

Good Enough.

Dear boys, I want to give you
A motto safe and good;
"Twice make your lives successful
If you heed it as you should.
Obey it in the letter—
Don't say a thing is "good enough,"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
Or at your daily work,
Don't be a half-way dabbler—
Don't slip and slide and shirk,
I think it doesn't matter
What such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—
Till your task is perfect,
It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school-room,
Make every lesson tell;
No matter what you mean to be,
Build your foundation well,
Every knotty point and problem
That you bravely master now
Will increase your skill to labour
With the pen or with the plough.

If you sweep a store or stable,
Be sure you go behind
Every box and bale and counter.
It will pay, you'll always find,
To be careful, patient, thorough,
Though the work be hard and rough;
And when you've done your very best,
Till then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,
If you ever mean to work
To any station high or low,
Thou a stable-boy or clerk.
It will make you independent,
It will make you no man's debtor;
Then never say "It's good enough"
Till it can be no better.

—Golden Days.

face, with the same tender, patient, even suffering look upon it, but with so divine a smile lightening it up, that the suffering itself seemed to be a gladness. He fancied, too, that he heard a very low and quiet voice, saying, but whether in his ear or in his heart he could not tell. "Sandy, I have taken care of little Gip for you, and given her back to you; now I will take care of him till you see him again. Only love me." And Sandy whispered back into the gloom, "Lord, I will love you! Only make me as good as Johnny."

Perhaps he was sleeping then, or he must have fallen asleep directly afterwards on the hearth before the fireless grate, with Gip slumbering soundly in his arms; for after a long while he woke up suddenly, and saw Mrs. Shafto coming quietly down the narrow staircase, with a light in her hand. Her face was very white and sad, though there was no trace of tears in her eyes. Sandy could hear the loud heavy groans of Mrs. Shafto in the room overhead; but Johnny's mother did not sob; and out for the whiteness of her cheeks, and the set, sorrowful line of her mouth, there was no sign of her grief. She came close to him and looked pitifully down upon little Gip. Then she stooped, and lifted her gently into her arms.

"Poor little heart!" she said. "poor dear little heart!" But here her voice failed her, and her silent tearlessness passed away. She sat down with Gip pressed closely to her, and rocked herself to and fro, and cried out, with a passion of tears, "Oh! Johnny! Johnny! Oh! my last child!"

Sandy did not know how to comfort her, or what to say to her. He stood beside her, and put his arm about her neck, as he had often seen John do, and drew her head to lean upon his shoulder. When her sobs grew quieter, after a long spell of weeping, he ventured to speak at last.

"Mother," he said, thinking to himself that John Shafto would like him to call her mother, "me and little Gip between us all perhaps be as good as Johnny to you. I'm going to try and be like him, I am; and I'll teach little Gip everything as how taught me. I promised him I'd work for you, and take care of you, when you are too old to work any longer. He used to say he were glad I were so strong; and not like him in that. But I'm going to do all I can to be like him in everything else."

It was as much as Sandy's trembling lips could do to say all this; and Mrs. Shafto, after another burst of tears, drew his face down to hers, and kissed it silently. Then she undressed little Gip very tenderly, not to wake her from her sound sleep, and Sandy carried a light upstairs for her when she went to lay the child softly in her own bed. The door into the other room was half open, and he could see John Shafto's head lying on his pillow, silent, and still, yet with a smile about his lips; and here was little Gip's round and rosy face, with the eyelashes quivering as if she were just about to open her bright eyes, resting peacefully on his mother's pillow!

It was a trying time for Sandy until the body of his friend was buried out of sight. To see little Gip playing about Mrs. Shafto, whilst she was stitching John's shroud, was such a mingling of great pleasure and great pain to him, that he could scarcely bear it. To hear Gip's voice calling him from the dull graveyard, and to find her watching for him, and running to meet him, instead of John, with his pale face and slow tread upon his crutches, made the coming each evening a moment of tangled trouble and delight. But after the funeral was over, when the deaf and dumb and blind corpse had vanished from the house, by hullo and little he grew accustomed to John's absence, and could take a pleasure in the merry presence of Gip, with her pretty tricks and funny little ways, which often won a smile into Mrs. Shafto's sad eyes. Mr. Shafto himself learned to play with Gip, after his own grave and solemn fashion, and even taught her to call him father. As for little Gip, she had altogether forgotten her drunken mother, and knew of no other parents than those who had adopted her.

But it was very disconcerting to Mr. Shafto, to be quite unable to find any work for which he was fit. He had so long allowed younger men to push him out of

his place, that now he really wished to exert himself there seemed no room for him in the bustling city. He had grown rusty through long indulgence in selfishness and indolence; and a hard fight would it be to thrust his way into the crowded ranks of busy men. Sandy could not yet gain more than his own living; and it seemed as if Mrs. Shafto must continue to work hard from early in the morning until late into the night, to earn food for her husband and little Gip.

(To be continued.)

"NO SALOONS UP THERE."

DEAD!
Dead in the fulness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty. And who loved him were glad!

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked Ned, the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honourable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness; but their combined appetites they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from infancy he saw wine offered to guests at the dinner parties, and when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given, by his father, one little sip.

He grew, and the taste grew; and when his father was taken, all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother, now the Church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down, now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years, he was her idol, and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her, the mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked; that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my poor boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin too. He can sit on our table, tasted it in our ice creams, jellies and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die a humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be carried safely over."

As death drew nigh, every breath was a prayer for "Eddie, and as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet—me—in—heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother—I will!"

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank—thee—O Father!" and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one cry to another, "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon, some of his old associates came and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he could a cry, "Take that out of me out of my sight."

But—old book—the house he had seen his sainted mother coming morning, night, and often and day, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home, and brought him back to sobriety, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly, and became active in

Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result -- his robe was soiled he doubt it had ever been white and he doubted, too, last hope, love faith in himself, and worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried to go more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said sadly.

"Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unexpected moment— but you know nothing about it!

Some two weeks after I met a physician. "I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor any thing to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he would die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life, my wasted life! God cannot forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past, then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken away from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face, and "Mother!" on his lips, he passed beyond.

As I came out of the house one of his white associates, sober and sad, took off his hat, and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the meaning of those two words I bowed and answered back.

"All over?"

With a voice full of pathos he said.

"The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there!"

I walked on, repeating to myself "No saloons up there! They will be done in earth as it is in heaven!"

GULLIVER AND THE PIGMIES

Do you remember that little story of Gulliver? He was a giant they say. He lay down to sleep one day amidst the pigmies. They began biting their little throats around his fingers. He said, "This is fun, I can break that at any minute with this great muscle of mine. I can break a hempen rope, and can I not break a spider's web?"

The little pigmies tied another finger to his laugh. By-and-by they tied another and another, until both his hands were tied and fastened to the ground. He could have broken off then, for they were only gossamer twine—only spider's webs, that's all. But they bound another round his waist, another round his arm, another round that wrist and that arm, and one round his body, and so little by little they climbed over his knees, over his breast, on his face, and then upon his nose. He was looking at them, and said, "My dear boys, I am bigger than you are, go ahead."

By-and-by they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise, but didn't rise. He didn't laugh any more, they all laughed that time. He did not look at them with a twinkling out of his eye, saying, "My muscle is big," but he looked as much as to say, "Whatever has been done to me?" There he was, tied fast and absolutely helpless!

Now, it is not one drink that kills a man, it is not two drinks that kill a man. There are only little threads; each one a thread, and you laugh to yourself, and say, "I can break off at any time, I can take care of myself; I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by-and-by, when you try to do it, you find that it is utterly and absolutely impossible. It cannot be done without the help of heaven, and it requires a large measure of that.

Not to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and aspiration.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISION.

LITTLE Gip's curly head was still resting very quietly on Johnny's pillow, and Sandy's arm was stretched across his friend to touch Gip's soft hand; but now Mr. Mason lifted the child from the bed, and told him in a whisper to take her away. He carried her downstairs into the dark and desolate kitchen below, where the gray ashes of the dead fire held no spark of light or heat. Could all that he had passed through that evening be really true? Was this indeed lost Gip whom he held so closely to his heart? little Gip, for whom he had searched, with a heavy heart and a spirit bowed down by dread, through so many long months, and in so many miserable places? If it were true, why was he not leaping and shouting for joy? What was it that made him sink down on the solitary hearth, with no other light than the glimmer of the gas, burning among the funeral plumes in the shop beyond the kitchen, and hid his face on Gip's head, and break out into deep sorrowful sobs? Oh, if John Shafto could only have lived one day longer!

"Gip's gone across the great sea-tor-borrow," muttered Gip, in a sleepy tone, as she nestled down comfortably on Sandy's lap. He knew well that he was not about to lose her again in such a way; but where was Johnny gone? What great secret had he crossed over? What strange country had he gone to, where none could follow him at his own choice and will? Sandy had learned by this time that the deep grave swallowed up no portion of the dead life, and that it was nothing more than the poor shell of the body, which was buried out of sight. John Shafto himself had already entered into someone, unknown dwelling-place; and even whilst he was but stepping over the threshold of it, whilst he was lingering for a moment longer with his mother and Sandy, he had caught a glimpse of a face, and heard the first sound of a voice that he loved more than he loved theirs.

Then, in the gloom and dusk, there came before Sandy a kind of vision of what Johnny's friend must be—that Lord whom he had loved so deeply. The face seemed to him to be something like John's