

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Now!

If you have a friend worth loving
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them; and, by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis a wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness;
All-encircling as you go,
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end
Your life will never lack a friend.

ELSIE SIBBALD.

"Gee Up!"

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Had she dared, Nance would have taken measures to find his father, but she had not the least idea where Pete had found him and had been forbidden to mention him to any one. If a friend, for Nance had but few women friends, asked about him, she said she was a sister's child staying there for a few weeks.

Almost a month had lapsed since the night of the fire and its terrible ending for the Platers. A fearful snow storm had been raging for three days, and it was difficult for Nance and Jack to keep warm in the little kitchen.

On the third day of the storm Pete had been away since early in the morning, and Jack had passed rather a comfortable day as Nance was always kind to him, and he often forgot his sorrow when alone with her. Nance frequently thought of the poor parents and pitied them very much. She had made up her mind, that however dearly it might cost her, she would have a struggle with Pete and manage some way, to take the baby home. It was more than she could bear to see the dear child suffering and pining. It was nothing to Pete that days of sorrow had lapsed into weeks of mourning, with the people he had robbed of their priceless treasure. It was not in his nature to understand or even give a passing thought to the desolate, dreary despair of those unhappy parents, nor, yet the miserable little soul under his own roof.

The storm lessened a little, in its fury, toward the end of this third day. Jack was trying to play hobby horse with an old cane and Nance encouraged the pastime, as being a means of keeping him warm. The evening meal had been prepared and was only waiting for her husband; she flattened her nose against the window pane to look for him and saw the moving, flickering lights and watched the passing figures, each hurrying on its way.

Scarcely had she turned from her fruitless search by the window, ere the door opened wide. She had heard no knock, no voice; had there been either or both, the storm without had deadened them.

Into the little kitchen came four men, carrying upon a board the dead body of her husband. He lay there a horrible sight, the matted blood on his hair, his coat and flannel shirt deeply dyed with its crimson hue. The pale face bore in death an expression of distress.

The rough men pitied poor Nance, and in a brusque but kindly manner essayed to console her. They had shocked her with their rude entrance, but had thought of nothing else. She listened to their tale of her husband's death. The excited quarrel when drinking, which ended in the brutal use of knives, causing the fatal blow.

Weeping and moaning in her anguish, she threw herself on him, clasping close his form and kissing repeatedly the cold lips, unmindful of the gruesome signs of violence that rendered death still more horrible.

No one noticed a terrified little face, as the lonely baby crouched behind the large wood box. A pair of innocent black eyes had caught sight of the horrible looking spectacle and with an overwhelming fear, the little one, so tenderly reared, all forgotten, remained in the corner, glad to escape notice, but longing so bitterly for her who could soothe his every sorrow.

CHAPTER III.

After the humble little funeral, Nance determined to find Jack's parents. She said nothing to her friends or neighbors about the baby, but decided to go directly to police head quarters. There, without

fear, she could tell her simple story, now that her husband was beyond the vengeance of any man.

Bringing out, for the first time, the bundles of clothes so carefully placed away, she dressed Jack in the pretty things he had worn when he came to her. It gave her great pleasure to brush out the golden curls, so long tied up, and to witness his keen delight at again having his red cap.

He had grown pale, but to-day in his excitement, a brilliant color tinged his cheeks, for Nance had confided to him what she intended doing.

It was the day before Christmas too, and Nance thought she would buy him some pop corn and perhaps a little wagon. Her means were very limited but she had learned to love the child and wished him to have, with her, one happy day to remember.

It seemed to Jack such an interminable walk, and ride too, before they reached the stores down town, and there Nance was nearly as much delighted with every thing as Jack himself. The pop corn was very much enjoyed after his long fast of sweets, but a red and blue monkey seemed more alluring than the wagon and he was soon its happy possessor.

His delight was boundless, and Nance lingered later than she had intended, led hither by the little "will o' the wisp." The afternoon had been bright and sunshiny and the crowds of people hurrying and bustling about, with numerous bundles, seemed eager and happy.

Nance was kept busy by Jack who was anxious to see everything. Fearful of losing him, several collisions occurred with half a dozen different people in her efforts to hold tight to his hand. The crowd and excitement rather dazed her, being totally unused to such scenes.

Finally, she feared it time to tear Jack away from all the beautiful toys, pretty, gay Christmas trees and happy looking children, but she had only to remind him of their errand when he trudged on quite satisfied.

They turned from the brightly lighted stores and walked several blocks. Nance was somewhat of a stranger in this portion of the city, and looking about in a hesitating manner, for some one of whom to enquire the way, she suddenly encountered a cousin she had not seen since her marriage. He was well dressed and from appearances seemed to be in more comfortable circumstances than had fallen to her lot.

Evinced in his manner a deep interest and cordiality, Nance felt in her lonely state both comforted and delighted to meet him. Her early impulse was to relate the story of her recent bereavement, and finding so kind and sympathetic a listener, her wound was opened afresh, while her tears flowed rapidly. Taking from her pocket a much-needed handkerchief, for the first time she let Jack's hand slip from hers, and for a few moments forgot him completely.

The child had become very much interested in watching the throng of people going up a broad, well-lighted pair of stairs, and, feeling at liberty, as Nance had neglected to again take his hand, he ran over to the open doors, intending to wait there until she had finished talking. Finding himself in the crowd he was, however, without any wish of his own, carried with them up the stairs. Several ladies noticed the child, for he was one to attract attention anywhere, and wondered with whom he came, but he seemed so unconcerned that no one thought of his being alone.

He followed them into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, hung everywhere with beautiful pictures, and as he gazed thoughtfully around he felt strangely familiar there. All those large paintings brought forcibly to mind his father, who not infrequently had made a companion of his little boy when visiting art galleries.

Feeling more at home he strayed around looking at such pictures as might take a child's fancy. Some romping puppies were very much admired, not to say envied. It had been many a day since he had found a play-fellow. Finally the little child's attention was drawn to the far end of the room, where a large picture, prominently hung, had attracted a number of interested spectators. Making his way where curiosity or, perchance, kind fate carried him, he found it impossible to see what so deeply interested them.

A large and handsome statue of Venus de Medicis stood near, and, climbing up on to the high pedestal on which the figure stood he had the advantage of a man over six feet in height. His ears caught comments on every side; references to "medals," "great distinction," "beautiful child," "grand execution," and many similar phrases. All this he paid no heed to, but, peering straight ahead, saw a little yellow-haired boy riding a hobby-horse.

Looking into a large mirror a half hour ago he had with childish vanity admired his red cap. Now it struck him with keen familiarity, bending the little body over in intense excitement and eyeing the picture for a full moment. How many times he had seen that painting; how many times he had strode that dear old hobby-horse, not because it was fun, but because his dear papa wished it.

The little frame tingled with pleasure at the recognition. Having no whip to flourish, off came the red cap, and in a sweet little treble, unmindful of the crowd, he called out in childish glee:

"Gee up! Gee up! Yes, Nance, it's me, and I's found myself, I is!"

Every eye turned in astonishment to the little figure perched high up on the pedestal, but it noticed none of them. They turned from him to the picture, and back again, and a little murmur ran through the crowd:

"It really is; it's the lost boy!"

The painting had won for itself great celebrity and popularity; its intrinsic worth having attracted the attention of critics, while the touching story in connection with it had appealed at once to the public heart. Jack Plater had found his tidal wave of success; yet it was but meagre consolation to the young man, who daily came to the exhibition, hungry for a look at his little lost son's likeness.

Jack was preparing to climb down, although having no idea of what his next step should be, but half expecting to see his father,

now the picture had been found, and there was no astonishment in his face—only delight—when he saw, elbowing his way through the crowd, which instinctively stepped aside, the very one for whom he was wishing. Putting the cap again on the curls, he clapped his little hands and fairly jumped into the outstretched arms with a wild scream of:

"Papa!"

A few standing near saw the big tears well into Jack Plater's eyes, and heard the man's feverish tones as he whispered:

"My boy! my boy!"

By this time the excitement had become general, and there prevailed a universal feeling of gladness over the happy reunion of father and son; yet few eyes remained undimmed during the touching little scene. People stood respectfully aside for Jack, who, thinking only of Alice and his boy, held close his newly recovered treasure.

Going directly down stairs, he fortunately found waiting there a cab, which he engaged, and bade the man drive rapidly home.

He listened with hungry ears to the prattle of the baby nestled snug in his arms, and uttered a silent prayer of thanksgiving from the utmost depths of a heart made glad after days of suffering.

Giving the cabman an extra dollar he flew lightly up the stairs, cautiously opening the door. The bright coals burned in the open fire, but no lamp was lighted; baby lay sweetly sleeping in her cradle; two little well-filled stockings hung by the mantle, and Alice sat quietly in front of the fire, either asleep or so absent-minded that she heard nothing. Only an intense stillness seemed to fill the room.

During her month of anguish and daily, hourly chastening, Alice had grown thin and pale, with all the glad sunshine gone from her heart and eyes. Had she laid her baby in his grave she would have suffered deeply at the great loss, but not with this terrible uncertain fear. Had the Lord taken that which he had given her she would have grieved only for the living, but that unsatisfying, fearful anxiety of her boy's safety from physical and mental harm to the loving, sensitive woman had been an omnipresent and overwhelming sorrow and torment. Filling his little stocking with a feeling not to be repressed, she yet dreaded to think that on the morrow he would not be there to take out each little surprise in his own happy fashion.

She endeavored to turn the thought from her, and as she closed her eyes, seemed to see him in every chair and every corner of the room. Then she slept to dream he was home again.

Jack walked quietly in and, kneeling in front of his wife, placed their treasure in her arms.

"Alice, darling, see, our Lord has brought him back!"

She mechanically raised herself, and two precious little arms stole round her neck. Her tears flowed fast, and sobs broke the stillness. She believed, still feared; but, after all, she had dreamed it so many times that it was not wholly strange, only such sweet happiness as none can feel who have not deeply suffered.

And Nance was not forgotten.

C. O. D.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

On Thinking.

Philippians, iv, 8.

One of the crowning characteristics of man is that he thinks. True, there appears to be a rudimentary form of thought in the lower animals, an adaptation of themselves to changing circumstances, a choice of particular means to accomplish particular ends which cannot be attributed to a blind unreasoning instinct. Darwin found something like thought even in a worm. He observed that the leaves which the worms had dragged into their holes had their stems pointed downwards, and in order to ascertain whether this was by accident or design, he scattered triangular bits of paper in the garden path, and found next morning that these also had been treated in the same way. The points were downwards as if the worms had deliberately chosen this way as the easiest.

And of course, we are all familiar with the more wonderful sagacity often displayed by a horse or a dog. But even these higher manifestations of thought on the part of animals are still vastly inferior to the achievements of the human intellect. The mind of man penetrates the secrets of nature, reviews all past history, contemplates the future, weighs the very stars, calculates their movements, and rises to the apprehension of the power and wisdom of God Himself. We have not only the power of individual thought but also of conveying our thoughts to others, and even of transmitting them to future ages, so that the sum of human knowledge may perpetually increase, and the human mind advance from generation to generation. It is this element of progression which, it seems to me, specially distinguishes the mind of man.

On the other hand we have to confess, that some men do not think, or at least, very little. They may indulge in lazy dreamings, not worthy of being called thought. Indeed it is marvellous how men get along and live a sort of animal life of eating and working and sleeping, and think about as much and as little as the dog at their heels. The hours of each day pass in mental oblivion, in intellectual vacuity. Their bodies alive and active, but their minds torpid or dead. Most of us know how possible, yea how easy, it is to walk down the streets to one's office or store, with one's eyes wide open, and yet with not one tangible profitable thought in one's head. Sometimes mental inactivity is needful, just as rest is for the body, but to be chronically vacant and dull is surely not what God intended when he endowed us with these magnificent powers which we call mind.

God has made us to think. He has given us brains as well as: