

THE LITTLE SINGER.

BRIGHT-EYED little maiden,
With unaccustomed air;
He wondered at the organ,
And nodded during prayer;
He listened to the reading,
And watched the people, too—
For her first Sunday service
Seemed very strange and new

And when the congregation
Broke forth in sacred song,
She stood upon the footstool
And tried to help along
She did not know their music,
And so she chose her own—
Of "little robin redbreast"
She sang, in cheery tone

All utterly unconscious
Of many a smiling gaze.
The childish voice rang clearly
In this odd hymn of praise:
And when the rest were silent
Still those blithe notes were heard,
Her last long stanza warbling
Like some enraptured bird

And the gracious pastor waited
Till the ling'ring echoes fled,
With a touched and tender spirit,
Ere his loving text he read;
For he knew the listening Father
Would accord the chant sublime
No dearer, worthier welcome
Than the happy nursery rhyme.

A WORD FOR HELP.

"ARCHIE is coming to-night" Brother
Archie's coming to-night!"

Alice skipped about the old house in a
manner very different from her usual sub-
dued movements.

"I guess he'll be likely to wish himself
away again before another night if you
make so much noise," said Susan, the hired
woman. And Alice did not take another
step with a skip in it, but walked out of
doors as gravely as if she had been Susan
or even grandmother herself.

Susan did not mean to be unkind. She
only thought that children should be made
to behave; and her idea of children be-
having was that they should never run,
never jump, never laugh, speak very little,
and that little very quietly.

Grandmother, who always stayed in her
room up stairs, thought very much as
Susan did, but she never said so much
about it, for Alice saw her only in the morn-
ing when she went to read her a chapter
and then learn to darn stockings and hem
travels. She did not like such work, and
never went to it until Susan hunted for
her and told her to go at once.

Out in the open air Alice took a few
skips, for no one was there to tell
her to stop quietly. She could not help
feeling that the sunshine and singing birds
and the soft wind were all gladder and
sweeter than on other days because she
was so glad.

Archie came, and was as loving

poor little orphan sister as she had ex-
pected him to be. He was a very kind
elder brother, and his heart went out in
tender pity for her as he saw the lonely
life she was leading.

"Never mind, little one!" he said as on
the evening of the last day of his visit she
went to his room, when I jam through
college and in business you and I will have
a home together, won't we?"

"Oh, I hope it won't be long, Archie."

"Some time yet, dear."

"But I don't like to stay here."

But here, as in every other place, a
little girl only has to try her best to do
what is right. I have something to give
you which may be a help to you when I
am gone."

He took a little case from his trunk and
showed her a picture:

"That is mother, dear. I had this taken
from the one I have, because I thought
you were old enough now to prize it. You
do not remember her at all, do you?"

"No," said Alice, looking wistfully at
the gentle face.

"No, you could not," he said, taking her
in his arms. "Life would have been a
very different thing to you, little sister,
if she had lived. But we must not forget
that the Lord has ordered your life just as
he sees best for you."

"How could it be best that I should live
in this gloomy place instead of in a nice
house like other little girls?" asked Alice,
with tears in her eyes.

"We cannot know why, but he knows.
Keep this picture where you can see it,
and it will help you to remember how
anxious she was that her little girl should
grow up to be good and lovely."

"I can come to her when I am feeling
badly and tell her about it. I can make
believe she hears me and is sorry for me."

"Dear little girl, you can do better than
that. The Saviour, who loves you far
better than even your mother could have
loved you, is here with you always—not a
poor picture, but his very self—always
with you, always ready to help and guide
and comfort you. When you are feeling
sad and lonely go to him. Take all your
burdens to him, feeling sure that he will
lovingly hear you and give you constant
cheer."

"But I am not good enough for him to
want to be with me. I don't like to mind
grandma and Susan."

"That is one of the troubles you can
take to him. Ask him to give you a heart
more willing to do the duties he has laid
upon you. You will surely find your-
self happier if you do your very best, dear,
and you can make grandma and Susan
happier by doing so."

Alice shook her head very doubtfully,
but promised her brother that she would
try.

We may be very sure she found he was
right. He was a wise brother, for he
touched upon the very things in which any
child, or grown person either, who may
feel that their lives are sad and burdened
will find help—in the striving to do our

best duty to those around us and in carry-
ing all our troubles to the dear Lord, who
waits to help us bear them.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

LITTLE Artie and his brothers, three of
them, and dear little fellows they were, all
were brave and self-reliant, and had been
brought up by their parents in the right
way.

As these children lived some distance
from town, it was found necessary to leave
them at home when father and mother
attended meeting, especially was this the
case in cold weather. Through the sum-
mer months the children were often taken
along, to their great delight. And as their
parents were Methodists of the good old-
fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit
of hearing—at such times—the hearty
"Amen" break forth from their father's
lips when the sermon was particularly en-
joyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children
were left at home, with many cautions to
be very careful, yet hardly had the parents
left ere the woodwork near the stove-pipe
was discovered to be on fire, and out of
the children's reach, but, with wonderful
activity and energy, the eldest climbed
upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned
they shuddered to see the danger to which
their dear ones had been exposed, and with
thankful hearts praised them for their
courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach
the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the
table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help your brother,
Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir, I brought him a pail of water,
and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud
father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was
too small to help put out the fire, and so I
just stood by and hollered 'Amen.'"
Kind Words.

A BRAVE BOY.

ONCE a little boy, nine years of age, who
had been taught to love and honour the
Sunday, was staying at a nobleman's castle
with his parents. A number of gentlemen
were also staying there, and they were
discussing how they should spend the
Sunday. They were bent on spending it
in pleasure, and several amusements were
proposed, but at last it was decided on
having a day's "ferreting." The little
fellow heard it with sorrow and indigna-
tion, and at last he could stand it no longer,
and he stood up before his father and
Lord — and all the company, and said:

"One day belongs to God alone,
He chooses Sunday for his own,
And we must neither work nor play
On God's most holy Sabbath day."

"And that's 'ferreting,' gentlemen."