

*THE DEAR DEPARTED.*

The dear departed linger round  
Our memory as we dream;  
The churchyard turf is hallowed ground,  
Our tears, Love's sacred stream.  
Who hath not felt the parting hour?  
And who hath seen death near  
Some blessed one, dying like a flower,  
And never shed a tear?

The dear departed! Each one lives  
In memory's golden shrine;  
All mute eternal, each one gives  
Some hope in things divine.  
Is there a home, a village cot,  
Without one vacant chair?  
Ah! is there, can there, be a spot,  
That death hath not made dear?

*GOD'S WAY IS BEST.*

This blessed truth I long have known,  
So soothing in its hopeful tone,  
Whate'er our trials, cares and woes,  
Our Father's mercy freely flows,  
That on His bosom we may rest,  
For God is good, "His way is best."

Trouble without and grief within  
Are the sure heritage of sin;  
And e'en affection's voice may die,  
In the last quivering, gasping sigh;  
But what though death our souls distress,  
'T were better thus, "God's way is best."

Misfortune's dark and bitter blight  
May fall upon us like the night;  
Our souls with anguish may be torn  
When we are called o'er friends to mourn,  
But what assurance doubly blest,  
To feel that all "God's ways are best."

Yes, glorious thought, in yonder sky  
Are joys supreme that never die;  
That when our earthly course is run,  
We'll live in regions of the sun,  
And there upon the Saviour's breast,  
We'll sing for aye, "God's way is best."

*CLARICE'S CURLS. A TRUE STORY.*

They were like golden threads spun out of sunbeams, and falling over her neck in a shower of light. But the hair dresser, who lived a few doors off, looked at Clarice's curls with a business eye, and saw that there was money to be made out of them.

"If you ever want them cut off," said he to their little owner, "come to me, and I'll give you a louis for the whole bunch."  
A louis is a gold coin, worth nearly five dollars.

Clarice laughed and shook her head, for she did not need the money, and her curls were like part of herself, too precious to be spared.

In the same city of Lyons lived another little French girl, who had neither curls nor money, a child Clarice had never seen, or even heard of. Her name was Marie Lenoir, and she was the daughter of a poor man who could get very little work on account of the hard times. His wife had been sick all winter, and Marie, though only twelve years old, had the whole care of the house, and of the two younger children.

At last the father also fell ill; and then what was to become of the family? Poor little Marie thought at once that she must try to find some work; she was not old enough or strong enough for anything hard, but light work she could do, if it were only to be had. Yet where to obtain it? And while she was trying they would all starve.

Well, there were houses of charity, she had heard, where food was given to the poor. It would be dreadful to go to one of these houses and ask help; but there was not a crumb of bread or a drop of soup; the boys had finished everything, and now wanted more; for two such hungry little fellows could not live on air. Her father

and mother seemed to care for nothing to eat, which was very lucky, Marie thought; but they both called out to her from their sick bed:

"Yes, Marie, it has really come to this; you must go to a house of charity and tell what a pitiful plight we are in."

She went; but a man there, instead of giving her some food, wrote her name in a book, and told her to come back in a day or two, and if he had learned by that time that she really needed help, she should have it.

O dear, couldn't he believe her now? Why must she wait?

"I wonder if people can starve in two days?" thought she. "I have a feeling at my heart that they can, and I'm not half as hungry as the boys."

So the poor child went into the street again, and for the first time in her life held out her little hand like a beggar, saying faintly:

"Please give me a sou."

Nobody heard her weak voice, or paid the least attention to her, till somebody said, roughly:

"What are you doing here, you naughty thing? Go away, or you shall be reported to the police."

She was frightened then, and ran home, shivering with the cold and crying bitterly.

When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, her brothers sprang toward her, exclaiming "Bread! Bread!"

She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say, "Bread! she dies for want of food."

"I have no bread," sobbed wretched Marie. Then there was a loud wail from the little boys, and a cry of despair from the father.

Marie could not bear it, but ran away again, without waiting to hear any more. A new thought had entered her mind; and half crazed by the distress of those she loved so well, she would not stop to think whether it was right or wrong. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop, which seemed to have nobody in it; and then, calling, up all her courage, she rushed in, lifted a loaf, and fled.

But the shopkeeper had seen her from behind the counter. How should he know she was starving? He shouted, ran after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by.

Marie ran on. It seemed to her as if the whole world were pursuing her, and at last the loaf of bread was snatched out of her hand. After that she did not care what became of her, and so was seized at once. They took her towards the police office. Poor little creature; doesn't it make your heart ache to think of it? Was there no one in all that crowd who would have the least pity on her?

Why yes; there stood by the door a little girl of her own age, with golden hair and blue eyes, like the picture of an angel.

Quick as thought Marie whispered in the little girl's ear:

"Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread."

"Where?"

Marie gave the street and number. Not that she supposed it would be of the least use; but it is a relief when our hearts are breaking to speak to any one who looks at us kindly. She had hardly finished when she was carried in before the terrible man, called the "commissary of police;" but she had left a true friend at the door.

"O what can I do for her? It is dreadful, dreadful, for any one to be so hungry," thought Clarice. "If mamma were only at home, I'm sure she would give me something to carry to those poor people—she is always so kind; but she is gone away, and

before to-morrow they will starve. O, I know what I can do!" Here she stopped suddenly and clapped her hands. "I can sell my curls! It is better to do that than to let people starve."

Off she ran to the hairdresser, quite out of breath.

"Please, sir, you said you'd give me a piece of gold for my curls."

"Your curls? Did your mamma send you?"

"No, sir; but I want to be rid of them this very minute. She won't care — out them right off; please do!"

"O, but you said you loved them dearly. Wait till next summer, when you feel as warm around your neck as a fur collar."

"But I can't wait! Mamma is gone away to-day, and I want some money. O, I want it so! Where are your shears?"

But the hairdresser would not make the least snip till he knew what Clarice wanted of the money. When she had told him, he turned his head away to hide his tears, for he was a good man, and the child's generosity touched him to the heart.

"So that is it," said he, pretending to laugh; "and you would lose your beautiful curls for the sake of a naughty little girl, who is perhaps a regular thief."

"O, she never stole before, I know she never did. Won't you please hurry and cut my hair?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, my dear. I won't stop to cut it to-day; but I'll give you fifteen francs now, and the rest to-morrow, after your mother comes home."

"O, how good you are!" cried Clarice, taking the money and running off as fast as she could for a basket, which she filled with as much food as it would hold.

All this while the Lenoir family had been in an agony of suspense as well as hunger.

"What can have become of Marie? I hope nothing has happened to her;" said the father.

Just then light steps were heard coming up the stairs, and all the four unfortunates uttered a cry of joy. But instead of Marie, it was a stranger, a little girl with beautiful bloom in her cheeks, and long golden hair falling in curls over her shoulders.

"Your daughter can't come back to-day," said she, nodding and setting a basket of food and a five-franc piece on the table, "she can't come back to-day; but don't be uneasy, I'm sure you'll see her to-morrow." Then looking around upon them all with a pleasant smile, she vanished—this dear little fairy—before any one had had time to say "Thank you."

Of course the hairdresser went to the police-office and pleaded for poor little Marie, who was let off with a very light punishment.

But more than that, he told so many people the story of Clarice's curls, that many friends were raised up for Marie's family, and poor Mr. Lenoir and his wife were soon restored to health and comfort.

It is needless to say that Clarice still keeps her beautiful hair.—SOPHIE MAY.

EVERY violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the heart of human society.

THERE are some mortals whose bodies are but as the ornamented sepulchres of their dead hearts.

THE most joyous and gladsome natures are those most keenly alive to impressions of reverence, wonder and awe.

NEXT to the joy of the hope of living for ever with Christ, is that of doing something in this life which shall yield perpetual fruit for Him and His cause after our death.