

leaving prison; for the protection of servants in times of emergency; and, in fact, for almost every phase of human need; her last effort of the kind being the founding of an order called the "Nursing Sisters," a band of women to be trained as nurses for the sick.

"She passed to the heavenly home, October 12th, 1845, at the age of sixty five. Soon after her death, at a public meeting in London, measures were taken for establishing, as a fitting monument to her memory, 'The Elizabeth Fry Refuge,' for affording temporary food and shelter to destitute females on their discharge from metropolitan prisons."

Martin the Monk.

"THE dim cathedral arches o'er my head:
The fretted aisles where the long shadows play,

Gold-barr'd by sunbeams, through the summer day:
Why do they seem less calm and sweet!"

he said,
Pacing the solemn-sounding nave at will,
Martin the monk, at Lincoln on-the-Hill.

"Was it but yesterday I knelt within
My quiet cell, that looks across the hill,
And saw the city, mist wreathed, hushed,
and still,

Nor dream'd a thought that might be call'd
a sin;
For my desire seem'd but then to be
Of praising God through all eternity.

"Was it but yesterday I paced so late
The cloister cool, and watched the shadows fall
Upon the moulded stone-work of the wall;
When one who came cried: 'At the outer gate

A kinsman, brother Martin, waits for thee,
And prays that thou would'st pass to Galilee'

"In the carved porch, the lovely Galilee,
From which a glimpse of roofs and courts
is seen,

Sun-touched, with many a bright-clad
form between,

I greeted him with gladness, for that he,
My kinsman, brought me from my distant
home

Tidings from lips to me a long time dumb.

"He spoke of home, of parents, and the
pain

That one had borne, of love, and joy, and
life,

Told of success, of triumph, and of strife;
Then turned him to the busy world again.

And I, the monk, back to my cell did go,
With downcast face and footsteps sad and
slow.

"Ah! what a narrow cell is mine, and bare;
Could I have triumphed in the outer
world?

Loved, and the banner of success unfurled!
Is my long life to be one constant prayer,
Bounded by gray cathedral arches still?"

Sighed the young monk at Lincoln-on-the-
Hill.

Lo! as he drew adown the holy choir,
Where the glad angels wait, upon the wall

Where hung the crucifix, a ray did fall,
Touching the Saviour with a crown of fire;
And Martin, seeing this, was fain to kneel,
For that his soul a reverent awe did feel.

"Martin! I bore upon the cross for thee
Loneliness, pain, and sorrow, and wilt
thou

Forsake me—shrinking from thy burden
now?

Martin, canst thou not bear thy cross for
me?"

And Martin, kneeling saw that gracious head
Thorn-crowned and weary, and with tears
he said:

"Lord, I will follow thee! my cross is light,
My heart is thine!" and with these words
the ray

Slipped from the wall; and Martin passed
away

Back to his cell; and from that summer
night

No man sang praise to God with lustier
will

Than Martin, monk, at Lincoln on-the-Hill.
—All The Year Round.

A Brave Boy.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

THE big farm waggon stood at the
front gate, filled with vegetables, fruit
and poultry, and Mrs. Maxwell hurried
out with a bucket of sweet, fresh
butter.

Her little son Dexter followed her,
proudly carrying a basket of eggs,
laid by his own little black Spanish
hens.

He had gathered the eggs from the
nests, day after day, saying in a glad
whisper to himself, "These will buy
the present for dear little mamma."

It was the first thing he thought of
in the morning, and the last at night—
the pretty book of poetry he intended
buying her for Christmas. How glad
she would be, and how she would love
to read it aloud to him of the long
winter evenings.

Dexter was only ten years old, but
he was a quiet little fellow, much
given to thinking things over seriously
to himself. Indeed, life seemed sober
enough to him, for he understood now
that his father's frequent spells of
"sickness" were really fits of drunken-
ness.

The sad truth came to him with a
shock one day, when an angry school-
mate said to him, "Your father is
nothing but a drunkard, anyway."

For a moment Dexter's eyes flashed
and wrathful words rose to his lips in
reply, but like a cruel stab the thought
that it might be, that it *was* true, went
through his heart.

For a little while he stood silent, his
face dyed scarlet with shame, the hot
tears welling up in his eyes, till they
fell upon his burning cheeks; then he
ran for home and mother. He felt
that he could not endure the shame
and grief and disgrace, without his
mother's comforting words; so he ran
and threw himself down by her side,
and burying his face in her lap, cried
as if his heart would break.

Very tenderly his mother stroked
the brown hair of her boy, and gently
and consolingly talked to him of their
great sorrow. Dexter listened, the
first keen spasm of pain subsiding
under her loving influence, but as he
began to realize the injustice of it all,
his little heart swelled with indigna-
tion, and a fierce desire to wreak his
vengeance on the wicked men who
coaxed his father into saloons, where
he spent for drinks the money so

hardly earned, and so much needed at
home.

So, that cold December morning, as
he stood for a moment at the gate with
his mother, he understood perfectly
what she meant when she said, "Dex-
ter, love, take good care of papa, and
be sure to have him start home early
this afternoon."

"I'll do my best, mamma," he said
earnestly, proud and glad that she
trusted and depended upon him.

It was an exciting time to him, for
they lived fifteen miles from the town
to which they were going, and he had
only been there two or three times
since he could remember. The ride
through the woods, over the rough
country roads, to the little city, was of
greater importance to him than a trip
to Europe would be to many of my
young readers.

They drove slowly to the town, when
at last they reached it, his father call-
ing out loudly, "Here's your sweet,
fresh butter and sound cooking apples!
Here's your mealy Irish potatoes and
fine fat turkeys for Christmas!"

Occasionally some busy housekeeper
or cook rushed to a window or door,
threw it open and bargained for some
of the things they had to sell.

Sometimes, when the loads were not
too heavy, Dexter carried in the things
purchased, and this seemed most ex-
citing of all. Some of the ladies were
very kind to him, and some were
so cross they fairly frightened him out
of his wits.

One lady looked so pleasant and
spoke so kindly that he ventured to
tell her about his own basket of eggs,
and the book he wanted to buy for his
mother.

To his joy she bought all of them,
and gave him a beautiful picture paper
beside, for which his shining eyes and
smiling face told his delight and thanks
so well that the lady went into her
home again almost as happy as the boy
himself.

When he went back to the waggon
he displayed the shining silver to his
father. Mr. Maxwell took it and
thrust it into his own pocket.

The tears sprang to Dexter's eyes,
and his lips quivered as he said,

"But papa, I want that money to
buy a book for mamma, to give to her
to-morrow."

"All right, my son. Wait till we've
sold out our load, then we'll go to a
book store, and you can pick out what
you please. I have to buy some flannels
and shoes too, but there is plenty
of time yet, and you might lose your
money if you carried it so long," said
his father.

Dexter tried to feel that it was all
right, but not even the sight of the
pretty picture-paper could keep his
heart from being heavy.

At last everything was sold but a
few heads of cabbage, and as they
passed a saloon a man came out and
called:

"Stop a minute, Maxwell. I want

some cabbage for slaw. I'm going to
have a free lunch to-night."

Mr. Maxwell looked troubled and
said slowly,

"I haven't time to come in to-day.
Got the boy with me, and I'm in a
hurry to get home before it snows.
I'll bring the cabbage, though."

"Oh! papa, papa please don't go!
Don't sell him the cabbage at all, or
let me take it to him. Oh! please
don't go inside the saloon, papa," Dex-
ter said, pleadingly, but his father
shook off the little detaining hand, and
went straight to the saloon, looking
half ashamed and reluctant, and yet
not having strength to resist the
temptation.

Poor little Dexter waited patiently
a half hour or more, anger, grief and
fear battling in his heart, the tears
dropping upon his face in spite of him-
self. At last he could keep quiet no
longer, and called out:

"Papa, papa, please come now—I'm
so cold and it is getting late!"

His father came to the door, looked
out, and said he would come in a
minute, then went back again.

Another half-hour went by, and
Dexter called again, but no one an-
swered. He grew desperate at last,
and ran to the saloon door and pushed
it open.

There sat his father at a table with
a lot of rough-looking men who were
playing cards, drinking, smoking and
swearing. The sight frightened Dex-
ter, and the odors from the room sick-
ened him, but he remembered his prom-
ise to his mother, and tried to coax
his father to go home, but in vain.

At last some of the men tried to
make Dexter drink some beer too.
The little fellow refused indignantly,
and left the saloon, despair and grief
almost overcoming him.

He climbed into the waggon again,
and sat there till he was stiff and numb
with cold, and it was nearly sunset
when his father at last staggered out
of the saloon, so drunk that it took
two of his companions to help him into
the waggon.

He took the reins from Dexter, and
started the horses homeward.

Dexter ventured to say, "Papa,
can't we go to the book store now,
please?"

"No! monish's all gone—ain't got
nothin' to buy thim's with; 'sh up!"

Dexter had feared this, and his heart
ached with such a dull, heavy, hope-
less pain as I hope may never come to
anyone who reads this story.

People looked at them curiously as
they drove through the streets, some
pitying the little boy and his drunken
father, who could scarcely keep his
seat, others ridiculing them in a man-
ner that made Dexter's blood boil.
He was glad when they entered the
quiet country road, where there were
no prying eyes to witness his shame
and humiliation.

Soon it began to grow dark and
Dexter could scarcely see the outlines
of the road. His father had dropped