

All for Thee, though Thou should'st slay me ;
 All for Thee, what'e'r my lot ;
 All for Thee--though friends betray me,
 Let me trust and murmur not !

All for Thee, my love and loving ;
 All for Thee, my daily cares ;
 All for Thee, my talents proving ;
 All for Thee, my hopes and prayers ;
 All for Thee, each word that's spoken ;
 All for Thee, each smile I give--
 Let them ease a heart that's broken ;
 Let them bid the dying live !

All for Thee, through every season,
 All for Thee, through every clime ;
 All for Thee, in thought or reason ;
 All for Thee, in prose or rhyme ;
 All for Thee, when life is fading ;
 All for Thee, when toil is done ;
 All for Thee, through shine or shadowing ;
 All for Thee, when heaven is won !

A BRAVE BOY.

His name was Frank Thompson; he was fifteen years of age, and he lived in a large city, where he was a pupil in one of the public schools. He was a slender lad, with quiet, gray eyes, gentle ways, and with nothing of the "brag" about him. Some of the boys called him a coward because he never would fight; and whenever a rough fellow would shake his fist in Frank's face, with "You don't dare to fight," Frank would quietly say, "I dare not to fight," which was a much braver thing to do.

But there came a day after which no one doubted Frank's bravery.

Suddenly the teacher in the division where Frank Thompson studied discovered from a cloud of smoke that burst into the room that the school building was on fire. There were five hundred children in it; and in less than one moment half the children in her room knew, as did she, of the danger, and were preparing to rush out of doors. The teacher, Miss Olney, said not a word, but springing to the door, she lifted her hand, and with a commanding gesture motioned the pupils back in their seats, and they dared not disobey. She then hurried from the room to warn the other teachers of the danger, and to give the alarm of fire.

Quick as a flash, a slender boy with a flashing eye had taken the teacher's place at the door, for every pupil in the room had risen to his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The boy at the door was Frank Thompson.

"Stand back!" he cried; "not one of you can pass through this door! Disobey orders, and you will be crushed on the stairs!"

And do you think a boy moved? Not one. The pale-faced, flashing-eyed lad at the door, with uplifted hand, was equal to any army with banners. Every one felt that the boy who dared not fight dared to hold his post, and guard it too. And so he stood till the teacher returned, when he slipped into a passage way and fairly flew into one of the lower rooms, where he knew there was a tiny little fellow, weak and lame, who might be overlooked and lost in the danger. Hunting him out of the crowd of little ones, Frank lifted him in his arms, and never lost hold of his burden until he had put him safely down at his mother's door, two or three squares away. Then he returned to the school-building, from which the children had all safely escaped by leaving it in quiet order, and the fire engines were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call Frank Thompson a coward after that. The story of his bravery, his quick, determined action, got into the newspapers, and several gentlemen had a gold medal made, and on it were these words:

TO FRANK THOMPSON,
 FROM THE CITIZENS OF C—,—,
 IN HONOUR OF A BRAVE DEED,
 DECEMBER 21, 1880.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do right, and always a coward who dared to do wrong.