heroic measure, sure. No doubt you cherished that watch as—"

"I have never got that watch out of pawn yet, but we are now manufacturing a million bricks a year. That was a pretty poor sort of building, but we build self-respect and manhood into it, and when white people saw what we could do, we won their respect. Now we can put up a building that no one need be ashamed of. In our last building the steam heating apparatus and the electric light fixtures were put in by our own steamfitters and electricians. The plans were by an architect from our own school.—'Ram's Horn.'"

The Lost Child.

'Lost, lost, lost!'

List to the bell-man's chime,
As it thrills on the ear with a sadd'ning sound,
Just at the evening time.

A little fair-haired child,
And only four years old,
Has wandered afar in its childish glee,
Away from the parent fold.

Who can the anguish tell,
The mingled hope and fear,
As the mother waits in that desolate home
Her darling's voice to hear?

Sad, sad, sad
The sound of the bell-man's chime,
As it rings through the busy, crowded street
Just at the evening time;

But sadder, sadder still,
The cry of deeper woe
Which comes from so many childish hearts
That no earthly comfort know.

'Tis heard in the crowded street,
'Mid the city's strife and din,
Where little ones wander with weary feet,
Lost in the ways of sin;

Lost to the voice of love,
To virtues's lessons dear;
Lost to the hope of a home above,
Oppressed with want and fear.

Jesus, with pitying eye
These wandering lambs behold,
And gather them all, in their childhood's day,
Into Thine own dear fold.

—Selected.

I Want

(The Rev. Stephen J. Coffey, Corresponding Secretary of the New York Christian Mission Society, in the 'C. E. World'.)

I saw a little girl come out of a house the other day, crying bitterly. Her mother had denied her a request, and she was wailing: 'I want a doll-carriage! I want a doll-carriage!'

As she walked down to the sidewalk, her petition grew more and more indistinct; and, as she turned and walked toward me, it was only the half-hearted cry: 'I want—I want—!' Finally, as I faced her, it had shortened into a bewildered 'I—!'

I looked into her little tear-stained face, and asked, 'What is it that you want, my little girl?' She gazed at me blankly for a moment; and then, rubbing one eye with a dirty little fist, she smiled shamefacedly, and replied, 'I—don't—know.'

How like the little one we are in our petitions to the heavenly Parent! We ask selfishly for something, and repeat our petition over and over again. We rise from our knees forgetting what we have asked for; and, if the kind Master should meet us on the sidewalk some day, when our brow was all clouded, and ask, 'What is it, child, that you want?' we should shamefacedly confess, I know not, dear Lord.

'Take My Feet.'

Mable B. was an active member of the C. E. Society. Bright, warm-hearted, and impulsive, she was a success as convener of the Sunshine Committee. The flowers were more acceptable to the sick folk in the hospital, accompanied as they were by her ready smile and kindly sympathetic words, and she had been the means of bringing more than one to the Saviour.

She had not been without trial in her own life. Her father was an invalid, and she, with her mother, had to help to earn a living for a small tribe of young brothers, who were all proud of their loving and beautiful sister, especially her twin brother Tom.

'Mabel,' said Tom one day, 'The fellows in our club are getting up a social. Will you come?'

'Oh no thank you,' answered Mabel.

'Why?' asked Tom.

'Because,' began Mabel, and then she hesitated. What she wanted to say was, 'I am a Christian.' What she did say was, 'I don't go to socials now.'

'What a yarn. I heard you talking about a social only a day or two ago, though you didn't ask me.'

'That was a C. E. social. You wouldn't have gone.'

'You didn't give me the chance to refuse. But I don't mind. I want you to come with me to this social. It won't be all hymn singing, but we do nothing that is wrong. Two of the chaps are taking their sisters, and they are bragging about them, but I know none of them can beat you, Mab. Now get vain.'

'But I can't, Tom.'

'Say rather that you won't,' answered Tom, his temper rising. 'You are just getting like other goody-goody people; always talking about self-denial, but you won't do anything to please anybody.'

She did not like to vex her brother. It would be a wretched time for her, but she would be self-denying and go to please him.

'Well, Tom, to please you I will go; but just this one, remember.'

'Spoken like your old self, Mab. Here's the tickets; you can look after them. I'm such a fellow for mislaying things.'

The tickets being in an envelope Mabel did not notice that this social was to be held on Wednesday, the same night as the C. E. meeting.

What would she do? Take back her promise after seeing the pleasure in her brother's face. No she could not. Then she began to think that she had gone very regularly to the meeting. She could not remember when she last stayed away, and then it wasn't as if she liked the social. Of course she would rather be at meeting. It was all for her brother's sake.

'What is the subject for to-night,' asked

her father, when the night came round. Usually they talked the subject over together, but this Wednesday she had other things to think about. She must make a slight alteration in her dress, and her hair must be done with more style. If she would please her brother she must look as nice as anybody else.

Mabel found the syllabus for her father and then she noticed it was consecration night. She had forgotten that.

'The subject for to-night, father, is 'The Indwelling of the Holy Spirit.'

'A most comforting subject, Mabel. Wherever we go we have the Holy Spirit in us. Have you studied it?'

'I am going with Tom to-night, father.'

Her father said no more to her but began to recall texts on this subject which had been stored up in his memory.

A good many eyes followed Tom and Mabel as they passed down the hall together. Unmistakable surprise that she should come to such a gathering was seen on some faces; undisguised admiration on others—this pleased Tom.

The first part of the programme consisted of songs, recitations, and a funny dialogue. At first Mabel felt out of place, but when the dialogue came on she could not help laughing. And just then the roll was being called at the C. E. meeting, and her name was followed by that silence which speaks so loudly.

After the concert there was a supper. 'A great spread,' the boys called it. As they passed into the supper room she saw the clock. It was past nine. The meeting would be over she thought, and again the subject for the night came into her mind. Her father had called it a comforting subject, but it did not comfort her there, it condemned her and made her unhappy. Her brother rallied her on looking 'so glum' with so many good things before her, and she put thoughts of C. E. away.

'Can you dance, Miss B.,' asked the young man sitting next to her. Mabel did not answer at once. To be truthful she must say 'Yes,' and this might be taken as willingness on her part to do so.

'Oh, yes, Mab. can dance. We learned when we were youngsters.' It was her brother who answered for her.

'It is some time now since I tried. I don't think I could now,' said Mabel.

'That's a thing one never forgets, Miss B. Promise me one dance please?'

'I think I will go home after supper.'

'Oh, no you don't, Mab. You'll stay it out. There'll be games and lots of fun,' said her brother.

'I think I will go home after supper.'

So she had to stay. There was no way of escape, and soon the light, airy music, with the patter and shuffle of feet keeping time to it, stirred in her the old liking for the pastime. She recalled that she had heard a preacher say that 'there was no harm in a dance,' and she forgot all the qualifying sentences which had followed the remark. Then followed a half-hearted struggle, a wild sort of wish that her mother had never sent her to a dancing school, and then a yielding to temptation, and she was whirling round with the others.

It was after midnight when, on their way home, that a dreary feeling took the place of the hilarious excitement which had filled Mabel's heart.

'You enjoyed it all right, Mabel. You'll come to our next social, won't you?' said Tom.

She stopped in the street, and looked at him. 'You think I enjoyed it, Tom. Perhaps I did; I believe I did, but I wish I had not gone.'

'Why, Mabel?'