

beside him, and called him again and again by name.

At length he opened his eyes, and looked vaguely toward her.

"Dae ye no ken me, Jeemsie?" she said, bending close. "Dae ye no mind Betsey Barr, at the station, when ye was sellin' the papers and cryin' 'Eve-nan Telegraph'?"

The dying boy recognized her now, and, looking up into her kindly face, smiled.

"Ay, Betsey!" he said faintly. "'Eve-nan Telegraph, a ha'penny.' I'll never be there again, Betsey."

"Dinna say that, Jeemsie! Maybe ye'll get better."

He turned up his weary eyes, as though he said: "No, no, Betsey, I'll no' get better noo."

Betsey waited; but as he did not attempt to speak, and was evidently very weak, she began softly to sing one of the hymns they used to sing in the Sunday-school. When she had finished he said:

"O Betsey! That's nice, very nice."

He looked at her silently for a time, and then said:

"The wee book. Will ye read a bit out o' the wee book, Betsey?"

Not knowing what he referred to, Betsey turned to the child.

"Ay," said the little girl, "the wee book ye gied him in the Sunday-school. He's rale fond o't."

The child had searched in the straw and brought out a little book of Scripture passages and stories that Betsey had used in the Sunday school. It brought tears into her eyes to see it again, and to find that Wee Jeemsie had kept it so carefully.

She opened it, and said: "What would you like me to read, Jeemsie?"

"Read," he said, "about the bonnie land, and the folks in the white claes."

She knew the portion he was talking of, and turning to it, began to read about the land where there is no sorrow, nor pain; and about the shining gates, and the streets of gold. When she looked at him he was listening earnestly.

"Ah," said he, "that's nice, Betsey," he added, looking eagerly into her face, "will there be any *Telegraph* boys there?"

Not knowing what she ought to say, Betsey, with tears in her eyes, turned to the little book again, and read about the great multitude all in white robes and palms in their hands. And how the man said, "Who are these?" And the other answered: "These are they that came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

When she paused, the dying boy said: "Isn't that Jesus, Betsey?"

"Ay, Jeemsie," she said, "and ye ken how kind He was, and how He took the weans in His arms, and never turned naeboddy awa'."

Suddenly a fit of coughing seized the dying boy, and when it passed he sank back, utterly exhausted.

Betsey took his hand, and put her other arm tenderly round his neck to bear him up.

"O Jeemsie!" she said, "I'm feared ye're far thro'."

He looked at her, and she saw a change coming rapidly over him.

"O, Jeemsie!" she said, "pray to Jesus."

He tried to speak, but could only gasp, "I canna—I canna pray."

"Hand up yer hand, then, Jeemsie!" she said. "Maybe He'll see you."

The dying boy lifted up his wee, thin hand, all trembling. Suddenly, as he looked over it, his face brightened with a strange and wondrous light.

"Oh," he cried, joyfully, "I see Him! I see Him!"

His hand fell, the light faded from his face, his head sank back, and Wee Jeemsie had passed away.

#### HASTEN SLOWLY.

In the days of scramble and rush, we often wish that the boys would learn how much wisdom there is in the old motto—hasten slowly. Scores of young men are betrayed into imprudence by their impetuosity.—They are always in haste and always distanced.

A distinguished traveller relates that while in Europe he started early one morning to climb a mountain. Stimulated by the bracing air and inspiring scenery he pushed on briskly, instead of husbanding his strength for the uphill work before him. Soon after setting out he overtook a peasant on his way to the summit. The man was walking slowly, yet with a steady pace.

Our traveller wondered, as he left the countryman behind, that the inspiration of the atmosphere and the surrounding scenery had not produced upon him the effect which he himself experienced. But before long the enthusiastic tourist began to lag, and by noon he was glad to throw himself down in the shade of a wayside tree.

As he realized how severely he had taxed his strength, and that his fatigue made him loath to leave his shady resting place, he happened to cast his eyes down the valley. What was his surprise to behold the peasant of the morning swinging up the road with the same steady stride, as fresh as he was earlier in the day.—The countryman in his turn, passed the discomfited tourist, and disappearing in the distance, left him to his reflections on this new version of the fabled hare and tortoise.

Two boys were employed in a large machine shop, famous for its size and its good work. Five years ago they began work together. One entered the shop as an apprentice.—During his minority he was to receive thorough instruction in the various departments of the trade, and his wages were to be three dollars a week. His friend, however, would make no bargain. "What did three dollars a week amount to?" He entered the shop as a journeyman, or day laborer, at six dollars a week.

Now the contrast is reversed. The apprentice has just completed his time of service; he understands the operation and construction of every machine in the shop, and now earns eighteen dollars a week, besides looking forward to the time when he shall own a shop of his own. The other is a journeyman still; he understands but one branch of work, and, therefore, is often idle; and he never earns more than twelve dollars a week. Which is ahead? Whose is the brighter prospect?

Boys, it pays to plan! Don't make quantity more important than quality. The best work is the work that takes time, and nowadays the best work is the work that is wanted.

#### A GENIUS FOR HELPING.

There goes a man," said his neighbor, speaking to a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community, than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's very little that he can put down on subscription papers for any other object; but a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I have sometimes thought he and his wife keep house plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets; and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."

—It is delightful to read such instances as the following of a healthful Christian sympathy and co-operation between masters and men: In the Leven (Scotland) shipyard, some time ago, a ship was put down on speculation, merely to keep the men together. The riveters and caulkers, sensible of the employers' kindness, have recently held a meeting, and resolved to ask the firm to reduce their wages ten per cent., and to intimate that they were willing to do a fortnight's work on the steamer without any wages at all.

#### QUIETNESS AND ASSURANCE.

God works in silence, and His vast designs  
Are brought to work in quietness and peace;  
Unheralded the sun comes forth at morn,  
And without tumult on the nations shines;  
Unawed again his ministrations cease,  
And twilight worlds are born.

The years swept onward, but their chariot wheels  
Vouchsafe no echo to our yearning call;  
The swift attendant seasons as they pass  
Are shod with silence, and no sound reveals  
The rapid hours, whose steps are as the fall  
Of snowflakes on the grass.

In quietness through dreary winter days  
The buds of next year's summer take their rest,  
Assured of happy waking by and by;  
Though long the sweetness of the spring delays,  
Though tempests move in wrath from east to west,  
They neither strive nor cry.

Patient in long reserve of hidden power,  
God's judgments tarry their appointed time,  
But from his love wherein all fulness dwells,  
Mute tokens come about us hour by hour,  
In silence sweeter than the voiceless chime  
Of fragrant lily bells.

The perfect bliss for which his people crave—  
The final victory—He sees across  
The cloud and sunshine of a thousand years;  
While the frail garland on a baby's grave  
May circumscribe life's utmost gain and loss  
To eyes grown dim with tears.

Oh, troubled heart, no storms of adverse fate,  
No wave of circumstance may overleap  
The jasper borders of eternity.  
Acquaint thyself with Him, and soon or late  
He shall appoint a resting place for sleep  
Wherein no dreams shall be.

He giveth quietness and peace serene  
Here and hereafter unto those who rest  
Soul-centred on his own eternal calm;  
While sweet assurance entering realms unseen  
Leads onward to the triumph of the blest,  
The white robe and the palm!

Mary Roules, in *Leisure Hour*.

#### INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

One of the very greatest difficulties in carrying on the work of the Church, is to free our minds from all personal and selfish aims. A person that engages in any work connected with the Church, must sink all other thoughts, and do it for Christ's sake. The young lady that carries flowers to deck the altar, must place them reverently thereon, without a thought of the congregation that soon after will view them, if she wishes her gift to be an acceptable one to the Saviour. Whether two or three gather in His name, or an immense congregation, the flowers are alike acceptable to Him.

We have heard young ladies say, after having heard a request from the Rector for more workers in the Sunday School: "I'll go if you will!" It is very proper and right to enlist others in good work, but absolutely wicked to make our going conditional upon a similar work being done by others. Christ calls us, individually, to follow Him. He cannot wait for questions, or for us to look up some friend to share the labor, that our position may be pleasanter. He demands earnestness, faithfulness, and no half-hearted zeal in His cause.

There is not a parish in the land where more church work could not be accomplished, many fold over, if the fact of individual responsibility was fully appreciated.

The singer who fails to raise her voice in holy praise, because no companionable person sits in the choir, sins in God's holy sight. He who fails to join in the responses in the Litany, because a companion does not, can never expect any portion of the blessing that comes from humble supplication.

God deals with us as individuals, and the sooner each one recognizes the responsibility resting upon him in consequence, so soon will we enter upon a more faithful discharge of our duty. Children should be early taught this, and so trained that in all their Church associations this principle will be uppermost.—*Young Churchman*.