

HOW KATHIE HELPED.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

Kathie was a hunchback. There is a world of suffering and disappointment in that two-syllabled word. If her body was feeble, her mind was bright and her heart brave. Some way Kathie had fallen into the habit of going to meet her father, just of late I mean, for it cost her quite an effort to hobble down the hill on her crutches. Saturday night was the worst; for then the hands at the handle factory were paid their week's wages, and Kathie Artley's father seldom got home without leaving the most of his at the village grog shop. Sunday instead of being spent in the service of the Master, was a day of drunken stupor, and it was generally Tuesday before he was able to go to work again. David was a good workman, and always begged so hard when the proprietor threatened to turn him off, that time and again he had been allowed to return. But the "sprees" were growing on him; and Kathie's mother, who had tried many plans for saving him, was now quite discouraged.

The cottage was still theirs; and this home, humble as it was, proved a great blessing to them. Mrs. Artley had a faculty of making things bright and cheerful—homey, so to speak. Through all trials and discouragements she never forgot to trust in, and to serve the Master. Not even when in liquor was Mr. Artley unkind to Kathie; and she in turn loved her father very much indeed. How often she prayed for him! Never doubting but that in God's own good time her prayers would be answered.

Things were growing worse, as I have said, when one night Mrs. Artley told all her fears to Kathie; and Kathie, with tear-wet cheeks and a heavy heart, promised to do all she could to help save her father.

"I will go to meet him every night," she resolved, and from that time she was always at the foot of the hill. Then, too, they made an extra effort to brighten up the home, for little efforts go a great way sometimes towards making up the sum of human happiness.

"Father," said Kathie one morning, trying a warm comforter, made by her own busy fingers, around his neck. "It is cold and snowy, but I'll be at the foot of the hill to meet you to-night. Come a little earlier, won't you? This is your birthday and we'll have something you like for tea."

"Bless you, child! you're all I want," exclaimed David Artley, turning away to hide his emotion.

It was Saturday morning. Kathie did long so for some assurance that her father would not get on a spree that night, and then she made up her mind to do something she had never done before. She had knitted a pair of mittens for Amy Dunn, who lived near the factory, for Kathie was handy and industrious far beyond her years. She had intended sending them by her father; but no, she would start early in the afternoon and take them herself, then at six o'clock she would be at the factory door waiting for father. When the bell rang she was there promptly.

"You here?" exclaimed David, who came out arm in arm with Jack Doyle, an associate Kathie and her mother had every reason to fear.

"Are you ready, father?" queried Kathie, in her low, pleading voice. "Mrs. Dunn has sent some peach jam to you and mother, and we are to have light biscuits. Do come, father."

Kathie's hand was on his arm, her voice was in his ears, and David Artley turned suddenly away from his half-jeering companions and went home with his child.

Anxious about Kathie, Mrs. Artley had come to the foot of the hill. Hope had been singing in her heart all the afternoon. An old neighbor had remembered that it was not only Mr. Artley's birthday, but their wedding anniversary, and sent a well-filled basket. Perhaps it cost the giver some slight sacrifice, but the happiness it brought to that humble family was worth twice the effort.

Carefully folded away in a trunk was a relic of better and happier days—Mrs. Artley's wedding dress. More than one tear was hid in its soft, brown folds, as she shook it out and determined to put it on. "David will be pleased," she thought; and Kathie, before she went out, had said: "Put on your wedding-dress, mother; you know you wore it once on my birthday, and father thought you looked so nice."

When all was ready, the table set with extra care, the one geranium that always bloomed in the window moved to the centre of the table, the Bible, her only brother's wedding gift, was placed on the little stand near the lamp.

David liked a good meal, but how often had he forgotten to provide it for his patient wife and child! He liked a bright home, and cheerful faces, too, and as he walked along with Kathie he saw more clearly than he had ever done before the efforts his wife and child had made in his behalf.

He gave a little start of pleasure when he saw his wife waiting by the great oak at the foot of the hill.

"Are we late, mother?" asked Kathie; and in the same breath Mr. Artley asked: "Is there anything the matter, Dorothy?"

"Nothing, only—"

Here Mrs. Artley's voice failed her, and Kathie supplied:

"This is your birth-day, and yours and mother's wedding day, and we wanted to make you happy."

"God helping us, we will be a happy family once more," returned her father.

His tones were very earnest, and he had never spoken before of relying on God's help, so the happy wife and child could only say amen in their hearts. Reaching home, Mr. Artley noted that everything had been prepared with unusual care, even to placing the Bible where it had been wont to lay in the first years of their married life. "If father would only ask a blessing," thought Kathie, as they sat down to tea. For the first time in years Mr. Artley bowed his head and said "grace." It was a happy moment for all, one which was never forgotten. From that time on there was a change in David Artley. He would often say to Kathie, "If you had not met me at the factory door, I would have gone off with Jack Doyle that night, and still been on the downward road."

God bless the little helpers! By and through them many a fallen one has been reclaimed. They are God's angels, ministering in ways we wot not of.—*Church and Home.*

A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

It is a Christian duty to be well. Once I ridiculed the dogma laid down by a celebrated teacher that it is a sin to be sick. And I still believe it to be wrong to say so. In this world of disease and death, it is impossible for all to avoid illness always. We hear about in our bodies the seeds of sickness. Germs of mortal ailments float in the brightest sunlight. We inhale them while ministering to those whom we love and serve. Therefore it is not true in the abstract that it is a sin to be sick. But it is fearfully true that the larger part of our physical suffering is the result of our imprudence, neglect of well-known duty or positive violation of the obvious laws of health. These laws violated in youth may not be followed by capital punishment at once, but the time will come when the penalty must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Murder will out. And if the boy or young man, the young pastor, or man of business does those things that ought not to be done, and so hurts his eyes, or his lungs, or his voice, the tax-gatherer will come for him, and he will have to settle up. He feels so well that in his folly and ardor he thinks he can study night and day, preach three times on Sunday, eat late suppers, visit every day, burn the candle at both ends, and never say die. There is a limit to human endurance. Common-sense is not altogether a lost sense. And it stands to reason that a harp of a thousand strings will not keep in tune seventy years, if it is played on all the while. Some of the strings will break, and if you do not keep a bright look-out the whole concern, like the parson's chaise, will go all to pieces at once. There is a silly motto attributed to some distinguished preacher, "Better wear out than rust out." What is the use of doing either? A man who shortens his days by overtaking himself is a suicide, and he who lays himself up in cotton when he ought to be at work is a drone deserving many stripes. Another saying has driven many a good Christian to an untimely grave: "A man is immortal till his work is done." True, our times are in the hand of Him who setteth up one and putteth down another. But a Christian worker who neglects the laws of health on the miserable plea that

God will take care of him, might as well jump of the Brooklyn Bridge expecting that Providence will spare his life to go to a prayer-meeting over the river.—*Treasury in N. Y. Observer.*

BIBLE WORDS ABOUT GIVING A PORTION OF OUR SUBSTANCE TO THE WORK OF THE LORD.

1. God claims a portion of our substance. And all the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord.—*Lev. 27:30.*
2. Withholding this claim is to rob God. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.—*Mal. 3:8.*
3. Therefore the claim should be attended to promptly. And as soon as the commandment came abroad, the children of Israel brought in abundance the first fruits of corn, wine and oil, and honey, and of all the increase of the field; and the tithes of all the things brought they in abundantly.—*2 Chron. 31:5.*
4. Worldly prosperity promised to those who honor God with their substance. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.—*Prov. 3:9, 10.*
5. It is accepted according to what a man hath. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—*2 Cor. 8:12.*
6. It should be given willingly. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.—*2 Cor. 9:7.*
7. Does poverty or limited means excuse any one from giving to the Lord? They shall not appear before the Lord empty; every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee.—*Deut. 16:17, 18.*
8. Jacob's vow. Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.—*Gen. 28:22.*

Will you act on these principles? If so, begin to-day.

But now complete the doing also; that as there was the readiness to will, so there may be the completion also out of your ability. For if the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath, not according as he hath not.—*2 Cor. 8:11, 12 New Version.*

HOW CLAUDE CONQUERED.

He was such a bright, pretty boy, but he had such a quick temper; it just ruled him with a rod of iron. One day he came to his mother in a great distress of mind. "O mother, what shall I do? I am just ashamed of myself."

"Have you ever prayed over it, my son?"

"Why, mother, I didn't suppose there was any use in taking such little things to God."

"He takes just as much notice of 'little things,' as you call them as of greater affairs."

"Please tell me how to take my temper to him, mother. I'll just do anything to get rid of them."

"Every time you find yourself getting angry, stop and ask God to help you conquer."

"What shall I say when I ask him, mother?"

"Say, my child? Why, just the simplest words you can use. Speak just as you would when asking your earthly father for help."

"Yes, mother; but that seems so different, you know. I am not the least bit afraid of papa."

"Why should you be afraid of your Heavenly Father? He has ever been most kind and good to you, giving you so many blessings and mercies."

"But I cannot see him as I can papa."

"No, but you can trust him, when you remember that he gave his only Son to save your soul."

"Yes, mother, so I can; but he seems so far away when I try to pray."

"But not too far away to hear the faintest whisper his children may utter. Try him, my dear child."

"I will, mother, the first time I find my temper getting the better of me."

And he did not have to wait long. During school hours that very afternoon one of his schoolmates provoked him, and the quick retort flew to his lips; but remembering his mother's words, he said softly to himself, "Help me to keep still, I pray Thee, and not say anything hateful."

God heard the little prayer, and helped Claude to keep still, greatly to his companion's astonishment, for Claude's "tem-

pers" were the talk of the school. Of course this success in mastering his temper pleased and encouraged Claude very much indeed. But because of his victory gained so easily, he was not so careful next time, and the consequence was, he failed in controlling his temper, and all because he did not lift his soul in prayer immediately upon finding his temper getting the better of him.

Claude threw himself at his mother's feet upon his return from school, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"It's no use trying," he cried. "I thought I never would get angry again, and yet this very morning I slapped Willie Brown real hard, so that he cried, because he laughed when I dropped my slate-pencil and broke it."

"Shall I tell you how to impress this failure on your mind so that you will think better next time?"

"Yes, please."

"Pick out from among your playthings something pretty, and take it to Willie tomorrow morning. I think you will remember next time to ask God to help you keep your temper."

So Claude took a present to Willie next day, and found that his mother was right. Willie himself was astonished, and told each schoolmate the whole story. Boys are generous souls, and these boys were no exception to the general rule. They applauded Claude with much noisy demonstration, and this quite surprised him in turn, and made him determined to win their esteem, even as he had their scorn in the past.—*Kath Artley in The Child's Paper.*

MY INFLUENCE.—What is my influence; Are people who have most to do with me better-people or worse people on account of my relation to them? I saw the pestilential Campagna of Rome planted with the eucalyptus tree. In some way its waxy leaves counteract the poisonous malaria. No man, Christian by profession, or man of the world, will dispute the statement that there are moral influences in our society that poison the atmosphere like the exhalations of a swamp. Well, what am I to this tainted world—a eucalyptus tree or a poisoned ivy? In one word what is the moral effect of my influence?—*Bishop Cheney.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. How many brothers had David, and who were the three eldest?
2. To whom and on what occasion did God say "For man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart?"
3. Who mourned at seeing his daughter.
4. The birthdays of what two men are mentioned in the Bible?
4. Who commanded the sun to stand still, and how long did it so remain?
6. Who was Solomon's mother?

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. An Old Testament prophet who said, "the just shall live by his faith."
2. An Old Testament prophet who says "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"
3. An Old Testament prophet who reproved David.
4. An Old Testament prophet (not Isaiah) who says, "Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."
5. A man who was put to death for lying.
6. An Old Testament prophet who said, "Consider your ways."

The first letters form the name of a good woman spoken of in the Old Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 11.

1. Deut. xxxiii. 25.
2. The defeat at Ai. Josh. vii. 4.
3. Because of the sin of Achan. Josh. vii. 11 21.
4. Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh: because it was a good land for their cattle. Num. xxxii. 33.
5. At the revolt of the ten tribes during the reign of Rehoboam. 1 Kings xii. 16.
6. Stephen. Acts. vii. 60.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—Jesus, Emmanuel, Heaven Omega, Vine, Alpha, Holiness—*Jehovah.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Bessie Bastedo, Lizzie Little, Hannah Little, Minnie Riddle, Emma L. Hamilton and Alma Pearce.