

friend. She felt awkward and diffident. But the next moment she felt like laughing at herself.

"After all," she thought, "he is just a real polite, warm-hearted boy,—even if Dick does call him a college man! I shall not be the least bit afraid of him."

"Come old fellow!" said Dick, preparing to lead the way upstairs to his room, waiting a moment to hear what Rosalie would say to him. She whispered a word or two, "To please you, Dick," she said in a low tone.

"Your room? Is that so?" he exclaimed with a pleased smile. "Why, that is splendid! Thank you."

Rosalie felt very happy. She did not regret going up her room, even though she had to go to a smaller one in the third story. She did not once think of herself at the tea-table. The chickens and coffee and muffins were a success, and Jane waited even better than usual.

Frank fell right in with the family ways. He seemed so much pleased with everything that nobody could help feeling pleased with him. They enjoyed the holidays all the more for his presence among them.

Yet there were times when Rosalie felt out of heart, and almost ready to give up the "race." Things seemed so tiresome, and she could see no good coming from all her self-denial; sometimes she was afraid that her wish for Dick would never come true. He was so anxious to have a good time himself, that he appeared quite forgetful about the comfort of others.

"Dick never seems to think that I get tired, or that I have given up a great deal to please him," she thought. But Dick did think, although he appeared so careless and selfish.

One Sunday afternoon Rosalie did not feel like walking up the hill to the old school-house to teach her class. She wondered if some one else could not take it for that day. Then, like a flash, came the thought of "running the race,"—doing one's own work! She put on her hat, and, taking an umbrella, went out of the gate up the hill.

Dick and Frank were on the fence, making plans for the future, when they should have become great men.

Rosalie invited them to go with her to Sunday-school, but they laughed, saying it was too warm, and begged to be excused. Each was busy with his own thoughts after that, till Frank looked up and said, in his bright, quick way: "Dick, what makes your sister so unselfish?"

"Just what makes some other persons so, I suppose," Dick replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Don't you know, Frank?"

"Yes," said Frank, decidedly. "Now why do not you and I try the same way? With all our fine talk, I do not believe we shall amount to much till we enlist."

Dick knew that Frank meant enlist as a soldier of Jesus Christ.

"I've been thinking a good deal about it lately," he said.

"So have I," said Frank. "Do you know what set me to thinking?—it was just that kind, unselfish way that your sister has!"

Dick grasped Frank's hand warmly, exclaiming, "Why, old fellow, that is just the way it has been with me!"

How do you suppose Rosalie felt, some time afterward, when she found that her wish had been granted?—S. S. Times.

### The King's Bell.

"No perfect day has ever come to me,"

An old man said;

"A perfect day for us can never be  
Till we are dead."

The young king heard him and he turned away

In earnest thought.

Did men ne'er find on earth the perfect day  
For which they sought,—

A day all free from care!—so running o'er

With life's delight

That there seemed room or wish for nothing more

From dawn to night?

"It must be that such days have come to man,"

The young king said.

"Go search—find one who found them—if you can!"

Ah wise gray head!

"I trust that some such day will come

To even me,"

The king said. But the old man's lips were dumb,

A doubter he.

"That you, and those about you all may know

My perfect day,

A bell shall ring out when the sun is low  
And men shall say,—

"Behold this day has been unto the king

A day replete

With happiness. It lacked not anything—  
A day most sweet!"

In a high tower, ere night, the passers saw

A mighty bell,

The tidings of a day without a flaw  
Some time to tell.

The bell hung silent in its lofty tower;

Days came and went;

Each summer brought its sunshine and its flower,

Its old content;

But not the happy day he hopes to see;

"But soon or late

The day of days," he said, "will come to me.  
I trust—and wait."

The years, like leaves upon a restless stream,

Were swept away,

And in the king's dark hair began to gleam  
Bright threads of gray.

Men passing by looked upwards to the bell,

And smiling said,

"Delay not of the happy time to tell  
Till we are dead"

But they grew old and died. And silent still

The great bell hung;

And the good king bowed down with age, fell ill

His cares among.

At dusk, one day, with dazed brain, from his room

He slowly crept

Uprattling tower-steps, in the dust and gloom,  
While watchers slept.

Above the city broke the great bell's voice,

Silent so long.

"Behold the king's most happy day! Re-  
joice!"

It told the throng.

Filled with strange awe, the long night passed away:

At morn men said,

"At last the king has found his happy day—  
The king is dead!"

SAYS Prof. Blackie: The end of life is not the acquisition of knowledge, nor the display of knowledge, nor the exercise of any energy belonging to the cognitive department of our constitution—but the formation of character. What is character? Character is the mortal type impressed upon a man by the habitual exercise of noble emotions and a well trained will.

### Irish Wit.

AN Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your rivrence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your rivrence?"

"Ah, you don't understand. This is just it: I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it's seven o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the cry. "Just be aisy, your rivrence; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door, and enquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No; bother on Father O'Leary. No, he is not here; but he is to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished pastor and cried:

"All right, your rivrence, you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your rivrence. I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure," returned Pat.

### The Story of Billy Bray.

BILLY BRAY was a poor miner in Cornwall. He was an exceedingly wicked young man; was awakened through reading John Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell," was converted, and joined the Bible Christian Methodists. He was the means of doing great good both in the saving of souls and in building chapels for the poor.

Of many remarkable incidents that occurred in connection with his chapel building we must content ourselves with this:

The little place at Kerley Downs was up, but it wanted a pulpit. Billy began to think within himself where that could come from. At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eye fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

"The very thing," cried Billy, "the very thing. I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair o' stairs behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty."

With much glee he turned to some one near him and asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?"

The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said,

"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here. I'll give 'e the six shillings to buy it."

After awhile the cupboard was put up. Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried, holding out his hand,

"Here, Mister Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un. I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the auctioneer cried,

"Six shillings—going for six."

A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught.

"Seven," said the auctioneer, "seven shillings."

"No," cried Billy, "'tis only six, there the money."

Of course, down went the hammer, and, much to Billy's astonishment, the cupboard was not his.

"Well, Father do know best," said he in a rather disappointed tone; "but any how I must give the man back his six shillin'."

The man was gone, nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll be gone down an' tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un anyhow," he whispered, "an' see the end."

They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but it was just too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser, angrily. "I've given seven shillings for en, an' shall have to skat en up for firewood."

Then, as his eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood, hat in hand, wiping his forehead.

"I'll give 'e six shillin' for un, if you'll carry un down to my little chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"Bless the Lord!" cried Billy, "'tis just like Him. He knew I couldn' carry en myself, so He got this man to carry en for me."

It is not needful that we shake with alarm at infidel attacks upon the Bible. Dr. Austin Phelps well puts this fact in "My Portfolio:" "Early in the autumn, I have heard three or four crickets under the hearthstone serenading each other in voices sharp and shrill, which seemed as if they were a thousand strong. They made the whole house ring. But the solid earth moved on its way, the autumn passed into winter, the crickets died and were no more heard. Such a passing racket are the harpings of a few skeptical minds upon this everlasting claim that our faith is defunct, our theology obsolete, our pulpit dead."

On the Island of Peru, in the Samoan group, there is not a heathen left; and though only eleven years have passed since the missionaries first went there, the people have built good chapels and mission-houses at their own expense; have begun to support their own pastors, and propose to contribute to the Missionary Society funds the coming year.