

That the Patriarch, and he only, was the man to meet their need;
 So they sent and humbly prayed him if to come he would be pleased,
 For his friend the Bishop Troilus was with sudden illness seized.
 In his chamber lay the Bishop, sick in body, sick in mind;
 But the Patriarch, wise in spirit, had his malady divined.
 So he came and sat beside him, patient still, but pale with grief,
 While he made one last endeavor for that troubled soul's relief.
 But his friend was sore and angry, and his words he would not hear,
 For the presence now disturbed him that had lately been so dear.
 And he lay with face averted, till he heard the Patriarch say,
 "I have brought you back the money that you gave away to-day."
 Then indeed he started wildly, and his eyes he opened wide,
 And he turned and faced his brother with a joy he could not hide;
 For with sudden hope he trembled, and it paled his fevered cheek;
 And the Patriarch's heart was sinking, but he still went on to speak;
 "I now have come to ask you if this grace you will resign,—
 Will you take again the money, and let your good deed be mine?
 Yet I pray you to consider, ere you grant it or refuse,
 What a great and heavenly treasure I shall win and you will lose;
 For indeed I would not wrong you, though to me the gain be great.
 So then do not answer rashly,—there is time, we both can wait,
 And 'twere well to think a little on the words our Master said,
 How He left the poor behind, that we might serve them in His stead;
 And whatever help we grant them, be it great or be it small,
 To our blessed Lord we give it, to our Lord who gave us all."
 Then made answer Bishop Troilus, "As for what you now propose,
 If it please you I am ready, and the bargain we can close.
 There are many kinds of service, and each needful in its way,
 And I think the Lord has set me in His Church to preach and pray,
 And to save the souls that perish, and to teach men how to live,
 While your own vocation, brother, is with open hand to give.
 Let not one defraud the other, take your part and leave me mine,
 For howe'er we may divide it, all the service is divine.
 Let us feed God's flock together, for His needy children care,
 I the souls, and you the bodies, so the burden we may share."
 "Then so be it," said the other, but his voice was low and grave,
 And he prayed to God in silence for the soul he could not save.
 "We must write it all in order, we must sign and seal it too,
 So that mine may be the blessing, while the gold remains with you."

So they wrote a contract solemn, to which each one signed his name,
 In which he, the Bishop Troilus, did relinquish every claim
 To whate'er reward or merit his one pious deed had earned,
 Since the thirty golden pieces to his hand had been returned.
 Then the Patriarch counted slowly all the pieces, one by one,
 In the open hand of Troilus, and his last attempt was done.
 All had failed, and heavy-hearted from that chamber forth he went,
 While his friend lay still and smiling in the fullness of content;
 With a dreamy satisfaction he was thinking all the while
 How those pretty shining pieces would increase the golden pile
 In that chest of hoarded treasure that already held so much;
 And he laid his hand upon them with a fond caressing touch.
 But his thoughts began to wander, and his eyes were closing soon,
 In the drowsy heat and stillness of the summer afternoon.
 Then a dream was sent to bless him, as in quiet sleep he lay,
 And it bore him in a vision to the country far away;
 And he saw the holy city, where the saints and angels dwell;

Of its glory, of its beauty, mortal tongue can never tell.
 And the people of that city whom he met along the way
 On the shining golden pavement, oh, how full of peace were they!
 Now among those lighted faces there were some he knew before,
 Of the poor to whom so often he had closed his heart and door,
 Such as in the heavenly city he had little thought to find,
 For the sad and sick and needy had been never to his mind:
 Of the rich were not so many, yet a few of these beside,
 Who by deeds of love and mercy had their Master glorified.
 And in perfect health and beauty, among all that bright array,
 Was the woman he saw dying in the hospital that day.
 All along the road he travelled, to the left and to the right,
 Rose the palaces they dwelt in, each a mansion of delight,
 But all varying in their beauty, far away as eye could reach,
 With a name in golden letters, high above the door of each.
 But, oh, wonder of all wonders, when he saw a name that shone
 O'er a high and arching doorway, yes, a name that was his own!
 Could it be his eyes deceived him? No, he read it o'er and o'er;
 "This," it said, "of Bishop Troilus is the home forevermore."
 Oh, the beauty of that palace, with such light and splendor filled,
 That he thought the clouds of sunset had been hewn its walls to gild;
 And the golden door stood open, he could catch a glimpse within
 Of the vast illumined chambers where no foot had ever been.
 He could only gaze bewildered, for the wonder was too great,
 And the joy so poured upon him he could hardly bear the weight.
 Then he took one step toward it, but a servant of the King
 Who from far-off earth that morning had returned on busy wing,
 And was bearing gifts and tokens from the scattered church below,
 Came and passed and stood before him, in the courtyard's golden glow.
 Then he turned to his companions, for a few had gathered near,
 And his words fell hard and heavy on the Bishop's listening ear,—
 "We must cancel that inscription from the stone, and write thereon
 That Troilus hath this palace sold unto the Patriarch John,
 And that thirty golden pieces were the price that he received."
 Up then started Bishop Troilus, for his soul was sorely grieved,
 And he tried to speak, but could not, and awoke in his dismay,
 With his hand upon the money close beside him where he lay.
 Now the long bright day was over; as he saw the sun descend,—
 "Weary day," the Patriarch thought it; he was glad to see it end.
 He was walking in his garden where the freshening shadows lay,
 And the flowers that drooped at noon-time stood erect in beauty gay;
 But their brightness could not cheer him, and he bent his head and sighed,
 For he thought with wondering sadness, that the Lord his prayer denied.
 Then he heard a step behind him, and he looked; but who was there,
 Wild of look like one who struggled with a pain he could not bear?
 Could it be the stately Bishop? Yes, but oh, how changed to see!
 And he said with tears and trembling, "Oh, my brother, pray for me!"
 And there Troilus, clinging closely to that strong and helpful hand,
 Trusting in the heart that loved him and his thoughts could understand,
 Told the story of his vision to his awed and listening friend,—
 All that dream of light and glory, with its sad, unlooked-for end:
 But his voice, which trembled ever, well-nigh failed him when he told
 Of the horror of that waking, with his hand upon the gold;
 When his eyes, long blind, were opened, and he saw the wreck within,
 And one fearful moment showed him what his wasted life had been.
 "Now," he said, "my courage fails me when I think to mend my ways,

I have wasted all God gave me—mind, and strength, and length of days,—
 And the gold I gave my soul for pulls me downward with its weight;
 Help me if you can, oh, help me! Say it is not yet too late."
 And he looked with eyes beseeching at the Patriarch, who replied
 With a smile that fell like sunshine on the faint heart at his side,—
 "What! too late for God's forgiveness, when He calls you to repent?
 'Twas to save you, not to lose you, that the blessed dream was sent;
 'Tis His help, not mine, my brother, you are needing, and you know,
 If we ask it, He will give it, for Himself has told us so."
 So then Troilus gathered courage, and that night, by deed and word,
 Gave himself and all his substance to the service of the Lord;
 Yet in his own strength mistrusting, he implored his friend anew
 With his daily prayer to aid him, and he promised so to do.
 And the thirty golden pieces he returned to him again.
 Yes, and other thirty with them, for the change was not in vain.
 Then he left the past behind him, and a better life began;
 From that evening in the garden he became another man.
 There was no more train about him when he walked the city through,
 For the priests who once attended now had better work to do;
 And the ladies cared no longer from their balconies to lean,
 When of worldly pomp and splendor there was nothing to be seen.
 For the cross of many jewels on his bosom shone no more,
 Having gone on works of mercy to increase his heavenly store.
 But the poor and needy sought him; he was now their faithful friend,
 And they knew, whate'er befell them, on his love they might depend.
 So his closing days were happy, after years of sordid care,
 For no gain can bring contentment till the poor have had their share;
 And he lightened many a burden, and he righted many a wrong.
 And the wealth became a blessing that had been a curse so long;
 And his secret hoard was scattered, and men said that he died poor,
 But he found great wealth in heaven at the end, we may be sure.

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME

The dear little wife at home, John,
 With ever so much to do,—
 Stitches to set and babies to pet,
 And so many thoughts of you.
 The beautiful household fairy,
 Filling your heart with light;
 Whatever you meet to-day, John,
 Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
 You needn't be cross or curt;
 There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
 There are looks that wound and hurt.
 With the key in the latch at home, John,
 Drop troubles out of sight;
 To the dear little wife who is waiting
 Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
 A smile on her sunny face,
 And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,
 Will be there in her childish grace;
 And the boy, his father's pride, John,
 With the eyes so brave and bright,
 From the strife and the din, to the peace, John,
 Go cheerily home to-night.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"Carmichael," a story of Canadian country life, marks its author, Anison North, as a writer of more than average ability.—[Dayton, Ohio, News, U. S.]

Health in the Home

THINK AND ACT QUICKLY.

People should prepare themselves for emergencies. Fix in your mind a few general principles, as to what to do in case of accident; then, when some calamity befalls you, keep cool. Think and act quickly. If we followed this plan, may a life might be saved, as the following incidents will prove:

My brother, during one of his surveying trips, met with a very painful accident, which would have proved fatal had not the cook acted promptly and with great wisdom. He was cutting down a bush, when the ax slipped and nearly severed his toe. In a few minutes, he was unconscious. The cook tore off his shoe and sock, tied it with a good bandage; at the same time ordering two men to bring a large dish and the flour bag. While they worked to revive my brother, he threw into the dish a quantity of flour, then placed the foot in the flour, and proceeded to pack the foot in a solid mass of flour. The bleeding soon stopped, for the blood could not penetrate the flour. When the doctor arrived, he expressed great praise, and told the cook he "had saved a life."

Another most important thing to know is that when a person's clothes catch fire not to run out into the air, and this is the first impulse. The breeze only fans the flames and sends them inwards, where they burn deeply. Smother the flames from the mouth downward. Take a blanket, heavy table cover or quilt, if convenient, and roll it around the sufferer immediately. If there is no big article handy, the sufferer should roll on the floor, especially if there is oil cloth. But whatever you do, don't rush outside and scream. Keep the mouth, and, if possible, the eyes shut.

Remove the clothing gently; avoid letting in the air on the burns; apply sweet oil and linseed, if handy.

If the victim of the terrible accident in Toronto the other day had only snatched a quilt off the bed and wrapped herself in it, her dear little baby, at least, would be alive to-day, and likely her own life spared. The trouble is, we never think we will have any accident ourselves, and don't prepare for them, so that when something does happen we lose our heads. A little thought, and prompt action would save untold misery. We might easily say, "More ill is wrought from want of thought than any other thing."

MARION DALLAS.

OPEN SECRETS OF HEALTHY LIVING.

It is quite hard to regain health and strength when they are once lost. It is much easier to retain them; it means only a little care, a little attention, a little time every day of your life.

See that not a night passes without your windows being open, so that your lungs may be able to feed to the blood a plentiful supply of oxygen all night long.

See that you never sleep in the underclothes you have worn all day, for they have absorbed much of the perspiration and effete matter thrown off by your body, and need to be aired all night. To sleep in them is to give the skin a chance to reabsorb this waste matter.

Never let a morning pass without drawing a dozen deep breaths, expanding and lifting the chest with every one, before you leave your bed; and take a few brisk arm-exercises, trunk-bendings, and some tiptoe work on rising. You may be able to give only a few minutes to this work, but to form the habit may mean a great deal to you.

At night give at least five or ten minutes to this work, and emphasize the chest work and trunk-bendings at the waist line. This is the weak part of our anatomy. Possibly it is made so by the present fashion of wearing two-piece garments, skirts and waists, as well as by the corset, which restricts activity at the waist line.

Keep the skin clean. A daily sponge and hard, brisk rub will not only prevent your taking cold easily, but will be fine exercise for your arms, stimulate your skin to better work, strengthen your heart, and increase your lung capacity.

Be sure to go out some time during the