

Only a Working Girl.

I know I am only a working girl,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I belong to the ranks of those who toil
For a living day by day,
With willing feet I press along
In the paths that I must tread,
Proud that I have the strength and skill
To earn my daily bread.

Only a working girl! Thank God!
With willing hands and heart,
Able to earn my daily bread
And in life's battle take my part.
You could not offer me no title
I would be more proud to own;
And I stand as high in the sight of God
As a queen upon her throne.

Ye gentle-folks, who pride yourselves
Upon your wealth and birth,
And look with scorn on those who have
Nought else but honest worth,
Your gentle birth we laugh to scorn
For we hold this as our creed—
"That none are gentle save the one
Who does a gentle deed."

We are only the "lower classes,"
But the Holy Scriptures tell
How, when the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell,
Not with the rich and mighty,
'Neath costly palace dome,
But with the poor and lowly
He chose to make his home.

He was one of the "lower classes,"
And had to toil for bread,
So poor that oftentimes he had
No place to lay his head.
He knows what it is to labour
And toil the long day through;
He knows how we get tired,
For he's been tired too.

Oh, working girls! remember!
It is neither crime nor shame
To work for honest wages,
Since Christ has done the same.
And wealth and high position
Must seem of little worth
To those whose fellow-labourer
Is King of heaven and earth.

PROSPEROUS, RIGHTEOUS,
UPRIGHT & CO.

By E. Donald McGregor.

CHAPTER I.

PRIMROSE COURT wasn't at all like what a primrose spot should have been. There was nothing sweet or bright or clean about the whole place, and I am sure had anyone asked a yellow primrose to grow and smile, and a yellow primrose to grow and smile, and shed fragrance there, he would have shaken his golden head, and said quite decidedly, "Why, I can't! There isn't a thing for me to eat."

Grannie had lived in this cheerless, dingy court just about as long as any one around could remember, but one cold, dreary day she lay dying.

Tom and Pete, her two little grandsons, sat on either side of the heap of straw that was all the bed Grannie had, and when she asked for a drink, Pete would bring a rusty dipper of cold water, and Tom's strong little arms would lift the old woman up until her lips touched the cooling drink. Then she would sink back upon her dirty, dusty bed. At last, when the room had grown full of long, dismal shadows, and the two boys had crouched down on the straw for warmth, Grannie opened her eyes and began to speak. "Tom, lad," she said, "you must mind and see to Pete. Stick together, and don't be scared to stand up for yourself."

"Where be you goin', Grannie?" Pete asked.

"I don't know," Grannie answered slowly, "but I'm right sure I'm goin' somewheres; maybe it'll be a better place nor this."

"Maybe you'll have a carpet to yer floor an' treacle on yer bread," suggested Tom.

"An' if you can't take us now will you try an' save a place for us?" Pete asked earnestly.

"Yes, lads," Grannie answered wearily: "when you come, just ax for Grannie's room, an' I most think someone'll tell you where's the Court I live."

For a moment Tom and Pete looked bright over the thought of some day going on a journey to see Grannie, but a shadow quickly darkened their faces.

"Don't go, Grannie," Tom whispered, "an' I'll shine shoes 'nough to-morrow to buy three herrin's for supper." "An' I'll sell more matches, an' we'll have hot taters," Pete said coaxingly.

"I can't, lads, I'm sent fer; the rent ain't up till Saturday. There's bread 'nough in the cupboard for supper, an' that meal'll keep you from startin' out empty to-morrow, an' after that—"

Grannie's head fell back, her eyes closed, and some way or other Tom and Pete knew that she had gone.

The next day some men carried out of Primrose Court a rough wooden box, and the women who stood by said, "Poor old Grannie, she was a kind un."

Tom and Pete felt very lonely and sad, but they couldn't spend much time crying for they had to work hard for their living. Tom took his shoe-box and brushes, while Pete went out to sell matches, and when night came the two boys came back to their cheerless room, to find no Grannie, no supper.

"It don't feel right, eh, Pete," said Tom.

"No, it's lonesome!" Pete answered, with a little shiver, and a sob in his voice.

"Never mind, old man," Tom said soothingly, "we'll go an' get a bowl of hot soup, an' that'll do for fire an' supper too; come on, Uncle Abe's soup stall was a long distance from Primrose Court, but his soup was so savoury, and his measure so generous, that Tom and Pete seldom thought of going elsewhere. On this particular night it seemed to them that there was an extra niceness to the great basins of steaming broth that Uncle Abe handed out across the little stall counter, and they turned away when the last drop had disappeared, feeling very warm and comfortable. A woman was singing just across the street to a great crowd of people, and Pete said:

"Oh, Tom, let's go over; it sounds good."

"All right," said Tom, "come along; let's run afore we get all cold again."

The woman's song was over before two pairs of bare red feet could skip across the street, but a man with a red vest and a kindly voice began to speak, and something he said interested Tom and Pete.

"My friends," he began, "I'm going to tell you of a place where there's no sickness or death, where no one is ever hungry, or cold, or sad, and the best of my story is, that every man, woman and child here may find the place if they hunt for it."

Tom and Pete were so eager to hear the rest, but a policeman came up just then and very angrily told the crowd they were filling up the street, and the man with the red vest was crossly ordered to "move on."

Tom and Pete followed him down several streets, and there, in the crush of a runaway accident, they lost all trace of the man with the wonderful story.

"He's gone, an' we'll never find the place," Pete said sorrowfully.

"Maybe it wasn't true, anyhow!" Tom looked doubtful.

"Oh, but it must be," Pete said positively. "Don't you remember how as Mrs. Case told us one time 'bout men who wore red vests, and how you could always trust 'em and know as they spoke true?"

"Sure enough," answered Tom; "I'd forgotten all about that, but we'll find the place, you just see if we don't."

Then Pete said his feet were cold, and Tom suggested that they sleep all night on the docks.

"It's a good piece back," he said, "an' we're right 'longside of the docks. It'll be most as warm as our place anyhow."

They were slyly creeping round some empty casks, these ragged, dirty, little urchins, when a man's voice sounded loud and clear.

"Well, Bill, where're you bound for?"

"Oh, for a place where's lots to eat and no one's ever sick."

"Ha, ha," laughed the first speaker, "and when does your ship sail for this wonderful place?"

"Just half an hour from now we'll be off."

The men went on talking, the one on a ship's deck, and the other on the wharf, but Tom and Pete heard no more.

"It's goin' to the place," whispered Pete, excitedly.

"An' we'll go too!" answered Tom, with an emphatic shake of his shaggy little head.

I could hardly tell you how they did it. The night was dark, and they were sly little fellows, and the sailors were busy. You little fellows, and the sailors were busy. You little fellows, perhaps, how they crept in among the bales and boxes, but can you fancy how their hearts beat when the next morning a gruff voice said:

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

"Come out, you young rascals!"

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"Come out, you young rascals!"

"The two boys followed him along dark passages, up stairs, and across decks, until they found themselves in the wheel-house, before a man who was laughing heartily at a little girl whom he held in his arms.

"I found these boys stowed away, sir," the gruff-voiced man announced.

"They must be soundly thrashed," the captain said, sternly. "I will not have this kind of work on my ship."

"Please, sir," said Tom, bravely, "we did so want to reach the Place, an' someone said as your ship was goin' straight there."

"What place?" asked the captain.

"Why the place the men talked about where no one were ever sick or hungry, or anything of that sort."

"Where did you hear of this Place, my boy?" The captain's voice had become a good deal kinder.

"Oh, sir," Pete answered eagerly, "it were a man with a red vest who talked on the street corner one night, an' he said as we could all find the Place if we hunted fer it; your ship really goes there, don't it, sir?"

The captain's voice was husky as he answered:

"No, my lads, my ship doesn't go there."

"Then we'll have to keep on a-lookin'," Pete said in a disappointed voice. Tom looked puzzled for a moment, then remembering, he said:

"'Bout the thra-hin' sir, I'd better take Pete's too, if you please; he's such a little chap."

The captain didn't reply for a moment; then he said, turning to the gruff-voiced man:

"Take these children away, and see that they are kindly treated. Let them help round where they can."

That was the beginning of a very happy voyage for Tom and Pete. When the landing day came and they found themselves standing ready to leave the great ship, they quite wished the days could go back and begin over again. The captain came to them just before they stepped onto the gang-plank.

"My boys," he said, "I hope you'll find the Place; I don't know enough about the way to tell you how to get there, but my mother's gone there, and you'll surely find it if you hunt for it. Perhaps I may go too, if he added thoughtfully. Then putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of silver money, and into each boy's hand he put a couple of dimes.

"That will buy you a meal or two," he said. Then an officer called him aside, and Tom and Pete stepped off the gangway to find themselves alone in New York. They were used to city life, so the noise and bustle didn't frighten them, but they felt very strange and lonely.

"I wish we was in Primrose Court, Tom," Pete said.

"It wasn't much of a place, neither," Tom answered, "but then, of course, it was our place. We'll get on somehow though, Pete, don't you fret. Let's go an' look round a bit afore we turn in. It'll soon be dark now."

The two lads were not specially noticed as they wandered up and down the streets of the great city. Ragged, and friendless-looking they were, but there were so many boys just like them in New York that no one seemed at all surprised at their appearance.

"We ain't goin' nowhere, so we can just go where we like," Tom said, as he and Pete turned away from a window where they had been watching some small tin figures that danced up and down to music.

"I wish we could go somewheres where a feller's toes wouldn't freeze so," said Pete, as he tried to stick his poor, little red feet under a pair of ragged trousers.

"If we could only find the Place we'd be all right," Tom said anxiously. "I wonder"—he paused, for sounds of music rose sweet and clear above the din of the street.

"It's right up them stairs," said Pete.

"Oh, Tom, do let's go up and see what it is!"

"Maybe they'd turn us out," Tom said doubtfully; then he added with determination, "but we'll try it anyway."

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The angry tree is also a native of Australia. It reaches the height of eighty feet after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance somewhat resembles a gigantic century plant. One of these curious trees was brought from Australia and set out in Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets, the leaves fold up, and the tender twigs coil tightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled, the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is moved from one spot to another, it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions, like the quills of a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odour, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.—*The Evangelist*.

THE GENTLEMAN BROWNIE.

BY MARGARET DANE.

MRS STONE was sick with a cold and couldn't go out of doors.

"Dear me!" she said to herself as she looked out of the window. "I'm afraid somebody will fall on my slippery walk, and the wood is almost gone, and if the pump isn't run down it'll freeze! Dear me! What shall I do?"

Little Fred Crosby stood at his window, right opposite Mrs. Stone.

"I've been a-thinkin' 'bout 'sprisin' Mrs. Stone," he said slowly, "'cause she's sick, you know, mamma, and 'cause she's all alone without any little boys to help her!"

"That would be very kind," said mamma. "What do you want to do?"

"She's pulled down her curtains and lighted her lamp!" exclaimed Fred, joyfully, "and I can go right over now! I'm going to put ashes on the walk and pile up her shell wood-box, and then I'm goin' to run down the pump!"

"I can do it," he asserted stoutly, as mamma looked doubtful, "'cause Mrs. Stone showed me how Wednesday night."

He put on his gray ulster and big rubber boots and was across the street in about a minute.

Very softly he laid the sticks of wood one upon the other in the big wood-box till it was full to the top. Then he let the pump down. That was great fun and almost made him laugh out loud because the water gurgled and squeaked so.

And now there was the walk. How fast Fred worked for fear Mrs. Stone might pull up the curtain and see him. But she didn't; and at last the coal-hod was empty and the icy walk was covered.

"Hard at work, Fred?" called Mr. Green, as he spied Fred in the twilight.

"Guess so!" stammered Fred as he shut the gate hurriedly and ran quickly across the street.

"Mr. Green almost told on me, 'cause he talked so loud," said Fred, "but I guess Mrs. Stone didn't hear him," he added, thoughtfully.

But Mrs. Stone did hear him, and when she found her wood-box full she knew all about it.

"Fred is the dearest little friend I have!" she said, wiping her eyes very hard.

The next morning Fred went over to see how she felt.

"I feel very happy, Fred," she said, smiling, "because last night all my work was done for me. I think it must be some good little Brownie who walked out of one of Palmer Cox's pictures to help me, don't you?"

Fred's eyes danced.

"I 'spect it was," he answered. "Which one do you s'pose it was, Mrs. Stone?"

It was such fun being a Brownie that Fred smiled and smiled.

"It wasn't the dude," said Mrs. Stone, decidedly, "nor it wasn't the king! I think it must be the gentleman Brownie!"

"I don't think there is any gentleman one," said Fred, doubtfully.

"Oh, there must be!" answered Mrs. Stone, knowingly, "for this particular Brownie was a true little gentleman."

"I'm very glad you think so," said Fred, "very glad indeed, Mrs. Stone, and the Brownie is, too."

And then he smiled again.—*Youth's Companion*.

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CHAPTER II.

THE owner of the gruff voice had a bright lantern in his hand, and he seemed rather rough and cross. Tom tried to make him understand about the Place that they wanted to reach, but it seemed no use.

"The captain will fix a place for you," he said, firmly. "Come along with me."