

FINE FEATHERS.

The Hemlock Street Sunday-school, to which Florrie Warren and Mabel Chandler belonged, was a thoroughly live school; it gave liberally to all missions, but was especially interested in the poor of the city. The boys were ready to give their torn books or discarded toys to some little urchin, who would appreciate them very highly, and the girls exhibited a kindly rivalry in the many stiches they took for the ragged orphans or the neglected waifs.

And not content with feeding, clothing, or amusing their less fortunate neighbors, these boys and girls used their utmost efforts to assist their teachers and superintendent in gathering into the Sunday school numbers of the untaught children. It was a point of honor with them to greet every tattered or shabby new-comer with a smile and pleasant word, to find the hymns for them, or to explain what was to be the topic of the lesson for the day.

I presume it is needless to say that the refreshments which were served at the Christmas tree and the annual June picnic were of a quality that gladdened hungry eyes, and a quantity that supplied both yawning stomachs and pockets.

One beautiful Sunday in spring, Florrie and Mabel (who lived in adjoining houses) started together for school, both of them dressed in handsome new garments. Florrie, who was fair, looked exceedingly pretty in a soft gray cashmere polonaise, elaborately trimmed with blue silk and looped over a blue skirt, and her golden curls were covered by a gray chip hat ornamented with long blue feathers. Mabel was a decided brunette, and her costume was of *ecru* cashmere and cardinal silk; her hat matched it. Two handsomer costumes or two prettier little girls could not be found in the city.

"Shall we call for Emma Miller?" asked Mabel, as they drew near the narrow, dismal street where poor Mrs. Miller and her five children lived.

"Have we got time?" Florrie asked, thus generously giving Mabel a chance to consult her new watch.

"Plenty! If we do not call for her, somebody may think we are too proud to go there in our handsome dresses."

Emma was not quite ready, but the two girls waited for her; when she at length appeared she seemed annoyed or embarrassed about something, and hardly spoke one word in answer to their friendly chatter. Whatever the cloud upon Emma's spirits may have been, it seemed to affect all the rest of her class; Florrie and Mabel were the only two out of Miss Grace's seven pupils who appeared at all cheerful.

The next Sunday was as bright and charming as its predecessor; yet Miss Grace had only three

girls in her class, Emma being one of the absentees.

"Where could the Lowell girls have been? And Susie and Jessie?" said Florrie, referring to the absent scholars, when she was walking home between her cousin Lizzie and Mabel Chandler. "They must be sick, I think," replied Mabel.

"Suppose we go now and find out. If they are, perhaps we can do something for them."

"Very well. And you will go with us, will you not, Lizzie?" Mabel asked.

"I think not; mamma will expect me at home."

"By the way, Lizzie, what has become of your lovely new spring suit? I was surprised to see you in that plain old gray dress these two lovely Sundays. Did't the new dress fit you?"

"Oh yes, beautifully! Mamma says I look as if I had been melted and poured into it."

"Then for pity sakes why did't you wear it? The one you've got on is real dowdy!" cried Florrie.

"It is clean, isn't it?" laughed Lizzie.

"I am afraid so. And never again, summer or winter, will I wear such costly clothes as these to church or Sunday-school."

And she was as good as her word.—*Fraunce E. Wadleigh in Child's Paper.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomsin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with

his shoulders. In doing this he asked for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hinderance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my Alpine stock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now in my freedom, I found I could make double speed with double safety.

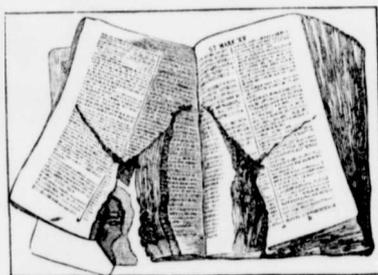
Then a voice spoke inwardly: "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "And even this will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me."—*Sarah Emiley.*

A SHATTERED TESTAMENT
—A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

During the battle of Tel-el-Kebir Private William Room of the Highland Light Infantry, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches a bullet from the Egyptians struck him in the pouch-bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him. This fortunately changed the direction of the bullet, which otherwise would have gone through his stomach. As it was the ball entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. Mr. Room is now doing well.—Our engraving and the above particulars are taken from a photograph published by Messrs Hills and Saunders, Grosvenor Fine Art Gallery, who inform us that a framed copy has been sent to Her Majesty—*Graphic.*

WAYS TO DO GOOD.

Pray for individuals by name. Send well-selected tracts by mail. Loan "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Invite your neighbor to church. Persuade the unsaved to attend prayer-meeting. Be fearless in expressing Christian views. Visit the sick, and pray with them. Benefit the poor, then win them to Christ. Urge church-members to take religious papers. Seek the conversion of thoughtful children. Remind the "backslider" of his solemn vows. Show the "reformed" man his need of Christ. Converse of Jesus at length with willing hearers. Exhort the convicted to yield and turn. Look after new converts. Keep near the Saviour yourself. To general consecration add the special consecration of one-tenth of your income, one-seventh of your time, and all your thoughtfulness.—*Am. Messenger.*



"Of course it is clean. But why wear it? I am just dying to find out; are not you, Mabel?"

And Mabel too, in the extravagant fashion in which girls talk professed herself "dying" of curiosity.

"You see we've got so many poor girls—*real* poor girls who never have nice clothes—in our Sunday-school, that mamma don't like to see me put on my handsome dresses or hats to wear there; she says that poor girls have feelings as well as rich ones, and that their shabby apparel will look shabbier than ever beside my silk or velvet. She says that she has heard poor people say that they were ashamed to go to church in their rags and sit beside elegantly-dressed people; I know I should feel so too. And it is not right to do anything, especially in God's house, which will hurt people's feelings."

"Oh Mabel!" exclaimed Florrie, with blushes in her cheeks, "can it be that our finery was the cause of those girls staying away to-day?"

you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve him. You think you cannot speak for him, but if you live for him, and with him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"—*Chris. Woman.*

CASTING ALL YOUR CARES UPON HIM.

In the summer of 1873 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wrap and other burdens upon