

down in her mother's heart, perhaps, it may be that she is only lent to us in order to lead us up higher. Oh, if she is to be taken, she would add passionately, God grant it may not be until I am yonder, ready to meet and greet her!

"What shall I be?" said Goldy, coming back from who can tell where a little child's spirit wanders into the warm, comfortable room. "Oh, dear, how do I know!" and she gave her baby a squeeze. Goldy's doll was quite the most battered of the three, owing to the wealth of affection lavished upon it. "I think," said the puzzled little maid at last, "I'd like to be a bird—to be something with wings, you know."

"Don't be silly!" put in Mollie, always practical; "we're talking real—not pretending. Say, what should you like to be when you're a grown-up?"

"Well," mused Goldy, quite cornered, "I expect I'd like to be a help. Mother and nurse were talking about helps when they put me to bed the last time I had a cold"—poor Goldy's colds were periodical events—"and mother said they were the best kind of women ever invented, but nurse didn't think so at all. You see, Mollie, I could come and help you in your house, for washerwomen are always very poor, and I could go to help Enid, if she grows up a duchess, in some way; and I could help mother to housekeep. Yes, that's what I shall be—a help," ended Goldy with gentle decision.

"I don't think that's the kind of help mother and nurse were talking about," said Mollie doubtfully. "But, Goldy, I do think your plan is beautiful; and now I must wash my Geraldine-Alice's muslin blouse." And forthwith the little parliament dissolved.

Quicker, faster speed the years. There is no dallying, no loitering with old Time, as it hurries by, uninterrupted by sorrows and joys, pressing forward the young, carrying along the old—where?

The home-nest of the three little Finches is empty. Time's work, that. The birds have flown out to try their wings, and, after the manner of birds, have not returned. Nature's way, of course, to which even the deserted parents become reconciled.

Mollie Finch has achieved what is called a success in life. Her childish aspirations after the useful have melted into thin air. Mollie has made a grand marriage, and is a very great lady, indeed—a society queen—her life is filled up with "poms and vanities." The energy natural to her finds its outlets in a round of ceaseless gaieties, instead of wringing and hanging out clothes—that El Dorado of a life, pictured and coveted in her happy childhood. Jewels, show, emulation, triumphs, supply the daily food of her heart and mind. Almost, that is, not quite, for there are hours when a "still small" voice steals into her ears, and gently draws her thoughts from the bewildering, hurrying world.

The memory of a fair, meek sister—the flower of them all—comes, at times, to Mollie, and there is an abrupt pull-up in her headlong career while she broods over the past, with its simple joys. She will turn over a new leaf, she tells herself. She will live a purer, higher life. She will "take heed unto the thing that is right," and have dealings only with such ways as are "lovely and of good report," and Mollie rises up to perform some great, good work, such as her wealth enables her to carry out. Thus is Goldy fulfilling the wish of her heart—she is a help to Mollie.

And Enid's dream. Has it come to pass? Scarcely. In one of London's great hospitals moves about a tall, stately young nurse, one of the brightest, the most intelligent, that has ever entered the profession. Enid Finch grew up, and left far behind her the childish desire for a high position in life. A loftier ambition seized her—Enid must, of necessity, aspire, it being her nature—she would go out into the world of suffering and heal the sick. Such a nature, and the physical power to fulfil it, are not given to all women, not even to many, but Enid was one of the few, and she wisely gave herself to the destiny for which she was most fitted.

Occasionally, it is true, there are fitful longings for "lump sugar, instead of the nasty brown stuff we get in the nursery," but Goldy's help steps in here also. Remembrance of the beautiful, gentle spirit, ever ready to sacrifice itself for others, while it had the strength, and, when that was gone, so willing to give up life in its spring-time because her Father in heaven deemed it best, stirs the better nature of Nurse Enid, and she throws herself with a new-born vigor into some urgent case.

"I shall press to the front rank of the workers," she murmurs, with set lips; "my meaner self must not drag me back while 'the maimed, the halt and the blind,' are crying out for my help."

And what of Goldy herself? For human eyes there is but a white cross by a grassy mound. Her work of helping goes on; her influence lives still in the happy lives of her sisters; but her yearning to be something with wings is granted, but Goldy herself is "absent in the body."

LESS than twelve hours after a little boy entered the family of a New England pastor the father wrote the Treasurer of the Board, enclosing \$10 in the name of his infant child. In the postscript he notices the fact that this amount was equal to about one dollar a pound avoirdupois for the little lad, and expresses the hope that "the Board may hold a kind of moral mortgage on him, in permanence, and it would not surprise me if, within a quarter of a century, there should come a foreclosure and they should take the body." That boy will be watched. We share the father's hope and expectation that he will be found in the missionary field.—*Selected.*