



VICTORY.—From Painting by R. Peacock.

VICTORY!

There never was a battle won
But was a battle lost;
And the wild shouts at set of sun
By loneliest cries are crossed;
The widow wailing for her dead,
That will not soon be comforted.

For when the city's sack is come
The spoils and victors' are;
But oh, and woe for them at home
That hear the noise afar!
And bar the door, while shield and sword
They take against the invading horde!

Bravely he fought for wife and son,
And for his own hearthstone;
But now his fighting is all done,
All lost that was his own;
And while his strong limbs pinioned are,
Still his undaunted eyes look war.

He sees his desecrated hearth,
His altars slashed with steel.
Before the victor of the North
His little dear one kneel,
Praying his life; his lips grow pale,
Though death nor fear could make him quail.

"Mercy!" the victor cries, and lays
A great hand on her head,
But for her sake her lord would pray,
Torture and death instead.
Bitter is battle's loss and gain
For heathen or for Christian men.

The holiest battle ever was
Was ended on a tree.
Oh, sad King dying on the cross!
Oh, mournful victory!—
Whereof the slain were death and sin—
When will the reign of love begin?
—Katharine Tynan, in *Sunday at Home*.

HELEN'S HOME-MISSION.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Dear me! what a satisfaction it is to know that that box is really off at last. I do love this missionary work, but it is a great responsibility to be at the head of it all, and to have to see that everything is done just as it should be and at the proper time. I feel that now I can take time for a long breath;" and Helen tossed her hat on the sofa, and sinking into an easy-chair, folded her hands behind her head with a long-drawn sigh and an expression of deep contentment on her pretty face, an expression which changed utterly, however, as she answered, almost fretfully, in response to a call.

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"Got a pair of socks for me, Nell?"

"Why I put a pair in your room last night."

"Yes, I know; but I got them wet, soaking wet, and want another pair. You keep a fellow on awfully short commons, Nell; kind of a widow's cruise method; only I am apt to find myself with quite nothing."

"You needn't trouble yourself to be facetious; I will darn you another pair as soon as I can;" and the tone of the voice added quite unmistakably, "You careless troublesome boy!"

A low whistle was the only response to

this, a whistle which died away in a stifled sigh. Little Miss Brant, the village dress-maker, sewing in the window, gave her thread a sudden twitch which caused it to snap short off, and Helen, happening to glance in her direction at that moment, caught an expression on the usually meek and gentle countenance which caused her to ask with interest, "What are you thinking of, Miss Betsy?"

Miss Betsy looked up in surprise, for she had no idea that her face had betrayed her; but as Helen said with a little laugh, "You look as though you were perfectly aching to say something," she answered, looking the girl in the eyes,

"Helen Dare, do you really want to know what I was thinking?"

"Why, yes, of course," answered Helen surprised at her earnestness.

"Well, then, I'll tell you, for I have known you, baby and girl, all your life, and your mother before you, and I needn't tell you that I set a lot of store by you; it's just because I'm so fond of you that I can't sit by and see you unfaithful over the 'few things' that the good Lord has given you to do, while at the same time you're striving after the 'many.' Here you are straining and working over missions, while all the while you are neglecting a sacred mission that the Lord's put ready to your very hand; it just puts me clean out of patience with you! But there, I needn't be so hard on you; you're young, and as likely as not you don't realize a mite what you're doing."

The color rose to Helen's face and an angry sparkle to her eyes, but recalling that she had invited the criticism, she only said, "Perhaps it might help me to 'realize' if I knew what you're talking about. What mission is it that I am neglecting?"

"True enough, I didn't mention it. Well then, Helen, it is your brother Tom!"

"Tom!" cried Helen, then added after a moment, "I don't think that he would care to hear you say that."

"He needn't object, though there's no call that he should hear it, but all the same it's true. Now don't you go to supposing that I'm calling Tom a heathen, Helen; a heathen and a mission are two very different things. I've been here most two weeks now, helping you, and not being blind I can't help seeing things. I, for one, don't hold that a boy must spend every minute of his time at home; boys like change, and it isn't a bit of harm for them to go out evenings now and then if they go to the right sort of places. But I do hold that it isn't natural that a boy of sixteen should go out every night, as Tom almost always does, and as I don't believe he would if things were different at home. Let me tell you how it was last night, for instance. He came in here after supper and lay down on the lounge. 'Come, Nell,' he said, 'play a fellow a tune.'

"You were busy finishing up some things for that box, and you just glanced up—not exactly cross, but mighty near to it—and said, 'I will by-and-by, after I have done this.' But you didn't; perhaps you forgot

all about it, and perhaps Tom did, for he didn't say any more, and presently got up and went out. Now I don't mean to say for sure that he would have spent the evening at home if you had played for him, but he might; and I don't mean to say that he went where he had no business to go; but it does stand to reason that there's danger of it, and that he would be better off in his own home some nights of the week. Of course I know it's his duty to keep straight, but it ain't quite so easy for a boy as for a girl, Helen; and there is such a thing as making it easier.

"Then it's awful pitiful to me to see a man's clothes neglected. They're so helpless! Just suppose you had to depend upon some one for every button or pair of stockings you wanted; do you think you would be as good-natured about it as he is, if you were kept as close as you often keep Tom?"

"Now I don't want you to understand that I'm saying that you ought to give up your interest in missions; I'm the last one for that. There's a way of doing the one and not leaving the other undone, if you'll only take the trouble to find it; but unless you want to make them a stumbling-block in Tom's way, you must find it. Do you think that he's being drawn to such things through any influence of yours? You thought it was very strange the other day when he didn't take much interest in your plans to get that box ready; and you said, real severe-like, that you should think that he would be glad to help in such a work once in a while. But I wasn't a bit astonished, for you'd refused him six different things that he asked you to do within a few days, on account of that very box; and it wasn't a mite of wonder that he was tired of the sound of the word. Yes," as Helen opened her mouth to protest, "for I counted them. Now you saw a good reason each time, but Tom, boy-like, couldn't understand, and you didn't take the trouble to explain.

"I know all this sounds kind of hard, Helen, and if your mother'd been spared to you I wouldn't have had any call to say it; but for her sake as well as yours it just seemed laid on me to speak. Tom's as good-hearted a boy as ever lived, and easy to influence if you go at him the right way. You'd feel dreadful bad if he went astray, and you had it to look back upon that you neglected any thing that you might have done for him. I'm real sorry to hurt you, but you're a just girl, Helen, and won't lay up against me what is meant for your good."

That Helen was a "just girl" was proved by the fact that a few moments later she looked up from the socks which she had folded neatly, and said, as she rose up to carry them to Tom, "You did make me cross, Miss Betsy; it's horrid to hear such things about one's self, and worse still to be obliged to confess that they're true. I'm not quite calmed down even yet, but by-and-by may be I'll come back and thank you."

And she did, heartily and humbly.

When Helen went to her own room after giving Tom his socks—with a smile that warmed his heart and drove away all memory of her short reply—she found on her table a great sweet bunch of trailing arbutus. "So that is the cause of the wet socks!" she said to herself with her eyes full of tears of self-reproach.

Helen did not give up her mission work; she found the way that Miss Betsy had told her it was possible to find; and what is more, she managed so that, to his own surprise, Tom grew almost as interested as she herself, and proved a splendid ally at "box-sending time," as he came to call it. —*American Messenger*.

INEXPRESSIBLY SAD.

A casket containing the body of a maiden of seventeen years was carried over the doorstep of a mansion a few weeks ago and conveyed to the cemetery. The distance was short, and all who had filled the spacious house, whose inmates now number but two—for she was an only child—walked slowly and sadly after the carriages which contained the relatives. From the gate the casket was borne by six young men to the side of the open grave, where it was reverently placed.

It was the saddest of funerals; she was the most blithesome of girls, and as bril-

liant as gay. She had been ill four days, and delirious from the first seizure till within three hours of death, when she became unconscious. The hymn, the prayer, even the benediction, were all mournful as the sound of winds on dark nights at sea. The people stood silent while the grave was slowly filled, and then turned to pass away.

Suddenly the teacher of her whose body had been lowered into the damp earth broke forth into almost hysterical weeping. The pastor, perceiving her grief, went at once to her home to comfort her. "Why," said he, "did you manifest such unusual sorrow?"

She answered, "A month ago I felt impressed to speak to her of her soul and of her duty to her Saviour; but I postponed it, and now she is gone!"

Then turning to the pastor, she said, "I hope you had spoken to her." He was silent, and after a while said, "I, too, must confess my sin. When I saw how thoughtless she was becoming, how much more interested in frivolous things, I also was impressed to speak to her of the things of the Spirit; but I postponed it, and she is gone." They prayed together for forgiveness.

Taking leave of her, he went at once to the house of mourning. There he tenderly asked the parents if they had ever conversed with her about yielding her heart to God. The answer was: "On her last birthday we remembered that she was not in the kingdom, and said we must speak to her; but other things came up and we neglected it, and now she is gone!"

Yes, gone to witness against her parents, her pastor, and her teacher!—*Christian Advocate*.

THE DIME NOVEL.

A few years ago the engineer of a passenger train running down a steep grade saw on the track before him a great log, so placed that it could not have fallen there accidentally. The train was wrecked, two men killed, several persons injured, and much property destroyed. A boy stretched out on a rail fence near by was suspected, arrested, and finally confessed his crime.

"What induced you to do it?" asked the horrified official.

"I had read of trains being wrecked," the boyish criminal replied, "and I wanted to see how it would look."

Last month a youth of nineteen was arraigned before the bar of Ohio for murder. His guilt was overwhelmingly evident. The judge in sentencing him to be hanged said pityingly and warningly, "You have had more moral and religious training than commonly falls to the lot of youth. You have attended Sunday-school, and are a member of the church. Even such strongholds have been broken down by the battery of sensational and villainous literature in which you have steeped yourself, and to which your crime is distinctly traceable."

Two little girls were missed one evening from their happy home. An anxious search for them was begun, which ended in the city police office, where, fortunately, the two misguided children had been carried. The children had been reading a "girls' story paper" for some months, and their young heads had been turned by the romantic nonsense found there. "We were going to be nurses like the Little Lady Hildegard," they sobbed, as they joyfully clasped their arms about their father's neck.

Many another such story might be told, where rosy, bright-eyed boys, and beautiful, innocent girls have become wrecked for life through the perusal of the criminal columns in the newspapers which their fathers have brought into the house; by the reading of story papers stealthily passed about at school, and dime novels flaunting from the windows where money is gained at the expense of the soul.—*Youth's Companion*.

BE CHEERY.

The way is weary,
The day is dreary;
Still, still be cheery—
All bravely face it!

This life thou'rt spending
Will have an ending;
Meanwhile, God's lending
All needed grace.

Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, in *Observer*.