

they leave us! What will you do for the fair, Jenny? Just think of those poor lepers on the Pacific!"

Gretchen had no place to go, when she turned from Mrs. Eberly's door. She knew that the boarding-house to which she had been taken on landing would not receive her, now that she was ill, and as she thought dying. She wandered, however, through the street for an hour, trying to find it, and fainted as she reached the door. She was promptly sent by the woman who kept the house to a hospital.

During the next two weeks, while Rose was planning tableaux and concerts for the lepers on the other side of the world, the girl who had waited behind her chair lay in the extremity of suffering in a public ward.

The fever left her, and she recovered consciousness one warm day, when the spring sunshine lay across her bed. She was silent a long time, looking at her thin, white hands which she was not strong enough to raise to her head.

When the nurse came to her on her rounds, she motioned to her to bend over her.

"I haf been long sick?"

"Two weeks."

"How soon can I work again?"

"Well, now, you poor girl, you mustn't trouble your head about work. You just set your mind to getting well—that's all you've got to do."

Gretchen caught her gown with her weak fingers.

"I haf not money to go home. I must earn money to go. I must die at my home. I cannot die here—alone"—looking wildly about. "It is not my home!"

The nurse, who was a fat, kindly woman, cast an appealing glance to some one behind the head-board, "You must explain to her."

A pleasant face, which Gretchen dimly remembered, bent over her.

"I am Jenny Ward. I was afraid you had no friends. The cook at Mrs. Eberly's told me about Pastor Gradner, and how you wanted to see him. So I found him, and he and I searched for you till we found you here, and—here he is!"

There was the grey head and the benignant face, every look of which was a blessing! She lifted her hands, and burst into tears.

"Now, my child," said the old father, soothing her in his own tongue, "be calm, I have good news to tell you. The doctor says you will not die. Your lungs are sound. You need but to go to the pure air of the West, and you will be a strong, merry girl again."

"Be silent. I have more to tell you. A colony has come from Dronthal to go to Minnesota; I am at its head. Your father and mother, Justice and the baby are all there. They have a new home in that life-giving air, and among the great, sunny wheat-fields, ready for you. As soon as you are able to travel, we will go."

Happiness is a strong medicine. In

a few days Gretchen and the good pastor started for the Far West. Jenny Ward went to the station to bid them good-by, and as the train rolled away they looked back at her homely, kindly face, and prayed in their hearts for God's blessing on her. —*Youth's Companion.*

Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not.

"Look not upon the wine
When it is red."
It sparkles to destroy;
Its power is dread.
Taste not the rosy wine;
Thy lips were given
To speak of hope and love,
Of Christ and heaven.
Let thy hands handle not
The accursed bowl;
It holds a poisoned draught
To kill the soul.
A sweeter cup is ours—
Water so bright;
God's precious gift to man,
Sparkling with light.
MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"THE QUIKKEST WAY."

MR. BROWN wanted a boy. Charlie Jones wanted the place. He was told to put a screw in the gate-hinge.

"Oh, yes, I can do that!" And he seized a hammer and gave the screw two or three hard whacks.

"Stop! stop! that is not the way."

"That is the quikkest way."

"But the quikkest way is not always the right way. I want no boy who puts in screws with a hammer."

There are a great many boys who drive screws with a hammer, and a great many places that do not want them for that reason. There are Charlies and Marys who will learn their lessons the "quikkest way" instead of the right way. And in every-

thing, whether it is running an errand, sewing a seam, or, as they become older, doing more important things, they are not content with the slower but surer way of one patient turn after another. They skim over the lesson, and then try to make up brilliant answers in class, or double the thread and take one stitch where there should be three, or dash off before they half understand what it is about or how what they say is going to sound. No boy or girl who drives screws with a hammer can succeed.—

Our Morning Guide.

GOOD WORDS FOR OUR BOYS.
Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of one of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother, and make little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle-men (gentlemen).
Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which

afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner as an ungracious, don't-care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon" and "I thank you" will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strange.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men don't like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower-beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lessons. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

Be Christians, boys. Don't go through life without making sure of one of the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for his children. What a terrible thing it would be to have the "pearly gate" closed against you, and to hear the awful words, "I never knew you!"

A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

Be kind, gentle, and true, and always do to others as you would have them do to you. Have you never noticed how much happier and beloved some children are than others? There are some people you always like to be with, because they are happy themselves and you share their spirit. There are others whom you always prefer to avoid. They seem to have no friends, and you know no person can be happy without friends. But you cannot expect to receive affection unless you also give it. Others are not likely to love you if you do not love them. If your companions do not love you it is most certainly your own fault. They cannot help loving you if you are kind and friendly. It is not beauty, it is not wealth that secures true friends. Your own heart must glow with kindness. For example, you go to school on a cold, winter morning, and find the stove surrounded with boys. One of them steps back, and says pleasantly, "Why, John, old fellow, you look cold; here, take my place." Will you not think more kindly of him? Begin to act upon this principle when a child, continue it through life, and you will never lack for friends. Which of your companions have the most friends? I'll venture they are the

ones that are kind-hearted and true. The Bible says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." —*E. T. L.*

A Child's Tear.

"My home—yes, it's bright and clean, sir, And I'll tell how it came to pass; It wasn't my work or doing at all— It's all due to that little lass.

"I was going straight down to hell, sir, And all through the curse of the drink; How I treated poor Mary, my wife, sir, God knows I can't bear to think.

"I didn't know as I loved her Till the wild dark night she died, When I found her lying so cold and still, And that new-born child by her side.

"The little lass, she has grown, sir— Last June she was eight years old; And what she has been to me, sir, Can never on earth be told.

"When a kid, there was no one to mind her But a woman as lived next door; And she being given to drink, too, Let her fall one day on the floor.

"And ever since, the poor creatur' Has been lame with a crooked knee; So I'd often lift her up in my arms To take her about with me.

"For I really loved the poor mite, sir, And her sweet little eyes of blue Was as blue and as bright as her mother's wor, And they looked me through and through.

"One night I was off to the 'public'— I'd been drinking already—'twas late, And I took little May to carry her, But I couldn't walk quite straight.

"'Oh, daddy, don't go!' she whispered, But I quickened my drunken pace, And I said, 'Not another word, young un, Or I'll give you a slap in the face.'

"I was brutal, sir—I know it; But the devil was in me then, And when he gets hold of us with the drink We are only brutes—not men.

"And the little lass, she wor quiet, But I felt a hot tear fall; And it seemed to burn right into my hand, Though she wiped it off with her shawl.

"Straight into my soul it entered— It melted my hardened heart; So I said, 'I'll go home, lassie.' That night I made a new start.

"Now, every morning and evening, I kneel, and with heart sincere I bless my God for saving a soul By the touch of a little one's tear."

T. THOMSON'S SONNS.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

THE young folks of Persia, when they ask for a story—for young folks are alike the world over in their love for stories—sometimes hear the following fable. What do you think they are meant to learn from it!

A gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years, and no taller! Only look! I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me as proud as thou art and as short-lived as thou wilt be."