## "HAVE YOU ANY STARS IN YOUR CROWN?"

EDITH GILLING CHERRY (aged 16).

"Are you going to the ball to-night, Sissy?
You've stars all over your gown,
And diamonds on your arms and neck;
Have you any stars in your crown?"

"My darling, I don't understand you;
I have no crown, dear May."
"Oh, but, Sissy, if you love Jesus,
*He'll* give you a crown some day.

"You know how I came to Jesus
Not very long ago?
Well, ever since then I've been trying
To get others to come you know.

"And there's one little girl called Nellie,
Whom at school I often see;
So I told her all about Jesus,
And what He has done for me.

"And I told her that at my Saviour's feet
She might lay her sins all down;
That He would forgive her—and so He has;
So Nellie's one star in my crown.

"But I've only one star yet, Sissy,
To wear in my crown in heaven—
I can't get many stars yet, Sissy,
You see, I'm only eleven.

"But you are grown up and pretty;
And you know so many folks, too;
Won't there be lots of stars, Sissy,
In the crown Jesus gives to you?"

* * * * * *

That night in the crowded ball room,
'Mid the glitter and glare around,
Have you any stars in your crown, Sissy?"
Rang out with a warning sound.

Rang louder than merriest music,
Amid the giddiest whirl,
Rang higher than happiest voices,
In the ear of a startled girl.

"Have you any stars in your crown, Sissy?"
"But I have no crown to wear!
If I went to-night to the unseen world,
No crown awaiteth me there."

In the light of a conscience awakened,
She looked back on the days and hours,
On the opportunities thrown away,
On the misused talents and powers.

And she fled from the crowded ball-room,
With it's wildering music and glare,
To the side a little sleeping child,
And lowly she bowed her there.

And all the sins of a lifetime
She laid at the Saviour's feet;
And received to her weary spirit
His pardon gracious and sweet.

Then took she the hand of the sleeper,
Its fair little face looked down,
Softly whispering, "May, my darling,
I am one more star in your crown."

—*The Christian* (London.)

## Selected Serial.

# ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

HOME MADE OVER.

It was decided, under the circumstances, that a soft brown cashmere would be the best thing, and must be looked for accordingly. But when Mirabel brought out the remains of a velvet dress of her own of the required shade, Mercy was not harsh enough to refuse to use it for trimmings.

"I don't want you to be any more ashamed of me than I can help," she said; "but, of course, I can not afford anything as nice as that."

Mirabel developed a surprising talent for millinery, and it is doubtful if any piece of work she had ever done was quite so satisfactory as the pretty hat fashioned from the same velvet piece, and costing "just a mere nothing at all."

She even took more than one furtive look at it in church that winter, and every time her wonder and pleasure were the same.

At the end of a week Mercy Task's name was enrolled among the students at Madame Blank's and found to belong to a quiet appearing, simply dressed girl —"a friend of the Vanes," it was said.

She seemed to be looking at things at first; but it was not many days before the teachers began to watch for the attentive eyes, and to wait for the questions that went to the "heart of things."

Her habits of study had been desultory, and she had more general information than trained knowledge. But the "mind was there," as one professor said of her, "and mind counts." She "made her place" soon, as Mirabel had said she would, and, better still, made friends also. The simple unselfishness and earnestness of her character did that.

In the Vane homestead Mercy filled a large place for so small a person. Mr. Vane had been interested in her from the first; the boys were never tired of talking about the trout-brooks and spruce-gum trees, and caves that possibly might have a bear in them; the housekeeper liked to chat for a little talk about country ways and persons.

"It rested" her, she said. "Not that it's anything like what it used to be here," she would hasten to add. "Mrs. Vane, that's down South now, never took no rest nor give any to anybody. She was pleasant enough, but my! she didn't know any more about folks' bones and feelings than a bee! Everything was just as the fashion did, and it's my opinion those are the worst slaves after all. And Miss Mirabel used to be like her, but some way she's changed lately. Don't go once where she used to five times, and seems to care more about her pa and the boys, as she had ought to. But, still, it's a big house, and oceans of things in it to look after, and servants are a shiftless lot, the best of them. But you know about things, and it's a real comfort to have you around."

Even Bridget found out that she was "just the one, bless her," to write the letter to the mother in the "old country."

And every day the country girl asked "Help me to be a real help to some one here."

Who ever knows where a prayer will end? Who thought of this one's meeting an answer in Joy Alden?

Not Joy herself, certainly, when she came one day into Mirabel's room for a pattern they were using together, and found only a stranger there reading.

"How unhappy she looks!" thought Mercy.

As for Joy, what impulse moved her to come straight to Mercy's seat and offer her hand with gracious friendliness.

"You are Miss Task, are you not? Mirabel Vane's teacher-friend, that she told me she was expecting?" and then, sitting beside her, she won her to a pleasant talk, first of her school and its studies here, and then backward to her experience as a teacher in the little mountain school-house and her hopes for this work in the future. And as they talked the worn look slipped from the weary face, and the discontented curve of the lips was lost in pleasant smiles. No one dreamed what a fascination there was to Joy Alden in the work of a teacher. These two found the hidden bond.

And such glimpses of a different life as she caught in the story!—little home-pictures the loving heart made vivid.

"And isn't Miss Vane lovely?" Mercy said. And, again, "I am so very happy now that I do not feel as though I could ever thank her enough. It makes me want to make every one else happy."

Joy went away at last, feeling, "I would like to have any one smile at my name as this girl does when she speaks of Mirabel."

She was an only and motherless child in the great house her father's money had built. People did not see Mr. Alden out often. He did not "care for society." He had had his money to make, and not time to "put the veneer on," he said. But Joy had heard him say that those who were "content to be honest in the country" were the "best off, after all."

"Father," she asked at dinner, "how would you like to invite Uncle Josiah's family here for Thanksgiving?" "Uncle Josiah" had been "content to be honest" in the small, old home-stead.

"Like it!" bluntly; "you're the one that wouldn't like that."

"But I would. Invite them for the week and send money for them to come."

"There's four children, you know," for she had never proposed such a thing before.

"We can make room, I think," smiling.

"All right, then. I'll put in a hundred dollar bill and I guess that will bring them, and much obliged to you for thinking of it," as though forgetfulness had been the only fault of the past neglect.

The bill did bring them all. Plain, quiet Uncle Josiah, Aunt Martha, whose sunny heart had kept her face young in spite of many cares and perplexities, and the four active, curious children. It was a great treat to them, this family jaunt together,—that was evident; and, as soon as the children recovered fram their first shyness and wonder, their tongues ran in a way that was perfectly astonishing to Joy and made a boy of her father.

But I am not sure but Joy enjoyed it as much as any one after all. Going shopping with Aunt Martha, and supplementing her modest purchases by many private orders that should come later as surprises, was very pleasant business, she found. Taking the elders to a good musical entertainment gave more pleasure than the party could have given that she declined for the same evening. As for the children, not being used to such enthusiasts, their ecstasies over the bears and deer and "too cunning" monkeys was as amusing as it was strange. On the whole, when the party turned homeward, Joy waved them out of sight, with a promise to "see them again," and a feeling that it was good to "have relatives" in this world.

Sometimes our blessings come back to us in kind. That would seem to be Mercy's case after her unwitting suggestion to Joy. For, one day at table, after the boys had been asking many and eager questions of her, Guy broke out:—

"I say, now, don't I wish Beriah would just come down here himself and tell us his own stories. Of course, being a boy, he could tell it better than you, even, couldn't he?"

"Of course," Mercy said, humbly.

"You are tip-top, you know," Guy went on, "but a real boy who had seen such things! Oh, my!"

Mr. Vane heard with a smile, but, after the meal, he caught Mirabel alone in the hall a moment and whispered a few hasty sentences to her.

"Do, papa; it would be splendid," was her answer.

"Mercy," said Mr. Vane, stepping back to the dining-room, where the lively clatter was still going on. "Mercy, I want to ask a favor of you. May I send the Christmas present I had intended for you up to your home in Highlake, instead, and not tell you what it is just yet?"

"I would a great deal rather you would, Mr. Vane," Mercy exclaimed, "only — only I cease—"

"Only what?" as she hesitated.

"Please don't let it be very much for you are doing so much for me all the time," she begged.

"I will promise that the expense shall not be very great," said Mr. Vane. "Just how large the package may be, I can not say until I examine it," and he went away, chuckling like a boy.

"I wonder if it will be a pair of eardrums for Cousin Lucy?" Mercy said to the housekeeper. "He heard me wishing for some one day. She is so deaf that it makes it hard for mother."

In the mail-bag that went out from the ponderous doors of the stately Bank that day, among the many letters was one, in the president's own handwriting, directed to "Beriah Task, Highlake." The inclosure was a modest check for the Berwick Bank, and a letter reading—"You are invited to spend the Christmas Holidays at my house, to see the city, and be your sister's Christmas present from us. We could think of nothing that would give her more pleasure; and we are very glad to make her happy, for she is a bit of sunshine in our family. But it is to be a surprise to her. As there will not be time to answer this, I will say that I will be at the station when the three o'clock train comes in the day before Christmas; and, when I see a boy coming through the gate of the platform holding his cap or hat in hand, I shall presume that boy's name is Beriah Task and greet him accordingly. Yours truly,

CHARLES M. VANE."

"I do not think I shall be able to tell you what my present is until the day before Christmas," Mr. Vane told Mercy.

"Very well, sir," was the answer.

That day came and so did the train, and a boy came through the gate with cap off, and proved to be the expected one.

"Now," said the waiting gentleman, leading him on one side, "let me look at you. Are you a sensible boy, willing to take a favor from me and pay it to some other boy at some time when you can?"

"Why, I guess so, sir," said the embarrassed boy.

"Then, I want you to go with me to a clothing store and be fitted to a new suit before your sister sees you. That is all; now, this way.

When the boy surveyed his new suit in the glass, an hour later, cap, boots, and all, he straightened himself up unconsciously, and almost thought he had changed his identity.

How glad mother would be! She had felt so sorry that he must come in those outgrown garments of his, but had said: "Let them find you a manly boy, my son, no matter if your clothes are old and poor."

And he had intended to be. But some of the tall boy's awkwardness did slip off with the old suit. It was so nice now to feel that his hands were not "sticking out bare in the air," and his "neck did not look like a crane's." Mr. Vane enjoyed his boyish interest in the streets.

He was a little later than usual in reaching home, and the family were gathered in the dining-room, where the girls had carefully kept Mercy engaged away from the windows.

"I found it, Mercy," Mr. Vane said, in a matter-of-fact tone as he came in; "but it was a little larger than even I had expected. See how you like it," and he held back the drapery, and some one walked in.

Mercy's first look had fallen on the new boots, and it had to travel up the boy's whole length. It took her a minute to comprehend that new suit and all, but the familiar face was at the top, and the eyes were smiling at her.

"It is Beriah Task," she exclaimed, and in a minute was "hugging him all to pieces," as Benny said, waiting, open-mouthed, for his share.

And they all liked him, and had a "good time," but of course the loving sister's was the crown and heart of all.

(*To be continued.*)

### Lion Love.

The story is told of Gerard, the lion-hunter, that he captured a whelp in the mountains of Jabel Meziour (Algeirs), named it Hubert, and brought it up as he would bring up a dog from puppyhood. After some time, his huge pet becoming too dangerous to go at large, Gerard made a present of the animal to his friend, the Duc d' Aumale; and Hubert traveled to Paris in a big cage, bemoaning his separation from his old master.

The next year Gerard himself visited Paris, on leave of absence from the army, and went at once to the Jardin des Plantes to see his exiled favorite. He describes the interview as follows:

"Hubert was lying down, half asleep, regarding at intervals with half-shut eyes the persons who were passing and repassing before him. All of a sudden he raised his head, his tail moved, his eyes dilated, a nervous motion contracted the muscles of his face. He had seen the uniform of the Spahis, but had not yet recognized his friend. I drew nearer: and, no longer able to restrain my deep emotion, I stretched out my hand to him through the bars.

"Without ceasing his earnest gaze, he applied his nose to my hand, and drew in knowledge with a long breath. At each inhalation his attitude became more noble, his look more satisfied and affectionate. Under the uniform that had been so dear to him he began to recognize the friend of his heart.

"I felt that it only needed a single word to dissipate all doubt.

"Hubert!" I said, as I gently laid my hand on his head, "my old soldier!"

"Not another word. With a furious bound and a note of welcome he sprang against the iron bars, that bent and trembled with the blow. My friends fled in terror, calling on me to do the same. Noble animal! you made the world tremble even in your ecstasies of pleasure!

"Hubert was standing with his cheek against the grating, attempting to break down the obstacle that separated us, magnificent to behold as he shook the walls of the building with his roars of joy and anger. His enormous tongue licked the hand that I abandoned to his caressess, while with his paw he gently tried to draw me to him. If any one tried to come near, he fell into frenzies of rage; and when the visitors fell back to a distance, he became calm and caressing as before, handling me with his huge paw, rubbing against the bar, and licking my hand, while every gesture and moan and look told of his joy and his love. When I turned to leave him he shook the gallery with his heart-rending roars, and it was not till I had gone back to him twenty times, and tried to make him understand that I would come again, that I succeeded in quitting the place.

"After that I came to see my friend daily, sometimes spending several hours with him in his cage. But after a while I noticed that he became sad and dispirited; and when the keepers alluded to his furious agitation and excitement every time I left him, and attributed his wornout and changed appearance to this cause, I took their advice and made my visits as seldom as possible. One day, some four months from the time of my first meeting with him in Paris, I entered the garden, and one of the keeprs came forward saluting, and said: 'Don't come any more, sir. Hubert is dead!'" —*Youth's Companion.*

The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.

—"What are you doing, Patrick?" "Wakin' up your husband, ma'am." "But why?" "Because its tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the dhrops to make him shlape."

### Very Candid Testimony.

(*From the Toronto Mail.*)

*To the Editor of the Mail,*—As a constant reader of your paper I will thank you to insert the following:

Having read so many valuable testimonials as to the value of Warner's Safe Cure, I think it my duty to contribute one, and I speak from actual knowledge.

In 1883 my wife took pains across the kidneys, and from there to her shoulders and to the pit of the stomach. The skin came off her finger ends and also off her lips, and turned purple red. She was under a doctor's care for about three years, and took different medicines, but no relief came. I got disheartened, and said one day, "Will we try some patent medicine?" She said: "Jack, let me die; I have taken medicine enough," I went down to W. Clark's drug store and procured two bottles of Safe Cure, and one of pills. I continued on until she had taken eleven bottles, when she said: "I need no more: I have no pain anywhere, and I feel quite myself again." My wife has never since suffered from the dreadful pains which she had before taking Warner's Safe Cure. I am sorry that in justice to the purveyors of that invaluable medicine I have not reported on it before, but nevertheless I recommend it to every human being suffering with the same affliction. Yours, etc.,

J. COOPER,
Lightkeeper, Port Arthur.

April 22.

[The foregoing letter comes to us direct from Mr. Cooper, without the knowledge of the purveyors of the medicine, unsolicited, and may therefore be considered as conscientious testimony. We publish it at the request of the writer, and it is not an advertisement.—ED. THE MAIL.]

### Story from the Talmud.

Spring had come. The sun shone brightly and Noah walked about in his garden enjoying the green trees and budding blossoms, while he reflected on the flood, of which he had been a witness in days gone by. He felt gay and happy, thanked the Creator for his wonderful preservation, and then went to work.

He planted vines, and was so busily employed that he did not observe a stranger that approached.

"You seem very busy," said the stranger at last.

"I am, as you see," replied Noah. "I am planting grape vines; may I ask to whom I am speaking?"

"I am a gardener, and have quite a fancy for vineyards; I plant them with excellent results."

"Wine is a gift from heaveu, is it not?" asked Noah. "Nothing finer could have been given to man. It gladdens the heart and makes one happy, kills care, anxiety and sorrow."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "it is certainly a blessed beverage! Because you praise it so highly and appreciate its advantages, I will tell yo how to make your vines thrive and bear fruit quickly."

"Do you really know a way?" asked Noah.

"Certainly," returned the stranger. "I can give you the good results of my own experience."

"What must I do?" asked Noah, eager to secure a good crop of the fruit.

"First of all, you must sprinkle the ground with the blood of a lamb," said the friendly stranger, who was no other than Satan himself in the garb of a man and who felt angry to think human beings should enjoy the grape in any form.

Noah obeyed, involuntarily; he could not tell why. He killed a lamb, and sprinkled the earth with the blood as he had been directed. "Now shall I have a full harvest?" he asked.

"Not yet," returned the stranger. "The blood of a lion is necessary now. Come with me and we will hunt one."

They went, killed a lion, and Noah sprinkled the blood over the vineyard as he had done that of the lamb.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"No, not yet," said the stranger. "The blood of a hog is necessary now; otherwise your vines cannot flourish."

Noah obeyed again, cheerfully, and after sprinkling the blood of the hog over the vines he thanked the stranger, saying: "You are exceedingly kind, and I thank you sincerely; but will you not tell me why you selected just the blood of these three animals and no other?"

The stranger did not reply; he had vanished, leaving no trace of himself behind.

The result of wine-drinking, however, corresponds with the qualities of those animals with whose blood Noah sprinkled the field. When a man drinks one glass, he is as gentle as a lamb; if he takes a second he is imbued with the ferocity of a lion; but, if he empty a third he sinks to the level of a hog that lies wallowing in gutters.—*Mrs. Rosalie Kaufman, in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

### A Large Estate.

A broad land is this in which we live, dotted so thickly with thrifty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever-increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity, there is suffering; wherever there is suffering, there is the best field for this greatest American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula), yields to it, if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases yield to it! If you want the best-known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take no other.

— It is a sweet and pleasant thought that, when all these days of pain and sorrow and work are ended,—these days of contending and unrest,—there will come the folding of hands. It is sweet, when sorrow and weariness are our only companions, to remember that the hour is not far off when the father will fold the tired hands of this child in His, will seal the arching eyes with sleep, and breath under its trembling lid the sweet dream of heaven. Weary not, nor faint. The Father sees you; and, though you know it not, His hand leads you. A little pain and a little labor He metes you for your good. Be patient; and when the time comes, He will give you rest.—*Frederic K. Marvin.*

### Without and Within.

There was not long ago, in one of our churches, a man who talked a good deal about the privileges and comforts of religion, and had in his tone much of the "I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men." But some of his friends shook their heads. "Stubbs never goes to prayer-meeting," they said; "is irregular in attendance at church, does not read his Bible, and, so far as we can see, sets very little store by private devotion. All this looks as if there were something wrong with Stubbs." The man fell sick, and his end seemed near; then where were all the privileges and supports and comforts of his religion? He was fretful, rebellious and terrified. Alas! he had been holding fast to the outside of his piety, while neglecting to nourish the inside, and, unknown to himself, it had died and gone to decay. In this hour of need he was bereft of its sweet strength and support.

Any young Christian who finds himself falling into the habit of reading his Bible hastily, of running over his prayers coldly, of excusing himself often from public worship, may be sure that his inside religion is sick and ready to die. He needs to go at once to the great Physician, to keep going, to ask seven times a day for help from on high, and never to leave off seeking health for his soul until he loves to read God's Word, desires to seek his Father's presence and is unhappy when obliged to stay away from the sanctuary, for these are the *pulse-beats* of sound, inside religion. In a word, religion must be real, must be in the heart and life, or it will not avail in time of need.—*Forward.*


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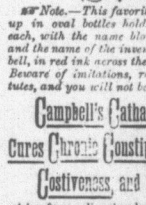

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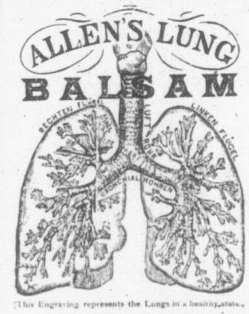


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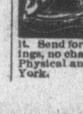

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