

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

Trudging along a country road for a vacation tramp, a minister came upon a county poorhouse, and was asked by the matron to say a few words to one of the paupers, a feeble old woman who was hardly expected to live. "I have only been here a day or two," said the matron, "and I know nothing about this woman but her name; but I hate to have any poor creature die without any effort being made for her soul."

The preacher nerved himself up to count professionally with the obdurate reprobate within, who was, probably, like the one out of whom Jesus cast the seven devils.

Then the matron opened the door. The room contained six or seven white, iron bedsteads in two rows. There were only two people in it. One was an old Irish woman sitting up and telling her beads before a picture of the Virgin Mary. The other lay near a window in bed, with her eyes closed.

The matron motioned to sit down beside her. "She is ninety-eight, and can hardly talk, and the doctor says he can do nothing for her. I wish you would say something to her about her soul."

Very gently, by way of introduction, and in order to waken her, the minister said: "Do you feel very lonesome here?" With eyes still closed, in a faint, husky voice came the reply, "No," and then, after a moment's pause, "my friends are here with me." Thinking that this was some mistake, or that her mind was wandering, it seemed appropriate to ask, "When did they arrive?" Then the eyes opened and the soul looked out. She clutched her throat, and putting her thin, wasted hand on her chest, said, "I mean my Saviour."

It opens anyone's eyes to find a diamond in an ash heap, or a St. Cecilia in an almshouse. What a long, long journey from that laughing summer girl, with her jaunty hat, just setting sail, to this wornout woman at the end of the voyage over life's stormy seas. There she lay, with thin, grey locks, glossy yet, and neatly parted over her broad brow; aged hands, with the veins standing out, but scrupulously clean; eyes full of gentleness and Christian expression, just such a sweet, motherly picture as you would see in many a country home, of one who had been its honored mistress in bygone days.

"Read to me where the mark is in that

book," pointing to a little shelf over the bed, and explaining, "those are all my treasures." Hervey's Meditations, Thomas a Kempis, a village hymn-book and a Bible, with a little china vase full of morning glories.

The words selected told of souls that were kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. At the chapter's end her face shone as if it had been that of an angel, and she turned on the pillow to look out at the distant and beautiful hills with a gladness in her eye like that of a blushing girl looking for her lover. "I am perfectly happy now."

But the reader was in tears. He who came to minister had been ministered unto. That old, poorhouse cot was a mighty pulpit, whose occupant had preached the grandest of sermons on the glorious truth that the faith of the Christ renders souls independent of all earthly surroundings.

At this moment the reader's eye fell on the flyleaf of the Bible, and he started. "Is it possible that that is your name?" It was that of an old, but decayed country family. Slowly she told how she had drifted on the tides of disasters and deaths to that cot.

"Isn't that beautiful?" she added, holding up the old book-mark. "It was given me by my dear teacher long ago, and has been my prayer to God for years." It was a faded piece of cardboard, having a border worked in colored silks, two pink roses, and between them the motto in blue, "Forget Me Not."

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word.

And there are such noble, Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think, is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for