

She was a relative of mine; but none of us dared go near her, for it would have brought down maledictions on the head of any who tried it.

At last one young woman, after watching a long while, saw her opportunity, and slipped in with a vessel of water. The widow ran at her like a wild creature. I cannot describe how she behaved: at first she did not recognize her friend—she drank, and drank, till life and sense came back to her. Then she fell down at the feet of her who had brought the water, and embracing them said:

"Oh, sister! I will never forget what you have done for me! You are my God--my second Creator! But go away quickly, I pray, that no one may ever find out what you have done, or we shall both suffer. I promise I will never tell of you."—Daybreak.

NEEDED—A SENTRY.

THE sentry made me take off my shoes and leave my cane and the contents of my pockets outside." Rob's uncle was relating of his visit to a United States arsenal, where armaments of war are made.

"What was that for?" Rob wanted to know.

"To be sure that nothing went in that ought not to go. Great mischief might result from the presence of something which would set off the powder or dynamite. By the way, what's that you're putting in your mouth, Rob?"

"Oh, nothing; just some root that Tom Scott gave me."

"Let me see. Why, that piece of root is a drug which no one but a doctor ought to prescribe! See here, young man, there is another door which needs guarding as well as that of the arsenal. There's a great deal more danger in stuffing all sorts of things into your stomach, whence they will go into your blood and brain and muscle. What else have you in your pockets? Why, here are some coffee berries, a package of chewing gum, and a bit of alum! You can't put a guard at the door of that chemical laboratory inside you too soon. It's a great deal more dangerous to be mixing all sorts of things together there than in a powder magazine. Halt everything that wants to go in, and keep it out, unless you are absolutely sure it will make you a stronger, purer boy."—Sel.

SINGING AWAY THE PAIN.



PARTY of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes.

As they came within the sight of a cottage standing back from the road, with a lovely garden of flowers in front, there reached them the sound of singing.

The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, dropping to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep.

The little company were entranced. What genius in obscurity was here! Some one surely born to win fame and fortune when brought forward and trained by suitable teachers.

"If I could ever hope to sing like that!" exclaimed the young man who was driving, himself a student of music; and then stopping the horses he said: "Let us find who he is, perhaps I might be of help;" but here he paused as a young girl came out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a slight courtesy as she did so, he asked, "Will you please tell us who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?"

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, turning a bright face toward them. "It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the while."

For an instant the little company were speechless; then the young man asked, "Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble? Tell these ladies about it, please."

"Oh, he is getting a bit old now," was the answer, "No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but" and her voice dropped into tender pathos, "he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest."

"Amen," said the young man reverently, and with a "Thank you, dear," from the ladies, they drove slowly on.

"And there shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away," said Aunt Myra softly.—Christian Life.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme—
A good one to live by:
A day at a time.