

Home Circle.

To-day and To-morrow.

If fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve—if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from memory borrow.
When shall we chide—if chide we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
His genial smile display,
When shall we kiss his proffered lips?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if he would indulge regret,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them
To-day, my love, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

One kind of Typewriter.

Out on Broadway just now I saw a little girl that I have respect for. She is a typewriter, but she is not much like the kind the newspapers are always telling stories about, though, like them, she is pretty—as pretty as a picture and as good as if she were old and ugly. She is twenty-two, and let me tell you what she has done.

Six years ago she was the most ragged, friendless, ignorant little orphan you would care to hear of and she had four younger sisters, each more ragged and friendless and ignorant and orphaned than the other. She went into a typewriting copying office to learn the business in return for her services as office girl. She was such a bad speller that everybody said she would never make a typewriter. She set in to learn to spell. She was so shabby that the head of the office said he was ashamed to send her on errands, but she did her

work so, well that he concluded it would pay to spend a couple of dollars in fixing her up.

She made herself a skilful operator, although to begin with she was uncommonly clumsy.

The fact was that she had something else on her mind than finding a husband to support her. She was thinking about those four little sisters. They were living around with relatives, most of whom were very poor, and when they were not poor exceptionally cross and cruel. This little woman, Annie had an ambition to be mother to those little sisters.

A mother! What she is now is mother and father, too!

The first money she could scrape together from her typewriting she spent in learning stenography. She could not afford all the lessons she needed, but she made it up in hard work by herself. She was not gifted with the qualities for making the best stenographer, the best ones are born, not made; but she did all she could, and came out better than the average that do office work, and since that she had comparatively easy sailing.

People had noticed her; she got a good position; not much money, but enough to start her in executing a long-cherished plan.

She got together those four sisters. She took a little flat uptown. She gathered them all in and told them they must live without furniture until they could buy it—not on the instalment plan. In the meanwhile they would all have plenty of good food, such as they had not before, because furniture is a luxury, but good food is an investment for working girls.

Two of the girls were learning typewriting in the same way she did. The two younger ones were in school. They camped along as best they could and were happy. That was a year and a half ago. Now three of them are earning good pay, as salaries go—there is a prejudice, in that big office building where Annie is, in favour of the family—one of the younger ones is learning the business in the usual way. Their home is as pretty a little place in its modest way as there is in Harlem, and their relatives are more helpful and kind than ever before—because nothing succeeds like success. And I call that young woman's success a success worth talking about.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Day's Demand.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,

In public duty and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds

Their large professions and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps,

DR. J. G. HOLLAND, in *National Baptist*.

It is a great mercy to have the Gospel of peace, but it is far greater to have the peace of the Gospel.