

mused, perhaps. Couldn't you leave your play or your work and spend fifteen minutes of your precious time in helping mother in this way? Or possible the wood-box or coal-hod is empty, and even if it is not your particular work to attend to such matters, you can once in a while do some little thing, such as refilling them, or fetch and carry a pail of water.

If every little boy, or big boy either to that matter, would resolve to do some little thing each day to be helpful in the home, how very soon the home will brighten up under his efforts. Little works of kindness and helpfulness are never lost. They do a twofold good, one to the giver, and one to the taker. But all things which are done, with good feeling are not equally productive of pleasure, because there are right and wrong ways of doing things, but nothing ought to be done without some good feeling to prompt the action.—*Christian at Work*.

#### FOR SISTERS.

Some years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people; two or three pretty girls, and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"O dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently, "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled.

"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, saw me.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said cordially; for he always had a pleas-

ant word for us older people.

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.

"My sister's letters always brings good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing."

And, as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands, like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once, while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with everything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest boy-hearts are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a loving boy-soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy-heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Have patience, girls—that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smiles of the Master who grants to all who do the Father's will that we should be His "sisters;" and for the sake of the great Elder Brother who dignified with his divine touch these earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving with these sensitive, great-hearted lads who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said, "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husband or son?"—*Congregationalist*.