

The Brother's Promise.

In a dark and dreary garret,
O'er a dirty London slum,
Where the blessed light of heaven
And the sunshine seldom come.
All amidst this want and equalor
This abode of sin and care—
Lay a little city arab,
Breathing out his small life there—

All alone save one—his sister—
Younger still than he, who tried,
All in vain, to drive the anguish
From his aching back and side.
Still she bent o'er him, caressing;
And the while, in accents mild,
With a faint and feeble utterance,
Slowly spoke the dying child:—

"I am dying, sister Nellie;
And when I am cold and dead,
I shall be at rest in heaven,
As the clergyman has said.
But you'll come some day, my sister—
There is room for me and you;
It would not be heaven, Nellie,
If you did not come there too.

"And if father comes to-morrow,
When he sees me lying dead,
He'll know then I am not shamming,
As you know, he always said.
Don't you be afraid he'll beat you
When he comes to-morrow morn';
I feel sure he will be kinder,
Nell, he looks so dull and worn.

"We have been good friends, my sister,
In our short life's pain and woe,
Though we've braved it both together,
You must stay while I must go.
I am not afraid of dying,
To be freed from all this pain,
But I wish for your sake, Nellie,
I was well and strong again.

"Don't cry so, my darling sister;
Though I'm going far away,
I shall be a shining angel
In a land of endless day;
And I'll always watch you, Nellie,
From my place in heaven above—
I will ask dear God to let me,
And I know He is all love.

"So when I am up in heaven,
In that place so fair to see,
I will look down, dear, upon you,
Though I know you won't see me;
And when all is hushed and silent,
And the stars gleam in the sky,
You will know I'm looking, Nellie,
And be glad, and will not cry."

In a damp and dismal graveyard,
Where the bones of paupers lie,
Midst a crowd of gaping idlers,
Passed a little funeral by.
But the only one who sorrowed,
Only mourner of them all,
Was a little ragged maiden,
Sobbing o'er a coffin small.

—Cassell's Family Magazine.

True Service.

"I WANT to do some great thing,"
cried Sophy, Gibson impetuously, "so
that the world may revere and honor
me, instead of going through my
humdrum existence day by day."

"But why, my child," answered the
old grandmother tenderly, "should your
life be humdrum? It seems to me
you have everything to make it the
contrary—brothers and sisters, mother
and father, a beautiful home and plenty
of work to interest yourself in."

"Oh, but, grandma, look at me! I
do nothing and am nothing. People
round the next street maybe never even
heard of me. Look at Florence Night-
ingale, Grace Darling, Joan of Arc,
and hundreds of other women who have
made a name in the world, while I am
bound to pass a monotonous home-life,
with no great gifts and doing no good
to anybody!" and the full brown eyes
filled with tears as Sophy laid her chest-
nut head on her grandmother's knees.

"I heard little Herbert saying last
night," the old lady replied, "that he
loved me Sophy because she was always
so kind; and I think God accepts such

service, if done to please him, as much
as if you were a great reformer."

"But, grandma, no one can help
loving B. because he is such a pet;
and, besides, that is a very little thing,
after all."

"Well, darling, God does not require
the same service from all, and He will
not judge us by the quantity of work
that we do, but by the quality; and if
he has placed you in a quiet home, he
sees that there is the place where you
can best serve him and the service with
which he will be most pleased."

"But I don't see how doing such
little things can be doing him service."

"Fetch the Bible, my child, and find
Numbers iv., and read verses 32 and 33.
There you will see that the service
appointed for the sons of Merari was the
smallest in connection with the taber-
nacle. It is not doing the little things
only that pleases him, but doing them
well and for him because he gave them
to you to do."

Sophy read slowly through the verses
mentioned by her grandmother, and
then looking up said, "I see, grandma,
that the sons of Merari had 'the pins
and the cords' to look after, but still
that was very little service. I wonder
they were satisfied to do so little!"

"Was it less service or less import-
ant, darling, because it was small ser-
vice? The tabernacle was not complete
without its pins, and I expect the sons
of Merari recognized God's hand in
giving them that little work. And so it
is in the temple of God which we are
building: our little niche has to be
'prepared and made ready,' and our
daily life, with its duties and discipline,
moulds us into his likeness."

"I understand now, grandma," cried
Sophy eagerly. "I have only the pins
and the cords' to take care of for a
little time, but who knows what I may
be later on?"

"That's right, pet. I leave you this
verse: 'Thou hast been faithful over a
few things; I will make thee ruler over
many things.'"

City Free from Strong Drink.

There's a beautiful city we're told;
Crystal rivers and streets of gold,
Blessed the beings whose shining feet
There lightly tread each quiet street.
Sweet the music that fills the air
No DRINK SOLD THERE.

Father! in pity look down we pray,
Hasten on earth the better day,
Help us to work as a Temperance band
To drive demon-drink from this fair land,
And wipe away the bitter tear
THAT DRINK BRINGS HERE.

Inasmuch.

"THERE is something else I wish to
speak with you about," said Miss Grey
after the lesson was finished.

Each member of the class looked
interested, for Miss Grey's talks were
usually found pleasant.

"I want to tell you about some little
children whom you can help if you
desire to, and I am sure you do. They
are in a children's hospital in the city.
How it would have touched your hearts
if you could have been with me when I
went to see them! Think, dears, of long
rows of little white beds in a large room,
and from each one of them a pale
patient little face looking up at you, as
if wishing they could follow you out
into the bright world and the sunshine,
with limbs strong and healthy and faces
as rosy as your own!"

"But the poor little things still have
a great deal to be thankful for. Good
people, full of the Lord's own spirit of

love and compassion for his suffering
ones, have gathered them into this
home, and everything is done there to
relieve them and to make them happy.
The rooms are light and cheery, and
bright-colored pictures and mottoes
hang upon the walls. Nurses with
pleasant faces and pleasant voices wait
upon the little ones, and many kind
people go to see them and carry books
and toys to them."

"I don't see how there can be any-
thing left for us to do," said Ruth.
"They seem to have everything they
like."

"Not quite. There is something
which they like as well as you do, but
which can only reach them through
loving hands. When you go out in the
gardens and in the lanes and fields,
what do you see smiling up at you on
every side?"

"Flowers! flowers!"
"Yes. What would the summer day
be to us without their beautiful faces?
Now, some ladies are arranging to send
to the little hospital children all they
can get by next Saturday afternoon
train. Will you help?"

"Yes, indeed."
There was an eager discussion as to
what each one could send and the
small lassies went home determined to
make the very best offering they could.

Fully half of the next Saturday
morning was spent by Ruth in selecting
the choicest treasures of her garden, and
by noon they were arranged in wet
mass and hidden in a shady corner until
she was ready to carry them to add to
the others. She took a longer walk
through a shady lane where she expected
to find some lovely wild flowers, and
by the time she got into the village she
knew she had little time to spare.

"Oh, pretty, pretty flowers! Give
Kitty!"

She was passing some very poor-
looking houses when she stopped at the
sound of a wistful voice:

"Go 'way!—go 'way!" came in
harsher tones. "Go 'way! They've
got scarlet fever, and you'll catch it."

"Oh, never mind that," said Ruth.
A child's face, wan and pitiful, was
looking at the flowers, and she could
not bear to go on. "I've had the scar-
let fever," she said. "I'll come in a
moment and show the little girl my
flowers, if you like."

She entered a dingy, close-smelling
room. The child's pale face brightened,
while an older girl, who appeared still
more ill, raised a fever flushed face and
looked longingly at the flowers. "I
can't stay a minute," said Ruth, taking
out one or two to give them. But the
hot little face bent closely over the cool
flowers, and Ruth found it hard to
think of drawing them away.

"This is a hospital, sure enough,"
she said to herself; and in a moment
came the thought, "Why should I not
leave them here? No one could want
them more, I'm sure."

And then Ruth learned a lesson
about her own little heart. She had
been telling herself all the time that it
was purely through love for the Master
that she was bringing her offering of
flowers. But here were two of his
little ones who were suffering and poorly
cared for. No bright pictures were
brought for their amusement, nothing
cheering or refreshing, no pleasant face
or tender voice came near them; and
yet she did not want to give them her
flowers; and she knew that it was
because she hoped to know that they
were better than any other little girl

was giving, and that she wanted to be
praised for it. How much pride and
vanity were mingled with her gift!

The sick child sunk back upon her
pillow, saying, "Thank you. Good-
bye."

But Ruth did not turn toward the
door. "I will give you the flowers,"
she said. "I meant them for some sick
children, so of course they are for you."

She felt a glow of pleasure in the
fancy that the dear Lord might indeed
have sent her to these little neglected
ones. The harsh-voiced woman's face
softened as she brought water for the
flowers, and soon the room was gay with
the brightness which comes only from
loving hands which delight in loving
offices.

Ruth did not go to see the large col-
lection of flowers sent to the city. No
one knew now faithfully she had joined
in the labor of love. But as she walked
home there was a music in the song of
the birds and in the breath of the wind
which seemed in harmony with a whis-
per in her heart which came in the
sweet reminder, "Ye did it unto me."
—Sydney Dayer.

"A Lie is a Lie," said Lizzie.

WHAT! not tell an innocent fib to escape
From a harassing bore when you're busy,
Or to get yourself out of a troublesome
scrape?"

"No; a lie is a lie," said Lizzie.
"But a little white lie now you wouldn't
attack—
A rat's not an elephant, is he?"
"No; a rat is a rat, whether white, gray,
or black;
And a lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

"By subtle distinctions some may be per-
plexed,
Some brains made by argument dizzy;
But I know I am right, and I'll stick to my
text:
A lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

What Toadstools Did.

Did you ever think how strong the
growing plants must be to force their
way up through the earth? Even the
green daisy tips and the tiny blades of
grass that bow before a breath have to
exert a force in coming through that,
in proportion to their size, is greater
than you would exert in rising from
under a mound of cobble-stones. And
think of toadstools—what soft, tender
things they are, breaking at a touch!
Yet, I can tell you, they are quite
mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated
writer and clergyman, was a very close
observer of Nature. One evening he
noticed particularly a square flat stone
that, I should say, was about as long
and as broad as the length of three big
burdock-leaves. He thought it would
require quite a strong man to lift a
stone like that. In the morning he
looked again, and lo! the stone was
raised so that he could see the light
under it. What was his surprise to
find, on closer examination, that a crop
of toadstools had sprung up under the
stone in the night, and raised it up on
their little round shoulders as they
came! This shows what can be done
by uniting our forces. The little pieces
of money given by children, put
together, will do great things for the
world.

DRUNKENNESS calls off the watch-
men from their towers; and then all
evils that proceed from a loose heart,
an unbridled tongue, and a dissolute spirit
we put upon its account.