

her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the blue eyes opened and fastened upon her imploringly. She had begged her father with all the strength and pathos of her young voice to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest-born's prayer and took the money that, with God's will, would have brought relief to his sick child and gave it willingly to the cruel rum-seller, who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, hunger, and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy! I'm so hungry! Can I have something now?"

Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that had once beamed with laughter, and her heart sunk within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. "Shure," said one, "oi've enough to do without waitin' on the loikes of yez."

"You may, dearie; you shall, my little lamb! Just wait a minute." And out again she bounded (that freezing, wet, starving child), resolved that she would ring the front-door bells and see the ladies themselves as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleading, "Please may I see the lady?" she received, "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your muddy feet. Begone this instant! And the door slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving; please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to back-doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to close the door when a gentle voice called: "Let her step in on the oil-cloth so that I can see her."

"But, shure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, and covered with mud."

"Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly and Amy stepped in.

"Oh! how lovely," thought the poor outcast. "How bright and how nice everything is!" And her eyes wandered to the sweet-voiced invalid lying upon the crimsoned hall couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"O, ma'am! something for my sister; my poor little sister is sick and dyin', and starvin'."

"Poor child; poor little girl! Katy, tell the cook to give her part of my beef-tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly, and some bread and meat. And be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with a thankful heart, and the world looked brighter to her young eyes as she ran to the hovel she called home, although the rain still felt pitilessly. As she entered her door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her with an ill-tempered leer. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin', and thirstin' too."

"O, father! I can't; Lena's dyin'," moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor; but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible, ending with the words, "Pity ye want both dyin'; ye better look out or ye will; bring me the basket, I say," that Amy trembling handed it to him. Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef-tea as if famished, then greedily followed with the meat and as much of the bread as he could possibly eat; then he rose with difficulty, and, wrapping the cup of jelly in a paper, tottered to the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked: "Where are you goin' with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"O, father! leave me the jelly or Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as you are." And the brutal father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door trembling. How could she face her little sister without food again and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Through the little broken window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a smile on the white lips, sweeter and lovelier than sunlight. She held out her thin hand to Amy, and the heart-broken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy. I'm sleepy; but I love you, sister Amy. Kiss me, Amy, for I'm goin' to mamma. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more, will I, sister?" Amy's tears were falling faster than the raindrops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you, sister, soon—soon. No tears there—mamma." And the little sinless sleeper was at rest.

One little tried heart has found peace; up the golden stairs her little feet have gone. But, O Father! the other.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

Our Basket.

JEWELS.

To aim at the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

To judge of the real importance of an individual, one must think of the effect his death would produce.

Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

The word "character" comes from a term which means to engrave upon or cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the soul, and makes a man what he actually is.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and humility her constant companion.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than, from any calamity in life.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father. Suddenly that father was removed by death. Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side at evening, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes she sobbed, "O mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Tank God I had a father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Are there any of the big guns of the church around?" asked a reporter. "Yes," said a man at the vestry door, "the gentleman just inside is a canon."

Was it the "apple of discord" that produced the heart-rending screech of the small boy who took it green?

When Patrick saw the announcement in a shop window, "Great Slaughter in Clothing," he stepped in and inquired for "wan of thim kilt suits."

"Now, children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of that class.

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of 4 years. The little fellow after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife reading:—"I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step!"

Little Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now Russell," she said, drawing down her face and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "dust you remember, never, never to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."

An impatient Welshman called to his wife,—"Come! come! Isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be third day?" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at 4 o'clock with "Come, Mary, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day is Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

"Brudder Moses, how does yer stan' on de tariff?" "I doesn't know, Mr. Franklin, ef I stan' on the tariff at all or not. I kinder feels like de tariff was standin' on me, for I allers notice dat when I goes to de grocery to buy somethin' to eat, dey puts de tariff on me jis' as much as if I doan was no ministah."