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"Hush, dear Lil, mother'll hear you if you speak so loud, and it hurts poor mother when you say that," said Jem, nervously.

"Yes, I know it does," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "but it's true, isn't it, Jem? Where did I come from? Do tell me, I won't speak aloud."

"I can't tell rightly where you came from; I was a very little chap. We were somewhere up in Scotland. Daddy brought you home one night, and you had on a long, a very long white gown, and you were streaming wet," he said.

"Rover had pulled you out of the water. I think that's why dear old Rover loves you best," said Jem; and, hearing his name, the old dog lying at his feet wagged his stump of a tail sympathetically.

"He's very old now," added Jem, "why, he's older than you, Missie."

"Go on, Jem, dear; do tell me what you remember," pleaded Dorothy; "how could a little baby get into the water?"

"I don't know; I never heard Daddy say anything. I don't know what he told mother. My own little sister was dead. Rose, we used to call her. I think they had taken her away to bury her that very day, and when you was dressed in Rose's clothes you looked just like her, only you was whiter, and poor mother called you her Lily, and I loved you soon more than ever I did Rose, and mother, she loved you, too, and so did Daddy; he was very good to you, and used to play with you and teach you to walk. Can you mind him?"

"No, I can't remember him at all," replied Dorothy. And then came the bewildering and tormenting thought: "But that was the other little girl."

"No, I don't suppose you could remember Daddy," continued Jem, "you were such a little one when he died; and, besides, you can't remember before that time when you was so ill; why, it was just close about here, Lil, that we were stopping when you were taken so bad; at least 'twas here we left you, and Joe said you seemed queer the very first day."

"Was it?" she exclaimed excitedly. "I was sure I had seen this place before; are you sure, Jem, it was just exactly here?"

As she spoke Dorothy ran her fingers through the thick hair which lay on her forehead, and pushed it back.

"That ugly mark has quite gone," said Jem, stroking the sunburnt brow, which was now bare, with his very thin brown fingers, "and when it was done mother was in such a way about it she said you would carry it to your dying day."

"What mark?" she asked curiously; "oh, I know, mother has often looked for it; somewhere on my head, wasn't it. I don't know what it was; how did I do it?"

"Why, 'twasn't more than a year before you was ill, 'bout that I should think; I'd put you up on old Turk, and Dick came up behind in his sly way while I was picking some flowers for you, and whacked him behind, and he started on with a jump, and you was thrown on a heap of stones, and cut your head. I was so frightened, I thought you was killed, and—"

Here a bad fit of coughing stopped Jem's recital, and his mother called from the van that he had better come in or he would cough all night.

"Lil, darling, don't you love us, mother an' me, just the same as if you was our own little girl?" whispered Jem; her head was again on his shoulder, his arm round her; such a thin, weak arm, it was now.

"Yes, Jem, I do; I know I do," she replied eagerly, "I love you thousands, and thousands; I couldn't love you more, and mother too, but I don't want always to live like this; I want to live in a house, a big house with stairs in it, and carpets and pictures, and lots of books, and I want big fires in cold weather that don't go out, and then you won't be cold, and your cough will be better, and I want us never to be hungry, and I don't want to sing any more in those horrid dirty streets."

"P'r'aps you won't have to this winter," said Jem hopefully; "mother doesn't like it; p'r'aps she'll be able to put by a bit of money this summer, now poor old Danny is gone."

"I hate living alongside Joe and Ellen, and the boys. I don't want to see them any more," she continued.

"And Jenny! What would poor Jenny do with out you?" said Jem, rather reproachfully.

"Oh! I'd like Jenny to come along with us. Wouldn't you like to live in a beautiful house, Jem, quite full of beautiful things, and never be hungry and cold any more?"

"I think, sometimes, it must be like that up in heaven, Lil, up there away above the stars," said the lame boy softly, and as he spoke his dark eyes were fixed wistfully on the star-spangled sky above him.

"P'r'aps it is, Jem, but people can't go there unless they die," said Lil, rather impatiently.

"Lil, Lil! come in, and don't keep Jem talking there, the dew is falling, and he's tired enough. I'll be bound," said Nance's voice from the doorway.

Jem coughed half the night, but Dorothy heard nothing, though her sleep was troubled by many confused dreams.

*To be Continued.*

#### "Sendin' Him out in the World."

"William," the brown-haired matron said, As she stood in the kitchen door,  
"There's a vacant chair by the table to-night,  
That's never been vacant before."

She wiped a tear from her hazel eye,  
And turned to walk away—  
"Katie," he said "the baby, you know,  
Must be a man some day."

That morning the boy of their happy years  
Had gone from the farm-house door,  
To try his hand in the world's broad field,  
And double his talents o'er.

For years he has lived and loved them,  
And lifted each load by the way—  
But brothers were there, and "the baby, you know,  
Must be a man some day."

So they tied his clothes with a tender care  
And brushed back the hair that curled—  
The mother wept as she whispered low—  
"Sendin' him out in the world."

'Tis a solemn thought for a mother to think,  
As she watches the baby grow—  
Some day these hands shall till and toil,  
When life's dull hopes are low.

Some day these dimpled, dainty cheeks  
Shall brown in the burning sun.  
As far away from a mother's care  
His duties must be done.

Some day, when manhood's high estate  
Comes on with flags unfurled,  
The mother will sigh as she sweetly thinks—  
"Sendin' him out in the world."

#### Things Above

William Wilberforce tells us in his journal that in a day when there were many instances of calls being given to the House of Lords to persons who, under the plea of patriotism, had frequently followed self-interest, he judged it better, in the cause of religion, to exhibit an example of political purity and remain simply the member for Yorkshire. "I am not afraid," he says, "declaring that I shall go out of the world plain William Wilberforce. I became more and more impressed with the truth of good old Baxter's declaration that the great and rich of this world are much to be pitied, and I am continually thankful for not having been led to obtain a station which would have placed my children in circumstances of greatly increased danger.

Beautifully, too, did Adam Clarke show the humble spirit which his Master gave him when he was raised to the highest eminence which the denomination to which he belonged could give. We find him thus writing: "I am returned to London, and am now at the highest pitch of honour Methodism can confer upon me, as President of the Conference and Superintendent of the London District at the same time. . . . The Lord knows I never sought it. Well, I would rather have one smile from my Maker than all the world could confer besides."

When Henry Martin went in for and obtained the highest distinction of senior wrangler at Cambridge, his mind was kept, he tells us, in a state of calm-

ness by the recollections of a sermon he had heard from the text: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord."

James Brainerd Taylor was announced as being number one in the class of students at college. The emptiness of honours struck him as it had done Henry Martin. "What are honours?" he said, "What is fame? These are not my God."

In such a spirit the soul, while using honours to God's glory, is freed from the vexation of spirit that chafes some men in high life because a few inches of ribbon have been bestowed upon a favoured rival. How touching, we may add, to see the vain pursuit of human ambition laud its emptiness when gratified.

Madame Maintenon, when elevated to the throne of France as wife of Louis XVI., wrote to her friend, Madame de la Mainford: "Do you not see that I am dying with melancholy in a height of fortune which my imagination could scarcely have conceived?"

When sick, too, of high society, the wife of Thomas Carlyle wrote to her gifted husband: "Ah, if we had been left in a sphere of life we belonged to, how much better it would have been for both of us."

#### An Evening Prayer.

Forgive us, Lord, if we this day,  
Beneath the burden and the heat,  
Have walked as men who did not pray,  
And held with Thee no converse sweet.

We had not felt so great a strain  
If in our sense of greater need  
We, knowing it were not in vain,  
Had bidden our want before Thee plead

Forgive us if Thy constant care,  
Fresh as the day's recurring light,  
Have dulled our gratitude, aware  
That Thou art good in our despite.

Forgive us, as this broken day  
We leave, dear Lord, at Thy dear feet.  
And, pardoned, let us gladly lay  
Our fears at Thine own Mercy-seat.

#### A Picture Gallery.

Archdeacon Farrar, in one of his sermons says: Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshy will only seem revolting.

"Hang this upon the wall of your room," said a wise picture dealer to an Oxford under-graduate, as he handed to him the engraving of a Madonna of Raphael, "and then all the pictures of jockeys and ballet girls will disappear."

Try the same experiment with your souls. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspiration of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset and ocean.

O, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness which deprave corrupted souls!

#### An Eye for Motes.

We ought not to expend all our keen-sightedness in discovering our neighbour's little faults. By some strange perverseness in human nature we have far keener eyes for flaws and blemishes in others than for the lovely things that are in them. Not many of us go about talking to every one we meet about our neighbour's good points and praising lovely things in him. Not a few of us, however, can tell of an indefinite number of faults in many of our neighbours. Would it not be well to change this, and begin gossiping about the good and beautiful things in others?

—The unconscious influence of a good man is greater than his conscious work. He may not know that his face shines, but others see it.

—You will find the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve your