

"The boy shall be admitted into the hospital to-morrow, nurse; I will speak this night about him to the matron when she returns, for she is out now, and I will also make a special note of the woman's case, for her future benefit, I trust. Good-night!"

As the nurse, returning his salute, left his sanctum the stern-faced doctor found himself repeating a couplet he had been impressed with somewhere—was it in Elizabeth Barrett-Browning's works or Adelaide Proctor's? he could not tell; but its rhythm made music for him during the next hour: it was this 'Better far than all, To be on earth a Poem of God's own making!'

The Poem passed on her way, wholly unconscious that she was such, greatly rejoicing in the fact that her night's work lay in St. Martha's Ward, where a share would fall to her of the nursing required by the 'fresh case.'

She took an early opportunity of gladdening the mother's heart about her children's present comfort and safety, and with bright hopes for her wee Chris's future well-being.

Tears of gratitude coursed down the young widow's face, as she lifted the nurse's hand to her lips and kissed it; then, worn out with the excitement, anxiety and pain she had been passing through, she closed her eyes wearily and fell asleep to dream of herself being able to work again, and of her dear, patient, little laddie—with the eyes of the brave husband whose body lay beneath the sad sea-waves, but whose soul was with God—once more well and strong as in the days when they lived in the country, and able to run about and play as did other children.

In time her dreams were more than realized; this fact being largely due to the kind-hearted and stern-faced doctor, who quickly found himself almost as deeply interested in the brave, young widow and her two sweet, refined children as the nurse had been. Her broken leg took the usual time to heal, but meanwhile she was cheered and made unspeakably grateful by the knowledge that her boy was daily gaining health and strength under the wise and loving treatment he was receiving in the adjoining hospital.

Neither had she any anxiety on Nell's account, during their enforced separation, for a kind lady-visitor to the Infirmary, a personal friend of the head doctor's, hearing and being deeply touched by the widow's pathetic story, told to her in a truly sympathetic manner by her friend, had taken the little girl to her own home until the mother should be recovered.

When the widow was well enough to leave the Infirmary, she was conducted to a couple of more healthily-located rooms, which had been chosen for her by the same kind friend, who had also paid the landlord a month's rent in advance, in order that the grateful convalescent might again take up her burden of life unhampered by immediate pressing care.

As she passed out from the Infirmary she carried with her the knowledge that, so soon as ever she was quite strong enough to resume her usual, and hitherto most uncertain, means of livelihood—charing and washing—employment should be found for her on two days every week in the hospital, doing work, as she delightedly told her employers, which would occasionally take her into the very ward in which she had been nursed with so much kindness, and had realized, as she had never done before, how good is the Heavenly Father to the widow and orphans whose trust, however faltering, is put in Him.

That evening, as she took her newly-recovered laddie upon her knee, and bid Nell bring her her husband's Bible—out of which she always read a few verses to the children before they went to sleep—she chose the brief but beautiful passage in which Christ promises a blessing to all those who do but dispense a cup of cold water in His Name, and having read and explained that to the attentive children, the happy family knelt to pray that a rich blessing might indeed be given to those, their kind friends, who had so faithfully and lovingly been winning for themselves the Saviour's benediction, 'Ye have done it unto me.'

God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—Edwards.

Christ's Favorite Word.

The Master's word is 'Come!'

It is His favorite word;

And many hearing it afar,

Rise up to meet their Lord.

Right happy they who leave

Their crooked ways and dim,

For He makes glad, where'er they go,

Those whom He takes with Him.

Therefore, reply to Him

'Dear Lord, I come to Thee';

Walk thou with Him through all life's ways

And thus His glory see;

His hear is full of love,

His word is 'Come,' not 'Go.'

Oh, child of His, heed thou His call,

And perfect comfort know.

—Marianne Farningham.

Friends We Outgrow.

The other day a lady, doing now a noble work as a teacher, said that only that morning she had come upon a book which was given her on the day of her graduation from the school in which she was prepared for college. She had not seen the book for more than ten years—it had been lying among unused things. She turned over the pages and found nearly every paragraph marked. As she went on she remembered that in her early college days she had read the book every day, taking its words into her very life, and now she was astonished to discover how it had influenced her. All the best things in her life and character, she said, had been inspired by the words of that volume. The book had its mission to her at a particular time in her life, and it had wrought its ministry well and then had been laid aside. In like manner all of us are influenced by certain books, which for a little while we almost live on, eating them, as it were. Then they are laid aside, left behind, never to be taken up any more. They have done their work in us and we need them no longer. Other books now bring to us other lessons and lead us in new paths.

Her Own People.

(L. M. Montgomery, in the 'American Magazine'.)

The Taunton school had closed for the summer holidays. Constance Foster and Miss Channing went down the long, elm-shaded street together, as they generally did, because they happened to board in the same block down-town.

Constance was the youngest teacher on the staff, and had charge of the Primary Department. She had taught in Taunton school a year, and at its close she was as much of a stranger in the little corps of teachers as she had been at the beginning. The others thought her stiff and unapproachable; she was unpopular in a negative way with all except Miss Channing, who made it a profession to like everybody, the more so if other people disliked them. Miss Channing was the oldest teacher on the staff, and taught the fifth grade. She was short and stout and jolly; nothing, not even the iciest reserve, ever daunted Miss Channing.

'Isn't it good to think of two whole blessed months of freedom?' she said jubilantly. 'Two months to dream, to be lazy, to go where one pleases, no exercises to correct, no reports to make, no pupils to keep in order. To be sure, I love them every one, but I'll love them all the more for a bit of rest from them. Isn't it good?'

A little satirical smile crossed Constance Foster's dark, discontented face, looking just then all the more discontented in contrast to Miss Channing's rosy, beaming countenance.

'It's very good, if you have anywhere to go, or anybody who cares where you go,' she said bitterly. 'For my own part I'm sorry school is closed. I'd rather go on teaching all summer.'

'Heresy,' said Miss Channing. 'Rank heresy! What are your vacation plans?'

'I haven't any,' said Constance, wearily. 'I've put off thinking about vacation as long as I possibly could. You'll call that heresy too, Miss Channing.'

'It's worse than heresy,' said Miss Channing, briskly. 'It's a crying necessity for blue pills, that's what it is. Your whole system

and moral and physical and spiritual system must be out of kilter, my child. No vacation plans! You "must" have vacation plans. You must be going "somewhere."'

'Oh, I suppose I'll hunt up a boarding place somewhere in the country, and go there and mope until September.'

'Have you no friends, Constance?'

'No—no, I haven't anybody in the world. That is why I hate vacation, that is why I've hated to hear you and the others discussing your vacation plans. You all have somebody to go to. It has just filled me up with hatred of my life.'

Miss Channing swallowed her honest horror at such a state of feeling.

'Constance, tell me about yourself. I've often wanted to ask you, but I was always a little afraid to. You seem so reserved and—as, as if you didn't want to be asked about yourself.'

'I know it. I know I'm stiff and hateful, and that nobody likes me, and that it is all my own fault. No, never mind trying to smooth it over, Miss Channing. It's the truth, and it hurts me, but I can't help it. I'm getting more bitter and pessimistic and unwholesome every day of my life. Sometimes it seems as if I hated all the world because I'm so lonely in it. I'm nobody. My mother died when I was born—and father—oh, I don't know. One can't say anything against one's father, Miss Channing. But I had a hard childhood—or rather, I didn't have any childhood at all. We were always moving about. We didn't seem to have any friends at all. My mother might have had relatives somewhere, but I never heard of any; I don't even know where her home was. Father never would talk of her. He died two years ago, and since then I've been absolutely alone.'

'Oh, you poor girl,' said Miss Channing, softly.

'I want friends,' went on Constance, seeming to take a pleasure in open confession now that her tongue was loosed. 'I've always just longed for somebody belonging to me to love. I don't love anybody, Miss Channing—and when a girl is in that state, she is all wrong. She gets hard and bitter and resentful—I have, anyway. I struggled against it at first, but it has been too much for me. It poisons everything. There is nobody to care anything about me—whether I live or die.'

'Oh, yes, there is One,' said Miss Channing, gently. 'God cares, Constance.'

Constance gave a disagreeable little laugh.

'That sounds like Miss Williams—she is so religious. God doesn't mean anything to me, Miss Channing. I've just the same resentful feeling toward him that I have for all the world, if he exists at all. There, I've shocked you in good earnest now. You should have left me alone, Miss Channing.'

'God means nothing to you because you've never had him translated to you through human love, Constance,' said Miss Channing, seriously. 'No, you haven't shocked me—at least, not the way you mean. I'm only terribly sorry.'

'Oh, never mind me,' said Constance, freezing up into her reserve again as if she regretted her confidences. 'I'll get along all right. This is one of my off days, when everything looks black.'

Miss Channing walked on in silence. She must help Constance, but Constance was not easily helped. When school re-opened, she might be able to do something worth while for the girl, but just now the only thing to do was to put her in the way of a pleasant vacation.

'You spoke of boarding,' she said, when Constance paused at the door of her boarding house. 'Have you any particular place in view? No? Well, I know a place where I am sure you would like. I was there two summers ago. It is a country place about a hundred miles from here. Pine Valley is its name. It's restful and homey, and the people are so nice. If you like, I'll give you the address of the family I boarded with.'

'Thank you, said Constance, indifferently. 'I might as well go there as anywhere else.'

'Yes, but listen to me, dear. Don't take your morbidness with you. Open your heart to the summer, and let its sunshine in, and when you come back in the fall, come prepared to let us all be your friends. We'd like to be, and while friendship doesn't take the place of the love of one's own people, still it is a