

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

This is the white winter day of his burial,
Time has set here of his toiling the span
Earthward, naught else. Cheer him out through
the portal,
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in man!

Out in the broad open sun to his funeral,
Under the blue, for the city to see.
Over the grieving crowd mourn for him, bugle!
Churches be narrow to hold such as he.

Here on the steps of the temple he builded
Rest him a space, while the great city square
Throgs with his people, his thousands, his
mourners;
Tears for his peace, and a multitude's prayer.

How comes it, think you, the town's traffic pauses
Thus at high noon? Can we wealth-mongers
grieve?

Here in the sad surprise greatest America
Shows for a moment her heart on her sleeve.

She who is said to give life-blood for silver,
Proves, without show, she sets higher than
gold

Just the straight manhood, clean, gentle, and
fearless,
Made in God's likeness once more as of old.

Once more the crude makeshift law over
proven,—

Soul pent from sin will seek God in despite;
Once more the gladder way wins revelation,—
Soul bent on God forgets evil outright.

Once more the scraph voice sounding to beauty,
Once more the trumpet tongue bidding, No
fear!

Once more the new purer plan's vindication,—
Man be God's forecast, and heaven is here.

Bear him to burial, Harvard, thy hero!
Not on thy shoulders alone is he borne;
They of the burden go forth on the morrow,
Heavy and slow, through a world left forlorn.

No grief for him, for ourselves the lamenting;
What giant arm to stay courage up now?
March we a thousand file up to the city,
Fellow with fellow linked; he taught us how!

Never dismayed at the dark or the distance!
Never deployed for the steep or the storm!
Hear him say, "Hold fast, the night wears to
morning!"
This God of promise is God to perform."

Up with thee, heart of fear, high as the heaven!
Thou hast known one wore this life without
stain.

What if for thee and me,—street, yard, or Com-
mon.—
Such a white captain appear not again!

Fight on alone! Let the faltering spirit
Within thee recall how he carried a host,
Rearward and van, as Wind shoulders a dust
heap.

One Way till strife be done, strive each his
most.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,
Thou doubting world; and with not an eye dim,
Say, when they ask if thou knowest a Saviour,
"Brooks was His brother, and we have known
him."

—N. K. Independent.

MISS BROWN'S LITTLE GIRLS.

BY ANNIE E. WILSON.

Only a plain little woman such as one
meets any day on the streets of our crowded
cities, with scarcely a passing glance, and
yet if you had paused to speak to Miss
Brown she would have looked up with clear,
bright eyes and a smile that was sweet and
winning, though it vanished into lines of
patience, and left behind an impression
of hopeless submission to inevitable drudgery.

"Life does seem hardly worth living,"
she was saying to herself that summer day,
"when its sole aim is to keep soul and body
together. Food to eat and clothes to wear,
and for that I must toil and strive and plan.
What was I born for, I wonder, and why
need I live any longer!"

"Miss Brown, mamma wants to see you,"
chirped a sweet child voice, its owner run-
ning down to the gate to stop her. "She
says, won't you come in a moment?"

It was one of the houses where Miss
Brown sewed for a living, spring and fall.
So she went in as requested and made an
engagement for the next day. This relieved
her anxiety for the bread and meat of
several weeks to come, though it meant hard
work and tired evenings, with sometimes
aching back and head.

Once Miss Brown had had a home with
father, mother and sisters. Even when they
were all gone, she was still mistress of the
little farm, and though alone, had managed
very well with the old trusted servants,
born and raised on the place, but somehow,
being only a woman, it had all slipped
through her fingers into the hands of the
lawyers and a distant relative. Then she
had come to the city to try to make a liv-
ing, and the hard struggle of mere exist-
ence had left small leisure for anything
besides. Her religion went with all the
rest. Not once had she entered a city
church. If her conscience had aught to say
about it, she answered its upbraidings with
the well-worn excuse of "nothing to wear,"
and easily persuaded herself that this and
her dread of going into a strange church
fully justified her.

"I wish you would go with me just this
once," said Mrs. Sedden, when Wednesday
night came.

The same invitation had often been given
before, for Mrs. Sedden was not too proud
and selfish to show sympathy and Christian
interest in those in her employ. She was
so unusually urgent this time that Miss
Brown could not very well refuse; so she
went.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Mrs.
Sedden was filled with uneasy regret when
she found a stranger in the pulpit, still
more when it proved to be a missionary
talk.

She had so hoped for a simple, earnest
appeal to lead this poor soul to Christ. She
did not know it was God's own message for
the lonely, loveless heart.

"Why go! why send your money to
heathen lands! do you ask? Ah, I carry
in my pocket a little piece of paper which
answers the question so well that whenever
I look at it I wish I were a thousand men,
every one ready to go."

He held up in sight of all a diagram giv-
ing the proportion of heathen and nominal
Christians in the world.

"So many millions in the blackness of
paganism, and only one tiny white spot—
one million as yet rescued from its gloom."

His face was full of the earnestness of
absolute sincerity and thorough consecra-
tion. Some who listened may have found
nothing extraordinary in him or in what
he said, but Miss Brown, who had gone
without any expectation of being inter-
ested, was not only lifted out of her in-
difference, but carried along by his enthu-
siasm, and a little seed was dropped into
her heart. At first it was only a question:
"Is there anything I can do to help in-
crease that little white square of human
souls?" The seedling was near being
blown away immediately by a counter ques-
tion of doubt and unbelief: "Why think
of it when I can scarcely manage to keep
soul and body together?"

Nevertheless it had sunk too deep al-
ready to be lightly disposed of, and all the
way home it was stirring within her like
some living thing taking root. As she
moved about her empty, silent room queer
little Chinese, Hindu and African faces
peered at her from the blank walls plead-
ing to be loved and helped.

Forgetful of the day's work and weariness
Miss Brown sat out a long thoughtful
hour before her meagre fire. An unwanted
brightness shone out through her face at
last and diffused itself through every move-
ment as she roused herself to prepare for
bed, murmuring: "It will be something
to live for anyhow," and then for the first
time for a long while she was not too tired
to say her prayers, just one simple petition
sent up with childlike faith.

Father, I am no better than a heathen myself,
but help me to do something for those who are
worse off than I, who know not of the Saviour
whom I have forgotten.

Mrs. Sedden was surprised, a few days
after, when Miss Brown picked up a mis-
sionary magazine and asked if she might
carry it home to read, but the quiet face
gave no encouragement to questioning, so
the little woman carried her secret away
with her and talked it all out to herself, as
she ran rapidly through the magazine with
eyes that sought some particular item.

"Twenty-four dollars to support a little
Chinese girl at school," she exclaimed in
exultant tones, "about fifty cents a week,
surely I could save that much."

Then pencil and paper went to work to

count up the absolute necessities and see
where the fifty cents could come from.

The result was evidently satisfactory, for
the next move was to take from the bottom
of her trunk a pretty little plush box, one
of her few relics of former days. "This
shall be my bank," she said, trying the key
in the lock.

A year passes, and Miss Brown is hurrying
home one Saturday night with a spring
in her step and a light in her eye you have
never seen before.

She carries in her pocket the last instal-
ment of her twenty-four dollars. The let-
ter is written, has been for weeks, all but
the date, and directed to the Secretary of
Foreign Missions, asking permission to
assume the support of a little girl in a China
mission school, and Monday morning on
her way to work she will get the money
order and send it off.

To think of her being able to do it! Nor
has she missed the half-dollars so very
much.

"Then the people rejoiced, for that they
offered willingly." Miss Brown's Bible
readings had not been very regular or sys-
tematic, for she was too hurried in the
morning and too tired and sleepy at night.
She had no idea from what part of the Bible
the words came but she knew she was one
of the people it meant, and when she sat
down to supper it almost seemed as if there
were a little olive-skinned girl opposite her,
somebody to love, and that really belonged
to her.

Time creeps on, adding month to month,
year to year. Miss Brown still goes her
round, making the pretty clothes for other
people, whose money buys her bread and
meat and simple wardrobe. But the part
she earns does something besides, that
sweetens all the toil and takes the bitter-
ness out of her hard life. Instead of the
all-aloneness that once marked her so
pathetically, there is always a brisk, cheery
way about her, and a quiet happy smile on
her face as if something pleasant awaited
her at home.

Let us follow her this Christmas eve as
she winds her way homeward, her smile
deepening at every step. It is not because
Mrs. Sedden has invited her to take Christ-
mas dinner with them, though she fully
appreciates her kindness, nor has she any
suspicion of a daintily laden basket await-
ing her in that little third story room.
Under her arm she carries an odd-looking
bundle which may have something to do
with it.

"When bonnet and wrappings are put
away, a small fire kindled in the stove and
the coffee made, she sits down with the
bundle in her hand and three or four pic-
tures rescued from the children's clippings
at Mrs. Sedden's. She looked at them one
by one with real fondness, and then pro-
ceeded to open her bundle. It contained
a bunch of oat straw and a skein of bright
worsted.

"I actually did go and buy myself a
Christmas gift, but it was not very extrava-
gant, was it?" she said as if speaking to
the picture of a Chinese girl, which she
singled from the rest as her oldest pet, and
carefully smoothing out the dogs-eared
corners and rubbing regretfully at the
finger-printed edges, she proceeded to frame
it with the oat straw, leaving the heads for
ornament and tying at the corners with the
zephyr, talking all the while to "dear
little Ahlan" as if this common print from
a tea advertisement had been her real
photograph.

Next came a small, dark-faced daughter
of India, looking at her with large, languid
eyes. "My little Hindu," Miss Brown
murmured, as she decorated her in similar
manner, "how I would like to kiss those
very lips."

Last, but not least, was a little Mexican
girl. It is true these pictures were but
scraps picked from trash gatherings, but
to Miss Brown they represented three real
little girls, to whom her earnings secured
the privileges of a mission school, and so
when she had hung them up on the wall in
a pretty group, it was not only that the
gay flecks of brightness standing out from
the dingy surface gave the weary eyes
something to rest upon, but each individual
face was as a living presence to the heart-
hungry woman, and her one-plate supper

became a feast of love with her precious
little girls.

She was never too sleepy or tired to pray
now, and the burden of her desires was
their salvation, her sweetest hope to meet
them all in heaven at last, and present
them with joy to her Lord and Master,
saying: "Behold, I and the children which
God hath given me."

RICH IN HER POVERTY.

As I was crossing the ferry from New
York to Hoboken, one day in the early
spring, I recognized an old acquaintance in
the person of a German woman who was
carrying a large market basket.

Her face told the life full of hardship
and privation which had been her lot, and
and yet there was an expression of peace
and joy which spoke of some hidden spring
within. I had known her in the darkest
hour of her trial, when her husband, who
was a mason by trade, had been brought
home a cripple; when her children were
crying for food, and she had not known
where to turn for "daily bread." Yet her
faith had never wavered, and had carried
her triumphantly through all her trials.

I had lost sight of her for some time, and
was glad to meet her again. After asking
for her welfare, and hearing that she was
now comfortable in the home of one of her
sons, I said "Well, Mrs. B—, you have
an advantage over me in one thing. You
have known what it is to be very poor,
and can feel for those who suffer from
want, more, perhaps, than I can, who have
always had a dollar in my pocket."

Her reply was: "But I have never been
so very poor. I have always had food and
clothing."

"Yes," I said, "but you have known
what it was to be cold and hungry, I re-
member when you were picking up coals
on the railway, and did not know where
to find the next morsel to put into your
children's mouths."

She sat silent for a while, and then,
looking up, she said: "I think, sir, that
perhaps you feel more sorry for the suffer-
ings of the poor than I do. You, who
have never had to suffer in that way, think
that want and misery are too dreadful, and
cannot be borne. I, who have been
through it all, know that they can. There
are troubles worse than that, and our
heavenly Father is caring for us just as
much when we are hungry as when he
gives us plenty."

She had prayed for "daily bread" for
spiritual strength as well as for bodily
need, and her prayer had been answered.

I looked at her in speechless wonder.
Toiling early and late, amid sickness and
sorrow, for the bare necessities of life, as I
knew she had done, suffering agonies of
body and mind as few of us could imagine
it possible that we could suffer and live,
her faith had risen above it all.

To her, human misery seemed as nothing
when compared to the higher spiritual life
which she had attained. She had found the
"true bread which cometh down from
heaven and giveth life unto the world."

A STORY OF OLD TIMES.

A young Englishwoman was sent to
France to be educated in a Huguenot school
in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal
massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, she
and some of her young companions were
taking a walk in a quiet part of the town
where there were sentinels placed. One
of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed
him, besought them to have the charity to
bring him a little water, adding that he was
very ill, and that it would be as much as
his life was worth to leave his post and go
to fetch it himself.

The ladies walked on much offended at
the man for presuming to speak to them at
all, but the young Englishwoman, whose
compassion was moved, leaving her party,
procured some water and brought it to the
soldier. He begged her to tell him her
name and place of abode, and this she did.

Some of her companions blamed and
others ridiculed her attention to a common
soldier, but they soon had reason to la-
ment that they had not been equally com-
passionate, for the soldier contrived on the
night of the massacre to save the English-
woman while the others in the house were
killed.—Alliance News.