

Oh, father!" cried Tom, falling down on his knees, just hearken to me for once. Don't thee go and steal little Phil here! Don't learn him to swear, and drink! Leave him where he is, and do almost anything to please thee. I'd almost as lief see a thief again for little Phil to have a chance of getting up good."

"Get up, blockhead," said Haslam, "and be off with thee. Phil's my son, and I'll have him. I suppose, if nobody had taken a fancy to him, he'd have been thrown on my hands to keep. They'd have no work about taking him out of a work-house; and I'll have him out of the school. He'll be of more use to me than thee; for thou hast a dog-dog, jail-bird look about thee that 'ud frighten me."

"Then," said Tom—with a white but resolute face—"as sure as ever thee brings Phil into this house, I'll tell Mr. Banner all I know about thee. I'll tell him that thou'rt out all night, and that thou art not the changed man thee boasts of. He'll have to give me; and maybe he can get the justices to let thee thou'rt not fit to have the care of little Phil. I don't want to do it, father; but as sure as ever I see little Phil in this room, I'll go straight off to Mr. Banner."

There was a baffled and vicious expression upon Haslam's face, but he was silent for awhile, and when he spoke it was in a quiet and conciliatory manner. He would let Phil be for awhile, he said; but he must go and see him, and let him know his father; for maybe he was not happy in the school, and then Tom would not object to taking him out.

There floated before Tom's mind a vision of a home, with a good man for his father, and little Phil living with them, and growing up before his eyes into a good and clever man. But it was a dream only; and with a sigh of mingled regret and thankfulness, he bade his father good morning, and went out with a heart once more at rest.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING TO DO.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

It was a dreary day. The rain poured down in torrents out of doors, and the rain fell indoors down upon the pretty Belle Holme's cheeks. Her mother had come to visit a sick friend; her father would not be home until six o'clock; as for Biddy, the maid-of-all-work, she was very busy in the kitchen. Presently the door bell rang, and Aunt Ella, enveloped in a gossamer, made her appearance.

"What's the matter? sick?" she asked, taking a glance at the child's tears and forlorn looks.

"No, I'm not sick, but I'm lonely. I hate rainy days. I can't go out, so I've nothing to do but sit and mope, and it's so forlorn."

Aunt Ella threw off her wet wraps and rubbers, sitting down by the grate, put her feet on the fender and took out her work.

"I should think it would be forlorn," she replied to Belle's remark. "I am quite sure I could endure it."

"Tears again filled Belle's eyes. She thought that she truly must be a martyr and that her Aunt was being hard on her.

"To have nothing to do but to sit around and mope, indeed," Aunt Ella continued. "It is fortunate that a girl of your age has failed to find out what she was put in the world for. Do you think you were put here to mope, or to serve the old man?"

"What a question!" Belle said in a grieved tone. "The question is all right: let me hear the answer."

"To serve him, of course," slowly from the child.

"Well, one would never think it, judging from your actions; would they?" smiling.

"I suppose not," reluctantly.

"Well it is quite time to let your light shine; don't you think so?"

"What light? Shall I light the lamp?" asked Belle.

"Yes; do, please—the lamp of your own life. The Lord said, 'Let your light shine;' there's no shining where a healthy girl like you sits around doing nothing. Get your work, dear, and keep me company."

"I haven't any work, but here are some brown towels," going to her mother's basket and taking them out; "mamma said she was going to hem them by hand."

"Those will do nicely. Bring them to me, and I will turn your hems for you."

After Belle had sewed industriously for some time, Aunt Ella said, "The world doesn't look half as dreary as it did awhile ago, does it?"

"No; it does not. It's strange, isn't it?"

"No; it is not the least bit strange. Just as soon as one forgets one's self and thinks of others, the world grows brighter."

As the clock struck five Belle finished her last towel.

"Six towels hemmed!" she said indignantly. "How glad mamma will be!"

"She'll soon be here, will she not?" asked Aunt Ella.

"She will meet papa at the office; they'll come in on the street-car at six o'clock."

"I wonder what you're going to give them for supper? they'll be tired and hungry, I suppose."

"I give them for supper?" questioningly.

"Biddy is ironing, is she not?"

"Yes, but she has to stop and get supper; that's her business."

"But suppose she is very busy and very tired, whose business is it then, since your mother is not here?"

"Hers, of course; Biddy's paid for doing the work."

"It is a quarter-past five," Aunt Ella said, looking at the clock. "It's about time that Biddy were getting tea. I wonder what she intends to get?"

"I'll see," Belle said, going to the kitchen, from which she soon returned, saying dolefully, "Biddy says she isn't going to fuss getting up things; her ironing isn't finished yet."

"I will show you how to get supper if you would like to have me; would you?"

Belle had never imagined that she could cook; but Aunt Fannie helped her for a half-hour and then went home.

When Mr. and Mrs. Holmes sat down to their cozy supper-table they both looked very much pleased. The covered dish of hot milk-toast, the chipped beef and eggs, the cream potatoes, were delicious.

"It was very kind and thoughtful of you, Biddy," Mrs. Holmes said, "to stop your ironing to get us this nice supper."

"But 'tisn't me, ma'm, that deserves the praise; it's little Miss Belle that did everything her ownself."

It took Mrs. Holmes some time to realize that her little daughter had prepared the supper, but when she did her words of praise made the child's heart glad.

"MOTHER," said a dear little child one night, waking up as her mother went through the chamber, "I asked God to take care of some poor child to-night, and I told him to-morrow I would try to hunt her up and help her, too."

He Who Loved Us Long Ago.

BY SARA B. HOWLAND.

FOR the weary, way-worn traveller
Journeying onward, in the road
Leading from this world of sorrow
To his Father's blessed abode,
There's a Light that's shining ever
That will lend him all its glow.
'Tis the gentle Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

For the one whose heart is bleeding
From the wounds of earthly care,
Whose fond hopes and brilliant fancies
Brought him naught but sore despair,
There's a Balm, whose blessed healing
This poor suffering one may know.
'Tis the loving Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

For the one whose life of sinning
Reaped its due reward of pain;
Who, while dying in his anguish,
Never dares to hope again,
There's a Healer, strong and tender,
Who has power to cure all woe;
'Tis the blessed Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

For the little child who wanders
In the earth, so sad and lone,
And whose heart is ever craving
Love which he can call his own,
There's a Father, far exceeding
In his love all friends below;
'Tis the loving Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

THINGS MONEY CANNOT DO.

SOME boys and girls have an idea that money can do almost anything; but this is a mistake. Money, it is true, can do a great deal, but it cannot do everything. I could name you a thousand things it cannot buy. It was meant for good, and it is a good thing to have, but all this depends on how it is used. If used wrongly it is an injury rather than a benefit. Beyond all doubt, however, there are many things better than it is, and which it cannot buy, no matter how much we may have of it.

If a man has not a good education, all his money will never buy it for him. He can scarcely ever make up for his early waste of opportunities.

Neither will wealth itself give a man or a woman good manners. Next to good morals and good health, nothing is of more importance than easy, graceful, self-possessed manners. But they cannot be had for mere money.

Money cannot purchase a good conscience. If a poor man, or a boy, or a girl—any one, has a clear conscience that gives off a tone like a soundbell when touched by the hammer, then be sure he or she is vastly richer than the millionaire who does not possess such a conscience. Good principles are better than gold.—S. S. Visitor,

A MINUTE'S ANGER.

NOR long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbours, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry; one struck the other, and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But, instead of enemies, they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk, or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused. A minute's anger caused this.