

## A Spray of Apple Blossoms.

They lay on the broad low window ledge,  
Where the hand of a little child  
Had pinched them—dewy and fresh and sweet—  
And the grandmother had smiled,  
And softly stroked with her wrinkled hand  
The curly trembled head,  
And then the needles bright were still;  
Unrolled the snowy thread;

For, borne on the breath of the apple bloom,  
She lived in the golden past;  
She saw an orchard where blossom snows  
Were falling thick and fast—  
Falling upon the fair, bent head  
Of a maiden, in girlhood's prime,  
Reading a letter worn and creased  
From folding many a time.

"When the apple blossoms are here once more,  
I shall come back, Allaire—  
Shall come for my answer." The scented wind,  
Which ruffled the maiden's hair,  
Brought to her ears a well known voice,  
She turned in a startled way—  
"I have come for my answer, what is it, dear?"  
What could she do but lay

Her hands in the eager, outstretched ones?  
Ah, life is sweet in June,  
When hearts keep time to the liquid flow  
Of life and light and tune;  
And when in her snowy, floating veil  
She stood on her bridal morn,  
She would have but the tinted apple bloom  
Her white robe to adorn.

Through the open window the western wind  
Blew soft on the wrinkled face,  
When a smile shone, sweet as that could be  
Which had let her girlhood grace.  
A little voice called her truant thoughts;  
"Grandpapa sent me to see  
If you know that the clock has been striking six?  
And he wants you to pour his tea!"

## Corner-Work.

BY MRS. MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"I get so much more out of my farm because I don't slight the corners. Folks lose a lot, neglecting out-of-sight places."

Uncle Rufus had said this to Ethel the last time she visited the country.

"Yes," said Aunt Susan, "and it's the same in the Master's work. Ethel, don't hanker after Japan or some big, showy place, but look around for corner-work. Neglected old folks, discouraged people, and those who are not very smart or well-off, and little children."

"It may turn out like my prize squash," said Uncle Rufus. "Neighbour Dobbins told all around he'd take the prize, 'cause Uncle Rufus wasn't raising squash. I kept mum; but all the time, in a fence corner, where I didn't let a weed lift its head, a squash was nearly busting itself getting fat and yellow to take the prize at two shows."

This all came back to Ethel, as she sat in the League meeting in a fashionable down-town church. Much had been said about "consecration," "courses of study," "getting new members," and the like, but Ethel did not see a field of work for her. She must look for some neglected corner. She happened to be late, so sat where she could see the back seat. She knew the delicate-looking girl near her was a teacher; that the pretty little brown-eyed girl next, clerked in a fancy store; and that the young woman with the rosy cheeks was somebody's hired-girl. But there her knowledge ended. As for the homely girl near the door, she had spoken to her once, but she had not answered; so she did not try to find out who she was. Ethel knew these girls were lonely, neglected strangers, and decided she had found her corner.

As soon as "Blest be the tie" was sung, Ethel

turned to the faced-looking girl near her, and said, holding out her hand

"We have never been introduced, but we belong to the same society and the same Bible class, and we ought to be friends. I am Ethel Brown."

"My name is Miss Adams," replied that young lady, stilly.

"My little sister's teacher has the same name," said Ethel.

"Pansy is one of my dearest pupils," answered the girl, in a softened tone.

"How stupid I was not to think of that. I assure you the child loves you. We live around the corner from the school. Do come and see me. Where can I call on you?"

Ethel said this with such a winning smile, Mary Adams could not resist her.

"I fear I answered you in a queer way at first. I am foolish to come here to church, but I boarded near here when I went to school, so joined then. I don't feel at home, for I don't know any one. It makes me a little bitter to have no friends."

"Well, you have now; and look for me the first Saturday I can get there. Where shall I come?"

Mary gave the number, and slipped away—but not until Edith had introduced her to several of her friends. Ethel was able to reach the door before the little clerk and her companion were out of sight, and sent them home with hearts warmed by her kind words. The next she happened to see the homely girl at the house of a friend.

"That is Ellen Smith, Ethel," the lady replied to her question. "Yes, as you say, she is the homeliest girl I ever saw; but her scarred face has a beautiful history, for it was made so while she was carrying her little brother out of a burning building. The intense heat she passed through may have made her hard of hearing."

"You make me ashamed of myself, to think I have laughed at her queer looks and actions. I will make it up to her in every way I can," was Ethel's answer.

Before she left the house she had engaged Ellen to come and make a dress for her, thinking then to find out best how to help her. That afternoon she walked several squares out of her way to buy some ribbon of the girl who attended the League meetings.

"You are very kind," said the young woman, as she handed Ethel the change. "We get paid here according to our sales, so it is a great favour when my friends trade with me, for I am just beginning to earn my own living. My husband died last winter. We were only married three months, so he could not provide for me."

"Just think, mamma, she can't be any older than I? I found she boarded in a miserable boarding-house. If you don't care, I'll bring her home to dinner on Sunday, and give her a little happiness," Ethel said that night, as she talked the day over with her mother. "I knew these girls all belonged to our church, so I went first to Dr. Clark, but he did not even know their names. Nor mine either for that matter, till I told him my father's name. He says a city preacher can't be expected to know his people. For my part I would do without a few of his adjectives for the sake of giving him time to hunt up neglected people."

"I thought it was her work, not other people's, my daughter was trying to find," was the answer. "I've found to-day your girl from the country has a very hard place, where she has to sleep in an unfinished attic, and is a perfect drudge. She is trying to help a brother through college. I believe you can find her a good home, where she will be treated well, and have some opportunity to make something of herself."

"Oh, mamma, I'll go and see Aunt Mary to-day. Perhaps she will take her."

So, through Ethel's exertions, Anne Burton found a home that changed the whole of her after life.

It was several weeks before Ethel was able to visit Mary Adams, but Pansy took fruit and flowers to her teacher, and Ethel sent many kind messages. When she did reach the poor little house Mary called "home," she found Mrs. Adams very sick.

"I cannot afford a substitute, so she has to lie and suffer while I am gone," said Mary, sadly.

"Mamma," Ethel said, when she told her how she had found things, "I can't teach for Mary, nor nurse her mother, but our Hannah is such a splendid nurse. I believe I could get her to go there if you would let me do her work. I can hire a wash-woman, and do the rest."

"Hannah has a good deal to do. You would have no time for your painting," was the answer.

"I've thought of that; but if I paint health in Mrs. Adams' face, and hope in Mary's, it will be even better than the roses I expected to paint on these china plates."

The next day Hannah took possession of the little house, and Mary soon saw she could leave her mother in better hands than her own. By the time Mary's vacation began, her mother was well again, and Hannah went back to her kitchen, which, she declared, to get as she left it would take the rest of the summer, though Ethel had put a day in getting it ready for Hannah's sharp eyes. It had been a hard time for Ethel, as she had had little experience in housework, and an aching head and back were often the price she paid for the work Hannah did so easily. She felt, however, as she washed dishes and swept, that it was as much work for God as if she had been preaching, if speaking in public had been one of her gifts.

Someway, Uncle Rufus heard of it, and he sent for Mary and her mother to spend a month on the farm, which brought—sure enough—roses to their faces.

"Mary told me you were the friend of the poor girls in your society, and that now everyone was friendly," Uncle Rufus said to Ethel, when she went out to visit the farm. "You've found your corner; keep it cared for well, and you'll see a rich harvest by-and-by."

## Bringing Another.

In the great city of Paris there are not many Protestant churches, and most of them have a hard struggle for existence. A member of one of these churches said to a friend, "It is a rule of our church that when one brother is converted he must go and bring another brother, and when a sister is converted she must go and bring another sister. In this way about one hundred and fifty have been added to our number." Now here is an instructive example for boys and girls and older people in the Sunday-school. There are always some left who are not in the school. Many of these may be brought in through personal effort. There is nothing so efficient for this as direct invitation. Occasionally an invitation may be treated with disrespect; but this will happen very rarely if tact is employed in giving it. And then the example holds good, too, in leading others to conversion. Everywhere around you are those who are not converted. You may be able to lead them to Christ. Just this is what Andrew did when he first became acquainted with Jesus. He was so delighted that he wanted his brother to know him too; so he started and soon found him and brought him. And so Simon, that is Peter, and Andrew became disciples of Jesus.