

**Do All That You Can.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
"To make this dark world bright,  
My silvery beams cannot pierce far  
Into the gloom of night;  
Yet I am a part of God's great plan  
And so I will do the best that I can."

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,

"Of these few drops that I hold?  
They will hardly bend the lily proud  
If caught in her chalice of gold;  
But I, too, am part of God's great plan,  
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily out to play,  
But a thought, like a silver thread,  
Kept winding in and out all day  
Through the happy, golden head—  
"Mother said: 'Darling, do all that you can,  
For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

She knew no more than the twinkling star,  
Or the cloud with its raincup full  
How, why, or for what all strange things  
Are.

She was only a child at school,  
But she thought: "'Tis a part of God's great plan  
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along,  
When the way was rough to his feet,  
And she sang from her heart a little song  
That we all thought wondrous sweet;  
And her father—a weary, toil-worn man—  
Said: "I, too, will do the best that I can."

**A NARROW ESCAPE.**

BY HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

The last bit of mother's shawl had disappeared from sight down the road, and the sound of the creak of father's buggy wheels was growing fainter, until it could scarcely be distinguished from the twitter of birds and the croak of frogs. It was early morning, and Annie and Silas were looking forward to the unusual responsibility of having the silent farm left to their care the whole long summer day.

It was somewhat lonely, too, but neither would have owned any feeling of the kind for worlds.

"You'd better begin digging those potatoes right away," said Annie, assuming a tone of authority to drive away that queer feeling that made her throat feel so full. "Father said you could get that home field done to-day."

"Well, but he told me to fasten back that blind that slammed last night, too, and to strap back the vines while I was about it. I'm going to do that first, and you'll have to help me."

"Have to?" repeated Annie, quite as much displeased at his tone as his refusal to go to work at once in the potato field.

"Have to? You needn't order me around, Silas Fisher! That blind can wait, and the vines, too. After I get this kitchen fixed, I'm going to sew on my new waist, and you'd better go and dig those potatoes."

"After I fix that blind and those vines," said Silas, "and not before."

"Then you'll have to do it alone," declared Annie. "I am the oldest, and you ought to do as I think best."

"Pooh! but you are only a girl. You'd better come and hold the ladder or it may slip down the bank and break my neck."

"That would be a pity," said Annie scornfully. And although the instant they were uttered she would have given anything to have taken the ugly words back, she turned away to the stove, fully believing he would give up and go to the potatoes since she would not help him.

A few moments later, however, she heard the ladder bumping against the house, and realized Silas had determined to do the work alone. It was particularly difficult, because the ladder must be placed almost on the edge of the bank. The window was one on the stairway in the hall, so high up that the blinds could not easily fastened back from inside.

Annie listened. Yes, he had placed the ladder and was ascending it. Her heart beat quicker; she would leave her work and go and help him. Then she flushed as the memory of his last words came back—"Pooh! you are only a girl."

"Since I am only a girl, probably he would find me of little assistance," she thought scornfully again, and she took up her sewing and stitched away with an angry flush on each cheek. Sarcasm was one of Annie's bitterest faults. It always makes life harder and less pleasant for those who indulge in it, and Annie was just repeating bitterly to herself, "Only a girl," when with a whir and a rasp and a crash she heard the

ladder fall to the ground, and—what was that? Could it be an involuntary cry of despair from Silas as he fell?

Annie never knew how she reached the door, for all her strength seemed to have left her. How could she endure to see Silas dashed to the ground and perhaps crushed under the heavy ladder! It took but an instant to reach the place, but it seemed an age to count by the thoughts that flashed across her mind.

"O Silas! — But he was not crushed beneath the ladder, was not even on the ground, but high above it clung fast to the window-sill, his face white and wild."

"O Silas, hold tight! I'll put the ladder up again!"  
It was a heavy task for one who was "only a girl," but Annie never thought of that. Now strength seemed given her just as unexpectedly as at first it had disappeared, and soon she and Silas sat panting together in the kitchen, where they had quarrelled but a few moments before, both breathless from fright, Annie crying a little and Silas not so very far from it.

"You—you got that heavy old ladder up there pretty quick," he said finally. "I couldn't have held on much longer. Guess—I guess it would have been better to have worked on the potato patch first. If you were in a hurry to finish your dress."

"O Silas! but it wouldn't have hindered me ten minutes. I ought to have come anyway when I heard you put up the ladder," penitently, for people who can be most finely sarcastic can also be most whole-heartedly sorry usually. "I could never have forgiven myself if you had fallen and got hurt."

"Well, I didn't," said Silas, cheerfully, having regained his breath and composure, "so now I'll go and hoe those potatoes. The reason I didn't want to was because it seemed—well, it seemed kinder lonely down there."

"I'll bring my sewing down under that apple tree," said Annie; and she was generous enough to add, as if it were all for her own good, "It'll be lonely in the house, too," for she knew it had been hard for Silas in his boyish pride to confess to the loneliness.

"All right, then; I'll carry your rocker down for you, and don't you want a rug to set it on?"

"Why, if you please," said Annie; "and I'll make some lemonade so you can have a drink whenever you come to my end of the rows."

"Good for you!" cried Silas, as he settled the chair bottom up on his head, and the rug over his arm, while the hoe swung over his sturdy young shoulder. "Good for you; we'll have a fine old time!" And away they went together, each so anxious to be courteous and kind, that the whole day, which had begun so unpleasantly, and almost tragically, was one of the happiest of their lives.—Well-spring.

**THE BOY HERO.**

He is only fourteen. He is a boy full of fun and perhaps some mischief, but he loves his books dearly. He has already looked into the future, and chosen what he wants to be. His sense of honour is keen, and he has a high ideal of manhood, both in scholarship and morals. How so much fun and ambition to be useful can be bundled together is surprising.

His body is a compound of good health, vigor and good muscles, developed by play and work.

One of the sports in which he most delights is swimming. He is quite at home in the water, and might be called a water-animal or sprite.

In the country where he lived is quite a large mill-pond. It was rare sport to swim from shore to shore, swim on his back, dive to the bottom, and cut up all manner of antics, as if he were a sea-lion or seal.

One day he was swimming with a little fellow not far from his own age, though not quite so strong. He said to his mate, "I'm going to swim across the pond."

"So will I," was the response. In they plunged. In a few minutes they reached the opposite shore, puffing and blowing. After a little rest, he said, "I'm going to swim back."

"So will I," was boldly said. But our hero said, "No, no; it's too much; you are not strong enough." But, boylike, confident of his strength, he insisted, and in the plunged, our hero leading. When more than half-way over he heard a cry of distress. Turning, he found his friend had given out and was sinking.

What a situation! It might well have appalled the heart of the strongest swimmer. But his wits and his courage and his strength did not forsake him. This is the story he told his father after it was all over:

"Papa, when I saw him go down, I just thought bad his papa would feel if

his little boy never came home. So I said, 'I will never go home without him.'"

He swam to where his friend was struggling, to see whether he could help him. As soon as he touched him, the little fellow seized him with a death-grip, and both went under. But our hero came to the surface, the other clutching him.

"Then I remembered," he said, "that you must strike and daze the one who is drowning, so I stunned him, and then caught him, and tried to swim, but was so tired that we both went to the bottom. Then it came to me that my feet touched bottom, I must kick and try to force the body towards the shore. As soon as I came to the top down I went. Again and again I rose and sank, but at last I got to the shore. My friend seemed dead. Then I remembered that I must roll him, and get the water out of him, so I carried him to a log and worked till he began to breathe. Then I felt so happy that his papa didn't have a dead boy!"

Was there ever anything more heroic? That act is worthy of a place with Grace Darling. Indeed, when one thinks of the presence of mind, the thoughtful love, and courage, it is unsurpassed in history.

**A PEACE-MAKING DOLL.**

We often hear of dolls sent out in missionary boxes to delight some child in a far-off land, but The Outlook tells this story of how a doll sent to a little American girl out West fell into the hands of an Indian child, comforted her, and was the means of preventing what might have been serious trouble.

"Some Apache Indians had left the reserve, and one of our generals had a good deal of trouble in trying to get them back. One day a little papoose—that is, a little Indian girl—three years old, strayed away from her father's wigwam. One of the soldiers found her and took her to the fort. All day she was very quiet, but when night came she sobbed and cried, just as any little white child would, for her mother and her home. The soldiers did not know what to do with her; they could not quiet her."

"At last the commander in charge remembered that a beautiful doll had been sent from the East to the daughter of one of the officers. He went to this officer's house and asked to borrow the doll for the little Indian girl in the fort. The doll was beautiful herself and was beautifully dressed. The little girl loaned it to the officer, and it was carried to the fort to the little Indian baby. It was placed in her arms, and she was made to understand that she could take it to bed with her. Immediately she stopped crying and fell asleep with the beautiful doll closely held in her arms.

"When morning came she was radiant—happy, the moment she opened her eyes and saw her beautiful little companion. She petted it, she rocked it, she talked to it, just as any little white child would. But now there came a new difficulty. The soldiers hoped if they kept the little girl, that her parents would come or send after her, and they could enter into some negotiations with them to get them back on the reserve. But the father and mother of the little Indian girl did not appear.

"It was a very serious thing for a lot of soldiers to have a little three-and-a-half-year-old girl, and they were greatly puzzled. Several days passed, and at last the soldiers decided that the little papoose must be taken back to her family, as they would not come for her. With her doll in her arms she started with her protectors for the wigwam. When she reached the tribe with her doll she created the greatest excitement. The soldiers left the child with her mother and returned to the fort.

"The next day the little papoose's mother appeared at the fort with the doll to return it. She was received with the greatest courtesy by the soldiers, treated with the greatest consideration, and made to understand that her little daughter was to keep the doll. The result was that the soldiers' kindness to the little girl, and their courtesy to her mother, created a revulsion of feeling among the wandering Indians, and led to negotiations which resulted in the Indians going back to the reserve—that is, the land set apart for them by the United States Government—without any trouble."

A little boy in one of our country schools received his first day's instructions, and before night he had learned how to spell one word. "Now," said the teacher, "you can tell your grandmother how to spell pig." "My grandmother knows how to spell it," indignantly replied the loyal little fellow. "She's taught school."

**DEAN FARRAR AND THE BOYS.**

We heartily wish that all our Canadian boys could have heard the fine speech of Dean Farrar on Speech Day at Dover College. The Mayor of Dover called it a "marvellous address." Anyway it was most inspiring and greatly interested and affected the boys who heard it. We regret that we have only space for the closing remarks. There was something related in connection with the late President Garfield, who was himself at one time a teacher, which was worth repeating. "Boys," said the master, "the roof of this schoolhouse forms a watershed for the whole continent, so that a mere breath of air, a flutter of a bird's wing, decides whether a drop of water shall make its way to the torrid Gulf of Mexico, or the frozen Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Your actions are like that." The slightest thing may forever afterwards decide the current of their lives.

De Quincey, one of the greatest writers of whom any country could boast, had fallen when a youth into the fatal habit of opium-taking. "Oh, Spirit of Merciful Interpretation," he cried, "Angels of Forgiveness,"—writing of a period of total eclipse, for the habit followed him through life, and made of him at times an utter imbecile—"I attribute it to my own unpardonable folly." To that folly he traced his ruin. The evil phantom pursued him. Remorse gathered round him, overshadowing every step he took. Oh, the bitterness of his words, that he, a boy, not seventeen years old, by blindness, by listening to one false voice, to the impulse of his own bewildered heart, by one erring step, should have laid the foundation of a life-long repentance!

To each one of them there came such moments for decision. In one form or another the questions of life presented themselves to all of them. He hoped that each one of the boys of Dover College intended to be a distinguished man. At a very large school in London, those boys who intended to be distinguished were invited to hold up their hands. Every hand went up. Every single boy meant to be a Field-Marshal at least, or perhaps an Archbishop, and very glad indeed was he to feel that they were so determined to get on in life. It was perfectly right. They must remember that at any rate there was one failure which none need have. Every one could be a good man if not a "great" one, as the world sometimes rated "greatness." Sir Walter Raleigh wrote with a diamond on a window pane,

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

and Queen Elizabeth wrote beneath it,

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

For success they must indeed have thoroughness and doggedness, will and resolution, but that diamond-writing on the glass reminded him of another diamond-writing by one of the English Royal family. "Oh, keep me innocent." There were earlier words, "Keep innocence and do the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last," a secret of life which none could know too well. But he must conclude. He would do so with one short anecdote and one short piece of advice. As for the anecdote: There was a saintly hermit in old days who was exceedingly anxious to save his soul by giving gifts to God. Satan, disguising himself as an angel of light, sought to perplex and ensnare him by telling him that if he would give acceptable gifts, they must be these three,—the crescent moon, the orb of the sun, and the head of a rose. The last did not trouble him much. He would give all the roses in the land. But how could he give the crescent moon, how could he give the orb of the sun? In his distress an angel came to him. "This spirit is trying to deceive you. The crescent moon is the letter C, the orb of the sun is the letter O, and the head of a rose is the letter R,—C-O-R. Heart—give your heart to God and you need have no fear about the rest." And from a living poet he would quote his one short piece of advice:

"Take thou no thought of aught but truth and right,  
And deem it thus thy prize to die secure.

Wealth, gold, and honour, fame may not endure,  
And noblest souls soon weary of the light.

Keep innocence, the orb of true man's life.

Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal.

He who hath this  
Hath all things, having naught.  
He who hath not  
Hath nothing, having all."