



Yet I learned how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past: and I gaze on it now
With quivering lip, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she
died—

And memory flows with a lavy tide.
Oh, say it is folly and deem me weak
While the scalding tea start down my
cheek;

But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair!

—S. S. Herald.

THE ORPHAN'S FAITH.

"WHAT do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?" said a child who had a mother to one whose mother was dead. "Mother told me whom to go to before she died. I go to the Lord Jesus. He was mother's friend, and he is mine." The other replied, "Jesus Christ is up in the sky, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you." "I do not know about that," said the orphan, "all I know is he says he will, and that is enough for me."

A LITTLE WORKER.

SOME little work for little hands
God always will provide;
Something there is for every one
In all the world so wide.

Here Milly rests beneath the tree
That shades the crystal spring,
For she has walked a weary way
The noontide lunch to bring.

The harvest-field is not in sight;
But when, at Milly's call,
The reapers hasten o'er the hills,
She shares the work with all.

Perhaps among the gleaners
Her place will be to-day,
To gather up the scattered grain
That else were cast away.

So little ones in God's broad field
In early days of youth
May glean up words of wisdom—
The golden grains of truth,

That springing up shall bear much fruit,
Perhaps an hundredfold,
To bless with richest store of wealth
A multitude untold.

And when their work is over,
And sheaves are brought by some,
Those who have only handfuls
Among the rest may come.

Then remember, little children,
That you have work to do,
For the Master of the harvest
Has need of gleaners too.

WHEN you are pained by an unkind word
or deed, ask yourself if you have not done
the same many times.

A BEAUTIFUL THING.

A LITTLE girl said to me one day.
"Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute?"
I saw that she was in some kind of trouble,
so I took her hand and said, "Certainly, my
little maiden. What do you want?"

"Please, sir," said she, as her lip quivered
and tears filled her eyes, "it's a dreadful
thing; but I don't love Jesus."

"Do you want to love Jesus, dear?"

"Oh, yes, sir, that I do," she replied.

"Well, why don't you?" I asked.

"I don't know how to make my heart
love him, sir. Please tell me how."

She spoke sadly, as if it were something
she could never do.

"Well, St. John, who loved more almost
than any one else ever did, says that 'we
love him because he first loved us.' Now,
if you go home to-night saying in your
heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I think to-morrow
you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears and said
very softly, "Jesus loves me." She began
to think about it, as well as say it,—about
his life, and his death on the cross,—and
began to feel it, too. So she went home.

The next evening she came to me, and
putting both her hands into mine she said,
with a very happy face:

"Oh! please sir, I love Jesus to-night,
for he does love me so."

A BIBLE GENTLEMAN.

IT was a hot July morning, and old Mrs.
Dawes, carrying the clean linen home to
the parsonage, thought her basket seemed
heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the
son of the village doctor, overtook her half
way up the hill.

"Why, mother," said he, "that's more
than you can manage! Let me have one
handle, and then we'll trot it up easily
enough."

Away they went, Johnnie chatting gayly
and the old woman's face beaming with
gratitude and pleasure.

"The idea!" said Fannie Leigh, who
came down the lane just in time to see her
brother and Mrs. Dawes turn in at the
parson's gate. "You are a gentleman,
Johnnie! Supposing Lady Blake had met
you carrying a clothes-basket! How could
you do it?"

Johnnie whistled. "A gentleman! Of
course I am. I am a Bible gentleman, like
father."

Fannie looked puzzled, so Johnnie ex-
plained:

"Father said a Bible gentleman is always
civil to the poor as well as to rich ones;
and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my 'neighbour'
just as much as Lady Blake."—*Busy Bee*,