

Family Department.

"Think Not of Self, But Think of Christ."

By the Rev. W. Poole Balfour, Author of "Pilgrim Chimes."

Think not of self, but think of Christ,
And living thoughts will grow;
And words will start and run like fire,
With light and love aglow.

Think not of self or human praise,
But of thy brother's woe;
And thy true words with love and speed
Right to his heart will go.

Think not of self—what others think—
But what the people need;
So shall thy speech like dew distil,
And minister indeed.

Think not of self or this world's fame,
But of thy Master's praise;
So shall thy words, made like His own,
The fallen, broken, raise.

Think not of self—of friend or foe,
The rich, the great, or small;
So shall thy words, through God's own power,
Both awe and conquer all.

Think not of self, for Christ's own love
Useful with grace fulfils;
Brings its own words, and that sweet bread
Which this world's hunger kills.

Think not of self or how to speak,
But of the Saviour's love;
So shall thy words that fragrance bring
Which lures the heart above.

Think not of self or thy own wounds,
But of the Saviour's blood;
So shall thy speech that uncton bring
Which heals and wins to God.

Over The Sea Wall.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

Guy was still standing on the wide ledge of the low wall, hopping from one foot to the other, whilst he held my hand tight, and poured all this information eagerly into my ears. Maudie came up before I had time to reply—gentle, shy, but gracefully self-possessed, with her brother's wide brimmed hat in her hand. I turned and kissed her, and said how pleased I was to see them both.

"We were very pleased to come," she replied, glancing up through the thick fringe of her soft dark eyes. "This is such a pretty garden. We have often looked at it and wondered what it was like inside. Once we had a garden ourselves. I think mother missed that more than anything else when we had to go away."

"But it wasn't a great big one like this," began Guy, eagerly.

"Oh no!" answered the little girl. "It wasn't big at all, but it was pretty—very, very pretty; and there was a little nut walk at the end, where I had my lessons in hot weather. And we were all so happy!"

Sudden tears sprang to the little girl's eyes as the flood of recollection came over her, and she turned away her head as if half afraid that I should see. I did see, however, and my heart went out to her. I felt as though I knew so exactly the rush of tender memories that was sweeping over her. Guy had jumped off the wall and was running on in front, eager to see and examine everything. With a great effort to lay aside my foolish shyness, and try and comfort the lonely little girl, I stepped forward and put my arm round her shoulders.

"Poor little Maudie! I know so well what it is, I too have just lost my mother, and have had to leave the happy home where we two lived so long together. Don't cry darling—don't cry.

We must try and believe that they are happier where they are than we can ever make them here. Perhaps our two mothers can see us now, and are glad that we should be friends."

Rather to my surprise, the little girl turned suddenly towards me and threw herself into my arms, sobbing unrestrainedly. I had thought her so calm and self-possessed and womanly for her years. But something in what I had said seemed to have stirred her heart to its depths, and she was sobbing on my neck, and clinging to me in a way that made me forget everything in the desire to comfort her.

"Don't cry so bitterly, darling. We must comfort one another. For I am very lonely too sometimes. Won't you let me help you to bear the trouble? I don't think anything is quite so bad when it is shared between friends. Our mothers would like to help each other, I am sure. Maudie dear will you let me try and help you? And will you help me?"

Her face was pressed to my shoulder; her soft hair swept my cheek. I felt a sudden warmth and happiness within me that I do not think I had ever experienced before. It was my first attempt at comforting another—at sharing the burden another was bearing. All in a moment a new world seemed opened before me. I forgot all about myself, and thought only of the two little orphans I wished to befriend. The question in my heart now was—Was this the work God had sent me to do? Mother had told me that one day I should find some work put before me, and had hoped that I should be ready for it and know it when it came.

It was a new thought, a new flash of inspiration; and though it all passed through my mind in a few moments, it made an impression that lasted long. Maudie was still clinging fast to me; but she was fighting against her tears, and was conquering them in a way that showed strong power of self-command. In a few minutes she looked up—smiles breaking through the mists of tears—to say—

"Oh, please forgive me! I did not mean to cry. Indeed, it is not that I am unhappy; and it is so good of you to call us friends. It is partly because it made me so happy. We are so lonely, and nobody quite understands. It was because you made me see that you knew just what it was like, that I cried. But I am much happier than I was—I really am."

The smiles were getting the best of it now. I kissed away the last of the tear-drops, feeling that some sunshine was coming into my own life.

"Shall we go and find Guy now?" I asked, taking Maudie's hand in mine. "He will be losing himself in the nooks and crannies of the garden. There are such lots of funny places there. I hardly know my way all over it yet."

The child put her hand in mine and looked up with lively interest.

"Then you haven't lived here long? That's what Mrs. Marks said; but I didn't quite understand."

"The house has belonged to me for a good while," I answered, "but as long as my mother lived I did not come to live in it. The air used not to suit her when she stayed here long ago; and I liked her own home best. But when she died a few months ago, I could not bear to go on living in that house without her; and so my aunt, who lives here too, brought me here, and I suppose I shall settle down and live here all my life."

"It is a pretty place to live in," said Maudie, looking round with her big wistful eyes. "It must be so delicious to have a home of one's very own—to know what will happen, and to be able to do as one's likes. Children can never do that. Other people always have to settle everything for them, whether they understand it or not."

The child's meaning was clear enough to me.

Poor little helpless Maudie! I could see it all in a moment—that entire irresponsibility and powerlessness of childhood which presses so heavily on the little ones when they have lost those nearest and dearest, and are thrown upon the tender mercies of strangers, of whom they have no knowledge, and in whom they cannot confide. Instantly I saw, as I had never done before, how very, very much I had to be thankful for in my own lot in life. Suppose I had been poor; suppose I had been much younger—old enough to feel keenly, but too young to have been allowed any voice in the settlement of my own destiny? What a different life I should have to bear! I looked at my little companion with a feeling that was like reverence. It seemed to me then that she knew more of the real sorrow and trouble of life than I did, despite all my passionate self-pity, and the misery I had gone through during the last few months. I clasped the child's hand closer in mine. A host of resolutions and plans rose up within me.

"People must be made to understand—made to hear reason, Maudie," I said, looking into her gentle, patient little face with a smile of encouragement. "You have got me for a friend now; and friends always stand by and help each other. Do you think I shall be strong enough to help you when the time comes for settling what is to become of you?"

She looked up with a sudden eager wistfulness that went to my heart.

"Oh, Miss Raleigh," she said, with a little gasp, "I don't know what to say! How very, very good you are! And I thought we had nobody but Mrs. Marks."

"Don't call me Miss Raleigh, darling. Call me Cousin Olivia; that will be much nicer if we are to be friends. And then it will sound as though we belonged a little bit to each other."

The child's face was a picture in its sweet, tremulous happiness, trusting confidence getting the upper hand over shyness and reserve.

"Oh, Cousin Olivia, you do make me so very happy! Oh, I do hope mother sees us now! It was just the very thing she wanted so very much—that we should have a friend to help us and to care about us when we were all alone."

At that moment Guy came racing back, and I was glad. We were getting a little too emotional. I was afraid that I should break and cry from pure sympathy and pleasure in Maudie's happiness. It was so very sweet to be taken for granted, as only a child could take one. No question raised as to one's motives; no distrust awakened at the strangeness of the sudden "fancy"—nothing but the simplest gratitude and good faith to meet the impulse of a real and sincere desire to befriend those who needed befriending. No hypocrisy or cant, such as I feared to meet amongst the poor, if I tried my hand at the more ordinary charitable office. Just a pair of sweet, gently reared children, whose warm hearts were ready to go out in trust, in love, to any person who showed them kindness. I was happier than I had been for months. I felt that my life's work had come to me in a shape that was most agreeable. I could have cried for pure happiness, and was glad that Guy should come before we had upset each other again.

"Oh, Miss Sea-Gull, you have a jolly garden! I should like to live in that grotto down there, like Robinson Crusoe. And Maudie could be Friday, and do what I told her. Is it all your to do what you like with—the garden and river. I mean? Because, if you didn't want it all yourself, I'd awfully like just a little bit. I'm looking out for a place to hide away in, with Maudie by about the middle of next month; and that grotto would be the very place!"

He was flushed and excited, and looked a perfect little darling as he stood bareheaded in the sunshine, hopping from one foot to the other, which seemed his way when he was very eager