

might now be listened to, even at the eleventh hour: he went upstairs.

Charlie lay propped up with pillows, his bright eyes wide open and intelligent, but his face deathly pale. 'Oh, teacher,' said the boy, as Roland went forward and took his hand kindly, 'Oh! teacher, I'm so glad to see you! I thought I'd die before you came. I haven't been able to speak till to-day, and now I can tell you all.'

Roland wondered what the child would possibly have to tell him, but he sat down by his side, and tried to sooth his evident excitement, thinking he was eager to relate the details of the terrible accident, so far as he could remember it. But it was nothing of the kind. Charlie had other things to speak of now, things that Roland would never have thought possible.

'Teacher,' he began, fixing his shining eyes on Roland's face, 'you remember the lesson you gave us in class on Sunday week, the last time I was there; I was cracking nuts, I know, and pinching Jack Hone, and I'm sorry, teacher—but I was listening all the time—I remember it all—it was about the Bridegroom coming, you know, and the door being shut when the women-folk came too late—and you told us, teacher, there would come a time to all of us when the door would be shut; and now—and Charlie's voice dropped lower, and a faint flush stole into his cheek—and now, teacher, it is shut for me, but I am on the right side—I am not shut out—Jesus has let me inside, and I am going to him.'

There was silence for a minute, for Roland was so overcome with astonishment and thankfulness that he could not answer the child all at once. And then Charlie went on to tell, in a soft, low voice, how, underneath all his fun and all his real naughtiness, which he owned with a pitiful regret, there had long been lurking a secret wish that he was a Christian, 'like teacher'; how that lesson had impressed him, how he had gone to find the Bridegroom before the Bridegroom suddenly came, and how he had been let in to kiss his feet. 'I would have been different, teacher, so different,' he said, 'if I had ever come back into the class, I would indeed. I wanted to tell you I had found Jesus for my own, and he had opened the door for me, but I didn't dare come to you, I thought you mightn't understand. I thought perhaps I could on Sunday, only—only I was afraid you wouldn't believe me, teacher.'

Roland wondered to himself whether he really would, and was obliged to own that probably he would not, so small were his expectations of ever seeing his prayers answered for troublesome Charlie. He felt humiliated and ashamed for his poor feeble faith in the promises of God, and asked Charlie's forgiveness if he had ever discouraged or repelled him by his want of sympathy and his frequent stern reproofs. He could see by the replies that there was something to be forgiven, though the dying boy would openly acknowledge nothing but his own sin, and rebellion and ingratitude. They prayed together, Roland Barker pouring out his troubled heart in thanksgiving, the young soul, new to the kingdom of heaven, sending up its broken cry of penitence, and praise, and intercession for others; so early does the redeemed one desire the redemption of those still in bondage.

Charlie did not die immediately, as the doctor had fully expected. He had received a fatal injury, and he never again left his bed, but he rallied slightly and lived for some weeks, seeing many of his old friends and school-fellows, and 'preaching Jesus and the resurrection,' to all who entered that chamber of death, in which the glory of Im-

manuel's land seemed already to have dawned. Then he passed away joyously, gladly, triumphantly, into the presence of the King to whom the love and allegiance of his warm young heart had been so completely and freely given.

Roland Barker went back to his work with a new strength for service. God's promise was now a reality as never before, for had it not been graciously fulfilled, as it were, in spite of his lack of faith? It was not a mere figure of speech, then, after all; it was plainly, simply true that:

'Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.'

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his loving care.
—J. G. Whittier.

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, is hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self. — George Macdonald.

Do you want your friends to remember you when you are gone? Then love them while you are here.

The Secret of Happiness.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Annie E. Baker, in the 'Occident'.)

The Sunday-school class that Miss White was asked to take soon after she went to Greenville to live, was a very disorderly one, and yet the boys did not deserve the bad name they had in the school. They were not bad boys, only full of fun and mischief, and sometimes they found it hard to sit quietly during the lesson hour. After hearing that the class was 'the worst in the school,' and that 'the boys carried on dreadfully,' Miss White consented to take them, but she did so with a faint heart, but also a determination to do her best, and yet feeling that if half that was said about them was true she would not be able to manage them.

And how surprised she was that first Sunday! In the first place, they were nice-looking boys, with frank, open faces; and then they had a straight-forward way of talking, that made the new teacher feel sure she would like them. But what pleased her most of all, was that their mischief was open and above board, with no attempt at concealment; and when one of the boys said to her, 'the fellows hope you won't be as cross as the last teacher was, why, she was just as cross and scolded us every Sunday,' she decided not to scold at all, but to manage the ten boys before her, in some other way.

As time passed, she found that other way a good one, for she not only had a quiet well behaved class, but became fond of the boys and enjoyed teaching them. One Sunday a few days after Christmas, something was said by one of the boys that made Miss White wonder if all the class understood about self-sacrifice, and the pleasure that comes from making other people happy.

The lesson was over and in the few moments before the closing exercises of the school, they were talking of the things they had received on Christmas. After listening to them a short time, Miss White said, 'Are you not thankful to have these things, boys?' Ralph, who was at all times spokesman of the class, answered, 'thankful for what my

father gives me? Of course not, because he likes to give me presents, if he can find out what I would rather have.' Just then the superintendent's bell rang, and Miss White did not have time to say anything more, but after Sunday-school she invited the boys to come and see her the next afternoon, telling them to be sure and come, as she had something she wanted to talk over with them.

The next afternoon, at the appointed time, the boys met at their teacher's home, and after playing some games in the garden, and climbing up into the seat built in the old apple tree, they came indoors, and enjoyed the nice supper, ready for them.

Then, when supper was over, and they had gone back to the parlor, Miss White told them about her plan; how she had listened to them on Sunday, when they were talking about their Christmas presents, and while they were speaking of the many beautiful things they had received, she thought of a poor boy, who would be thankful if he had only one present, something that would make the long wearisome days pass more pleasantly. The boys seemed interested, and asked so many questions about this strange boy—who would be pleased with one present, that Miss White said she would begin at the beginning and tell them about him.

His name was Jimmy Brown, and his father was a bad man, who did not take care of his family, but went away and left his wife and children with no money, only a small house, with a tiny garden behind it. Mrs. Brown was a brave little woman, and when she found that her husband had really gone off and left them to take care of themselves, she did the best she could to take his place as the bread-winner of the family; and she succeeded, for all who knew her sad story were sorry for her, and she found work that kept her busy for several days each week.

She was thankful to have the work to do, but it was hard to go away, day after day, and be gone until night, for the oldest girl worked in the large mill near the house, and there was no one else to stay at home with the three younger children—Jimmy and his two little sisters.

One day, when she had gone to her work as usual, leaving the children alone, Jimmy met with the accident which made him a cripple for the rest of his life. He was crossing the street in front of the house when a fire-engine, drawn by two large horses, came running down the street, and before the frightened child could get out of the way he was knocked down, and one of the heavy wheels passed over his back. Jimmy was four years old when this happened, and for the next three years he was so ill that the physician said he must stay very quietly in bed, as that was his only hope of getting well again. But even this long rest did not make him strong and well, for he was so thin and weak that at last his mother was told that he would never be very strong again, and she must let him go out of doors and take what exercise he could; for he could no longer run and play like other boys, but crept around on crutches, a poor little hunch-back, some days not able to go out at all.

'That is all I know of Jimmy's past,' said Miss White, 'and now, I will tell you about my visit to him last week. He lives on the top of a hill, and as I drove up to the house, I saw Jimmy sitting by the window, looking wistfully down the road, as if he was wishing someone would come to see him. Mrs. Brown was at home, and came to the door to meet me, and as she took the basket of fruit I had brought for her little boy, she said, "Jimmy saw you from the window, and