

all about him. But, oh! he knows better than me, and he loves us all better than we love one another."

"Have you no fear of going to be judged by God?" asked Banner, who stood erect at the foot of the bed, keeping down his sorrow with a stern self-command, though he could have knelt down with Alice beside Tom, or, like Nat, have hidden his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. The other patients were sitting propped up, and listening eagerly to all that was said, for they knew well that Tom must die, and already the shadow or the light from the next life had fallen upon him. The nurse bathed his forehead, and moistened his parched lips, which parted again with a smile, and he opened his eyes, and looked brightly at Banner.

"Why should I be afraid?" he asked, in a tone of gentle reproval. "He sent his Son into the world to take away our sins, and be our Elder Brother. Jesus has taken away all my sins, and I'm not going to judgment. Or, if there is a Judge and the angels take me to stand before him, I shall look into his face, and it'll be my Father smiling at me. Why should I be afraid?"

"But we're all miserable sinners," said Banner, fearful lest Tom should have a presumptuous confidence in the love of God.

"Aye!" answered Tom, humbly, "but God knows all that I have done. I shan't need to tell him anything, and yet he is my Father in heaven. I'm glad he knows all about me."

His trembling voice failed him again for a while, and Banner's erect head sank a little, as if he could not long keep his self-control. One or two of the men in the other beds sighed heavily, as they heard Tom say he was glad that God knew all. Phil lifted up his face from the pillow, and looked wistfully into Tom's eyes.

"Tom," he said, "thou'rt not glad to leave me, and Alice, and everybody? Mr. Banner has given thee another cart, and thou'lt not be so poor and starved again. If thou'lt get well, and live till I grow up, we'll have a nice house together somewhere. Oh, Tom, Tom! thee should not wish to die!"

Tom made a great effort to lift up his hand and place it fondly on little Phil's, and his eyes looked lovingly at Alice, and Nat, and Banner. But he could not answer immediately, and when he spoke it was in a very faint yet steady voice.

"If I had everything I could think of," he said; "if we were all rich, and could go and live at Alderley, and never have any more trouble, I'd rather go away, and see God, and hearken to his voice. Oh! little Phil, I love thee dearly, and thee, Alice, and all of ye. I wish ye were all going with me. But I'd rather go to God. I am not unkind towards any one, but he is my Father, and I hanker after seeing his face. I have no other father now."

For the last time there was a tremor and a chill over his peace as he said these last words sadly; but then his voice grew stronger, and his face more joyous, after a moment's silence.

"I haven't words to tell you," he said, "but it seems like as if, could I hearken a little more, I should hear him speak; and there's a light all about me, as if, could my eyes look at it more steadily, I should see his face shining through it. But my eyes 'll be dim and my ears dull a little longer. As soon as I can't see you, and hear your voices, I shall see and hear God. I love him best. Who ought I to love best, save my Father?"

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" cried Banner, sinking down upon his knees, "you know God better than me. It is true what you say, and I believe it now. He is our Father more than our Judge. I'll not be

afraid of him, and I'll try to be like a little child before him. I see it all now! I could only love him a little because I thought he was a strict Judge, and I was fearful of him; and I myself have been judging people all my life. But I'll love him more, and love them, because he is the Father! Oh, Tom, my boy, I love you dearly!"

"Aye," murmured Tom, "we need'nt be afeard of loving God."

He lay speechless for a while longer, looking from one to another, with eyes that almost spoke the loving words his lips could not utter. The nurse laid her hand softly upon his cold temples and upon his wrist; and he understood well that his heart was beating slowly towards its last throb. The smile upon his face grew more solemn, but not less happy. Alice was there, and Nat, and Banner, and he was looking upon them for the last time; and little Phil, who had lain nearest to his heart all his life, was closest to him now—hand in hand with him, as the last moment of his earthly hours crept onwards. He stretched out his feeble hand towards them, and they clasped it fondly in their own, one after another, while he whispered "Good-bye."

Then another stillness and silence fell upon them all—not one of painful sorrow, though it was full of tender regret for the loss of Tom, until it was broken by a coming footstep, and Tom opened his eyes once more, though they had been closed as if the light they looked upon was too bright for them, and he saw Mr. Hope standing by Banner at his side.

"Little Phil," he whispered, twisting his fingers in Phil's fair curls for the last time.

"Yes, Tom," said Mr. Hope, "I will take charge of little Phil. He shall be well cared for, my poor boy."

Tom could not speak again for some minutes, but lay still, gathering up all his strength. Then he lifted up his head a little, and looked round him eagerly upon the men who, propped up in their beds, had their faces turned towards him with intent earnestness, and upon all the dear friends who were watching with him till he should go beyond their companionship. All his face was lit up, not so much with a smile, but with some glory coming whence they knew not; and they could hardly tell whether it was the pinched and toilworn face they had learned to love, or the radiant and peaceful face of an angel.

"I didn't know that I had any father, save him in jail," he said, in a clear, triumphant tone, "but God is our true Father. The body dies, and is buried; but if we are born of God we shall live forever and forever. The children of God can never die. I was a thief, and the son of a thief, but Jesus gave me power to become one of the sons of God."

His voice faltered as he uttered the last sentence, and the word God was spoken in a whisper; but so still were they all that it could be heard like the last sweet sound of some quiet strain of music, which we hold our breath to hear. The glory died away softly and gradually from his face, but the peace and gladness remained, mingled with a solemn awe.

Mr. Hope lifted up little Phil from the bed, and carried him away gently in his arms; while Alice, and Nat, and Banner, bending over the dear face, kissed the cold and silent lips, which still wore the smile with which they murmured the last words, "Jesus has given me power to become one of the sons of God."

(To be continued.)

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

Thanksgiving.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,  
She has passed away like the rest—  
The other fair summers, long since fled,  
From the woods and the meadow-crest,  
The blossoms of spring were white and sweet,  
But they paled and shrank from the touch of the heat.  
The fields are shining yellow and dun,  
Where the autumn gathered its tale of grain.  
We thank Thee, Lord, for the blessed sun,  
We thank Thee for the rain.

Our beautiful summer is passed and fled,  
We are older grown, and gray;  
The spring is gone from the youthful tread,  
The laugh from the lips once gay;  
The childish hope in the childish eyes  
Is darkened by many a sad surprise.  
But the promise stands sure, as then it stood;  
We can smile in loss, as we smiled in gain.  
And we thank Thee, Lord, for the good,  
And we bless Thee for the pain.

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

BY BELLE CHISHOLM.

LET two boys equally endowed physically and mentally enter life under precisely the same circumstances, and the chances for success are always in favour of the one in possession of the most genuine courtesy.

A few years ago, in a flourishing Western city, an old-fashioned elderly lady was a frequent customer in one of the leading dry-goods stores of the place. No one knew her by name, and all the clerks but one avoided her, preferring to give their attention to persons more elegantly attired.

The exception was Evan Rogers, a young man who was conspicuous in the discharge of his duty in every circumstance, and, although he never left another customer to wait upon the plain-looking stranger, when he was not engaged he served her with as much politeness as if she had been of royal birth. She was quick to observe the courtesy shown her, and made it a point quietly to wait until he was at leisure, though in no way did she refer to the treatment which she received from his companions.

The lady came and went in this manner for a year or two, and then, having in some way learned that Evan had reached his majority, she startled him one morning by asking, unceremoniously:

"My friend, how would you like to go into business for yourself?"

"Very well," was his reply; "but I have neither money, friends, nor credit, and so must be content to plod on alone for awhile."

"Here is my address," said the lady, handing him her card. "Select a desirable situation, inquire the amount demanded for rent, and then report to me."

The young man found a good location, but without security, the landlord would not lease his property. Reporting the state of affairs to the lady, she replied, quietly:

"Tell him I will be responsible."

The name was as good as the cash, so the bargain was closed at once.

"Now go and select your goods, and give this note to Mr. Marlow."

The merchant glanced over the paper a moment, and then looking into Evan's honest face, said:

"Mrs. Willard's promise is a bond that no man in the city would refuse. Select goods to whatever amount you choose."

Evan's store was soon stocked with the best in the market, and his courtesy and honesty were not long in building up a lucrative trade. He is now a wealthy, influential man, noted for his generosity and rare kindness of heart; while not one of the clerks who made sport of the plainly-dressed customer has risen above the rank of a hireling. They are willing now to acknowledge that politeness pays.