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TRIFLES.

What will it matter in a little while,
That for a day
We met, and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave?
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are,
By love or strife?

Yes, yes! a look, the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul!

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

PROFESSING.

Mirabel found her two sisters in the green nest on the hill-side, Nina fluttering like a white bird in the hammock, and Paula lying back in a seat Mr. Dame had arranged for them, from the strong branches of the wild grape vines for sides and back, and willow twigs woven in for a seat. It was wide, and Paula moved and made room for her sister beside her. Mirabel saw that she kept her finger between the leaves of her book, and that the book was the Bible. It was like her own, and both had been gifts from Aunt Jessie, their own mother's sister. Books with maps and references, every facility for study, if they had only known it. Mirabel wondered if Paula had been unsuccessfully trying to study also.

It did not look like that as her face was turned off to the broken line of blue hills. Too quietly intent to speak, and Mirabel would not interrupt her, but sat in outward quiet also, until Nina fluttered and hummed herself away to dream-land with Rosy Posy hugged close up beside her. Then Paula rose and spread a shawl over the sleeping child, and that seemed to disturb her own mood.

"Sister Mirabel," she said, gently, as she came back to her place again.

Something in the tone made the sister answer softly, "What dear?"

"Did you ever read this in the Bible?" and the pink flush on her cheek deepened as she opened again to the place she had carefully kept, and read, slowly, "'I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work.' When is that night, sister?"

"Death, I suppose."

"I thought so. He means, then, that he wants us to work, too?"

"Yes."

"But how, sister?" very softly.

"Just as we can, I think."

"But we can not go around as he did, curing the sick and multiplying bread and fishes for the hungry."

Mirabel thought a moment silently, but a new light was coming into her mind. "Perhaps we could," she said, slowly.

"But how?" in surprise.

"We might use the money he has given us to pay doctors for the sick, and to buy medicine and good wholesome food."

"All of it, sister?"

"Oh, no; not all."

"How much, then?"

A hard question that; too hard for an answer.

"And some don't have any money hardly. People up here seem to have to be very careful. There was a lady in the other day talking with Mrs. Dame, and she said her little girl had almost cried her eyes out because she had broken her doll. But she could not get her another until next Christmas, for they gave twenty-five cents for that, last Christmas, and money didn't grow on every bush. I didn't know that any except the very poorh ad to be careful of so little. I wish I knew that little girl; I'd give her a doll."

"Perhaps you can."

There was another pause; then the questions began again. "But I am not rich, myself; that is papa's. Isn't there anything else to give?"

"Your time, perhaps," slowly.

"Sister Mirabel," and the timid voice trembled, "did I do that this morning, do you think? Teddy cried because he could not go wgh you, and I brought him down here and went over the Sunday-school lesson with him, and then sung till he almost learned that hymn, 'I am so glad that our Father in heaven,' you know; though Teddy hasn't very much voice," truthfully.

"Indeed, I think you did," Mirabel answered, putting her arm around the slight figure, and drawing her close to herself, with a sudden new realization of this young sister's worth. Now, to be in Mirabel's arms was the best thing in the world to Paula, and she could go on very easily.

"Because I really did not wish to, at first. I have been with the children so much all the week that I thought it would seem nice to get alone, and dream, you know," with a little laugh.

"You did better than I, Paula."

"Oh, no; of course not." After a little, "I think there's a great deal one might do; isn't there, sister?"

"Yes." Then, as she had never asked before: "Would you like to do everything for Him, Paula?"

"I would like to try to, sister," in a whisper.

Mirabel's "profession" was not quite a mistake, then; she knew it in the great thrill of gladness that He had come to another beside her—in the joy that dimmed her eyes. Dishonored, forgotten, the Master may have often been turned from the door of her heart, but the key was his after all. She was glad, so glad.

In quiet peace they watched the sunlight fade from the hill-tops, flush into rosy tints or pale to softer violets. In its sober gray, they went back to the little stoop where the family had gathered, and then Mirabel's rarely sweet voice and Paula's lighter accompanying, for an hour, were blended in the sweet hymns that are welcome everywhere.

They did not see, just under the hill, the other young girl and little boy waiting and listening until the last echo was lost on the evening air.

"Don't hold my hand so tight; you hurt," the little boy said, as they turned away at last.

And Mrs. Dame forgot to wind the clock that night or to put the cat out.

"Made me think of mother," she said, as she turned the key in the house-door.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIRED AND THE WAITING.

Monday afternoon was as late as Mirabel thought she could wait before returning to Madame Merrill the borrowed wraps.

"Going up to the old 'Captain's Folly,' are you?" and Mr. Dame, who was "haying" in the side-yard, stopped to wipe the perspiration from his face with a red handkerchief.

"How did it got that name?"

"Always had it. Drefful appropriate too, I must say. We shall have a good ruin here some day, Miss Vane."

The road was shaded most of the way, and the walk not unpleasant. But Mirabel found the room she had been in before heated with a great fire, and a woman busily ironing near it.

"My brother is not feeling well to-day," said Madame, "and he is resting in the other room. I think it will be pleasanter for you, Miss Vane, in my out-of-doors sitting-room."

"Perhaps I ought not to trouble you," said Mirabel.

"I shall be happy to have you sit with me for a while, if you can," the lady said, graciously, and Mirabel accepted.

It was simply stepping out from the back door into the court, and there, in the inner corner of each side, had been trained a grape-vine that had grown, not with the luxuriance of its southern family, but sufficiently for its large leaves to form a shielding canopy overhead.

"This is my corner," Madame said, turning to the right; "the other is my brother's. I spend much of my time here," opening a little wooden box and taking out her knitting, "and I keep a piece of work ready at hand. Are not the views from my broad windows pleasant?" when they were seated in the two low wooden chairs.

They were the same as from the children's arbor, only, being on higher land, they were more extended.

"My woman comes on Monday to wash and iron for me," the hostess explained. "I knit these stockings for her children in payment. The wool is coarse and they will wear well. She comes from down there," indicating a point in a hollow some mile or less distant, from which two or three faint lines of smoke were lazily rising on the summer air. "It is called the Burrow."

"Are there many living there?"

"Quite a number of shanties or huts, as you please to call them, are built there, and this summer they are well filled."

"What do they do, the people?"

"The men are choppers or work in the coal-pits, the poorest and most ignorant of the class, for they are a changing, wandering lot, earning for a while, and then off to spend all in a spree, leaving their families to shift for themselves. There are not many men there now. That woman in there has been with me three years; she is one of the best of the lot."

"That is where you find your woman's class?" Mirabel exclaimed. "Mrs. Dame spoke of it," she added.

"Yes, most come from there, though there are scattered shanties around in the hills."

"Are their lives very hard and poor?" asked Mirabel.

"You would think so. Yes, they are. That woman you saw in my room knows nothing but hard work, dragging work, from beginning to end of the year. And it is all she has ever known, or all that she looks forward to. There is no certain over her future here that she has any hope of seeing lift with a brighter picture beyond. I have tried to show her such a one beyond the grave; but I think it is difficult for her to realize the beauty and glory promised in heaven. How should she? She has never even seen the good things here, and her mind is not of the keenest. It is not always so. I have known one woman up here whose life had been just as hard and denied a one, who yet seemed in the last years of her life to live in the imagery of the Bible. Revelations were as real to her as these scenes of her native mountains. She was very lame, and I do not think she was ever in a church in her life. I never heard her speak of a sunset or a sunrise. Her imagination was keener than her outward vision. But that was very exceptional. In most the elasticity is pressed out by the, many cares, poor food, and sickness of their daily lives."

"Will you tell me more, please," Mirabel asked, as the other paused. "I had supposed the great suffering was in the cities."

It is not necessary to follow the stories of the real life that filled the next half hour; they were a revelation to this girl, but all too common. One thing she noticed; that, while the elder lady spoke of poverty and sickness as she had seen it, yet it did not seem to be the main fact with her. These were outsides that held the lives down, not the lives themselves. "Man is not made for bread alone," she said once.

But suddenly she turned from the topic that was so interesting to the girl herself. It might have seemed abrupt if the tone had not been so sweet and tender, the way in which she asked:

"And I think, Miss Vane, that our hills are bringing their messages of strength to you also; are they not?"

"I wish they could," Mirabel said, earnestly; "but I fear it has been mere dissatisfaction than anything else yet."

"That is a good beginning," was the answer.

"I seem to see myself very clearly in this air," the girl went on, "and I see a useless thing. Madame Merrill will you tell me how one sets to work to become worth anything? How did you?"

"One must get rid of self first of all," was the grave, quiet answer.

"Oh!"

"And mine was sent to me, laid upon me. I could not help it, and it was long before I would have done so, if I could have changed it. But for a long while now I have been glad of it all, just as it has been. I do not often speak of myself child," and Mirabel had noticed how entirely free from any allusion to her own part or help in them her stories of others had been, "but you have come to me almost like my own youth; more than anything I had in years, and perhaps God will let me help you in a little measure."

She seemed to be thinking a moment, and then asked, "Did Mrs. Dame tell you the outside of my life here?"

"Yes, she did."

"You will understand it, then, better. I was brought up, Miss Vane, as you have been, in a gay life; studied for my own sake, pleased others when it pleased myself, and thought of nothing, really, but the present and the good I could get out of it."

Mirabel winced a little. Did her own life really mean that, when put into words?

Madame saw it, and smiled. "Pardon me, Miss Vane; if my words sound harsh, remember that I look back through the light of fifty years to those days. I was married at twenty-two. A mistaken marriage, though I have never said that before. I knew Mr. Merrill but little. He was twice my age, dashing and showy, and said to be very rich; my father, who had only his profession, was anxious to see me 'well settled,' and I supposed I should like him better in time, so we had a large wedding, and for a while life went on about the same. Changes came gradually at first. In four years my father and mother had both died, and my only brother, whose mind had always been weak and health poor, had been sent with his share of our small property to a quiet country home. I am afraid the severest shock of all came when my husband told me he had lost nearly all of his property, and suddenly tore me away from all my associations and brought me here. I knew I could never be happy for a day alone with him, and now that was to be my lot for years. Do you see, Miss Vane, how I not only had to learn the new, but also to unlearn and forget the old life?"

Perhaps the words were too hard. Mirabel put out her hand softly.

"Don't go on, dear Mrs. Merril; it is trying you too much."

"No, child; I like to think how good He was to me through it all. Do you see that little cluster of rose-bushes, Miss Vane, just at the edge of the slope?"

"Yes; what lovely blossoms."

"That is where my only little child sleeps, my baby boy. The earliest sunbeams kiss his cradle there, and I am to rest beside him in time. I think if he had lived, my husband would have taken us back again to the city, for he would have been ambitious for his boy. But after that I was left much alone, and I soon found out that I had not enough in myself to make such a life endurable. My days became one long contest with myself. It was not the great loneliness and strangeness entirely. Miss Vane, were you ever disappointed in yourself?"

Mirabel laughed. "Of late I am continually. I did not use to be, when I had less time to think of it."

"It was a great trial," the lady went on. "There were no more compliments for me, no more pleasant flattery; it was not an easy think to live without adulation."

"I do not think it would be," Mirabel said, frankly.

(To be continued.)

A Bird Sermon.

The very first snow of the season had come; just enough to slide on, without going in over your boots.

It was a sunny November day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the terrace, all ready for fun. Mamie wore her blue hood and red mittens. Her eyes matched the hood, and her cheeks matched the mittens. She wanted the first slide down the terrace.

"Oh, please let me, Teddy!" she begged, in a happy flutter.

"No," said Ted; "I'm going to slide first, 'cause I'm the oldest. 'Sides, it's my sled."

"Then you're a mean boy," said Mamie.

"Say much, and I'll slide all the time," answered Teddy, coolly.

Wasn't it a pity that a quarrel should cloud the beautiful bright day? Mamma thought so. She had opened the window to get a handful of fresh snow, and she heard it all.

"Ted! Mamie," she called. "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?"

They came, hanging back a little.

"O yes!" cried Mamie.

It was yet one of her delights to watch the new canaries bathe.

Ted didn't say anything; he didn't care much about such fun himself; but he looked on while mamma took off the cage bottom and set the cage over a glass dishful of water on the oil cloth mat.

Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter, and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then all at once he seemed to remember something. He looked up at Cleo.

"Chip! chip! chip!" he said.

Cleo understood. "Che-up!" she answered softly.

Then down she came, and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sang as if he meant to burst his little throat.

When Cleo had finished her bath, he took his, scattering the water drops like rain.

Mamma looked at Teddy. "What do you think of it?" she asked, with a twinkle.

"I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Ted, promptly. "And I'm going to be one too. You can slide first, Mamie."

"No, you can," said Mamie.

It was to see who shouldn't be first this time! But Teddy conquered.—*Youth's Companion.*

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

Babies of the Antipodes.

Thomas Stevens, one of the editors of *Outing*, thus describes, in *Babyhood*, a curious sight that he saw in China:—

"One day, when travelling through China on my bicycle tour around the world, I came upon a very novel and interesting sight. It is the first thing of the kind I ever saw or heard about. My overland journey led me through many out-of-the way districts, where the people are primitive and curious in many respects. In one of these obscure communities, in the foot-hills of the Mae-Ling Mountains, I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of green sward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get all tangled up. Each baby had a sort of girdle or *Kammerband* around its waist, and the end of the tether-string was tied to the back of this. Some of the little Celestials were crawling about on all-fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright by steadying themselves against the stake they were tied to.

"What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked, to be sure, picketed out on the grassland like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day. In this respect they did, indeed resemble young calves; for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field a few hundred yards away. All the babies seemed quite contented with their treatment. I stood and looked at them for several micutes, from pure amusement at their unique posiion; but, although they regarded me with wide-eyed curiosity, I never heard a whimper from any of them. Nobody was paying the slightest attention to them, and from appearances I should conclude that they were most likely picketed out in this manner every fine day while their mothers worked in the neighbouring fields. Very probably these Chinese babies soon come to regard their daily outing at the stake with the same degree of satisfaction that very Young America derives from his perambulator ride on sunny afternoons in the Park."

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— Be sure that your memory has in it everything that you ever did. A landscape may be hidden by mists, but a puff of wind will clear them away, and it will all lie there, visible to the furthest horizon. There is no fact more certain than the extraordinary swiftness and completeness with which, in certain circumstances of life, and often very near the close of it, the whole panorama of the past may rise again before a man, as if one lightning flash showed all the dreary desolation that lay behind him. There have been men recovered from drowning and the like, who have told us that, as in an instant, there seemed unrolled before their startled eyes the whole scroll of their earthly career. The records of memory are like those pages on which you write with sympathetic ink, which disappears when dry, and seems to leave the page blank. You have only to hold it before the fire, or subject it to the proper chemical process, and at once it stands out legible. You are writing your biography upon the fleshly tables of your heart, my brother; and one day it will all be spread out before you, and you will be bid to read it, and to say what you think of it. The stings of a nettle will burn days after, if they are touched with water. The sting and inflammation of your evil deeds, though it has died down, is capable of being resuscitated, and it will be.—*Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

— Mamma: "Did you give your little brother any of your candy?" Little Dot: "N-o, mamma, I was 'fraid it'd spoil his teeth."

— School Teacher: "Now, Bobby, spell needle." Bobby: "N-e-i-d-l-e, needle." School Teacher: "Wrong. There's no 'i' in needle." Bobby: "Well, 'taint a good needle, then."

— "Madame," said the tramp, "I am hungry enough to eat raw dog." "Well," she responded, kindly suiting the action to the word, "I will call some up for you." The tramp left, taking his appetite with him.

— Tom (a bowow)—I say, Dick, I've made a bet with Harry, and you are the only one who can keep it. Once upon a time, you know, Douglas Jerrold was asked by an acquaintance if he had the courage to lend him a guinea, and Jerrold replied that he had the courage, but he hadn't the guinea. Now, I have always believed that you would give me a different answer if I should ask you the same question, wouldn't you? Dick—Yes, I would. Tom—So I've won the bet. Can you accommodate me with the loan of five? Dick—My dear boy, I've got the money but I haven't got the courage. Oh, yes, Jerrold and I differ.—*Yankee Blade.*

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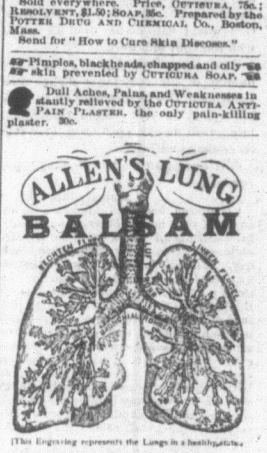

(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

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