

HAPPY FELLOW.

During the war in the Soudan, a British officer lay in much suffering and dangerously wounded on a field of battle. Earlier in the day he had received a slight injury, or what he chose to deem such, in his left arm; but he had kept his seat on his horse, and not till towards the close of the decisive engagement, when victory crowned our arms, and the enemy were in full retreat, flying from the field, did the young officer receive his severer wounds, and was carried by his men to a bank a little away from the mass of dead and dying.

It was a ghastly field, for the combat had been fierce and prolonged. In a few hours the streets of London would be echoing with the shouts of newsvendors, "Glorious victory!" and few comparatively would estimate its cost, or let their mind's eye carry them to the scene after the battle. But to many it would mean desolate homes, widowed hearts, orphaned children, and weeping bereaved mothers.

A young surgeon, in answer to the call of one of his own men, came up to examine his injuries, but was waved off with the words, "Leave me for the present; go to those who are suffering more, and needing your services more urgently."

The officer's servant expressed his disappointment at his master not having allowed himself to be attended to, and received the response, "Fetch me a drink of water, Colin, that's what I long for most;" and ere very long the clear sparkling draught was at his lips, but yet untasted, when the eyes of a soldier beside him opened, and a sound between a gasp and a groan issued from the dying lips, whilst the gaze of intense longing of the hungry eyes spoke their thirst. The untasted draught was held to the parched lips and eagerly drained, and the look of gratitude, never to be forgotten, was ample compensation.

Whilst Colin was gone for a fresh supply the officer with his left hand and least disabled arm unhooked the soldier's tunic, and with an effort beyond his real strength managed to raise the dying head, momentarily revived by the draught of water. A hand was groping in his breast, and the officer, following the movement found a pocket Testament; but it was an expiring effort, and too late. Yet one word he heard as he bent over the face, and the dying lips formed the name of Jesus. Then the features relaxed, and pain and suffering disappeared from the countenance, and in their stead was a look of perfect peace and rest.

The young soldier, who had fought his last for his earthly sovereign, had entered into the presence of Him whose name was dearest to his gallant heart and last upon his lips. The officer's servant was once more returning with the fresh supply from the little brook, which he had sought for higher up the stream, for below it was mingling with crimson stains, and he found the dead soldier pillowed on his master's breast. There was no question now, Death had claimed his victim, and two dragoons coming up and kneeling down, were about to remove the body, which pressed on the wounded officer.

"Stay, Colin, sever a lock of his hair first. He may have a mother;" and the nutbrown curl was laid in the Testament, and placed in the officer's pocket by his direction. The scene was enough to touch a harder heart than that on which the young soldier had breathed his last, which was strangely softened by the events of the last week; for in the earlier days of it he had tended many a wounded and dying man as he walked over the field at evening after the morning's engagement.

Ever and anon his thoughts recurred to the dying face of the youth, seemingly about his own age, not one of his own regiment, but an infantry soldier, whose last moments he had striven to soothe, and the look of calm peace, nay, he thought, even more, of joy, as with that name on his lips he breathed out his life. A grand reality it must be, to bring joy in such a scene. A longing to have leaned more at those lips, sealed in death, came over him—"happy fellow!"

And he recalled the words, so familiar from their frequent use in the opening sentences of the Church service, which as a soldier he attended on duty each Sunday, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

Then memory again brought to him,

"Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified;" and they became prayers. Jesus was the happy resting-place of the young soldier; but how could that hiding-place be reached? And there and then, as taught by the Holy Spirit, the young officer surrendered himself to the Captain of his salvation, and in after life he proved himself a true soldier of the cross by a faithful and devoted life of obedience and truth.—*Friendly Greeting.*

VIOLET'S OLD SHOES.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"O mamma!" exclaimed Violet, as she ran into her mother's room just before breakfast one beautiful Sunday morning in the beginning of winter, "my new shoes which came home after I was abed and asleep last night are ever so much too small and I cannot possibly wear them! Why, they are just a nice fit for Laura!"

Laura was her sister, two years younger, and much smaller.

"Then we shall have to give them to her, —she will soon need them,—and order a new pair for you. I fear that I must have told the shoemaker to send her size, instead of yours," replied Mrs. Ramsey.



"But that will not help me any now. Just look at these old ones; they are not only patched, but really broken in one or two more places. I can't possibly wear them to church or Sunday-school. Just fancy such shoes peeping out from under my pretty new garnet dress!" exclaimed Violet, tearfully.

"Then wear your serge school dress."

"Oh, horror! What should I look like!"

"Does God look at one's clothing?"

"No, ma'am; of course not; but one don't want to go to Sunday-school actually shabby. It will not do any harm if I stay home just this once,—will it?"

"I thought you were going to call and take those neglected Parker girls to Sunday-school to-day," was Mrs. Ramsey's apparently non-committal answer.

"I was going to; but as Rosa is eleven years old, and has never been yet, I think she can wait one more Sunday. Need I go, mamma?"

"You may do exactly as you choose, Violet; I will leave it to your own will and your own conscience."

That would have been a perfectly satisfactory answer, Violet thought, if her mamma had only left off that one last word—conscience.

She tried to persuade herself that conscience could have nothing to do with shabby clothes; but somehow there was a verse or two of the New Testament which had come into her mind: "Do ye look on things after the outward appearance?" "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"Oh dear!" sighed Violet, after a few moments' meditation, "If I really had the 'meek and quiet spirit' which my Father prizes, I suppose I shouldn't care if the girls did stare at my shoes!"

The result was that, at Sunday-school time, Violet, in her school frock and shabby (though well blacked) shoes, rang at Mrs. Parker's door-bell.

Rosa and Hatty Parker were the daughters of irreligious parents, who seemed to think that their poverty and distress was good excuse for scorning God, instead of a reason of fleeing to him for assistance and comfort. Rosa was in the same class at school that Violet belonged to, and, as they were both among the best pupils there, they had struck up quite a friendship.

sent my children to church or Sunday-school. I always went when I was Rosa's age. But we are so poor that I can't make them look as nice as other children do. Still, if they're willing to go shabby,—and if you can go in your old shoes, I'm sure they ought to,—and if you don't mind taking them, it is all right. If you had come here to-day, as Rosa said you were going to, in your silk dress and plush jacket to match, I should not have insisted on their going. Poor people are proud, and don't like to put their rags alongside of other people's finery."

When Violet got home that evening, she said:

"Mamma, if you are willing, I think I shall never wear fine clothes to Sunday-school again. Rosa and Hatty were so interested to-day! but, just think, if I had been 'dressed up' they would not have gone with me. Was that silly of them?"

"I don't like to judge others too harshly, Violet. The Golden Rule will make us tender even of our weaker sisters' silly or ignorant prejudices; for as Christ came to heal the sick, not the well, so must we try to teach the ignorant, not the instructed, by our words and deeds."—*S. S. Times.*

THE BLIND BOY'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A lady from New York who is a missionary in Palestine, tells of a curious Sunday-school in Caesarea. "During the busiest season of the year, I heard it mentioned that a youth who had occasionally attended our school had gathered a few little children about him, and was teaching them to pray." After visiting this little school, she says: "An American who knew nothing of the customs of the country would expect to find a place furnished, at least, with seats and a desk, and neatly dressed children. Instead, my little guide led me into the corner of a stable. The door was low, the light dim, the air oppressive with the heat of animals. Its floor was the ground, its sides mud, its roof of earth, low, and supported by rough logs. As I entered, about twenty boys and girls, of ages from fifteen to twenty, rose to receive me. Almost all of them, the leader included, were barefoot, and some were naked to the knees. These children had done what they could to make the place ready for the service, and had found a clean cushion and pillow for me to sit on. For their leader they had arranged three or four mud bricks together with a table made from a box, according to their boyish skill. On this rested a nine-cent Armenian Testament and hymn-book, and a little bell, such as they hang round the necks of sheep. The leader was a boy named Luther, about twelve years of age, and utterly blind. The services consisted of the reading of a few verses of the third chapter of Matthew by one of the children, with questions by the leader, and explanations. Thus for about fifteen minutes his appropriate and useful questions on the verses read, and the usually correct answers, were well worthy of attention and imitation. 'I want to be an angel' was then sung by the children; and when the leader asked a very little girl to pray, she complied at once, repeating the Lord's Prayer in a childish voice, and apparently not at all awed by the spectators who had by this time gathered around. The children were all reverent and attentive. At the final touch of the bell they rose, and, making polite bows to their leader and the visitor, walked in a body quietly from the room. These children have already commenced to make missionary collections, chiefly consisting of eggs and beads of wheat. Coin is very scarce among them. One day I was going along where the carts that bring the unthreshed wheat from the fields were passing and repassing. I saw the little girl who came to bring me to the meeting busy gathering heads of wheat. On being asked why she did this, she explained that she was endeavoring to pay the debt of a very little boy whose big brother failed to bring his share of wheat."

IF A FATHER should bid a child do such and such a thing, would he answer him, "I hope to do so after awhile?" What would the father say to him if he did? What could he do but punish him for impudent disobedience? And you who put off the Lord Jesus till a more convenient season, what are you doing? Is not your procrastination flat rebellion? I cannot make anything else out of it. Do you think that God will?—*C. H. Spurgeon.*