

A Memory of the Nile.

BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

PARK-EYED daughter of the Nile,
Still in dreams I see thee stand
With the river at thy feet
And the green of growing wheat
Lying softly o'er the land.

Here beside my Northern fire,
Pictured clear before my eyes,
I can see the changing shores
And the storied stream once more,
Arched by cloudless Eastern skies.

Gliding, gliding ever on,
Tomb and tower and tower pass by,
Golden glow on distant roofs,
Weary call from far shadows
Mingled with the boatman's cry.

And thou, vision young and fair,
Standing where the rippling waves
Sing their ceaseless lullaby
To the hallowed shores where lie
The dead centuries in their graves.

Gazing down this stream of time,
Fain thy future to forecast,
What to thee the gathered glooms
Round the old world's rock-hewn tombs,
Buried dead of long-dead past.

Lovely vision, this I read
In thy calm, expectant smile,
In the sweet hope of thine eyes,
Luminous as midnight skies
Bent above this river Nile:

Hope immortal still shall rise,
Godless-like, on Time's worn strand,
Full of promise fresh and sweet,
Even as living grains of wheat
Dropped from mummy's withered hand.

Future gain from former loss,
Good from seeming ill shall spring;
Crumbled kingdoms of to-day
Shall to-morrow pave the way
For the coming of the King.

A Bit of Manners.

It was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsome as the phrase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes, that looked friendly into yours; and a mouth that smiled cordially, if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand, which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad, as was he. She had a thoughtful face—perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead, and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air, as if he were her only champion and defender. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station, and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up, he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit, his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face, and he was gone.

Is it not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

Sadie Arnold's Power.

"I WONDER if that girl has any idea of the power she might be if she only would," said Miss Laurence to herself, as she stood looking out of the window, watching her niece, Sadie Arnold, and Tom Evans, who stood talking by the gate.

There was a certain reckless, don't-care look in Tom's boyish face that pained Miss Laurence; and there was a flippant, self-satisfied air about him that was anything but manly—so she thought. But, to all appearances, Sadie did not disapprove of him, nor share her disparaging thoughts. Presently they separated, and Sadie came into the parlour.

"I don't like Tom Evans' looks, Sadie," said her aunt, abruptly. "I don't believe he is doing very well—is he?"

"I really don't know; but I am afraid not, auntie."

"Mrs. Ames told me the other day that he was with the Rogers boys and the Deanes most of the time, and your father says that they are low, worthless fellows. His being with them speaks badly for him."

"I know, auntie; but they say that all young fellows must 'sow their wild oats.' He may come out all right yet."

"My child, that is one of the most false and dangerous of sayings. No man or woman ought to sow anything but good seed in their life; for 'whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap.' Oh, it is a pitiful, pitiful sight, to see how recklessly and thoughtlessly you young folks sow seeds that will surely yield the bitter harvest of unavailing regret and remorse. Don't you see or think what you are doing, or don't you care?"

"Aunt Sarah! What do you mean?" asked Sadie, her face flushing with surprise and indignation. "I am sure I cannot see how I am to blame in the least for Tom Evans' doings."

"There is another old saying, beside the one you have quoted, which I would like you to remember, Sadie: 'Power, to its least particle, is duty.' You girls, with your pretty faces and bright ways, have a world of power in your hands, and you know it; but, how are you using it? Do you make your gentlemen friends feel that they must be good, pure, and true, if they would win your favour and smiles? Or, do they feel that all you care about is a good time, and will not question if their lips and hearts are pure or otherwise? I tell you, Sadie, God will call you to account for the use of the power entrusted to you. You are accountable to him for your use of it; and, more than all that, if you do not use it to its utmost limit. 'Power, to its least particle, is duty.'"

Sadie's merry face grew sad and earnest. It startled her, this way of looking at it. Was she accountable in the least for Tom's doings? He was not doing well; she felt, if she

did not actually know it. She remembered several things that had happened of late. She had not approved of them; but she had laughed and talked with him just the same. There were other boys too. Will Norcross in particular. Could it be that she was in any way responsible?

"Have your good times, child; but remember always that you hold great power in your hands. Strive in every way to be true and earnest yourself, and make them feel that they must be so also if they would win your favour."

"God help me," prayed Sadie, earnestly and humbly.

They were busy getting up charades for the sociable, and met the next morning in the church parlours, to prepare for them. Tom and Sadie, with one or two others, were fixing the curtains. Tom was over in the corner by himself—as he supposed—when accidentally his hammer came down with full force on his thumb, and, without thinking, he uttered an oath half audibly. When he moved the curtain a second later he saw Sadie standing there with flushing face, and eyes brimming with tears. Tom's face coloured with vexation.

"I beg your pardon, Sadie. I did not know that you were there."

"But it was wrong all the same, Tom, even if I was not here." God heard it, and that is worst of all.

The others came up just then, and there was not a chance for Tom to say anything more.

When they broke up to go home, he presented himself as usual at Sadie's side, but, to his surprise, she drew back.

"Not to night, Tom, after that," she said sadly.

"Well," said Tom to himself, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully home alone, if she was so shocked at just that, what would she say if she knew all. I declare I never felt so mean in my life—she looked so shocked and sorry. I supposed that a good time was all that the girls cared about; but if Sadie really does care, I will be worthy of her favour.

Tom was young; his feet had only begun to stray into the by paths of sin and danger. It was not so hard for him to change his course as it would have been later. And whenever he was tempted, the memory of that shocked, grieved look of Sadie's came to him, and held him back, turning him to seek divine help for the battle of life.

"I don't know what there is about Sadie Arnold," said Will Norcross once, "but whenever I am with her I feel ashamed of my real self, and resolve that I will never think or do a mean thing again."

Girls, dear girls, how are you using the power in your hands? Are you seeking to lead your companions up? Are you trying to influence them to be purer and better? Are you holding up a high standard to them? God grant you are!—*Christ'n Intelligencer.*

Time to Win Another.

It was Marengo's day of bloody battle. French and Austrian had met, and the Frenchman was worsted. Bonaparte, the French general, simply headed a rout. Up rushed Desaix. An absent commander, he had been aroused by the growl of the distant cannon, and, urging forward his men, arrived in time to say to Bonaparte, "One battle is lost, but the time to win another!"

What, when the French were hurrying away like sheep? Yes, Desaix believed still in victory. You can see Bonaparte's eye kindling with a magnetic flash. You can imagine him pressing his horse down the French lines, crying, "Soldiers, we have gone far enough. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Again the French standards were advanced, and when their folds drooped at the final halt, victorious troops were gathered about them. Marengo had been won.

One battle lost. How many lost battle-fields there are in this world.

Some enemy may often be getting the better of us. The first of another year in school, at home, or in business, you may be thinking of your losses in the past. You may be disheartened because you have not been a better scholar or a more successful clerk, and in the moral life some sore defeat may make you specially sad. There is time though to win another battle. At school, begin the new years with a harder grip on a purpose to succeed. If a clerk, in business, or if trying to overcome the difficulties of a trade, start out anew to be diligent, resolute, patient. And if in the moral life the standards have fluttered back in defeat, lift them again. God will send, through prayer, fresh reinforcements of grace. Up and forward. Advance the banners of the cross, and God will crown each day's effort with the peace of victory.

Polish Your Understandings.

I ONCE heard a successful business man, the head of a large concern, declare that he never engaged a man or boy who presented himself with unclean boots. "Shabby clothing may be a misfortune," he added; "but muddy boots are a fault."

The same notion is held, I have been told, by the principal of a celebrated private school, who is accustomed to remind his scholars that he who fails to black his boots in the morning, can scarcely preserve his self-respect unimpaired.

An eccentric friend of mine used to maintain, that every bootblack on the streets is, so far forth, a guarantee of order and stability in government. "History will bear me out in the assertion," he would go on to say, "that no man who polished his boots in the morning, ever excited a mob to insurrection, or endeavoured to throw down the powers that be."