

been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

"Oh, she is, indeed," said Mrs. "But," heartily; "she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. But," she went on, lowering her voice, "there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget it."

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was, in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. "But" dropped in, she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of 15, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and, as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. "I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm hearted little creature, and so eager for music," I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

"Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl," she admitted, "but I suppose you know that she is a poor-house waif."

"No," I said. "I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. "But" was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home Jonas remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Mr. Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

"Yes, he is a very interesting speaker," said our neighbour who had joined us, as we came out of the lecture room, "and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy."

Jonas made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

"I've no patience," he exclaimed, the moment we were by ourselves, "with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The angels would hardly be safe from their disparaging 'buts,' and the whitest robe in all the 'white robed throng,' would be in danger of being smutted."

"And yet," I said, Mrs. "But" evidently is a Christian."

"Oh, I don't dispute her title," said Jonas, "but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians."—*Intelligencer*.

CHRIST.

In Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up a flower of prayer.
Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God;
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet—
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

—*Lucy Larcom*.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

Self-sacrifice and devotion will perform wonders. He who carries to his work the determination to know no failure, in nine cases out of ten will succeed in accomplishing the desired object, whether that work be ruling a nation or conducting a farm, bearing a part in a military campaign or discharging some duty in everyday life.

When Napoleon retreated from blazing Moscow he entrusted a wounded officer to one of the imperial regiments. In the battle or on the march the first and highest duty of this band was to be guardians of that sacred trust. Whatever the vicissitudes of the campaign, he held them responsible to the

last man in the ranks for the safety of their charge. The terrible retreat began amid the horrors of a Russian winter, with countless Cossacks swarming on the front, flank, and rear. The first stage of the journey saw half of the regiment swept away, but their charge was kept. They crossed the icy waters of the Vistula, reduced to a single company, but that one company formed around the wounded general it carried. They entered the boundaries of France and ten men had only survived the march, but those ten men were still guardians of a trust which nothing could lead them to betray.

But it is not alone in the stern reality of warfare that heroism is displayed. In the by-ways and quiet walks of life there are as striking deeds of devotion as are any performed at the cannon's mouth, and those who perform them are as truly heroic as the hero of the battle-field.

LET US STOP TO THINK.

Let us stop to think of the good-by kiss. Better miss a car than leave a heartache.

Let us stop to think of the children. We, too, were children once, and loved to be remembered.

Let us stop to think of the aged. For us, too, the evening shadows will close at length, and we shall, perchance, be left at desolate hearthstones. We shall need to be remembered then.

Let us think of the stranger. We, too, have been alone, and have needed the touch of a kindly hand upon our lives, and many a life has gone out in the blackness of darkness for the lack of such a touch as any one of us might have given.

Let us stop to think of God and the future. At best the time is short, and the end is near. And when it shall come, blessed will he be to whom the entrance upon another life will be but the realization of dear and familiar dreams, the consummation of a lifetime of longings. Let us stop to think. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let us stop to think upon these things.—*The Lookout*.