

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY HENRY HARMAUGH.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,

Afar in the sunny clime !
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time ;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers ;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are ;
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,

And cares and toils for their good ?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

You have heard these tales ; shall I tell you one,

A greater and better than all ?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,

Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes ?
O Prince of the noble ! O Sufferer divine !
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine !

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—

The tale of the Holy and True ?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above ;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all ;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,

Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear :
The grain that seems lost in the earth below

Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain

THE BROKEN PROMISE.



RS. Morse kept no regular servant. Mrs. Sticht, a German woman, came every Monday to do the week's

washing, and every Tuesday to do the ironing. She had always been a happy-faced, merry woman, but one morning Stella Morse, going into the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner, found a sad face over the wash-board,

"Good morning, Mrs. Sticht," Stella said.

"Good mornin', Miss Stella," responded the washerwoman, soberly, looking up with tear-filled eyes.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Sticht? You look pale and tired."

"I am not sick, miss, but I am tired; I didn't rest last night," she answered wearily.

"Then you had better wait until another day to wash; mamma would be willing, I am sure," Stella said kindly.

"No, miss, I'll keep on washin', but I thank you all the same for your kindness. I'll be just as tired to-morrow, an' the day after, too. A mother can't have much rest with a sick child to tend."

"Is your little girl sick, ma'am?"

"She's been sick these two weeks with an awful cold; she's that weak that she can't hardly walk about the room, an' she's dreadful wakeful of nights."

"Who stays with her when you go out to wash?"

"No one but her brother Tim; an' he's only seven years old."

"And you go out washing every day, do you not?"

"No miss: if I did I'd have more money than I've got. This is my only wash-fruit: the rest of the week I help an ole fruit-woman down in the market, but I don't get much pay."

"Do you earn enough to support your children?"

"Yes, miss, but my husband's long sickness and death brought some heavy bills on me to pay. I can't get any extras for my little sick girl, though she's that lonesome when I'm gone, that Tim says she cries most of the time."

"I should think she would be lonely, poor little soul! What does she want most, Mrs. Sticht?" Stella asked.

A smile flickered over Mrs. Sticht's face. Perhaps this young lady would do something for her little sick girl.

"Her whole mind seems to be set on a doll, an' she thinks that she'd never get lonesome if she had one; she's a levin' little thing, Patty is."

"She shall have a doll before the week is out," said Stella decidedly.

"I have a pretty wax one with golden curls and blue eyes that I used to play with. I have not had it out for a long time, and it has no clothes, but I'll dress it up just as pretty as I can, and—let me see, to-day is Monday—by Wednesday I'll have it ready."

"Oh, that is very good of you, Miss Stella," said the woman, gratefully: "Patty'll laugh for joy sure."

"Let me see, what is your number Mrs. Sticht?"

"Number Eleven, Spraker's Court. I can come after the doll if you say so."

"No, I'll not trouble you; besides, I want to see the little sick girl. Just tell her for me, please, that I'll be there on Wednesday with a beautiful doll, dressed in ruffled blue silk, and I will bring her some other things, too."

Stella spoke earnestly, and a load was lifted from the mother's heart. Her unspoken thought was, "I believe the child will soon grow better when she gets the doll she longs so for."

Patty's eyes grew bright when her mother told her that a dear, kind young girl was coming to her on Wednesday with a beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired doll, dressed in blue silk.

"For my very own?—Oh, mamma, for my very own!" asked Patty, clasping and unclasping her thin white hands in her excitement.

There were tears in her mother's eyes as she bent over her head and kissed Patty's forehead, saying tenderly, "Yes dear, for your very own."

Wednesday came—bright beautiful day. Patty's first words to her mother were, "Oh, mamma! this is the day that dolly is coming—I believe I'll get well when dolly comes."

Mrs. Sticht did not like to leave home that morning for some reason, but she felt that she must, for the rent was nearly due, and the doctor who came to see the child cared more for filling the human hearts with thankfulness. She came home very weary, but with one glad thought, namely, "I suppose Patty is overjoyed with her pretty doll. How good of Miss Stella to think of my poor little one."

But as she stepped over the threshold a very weary little face greeted hers. Patty's cheeks were flushed, and she said brokenly, "Oh, mamma, my dolly didn't come."

"An' she wouldn't stop crying, mamma, an' my head aches," sobbed Tim, who was worn out by his day of bitter sorrow.

Mrs. Sticht did not go to bed that night. She watched beside restless Patty, who tossed about all night, talking about blue eyes and golden hair and blue silk dresses, moaning in her sleep, "An' my dolly didn't come; an' my sweet, sweet dolly didn't come."

Monday morning came. A little boy stood knocking at Mr. Morse's kitchen door. Stella opened it. "Mamma can't wash to-day, Patty's tuk worse," he said quickly, and then scampered away.

"Oh, what a shame that I haven't dressed that doll!" Stella said mentally. "I certainly meant to, but there were so many things to take up my attention that I kept putting it off. I'll dress it this very day."

Thursday morning Stella, with the beautiful, tastefully dressed doll in her arms, and a little bag of oranges also, started for Mrs. Sticht's. In answer to her rap, Mrs. Sticht opened the door. Her eyes were heavy with weeping, and her face had grown more aged.

"How is little Patty this morning, Mrs. Sticht? I've brought her the doll. Can I see her?" were Stella's rapid questions.

"Yes, Miss Stella, you can see her. Walk in, please."

There were anguish and reproof in the mother's tone; Stella stepped inside the poorly-furnished room; the mother led the way to one corner, and pointed to a little white-draped cot.

The terrible truth dawned upon Stella. She had come to, late. Patty was dead. She burst into tears as the sobbing, heart-broken mother uncovered the little still face. Through her tears Stella could see how beautiful Patty was, with her golden hair brushed back from her pretty forehead, and her dear little hands clasped over her still bosom.

"And did you tell her I would bring the doll? Did she look for it?" Stella moaned, her remorseful tears rolling down her cheeks like rain.

"Look for it! Yes, Miss Stella, she looked for it every day and night," Mrs. Sticht answered, huskily. She was very light-headed towards the last; she talked of nothing else. Just before she died her reason returned. She sat up in bed, an' said, 'Good-bye, mamma: I'm going to heaven.' I cried aloud, 'but Patty smoothed my cheek and said 'Don't cry, mamma, you'll come by and by, an' I'll be waitin' and lovin' my blue-eyed dolly, cause I know Jesus will give me one, cause there's no tears in heaven.'—S. S. Times.

BRASS is not near so valuable as gold, but some people contrive to get along well with it.

DON'T, GIRLS!

DON'T think it necessary for your happiness that every afternoon be spent in making calls or on the street shopping. Home is not a mere hotel wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministrations to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gayety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be pious, formal, stiff, nor assume a "country face" eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully poised for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to like and respect in each of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, and frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

SIX SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers. Heb. xi. 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backslidings begin with the neglect of those two rules. John v. 39.

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for him? Matt. v. 13-16.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. Rom. xiv. 23.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such other people do so, therefore you may. 2 Cor. x. 12. You are to ask yourself, How would Christ act in my place? and strive to follow him. John x. 27.

6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God's and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10-12.

DARE to be brave in the cause of right,
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.