

ing it, like that old gentleman did for his purse. And she's ever so rich, I know she is—she had on a lovely long 'pussy,' that came nearly to her toes! She could buy a heap more bracelet things if she wants 'em and we're so poor! "She is a good, kind lady, and not mean, I'm sure," said her mother. "An ordinary person would never have bought your stale flowers and left the best. But that is nothing to do with it, either. Our business, Katie dear, is just to do right and be honest and true, and our true and faithful God will do the very best for us."

It cost poor Mrs. King a good deal to be able to say this, and from her heart. But even in her darkest days, she had been able to feel her heavenly Father so near and so kind, that her faith had grown far stronger than in times of prosperity and ease.

The snow had all gone, and the wind was blowing dry and keen when, four days later, Mildred Lewis, once more on her way to the soup kitchen, heard again that childish voice, crying—

"Penny a bunch, narciss! all sweet narciss! Only a penny a bunch!"

When she glanced at Katie, the little girl came running towards her.

"Oh, please, miss," she said, as if in a great hurry to get the words out, "have you lost anything?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the young lady, stopping short in surprise. "I've somewhere dropped a likeness out of my bracelet—my mother's portrait, and her hair. It was set in gold. Do you know anything about it, then?"

"I found something just like that in my basket Friday night," said Katie, with beating heart. "If you will please come home with me, miss, mother will show it to you. She wouldn't let me bring it out with me in case I lost it again."

When Mildred Lewis came face to face with Mrs. King, she knew what it was in the child's expression that had struck her as familiar. This poor woman, worn with illness, and prematurely aged by sorrow, had once upon a time been Mildred's favourite school friend.

It was a sorry tale she had to listen to; of how the gay and handsome, but godless young husband whom, against the advice of her friends, pretty Katherine Lee had chosen, had gone from indifferent to bad, and from bad to worse. How he drank and gambled, whilst neglecting wife and child. How, worst of all—and this was not told without blushes by the poor wife, and a mingling of Mildred's sympathetic tears—he was even now undergoing a term of imprisonment for a brutal assault upon her whilst he was in a state of intoxication.

But the Lewises well knew by experience how best to befriend such a case. When the perforce sober and genuinely repentant husband returned to his own, he found his wife well cared for and comfortable, his little girl at school. Then Mildred's father came forward, offering to take King into his own employment if he would sign the pledge against both drink and gambling, and strive, with God's help, to lead an honest life.

This noble proposal was made at the right moment, while the unhappy man was humble and sorry, and before he had time to slide into bad habits again. Its result was blessed with every success. The Kings are now a happy and respectable family—Mrs. King a thankfully contented wife; while to Katie, the merry school girl, that basket of flowers is a sadly sweet reminiscence of the past.

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### Taken Home.

"He shall gather the lambs in his bosom."

It was evening. The western sun was streaming, in a flood of liquid gold, over the earth, and casting a purple haze over wood and field. Heaven's gates opened and a bright Angel floated downward towards the green earth.

A child lay dying on his narrow couch. Soft hands smoothed his pillow, loving voices whispered in his ear, and close beside him, with his little hand clasped tight in hers, sat his gentle mother. The golden rays of the departing sun fell in chastened bright-

ness round the sick boy's head, like the halos of the saints of old.

"Take me to the window, mother," he murmured wearily; "the sun is going, and I must see him once more before the Angel takes me home."

"Hush, hush, my darling," sobbed the mother, as she bore him in her arms to the open window, "the days are hot and oppressive, and make you weak; wait till the soft September breezes come, and then my Bertram will get strong and well."

"Mother, dear mother," said the boy, earnestly, "do not say so. Something tells me that I am going home to-night. Do not weep, mother. I shall be happier there, and you will come to me soon—I know you will."

"Bertram, Bertram, my own darling, stay with me; I cannot live without you—you are all I have left to love. Let us both go home together." And the mother laid her head on her boy's pillow, and wept.

The sun set, and the little stars came out one by one in the still glowing sky.

"A fairer sun will rise upon me tomorrow," murmured the child. "Oh, mother, you would not want to keep me. I am always in pain here, but there, you know, all is Peace and Rest. See, mother, how bright the west is. I often think that must be the gate of heaven. When the sun makes the clouds look so bright and beautiful, you must think of me waiting and watching for you there."

"My child, I will come to you soon, very soon. I know our Father will not keep me long from our darling."

Was it the evening breeze that rustled past the window, stirring the jessamine blossoms, and softly kissing the sick boy's cheek?

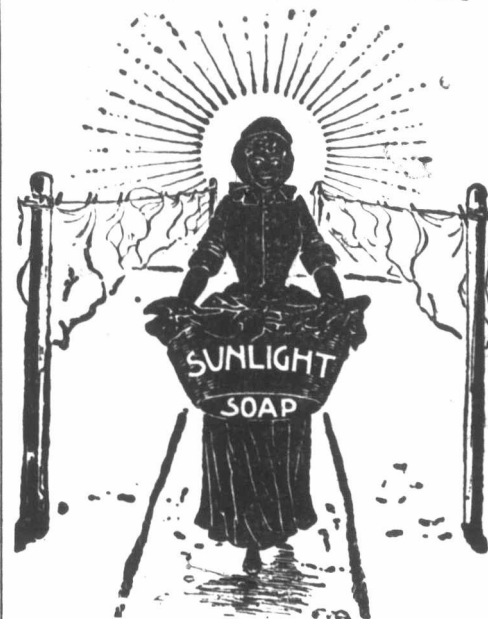
The mother thought so, but Bertram knew well that the summons had at last come to take him home. "Good-bye, mother," whispered he for the last time, clinging round her neck. "The Angel has come for me. I am going home to wait for you. Kiss me, dear mother." The blue eyes closed, the little head fell back, and another lamb was gathered home, into the shelter of the Everlasting Fold.

The lonely mother knelt by the couch, and as the tears fell fast on the dead boy's face, she thanked the tender Father, who, in His love, had seen fit to remove her darling to His own Almighty keeping.

### Wealth.

There is much wealth which is worthy of honour, as symbolising the energy, industry, wisdom, and far-seeing judgment of its possessor. He who acquires it with honour and employs it with wise generosity stands worthily in the list of public benefactors, and richly deserves the respect and admiration that are accorded to him. But it is the indiscriminate adulation that exhausts itself on mere riches, no matter how they have been gained or how they are used, that is largely responsible for the dishonourable transactions which we all lament. Few are without blame in the matter. But few give their approval so heartily to character and intelligence when clad in homespun as when attired in broadcloth. But few pause to discriminate between the wealth gained by personal superiority and that acquired by tricks and deception before they do it reverence.

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