

we drove, but in it Ellen saw the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof.

'I don't know how to thank you for your kindness,' she said gently, as she found we were finally returning to the tenement house which she called her home.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with added tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house.

Ellen called out good-by and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.—Lillie B. Chace Wyman, in the 'Atlantic.'

### Youthful Duty.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns or seems to frown;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it—if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And insure those palms of honor  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the honor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year.  
—William Wordsworth.

### A Window Out.

(Ruth, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')  
(Concluded.)

Her talk was of the children of that far-off country. She spoke of how few pleasures they had—told how much they suffered, especially if they were not well and strong, and how they were made old by care and trouble while they were yet children. Then, too, she told of the privations, not only of the native children, but also of the children of the missionaries. She spoke of her own experience—how she had not deemed it a cross to give up the pleasures and comforts of the home-land herself, but how hard it was to deprive her children of the advantages of this country. She told many, many instances in her own work, at some of which the audience laughed, but at many of which they could only weep. Then she made a strong appeal for the help they so much needed, and told them in how many ways this help could be given.

As for Agnes, she had never been so much moved, and a great longing to have some part in this work took hold of her. The result we shall see. During the slow walk home with her little sister she laid many plans, and that very night after supper she began to carry them out.

When the children asked for a story she answered cheerfully, 'Yes, I have a lovely one. Come over on the couch and I will tell you.' Then when they were comfortably seated she began repeating some of the incidents to which she had listened in the afternoon. Agnes had a real gift at story telling, and the children were very attentive and asked many questions. And not the little ones only, but I laid down his paper and listened, and Anna's algebra was much neglected.

'But how can we help?' asked Frank. 'You said we all could, but I don't see how.'

'I do,' said Fred. 'Will Bangs has offered me fifty cents a week if I'll carry part of his papers, and I'll give every bit of it. That'll be 's much as ten dollars by Christmas, won't it, Aggie?'

'It would be quite a sum, surely,' returned

the elder sister, 'but don't you want to hear my plan now?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' 'What is it?' 'Do tell us, Aggie,' the children shouted at once.

'Well, I have two plans,' began Agnes. 'By one we shall get some money to help send some missionary to teach these children, and by the other we shall make some pretty things to send them that I'm sure will please them very much. You know they do not have as many nice things to play with or as pretty things to look at as we do here. Well, I think May and I can make some scrap-books—we have so many picture cards and May likes to paste, you know.' They all laughed here, for not long ago when a man was there papering, May had amused herself a long time by scraping paste from the kettle and pasting 'pitty pictures' all over the kitchen stove.

'And then,' Agnes continued, 'you boys make such pretty toys with your box of tools. I'm sure those poor little children would enjoy some of those funny little waggon and the chairs and bedsteads you make. What do you think of that?'

'Oh, goody! It'll be as much fun for us as for them,' said Fred.

'Of course it will,' Agnes answered, 'for I know some little folks who are always wondering what to do when the evenings get long.'

'I think I might have some of the fun, too,' said Anna. 'You are leaving me out as if I was a heathen myself.'

'Wait and see,' returned Agnes. 'I have a special plan for you.'

'But how are we going to get the money?' asked Frank.

'Well, I suppose we cannot give much money, for none of us have much, but we each have a little. Then, too, we each have some bad habit or naughty way we want to stop. Suppose we each put some money in this,' showing them a little square box with a slot in the top, 'every time we do that particular thing. We must each decide for ourselves what this worst fault is.'

There was a few minutes' silence when baby May said, 'I 'spose mine 's tearing my clothes, isn't it?'

'I guess your's isn't anything,' said Frank, patting the curly head.

'Whew!' ejaculated Fred, 'we kids won't have any money very long if we put some in every time we quarrel.'

'No, we'll both have to carry papers or do something,' said Frank.

Agnes smiled at the eager faces. 'And some of my money must go every time I speak impatiently to you, dears,' she said.

'Is the penalty for forgetting very large?' asked Anna. 'That is my very worst fault, isn't it?'

'Just as you say,' returned Agnes, kissing her.

'Then papa must increase my allowance,' she laughed.

'It is time for little folks to be in bed now,' said Agnes rising. 'We shall see how our plans will work.'

'Perhaps we'll get to loving the heathen so well we'll try to be naughty,' said mischievous Frank.

'We shall have plenty of time to think up another plan by the time our bad habits are broken, I guess,' said Agnes laughing. 'Now, let's see who can get upstairs first,' and off they all ran.

An hour later, when Agnes said good-night to papa, he put his arm around her and asked huskily, 'And when must papa help fill the missionary box?'

Agnes hesitated. It would seem like re-

proving him to speak of it, and yet, she really thought, 'maybe he didn't even know it was a fault,' so she said bravely:

'Perhaps it would better be when you sit a whole evening and don't talk to us.'

'Perhaps it had,' said he, kissing her.

Three months later Mrs. Chester received a package containing several picture books, and some pretty and ingeniously made toys, two dolls, whose dainty wardrobe had been formed by Anna's deft hands, and several dollars in money. Accompanying it was the following note:—

Dear Mrs. Chester,—Your letter, saying that the ladies of our society were going to send the box to Corea next week, was just received, and I send these things the children and Anna and I have been making. We have enjoyed working for it so much, and, as May says, 'It has helped us to be good.' The children are never tired of my telling or reading missionary stories to them, and as for myself, nothing has ever helped me to bear the grief and discouragement I often feel as this taking the whole world into my thought. My life seemed so narrow and hemmed in before, I wanted to look beyond it and see the brightness in the world outside. But this new interest has proved a window out, where, looking on the darkness beyond, I have been brought to see the brightness in my own life. As long as I live I want to help send the light to all those poor people across the sea.

Your loving friend,

AGNES WESTLAND.

### Uninsured Treasures.

It is startling to think that, while almost any tradesman's shop that might be burned down is covered by insurance, the British Museum, if it were burned down to-morrow, would not cost the insurance companies one half-penny. Neither would the Houses of Parliament. They stand for three millions sterling, but not one single sovereign of this vast sum is covered by insurance. Three thousand pounds a year is spent on a force of police and firemen to protect the houses of Parliament by day and night, and the British Museum pays the rent of a fireman's house in Coram Street, but that is the full cost of the precautions against fire in these places. The British Museum, believing that prevention is better than cure, has no artificial light on its innermost recesses.—'St. James's Gazette.'

### Punning on Sacred Themes.

Do not indulge in parody of favorite and familiar hymns. Do not practice or encourage punning on texts of scripture. Punning is the cheapest kind of wit. Besides, a hymn once stained by parody can never be restored to its original whiteness; it bears ever after the wrinkle and soil of parody. If it is called up in the most sacred company, or on the most solemn occasion, it will come as the clown or the court fool in cap and bells. The text which came as a cup of nectar to your lips, once laden with the pun's low wit, henceforth brings but the stale beer of the wayside booth. You will not hate, but you will test your grace in forgiving the thoughtless triviality which with pun or parody has spoiled for you a verse of sacred song or holy writ. For holy use it must be pure and unsoiled. A single spot or stain on the linen ephod unfits it for temple service. The sacred word must be free from low associations. Keep temple service and sacred ritual free from earthly soil.—'Zion's Herald.'