Wanted—A Little Girl.

Where have they gone to—the little girls
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux,"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasures and tired of men,
Weary of travels, of balls, of fun—
And find no new things under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes.

They never imagined that boys were "beaux;"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they;
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

—*Boston Pilot.*

Selected Serial.

SHILOH:

OR, WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

I. The sweet and the bitter have their uses, I think. The bitter helps us to understand what a life of endless sin and woe would be, and leads us to avoid it. The sweet makes us more eager to lay hold upon that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" that shall be revealed.

Mr W. (looking at me searchingly.) Tell me honestly, Miss Frost, do you never have any doubts of the truth of the things that you talk about so glibly?

I. Yes sir, now and then.

Mr. W. (triumphantly). Ah! I thought so. Well, then, what do you do with them?

I. Sometimes I just quietly lay them aside, and on the morrow, when I look for them, lo! they are gone!

Mr. W. But that is a pure act of the will.

I. Well, what was a man's will given him for if it was not to help him resist evil, and hold fast that which is good?

Mr. W. But is not a man's reason that part of him which constitutes his superiority over the brutes?

I. No more than his conscience, I think.

Mr. W. Well, I hardly think his conscience would justify him in using his will in opposition to his reason.

I. Not so fast, sir! You assume that reason and reasoning are *synonyms*. If you had heard as many polemics as I have, you would hardly espouse that view of them. And I hold it to be a far more reasonable act for a man to plant himself firmly on that faith which, in his best and soberest moods, both his reason and his conscience have approved, saying, "Here I stand, though the earth reel, and the heavens fall," than it is to weakly suffer himself to be knocked about by every wind of doctrine and wave of doubt, or to be led by the nose by every wile of the devil.

Mr. W. But how do you know that the doubt is not the true thing?

I. Because doubt is not the normal condition of the mind, nor the spirit in which life's economy must be carried on. If you doubt your food, you starve; if you doubt nature you reap no harvests; if you doubt love, you live and die alone. Moreover, to doubt an error is not to gain a truth. For, when the truth is possessed, error is known for itself, and doubt is gone. This is the weak point in scepticism: it proves nothing, it only denies. There is no rest in it.

Mr. W. (frankly). You are right there. When once a man begins to doubt, there is no telling where he will stop. He doubts his friends, his neighbours, himself; he doubts motives, means, aims; he doubts his own senses; he gets to doubt his own being. The ground slides continually under his feet, like quicksands. But is it always possible to will doubt away?

I. Perhaps not, sir, any more than it is possible to will sorrow away. It is right that some doubts should be solved. Others must be borne for a time, as sorrows must be borne. In such cases, there is the same remedy for doubt that there is for sorrow—prayer; and though the prayer may not at once solve the one or remove the other—since God, seeing not as man sees, but into the depths of life, may discern that it is needful to discipline and to instruct even by these stern teachers—yet the fervent, humble prayer will sustain the heart under the sorrow, and enable the reason to endure the doubts.

Mr. W. (turning away with a disappointed air), I hoped your remedy would be more real and efficacious.

I. More real! What would you have? Is not prayer the one Divine and spiritual instinct which distinguishes man above the brutes? If ever you owned an intelligent dog or horse, there have been times when you found it difficult to deny him the possession of both reason and conscience; but you never, for one moment, suspected him of praying. You knew that the idea of communion with God, the Infinite, never entered his head. But all human beings pray;—no race so low, so savage, so brutish, but it makes to itself idols whereunto to pray! Does this universal instinct of the race teach nothing? Did you ever know bird, or bee, or fish, or hound, or deer, to be gifted with an utterly useless, unmeaning, superfluous instinct? And is man—the highest, the most perfect creature of them all—the only abortive one? Given an inherent, universal impulse to pray, and the necessity and the efficacy of prayer follow as inevitable corollaries. For exercise is essential to the maintenance of life. As the disused limb, the muscles never brought into play become rigid, useless, diseased; so the soul that never lifts itself in prayer—the highest expression and manifestation of its life—becomes equally torpid, paralyzed, unsound.

There was no immediate answer. Mr. Warren's eyes were fixed on the blue crown of a distant hill with a dreary, hopeless expression, unlike anything I had ever seen in his face. Finally, he said, in a broken, disconnected, listless way,—

"I almost wish I could think as you do. The most superstitious belief would be more comfortable than this ever-shifting doubt. But the habits of youth and middle age become fetters to the mind and limbs of later years. I don't know as I could shake them off,—if I cared to; and I don't care for anything—much—now that Maggie—"

The sentence was left unfinished.

For grief such as Mr. Warren's, it is hard to find words of comfort. One can point to the soothing power of time, to be sure; but time without God is more likely to harden than to heal. I worked on in silence, therefore, until my floral emblems were finished; then I held them up for inspection.

"I have made these for Maggie, sir. I wish to put this little cross on her bosom, and the wreath in her hand, showing thereby that they who patiently bear the cross shall win the crown. The cross is a tiny thing, you see, not larger than is often worn for ornament, while the wreath is massive,—by which I would suggest also that rich, triumphant saying of St. Paul's, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us? These four or five single flowers I shall scatter over her feet, to show how few and scattered must have been the joys of earth, even if she had lived to taste them. Have I your permission to place them thus?"

Mr. Warren (huskily). Do what you like with her, now—I know you mean well. And don't think I am too rough and crabbed and sneering, to feel your kindness to Maggie.

I disposed the flowers around the corpse, according to my design; their symbolism, you will not fail to see, being intended for the living rather than the dead; for I knew not if Maggie had ever borne any cross, or aspired to any crown. For her I had ceased to have either hope or fear; having left her with a prayer, in God's tender mercy, I felt no disposition to take her thence, even in idea, that being the only safe place in the universe for her benighted, undeveloped soul. Mrs. Warren came in for a moment, and looked at my work with a face wherein the gravity grew ever sweeter till it bordered on joy. "Aunt Vin" bestowed on it some qualified admiration.

"It's very statistically done," she remarked, jerking her head at it grimly, "and shows you might be a painter, if you ambitioned it. But isn't it a leetle mite Romanesque? I hope you don't belong to the Pusseyites or the Jeshuites, or any of those people with queer pigments in their brains, who set more store by the shell of things than they do by the kernel."

Mr. Warren came, too, after a time, bringing me a deep-tinted, half-blown amask rose.

"Could you find a place for this?" said he. "Maggie liked bright colours. And I should like to have something from her father somewhere about her."

"Certainly; she shall hold it in her hand with the wreath. You know, Mr. Warren, that red is the colour of Love; so this rose may fitly image, not only your own tender affection for your darling, but also that mighty love of Christ, as shown in His precious blood-shedding for us, without which we should all struggle vainly under the crosses of earth, look for no heavenly crown, and be for ever buried in the darkness of spiritual death."

Mr. Warren turned away, looking half displeased. I was well aware that this last meaning was alien to his thought, but I was glad that he could not look at his rose, henceforth, without being reminded of it. For, though I expected no swift miracle of conversion to be wrought in him, no one could tell what planting, or what watering, it might please God to bless with, slow—perhaps almost imperceptible—yet steady increase.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REACTION.

I went home through the ripened glory of the morning, noticing—with those sharpened and concentrated senses that city refugees sometimes bring to lovely rural pictures—the vivid, lustrous green of the turf, the bright hues and delicate odours of the flowers, the sharp, clear outline of verdure and rock, the soft, pure depth of the sky, the infinite beauty and diversity of form and colour that enriched my way. For the first time in many days my heart was singing within me. I felt well pleased with my night's work; out of that shadow of death there seemed to have been born unto me new hope and meaning in life. I even fancied that Bona walked hand in hand with me all the way, and that Mala had departed for a considerable time.

Mrs. Divine met me at the door, and inquired, in her ringing, cheery voice, "Well, how is Maggie Warren this morning?"

"She is dead," I answered, briefly.

Her face grew grave and sympathetic at once. But Mrs. Prescott, busy in the kitchen, caught the words, and delivered herself of a quick, caustic commentary.

"It's a mercy to her and the neighbourhood! That miserable Warren will have one child the less to bring up in infidelity."

Mala (ironically, through my lips). Thank you, madam. Shall I convey your consolatory message to the afflicted family?

Mrs. Prescott (with heightened colour). Just as you please. I ain't afraid to stand to it that the less family that man has, to train up in the way they shouldn't go, the better.

I (in a cold hard tone). If that rule operated universally, it is perhaps easier for us to discern the houses which Death would visit than those which he would spare. Thousands bring up their children in practical infidelity, having less excuse than Mr. Warren has. He teaches what he believes; They believe one thing, and teach, by implication, another.

Bona (softly, to me). Are you "speaking the truth in love?"

I took no notice of her inquiry, but went up to my room, with a mortal fear chilling my heart. Nor was it groundless; I found waiting there, ready for my shoulders, the same old burden which the little excitement of last night, and the hope of doing a good deed, had enabled me transiently to throw off. Wearily I took it up and a great discouragement came over me; and Mala, of course, took delight in pushing me over the brink of the moral precipice upon which I trembled.

"You expected a great deal from this 'doing something for Christ,' as you so nicely phrased it; have you found it?" she asked.

I admitted to her and myself that I had not.

Mala. You even fancied this morning that a life of this sort of work would bring you, first healing, then happiness; do you think so still?

I confessed that such a fancy, if I had ever had it, had vanished utterly, leaving not so much as the shine of its wings in the distance.

Mala. And all that very good and proper talk, wherewith you so abundantly favoured Mr. Warren; is it the faithful expression of your feeling now?

Moodily I acknowledged that if Mr. Warren were then before me, the chances were that he might utter what blasphemy or infidelity he chose, without much danger of interruption.

Mala (triumphantly). Perhaps you will take my advice next time, and—

"Miss Frost, your breakfast is ready."

I looked up. Mrs. Divine was standing in the door, a striking impersonation, I thought, of steady, homely, healthful Common Sense.

"Thank you," said I; "But I am afraid I don't want any, Mrs. Divine."

She looked at me narrowly, then asked abruptly, "What did Mrs. Warren give you for lunch last night?"

"Indeed, I do not know; I never looked at it."

"Umph! I thought so; I suppose the world doesn't look very bright to you this morning?"

"No, ma'am, I believe it does not."

"And a good reason why! You've been up all night, hard at work; you've been through with the trying scenes of a death-bed; and you've eaten nothing to keep your strength up. I was reading in one of your books last night, that 'mind is superior to matter;' but the writer forgot to add that mind and matter have a good deal in common. At least, as long as mind is tied to matter, it can't do much business without consulting its partner. And when a person's tired and hungry, or faint, his views of life ain't apt to be bright, or correct. Come downstairs, right away, and eat a good breakfast; and then go to bed and get a good sleep; and if things don't look brighter after that, we'll see what to be done next. One thing you may put down for certain, child; that there's no trouble so deep that there isn't some remedy strong enough to reach."

I submitted to her guidance like a child; and after the sleep had been duly sought, found, and let go again, "things" certainly did look brighter. I wondered at my late miserable subjugation to Mala, and called Bona to my side.

To be continued

A Sharp Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a sharp, quick tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl bid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tone through life.
—[Elihu Burritt.

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It cures all lung and throat diseases that can be reached by human aid.

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