

Molly.

A SKETCH.

(L. Crofts, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Old Molly Sorrel drew her shawl closely round her as she came out of the church. Her eyes were sad and troubled, and her footsteps faltered.

Life had seemed very hard of late, and Molly was tired and confessed to herself that she 'couldn't reckon things up.'

The sermon had been about the duty of love towards God. It had been delivered in very eloquent, and to Molly, very obscure language, and she was sore puzzled.

'Well, well,' she said to herself, 'if it is so, it is; but I can't understand it. I can't make meself love a person I've never seen nor even known. They say he's here, but I've been a seekin' him all me life and never found him yet!'

On her way home from the day's charing the following night she had to call at one of the big houses for some washing.

The kitchen was warm and bright and comfortable. Molly had had a hard day. She sat down near the fire glad of a few minutes' rest while she waited for the bundle.

The cook was making preparations for the dinner. The soup smelt very good and appetizing. Molly thought of the eighteen pence in her pocket, and was wondering if she could afford to get 'a bit of something' as she went home, when suddenly voices were heard coming from the drawing room. A man's harsh tones, loud and angry, and then a woman's pleading voice which broke every now and then into a sob.

'Ah,' said the cook, as she paused with the soup ladle in her hand, 'it's master and missis; mercy on us! they're at it again!'

As Molly went out with her bundle of clothes the tears were in her eyes.

'Even there,' she said, 'is sorrow and misery!'

She trudged along. Presently she began to hum a scrap of a song she had heard somewhere.

Against some railings was a woman with a baby in her arms. She was leaning up against them as if weary, and something in her face made Molly hesitate a moment and then stop.

'Why,' she said, 'tis cold ye'll be a-standin' there like that, and the child an' all, why don't yer get along home?'

The woman raised her eyes in surprise to Molly's kindly ones.

'I'm only resting a bit,' she said.

'Have yer walked far?' asked Molly.

'Most all day.'

Molly looked at the little pale face of the child beneath the shawl.

'Is she asleep?' she inquired.

'No, I don't think so; she's always like that. I can't get her food; we've had nothing since yesterday,' and the woman straightened herself as if to move on.

'Why, let me carry the bairn a bit for yer,' said Molly. 'Yer looks just fit to drop,' and tucking her bundle under one arm, she took the child with the other, and they trudged off together.

At the corner of a narrow street Molly stopped, and, putting the child back in its mother's arms, fumbled in her pocket.

'See, me dear,' she said, 'it's only a trifle, but it'll get yer a bite for to-night.' And thrusting her earnings into the woman's hand, she hurried away into the darkness.

She climbed the stairs to a little room at the top of some old buildings. It was very

bare and comfortless. She found some sticks and some pieces of coal, and kindled a blaze in the grate; then she sat down in front of it and watched the light flicker on the walls.

She fancied that somehow the room did not look quite so poor and shabby as it did on other nights. The fire seemed to burn bigger and brighter than it usually did. She felt quite warm; and a feeling of wonderful peace and rest came over her.

Suddenly she became conscious of someone in the room, standing beside her chair, and a voice, exceedingly soft and tender, seemed to say to her ear—

'Molly, Molly, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these ye have done it unto me. Lo, I am with you always!'

The face of the woman with the baby passed before her and smiled.

Molly opened her eyes. The tears were running down her cheeks, and a great peace, such as she had never felt before, filled her soul.

'Lord,' she cried, 'stretching out her wrinkled hands, 'dear Lord, I have found thee at last!'

Little Words.

(L. M. Montgomery, in the 'Canadian Churchman.')

Just a little word that bore
Comfort to a heart grown sore,
Filled a day with better cheer
That had else been dull and drear,
Was that gentle little word.

Just a little word of scorn
Sharper than the rose's thorn,
Spoiling gladness with its smart,
Rankling long within the heart,
Lightly spoken, sadly heard
Was that bitter little word.

Oh, the power of little words.
Swifter they than winged birds,
Messengers of joy or pain,
Heavenly kindness, anger's bane,
Borne on one fleet breath, they may
Hurt or help for many a day.

Let us make them brave and true,
Speaking none that we must rue,
For in some eternal year
We our words again may hear,
Echoing back to you and me,
Fruitage of their ministry.

'Give up Your Sin!'

This was the advice given to a London loafer the other day by Mr. Charles Alexander, the singing evangelist. I was accompanying him down Paternoster Row, when a dejected, disconsolate fellow came up and said: 'Excuse me, sir, but I must ask you for help—I have nothing in the world.'

'Do you drink?' said the evangelist.

'I sometimes take a glass of beer,' replied the pale-faced man.

'I thought so.' Looking at the hands of the suppliant, Mr. Alexander added: 'And you also smoke cigarettes; both these things bring a man down.'

Changing the note, the evangelist said: 'I want you to know that God loves you. Mind, I am not talking down to you; I love your soul. The only reason I am occupying the position I am, and have a little money in my pocket to give you, is found in the fact that I have given my heart to God.'

'Why does not God make me love him?' queried the man, indignantly, and with ill-

feeling. 'I am without food, and have not a shirt to my back.'

'My friend, you must first give up your sin. If you do not, you will doubtless remain as you are. On the other hand, I am able to tell you that in all my travels I never saw a live Christian without a shirt to his back. God clothes and feeds those who leave their sin, and surrender themselves to his will.'

Handing the man a piece of money, more substantial than the usual charity gift, Mr. Alexander said: 'Now remember that the man who gives you this money is a Christian, who tells you that God loves you. Do not spend it in drink, but heed my words.'

The man was broken down, and the tears of gratitude flowed as he hastened to apologize for the rudeness and impertinence which he had shown earlier in the conversation.

Continuing, the evangelist pressed home his message: 'Christ says: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." You may fool men, but you cannot deceive God. He says he will be found of them that seek him with all their hearts. But nothing short of a full surrender will avail, and you must not expect God to take care of you—to feed and clothe you—until you leave your sin. As a Christian, you will find the promises and the power of God working for your good.'

The man asked for direction as to further instruction and help, and was commended to the care of well-known workers.—F. S. T., in the 'Christian.'

Two Men and a Moral.

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned and said in a slow, tired way: 'Drop that. It ain't worth stealin'.'

The ruddy man said, 'Not if you're lookin'.' The pale man set the bag at his feet and said:

'It's poor business you're in.'

'You don't look as if yours was any better.'

He sat down. 'What is your callin'?'

'I'm an iron worker bridge work.'

'Don't look strong enough.'

'That's so. I'm just out of the hospital; got hurt three months ago.'

'I'm just out of the hospital, too,' he grinned.

'What hospital?'

'Sing Sing.'

'What? Jail?'

'Yes; not bad in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too.'

'Clothes? Is that so?'

'Gets you work—'

'Work! I wish they'd get me some.'

'You ain't bad enough. Go and grab some-thing. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out and get looked after by nice ladies.'

'My!'

'Didn't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?'

'No! Why should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?''

'Yes. I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. You look bad. Good-bye.'

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.—Dr. Weir Mitchell, in 'Century.'