

GOD PITY THE POOR.

God pity the poor when the winter comes
And the winds blow loud and shrill,
When bread is high and work is scarce,
And labor-wheels stand still.

God pity the men who walk the streets
And plead for work in vain;
God pity the sick in their scanty beds
Through long, long hours of pain.

God pity the woman whose heart is
wring
As she looks on her scanty store,
Worse than wasted, to purchase rum;
And the want-wolf at the door.

God pity the poor when they cry for
bread
Waileth up from the hearts despair,
God pity the rich who in selfish ease,
Have never a thought or care.

OUR NELL.

CHAPTER XII.

Rooms reflect the character of their owners. Carry and Nell shared the same. When it only belonged to Nell it was orderly enough, and spotlessly clean; but when possessed by Carry it became something more; there was about her that subtle essence of womanliness, that graciousness and daintiness which prevades not only the woman herself, but the atmosphere she creates around her. It is like the perfume of a flower. Nell had nothing of this seductive quality.

One morning as they were together making Carry's bed a book fell on the floor from under the pillow. Nell, stooping to pick it up, did not see the look of uneasy annoyance that passed over Carry's face.

"Oh," said she, "I was awake so long this morning, that I got a book to amuse myself with."

Nell now had it in her hands, and was gazing at it in astonishment. "Why, Carry," she said, "it is Mr. Derwent's!" A tumult of feeling had awakened within her, she scarce knew why or the wherefore. She looked across at Carry. Carry was blushing slightly, and her face wore a somewhat conscious smile.

"Where did you get it?" asked Nell, her voice sounding unsteady.

"Well, really, Nell you needn't look so astonished," and Carry gave a little laugh. There's nothing so very extraordinary in Mr. Derwent's lending me a book, is there?"

"No," said Nell. She put the book down, and the two girls continued their work. There was no sign of temper in either face, and the harmonious sweep of their arms, as they simultaneously smoothed the sheets, was suggestive of inward unity. But underneath the calm exterior there were elements working in both natures, capable of producing a breach too wide for angry words and looks. Carry had a strong instinctive feeling of the necessity of covering the surface of life with pleasantness, whatever might be hidden beneath. Therefore it was she who broke the silence by starting a fresh subject.

The coldness between them, however, lasted all day, though it did not betray itself openly. Carry retained her customary gentle cheerfulness. In the evening, indeed, before going to bed, she was more than usually lively. Mr. Derwent had called rather late, and when he went away Mrs. Masters sent her to the door with him. She was gone a long time; a cold wind blew down the passage, showing that the front door had been left open, and Jack was dispatched to shut it. When he reached it he saw, through the darkness, Carry come flying up the path. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes wide open and shining. Nell, in the parlor, heard her say—

"I've had a run round the garden; it's such a lovely night. Come and have another turn with me. Jack; I can't come in yet."

And then the sound of crushing feet on the gravel outside the window, with an accompaniment of merry tones and ringing laughter. All was still outside

when Nell went up to bed, but Carry had not made her appearance in the sitting-room.

Nell did not take a light into her bedroom; she had a strange ache within her, and she was glad to get alone. She had not been many moments in the room before a low stifled sob trembled through the stillness.

Nell started, went up to the window seat, and found Carry there. She was lying half across it, her head buried in her arms.

"Carry!" said Nell, in a low awestruck tone.

Carry replied only by sobs.

Nell knew not what to do. She had never seen her sister like this before, and the strangeness made it awful. She sat down beside her and touched her softly. Carry took hold with both hands, and putting her head on Nell's lap clung fast, still sobbing.

"Carry, Carry, speak! oh tell me what it is!"

But Carry only sobbed, with her face hidden. Nell put her hands on Carry's soft hair and waited.

Presently the sobs grew fainter, and then ceased, and Carry raised herself up, and pushed back her hair from her eyes.

"Oh, Nell, you are good to me," she said.

"Carry, dear Carry, do tell me what is the matter!" cried Nell, her own tears falling now that Carry's had ceased.

"Oh, everything's the matter, Nell; it's all hard and so dreadful."

"What is hard and dreadful, Carry?"

"Oh, everything! father's eyes, and—

and—everything," and Carry shivered.

Nell was more and more alarmed. Carry's hands were hot and trembling, and then her manner was so strange; it was evident that nothing dreadful had really happened. She must be ill.

"Nell," said Carry, in a faint tremulous voice, hiding her face on Nell's shoulder, "I think if any one had done wrong, you would be very hard on them, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know; I think it would depend on what it was. Why do you ask that?"

"How do you mean on 'what it was,' Nell?"

"Why, there's some things I don't feel as if I can forgive—what's underhand or deceiving, or anything like that."

Carry seemed suddenly to be transformed to stone. Her hands turned from hot to cold, and her whole form grew rigid. Nell put her arm round her, but she made no response.

"Carry," said Nell, "I'm sure you're well. You must get to bed."

"Yes," said Carry, and gave a long-drawn shuddering sigh.

She allowed Nell to help her to undress. When she was in bed she said, "I'm so cold."

Nell put a shawl over her, and then stooped to kiss her. Her cold lips scarcely seemed to feel the pressure of Nell's warm ones, and she did not heed her tender good-night. She lay as if stunned, with her eyes, quite tearless now, staring wide open at the candle. She had gone through much painful excitement that evening, and when that was over she had broken down utterly. Then Nell had come to her, and from the depths of despair she had clung to her, and found refuge in her love. The infinite relief of confession had come very close to her; it had seemed such a natural, such an inexpressible comfort to tell all, to trust utterly to her sister's love. And then had come a cold and terrible check; and Carry had strength to bear no more; her over-wrought brain sank into a miserable apathy.

Nell was awake long; indeed she thought herself too anxious to sleep, she was sure Carry was seriously ill; but at last sleep overcame her. When she awoke, the events of the past night seemed like a dream. Carry was not ill. She was quieter than usual, that was all. She made no allusion to what had passed, and Nell understood that there was to be silence between them.

(To be continued)

SHOULD TIRED PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

Many of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once; as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental disturbance and dissatisfaction to the languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure by means of them a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts and motives and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic or salesman, or house-keeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes, might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who want to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church, have been induced to make the experiment of seeking rest, for their souls as well as their bodies, in the sanctuary for small part of every Sunday, and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home, as they have given them since they have formed the habit of church-going.

HINTS TO THOSE VISITING THE SICK.

Enter and leave the room quietly.

Carry a cheerful face and speak cheerful words.

If the sickness is serious, do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.

Don't ask questions, and thus oblige the invalid to talk.

Talk about something outside, and not about the disease of the patient.

Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.

If possible, carry something to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room—a flower, or even a picture which you can loan for a few days. Highly perfumed flowers, however should never be carried into the sick-room.

Some little simple delicacy to tempt the appetite may be well bestowed.

Stay only a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of some help.

THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST.

"Show me," says the worldling, "a man who exhibits in his character and conduct a perfect likeness of Jesus Christ, and then I'll believe that there is something else than hypocrisy among professors." My dear friend, you are too exacting. Your own sons do not show all your characteristics; though each of them shows something of the father. All the world and a great deal more would not equal God; and it takes all the world and a great deal more to image Christ. Yet every Christian (if he is a Christian) shows some feature of his Lord!

We look at some masterpiece of ancient sculpture, and we say, "There is the perfection of the human figure!" But the statue is not a likeness of any one man who ever lived. We may imagine Phidias or Praxiteles, loitering around the Olympian or Isthmian games taking observations. There the pose of a head would attract him, and draw forth his ready pencil to trace it on some little tablet. There the outline of a bust; there a leg; here a hand; elsewhere, and in detail, the various features of the face; one having the perfection of

form in one, another in another. Till at last, by combining all these in one ideal form, he produces what we recognize as a perfect imitation of a canfect human figure. So in the likeness of Christ, among men. You can't find it, or anything like it, in any one man, or any circle of men. But pick out the likeness of Christ, among Christians, feature by feature, and there is more of the likeness of the Great Master than we imagined!

The sister of a little boy had died. It was before the age of photographs, and no likeness remained of the dear lost one, but in the fond memories of her friends. The little brother was inconsolable: "Couldn't somebody paint a picture of sister?" The parents reasoned, "But you have no little picture, or anything, to show the painter. How could he tell what your sister looked like?" "I could tell him," said the boy. At last, to gratify and console the boy, he was sent to Boston on a visit to friends, authorized to make the attempt to find a painter who could produce the likeness of a girl he had never seen, and of whom no likeness remained. He went to one painter and then another. But they shook their heads. At last one, younger perhaps, and more enthusiastic, said to the boy, "Come with me where you will see many pictures of people, and point out one that looks like your sister." They went to a gallery of portraits. "That is like her eyes," he said, pointing to one. "Her hair was like that," he again exclaimed. "Her mouth was like that." "That is her forehead," and thus, feature after feature, he pointed out the likeness of his dead sister. And the painter by combining all these in one, made a portrait that all friends said was a perfect image of the loved and lost!

Are we hypocrites, because, perhaps, we each can show but some one feature of our blessed Lord?

LEARN TO BE SHORT.

Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, long prayers, and long editorials, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short; time is short; moments are precious. Learn to condense, to abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid and pain intolerable if protracted beyond the limit of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you desire, and stop. If you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace. Condense two words into one, and three into two. Learn to be short.

A SUGGESTIVE LECTURE.

That was a very suggestive lecture by an English workman, at Manchester, in which, by means of effective illustration, he helped to present the wages of a workman, and off a moderate slice, and "This," he said, "is what you give the city government." He then cut off a generous slice and added: "This is what you give to the general government." Then, with a vigorous flourish of his carving-knife, he cut off three-quarters of the whole loaf, and said: "This you give to the brewer." Of the thin slice then remaining he cut off the larger part for the "public house," and then of the few crumbs left he said: "And this you keep to support yourself and family." The force of his illustration was acknowledged by a hearty response, and the lesson of political economy which it involved may be studied with great profit, not alone by the individual workman, but by all tax-paying, philanthropic, and public-spirited citizens.

DEATH.

KIRKBY.—At the Rectory, Collingwood, on Tuesday, the 21st instant, of diphtheria, ANNIE HOLWELL, eldest daughter of Laurence Holwell and Mary Glascoline Kirkby, aged 10 years.