

Behold another who knows not that the grievous fault of selfishness can be laid to his charge. He has set his heart upon becoming rich; and there is no sin in the riches, they may be honorably won and most usefully employed. The danger lies in this: the principles and habits which they too often help to form. Hence the tender sympathy which could at one time be reached by the sufferings and sorrows of others is blunted, if not altogether destroyed. When gain becomes the end of life, then, the rule of life is to shut out the appeals of mercy. Now suppose these efforts are successful, does not selfishness pay dearly for its gains? The man's nature is changed, he has become earthly in his desires, his countenance takes on a mean, money-living expression. Habits are too strong to be changed at will, when selfishness has grown to be a second nature; when the disposition to give does not enlarge with the ability to do so, it is to be deplored. We may well ask, what shall be the future of the man who disregards the claims of the poor or of the church of God? There is danger also of one becoming selfish when in the line of duty. This may befall the mother in the home. Within the home circle she may be active, prudent and industrious, kind, gentle and devout, caring more for the comfort and welfare of her family than for her own. So far as her unselfishness to her family is concerned it is both commendable and right; but suppose that every Christian should do this and no more, then what of the work beyond the home circle? Who will care for the sick? Who will console the sorrowful? Who will give bread to the hungry? Who will instruct the ignorant, and who will minister to the dying? Some unselfish person must be found to do this work or it will remain undone. The voice of selfish men proclaims that there is sufficient to do at home; but the Christian mother must remember that she is a follower of "Him who was rich yet for our sakes became poor." She cannot afford to obey the voice of selfishness, and neglect her duty and offend her God. If we never do only what we find to be easy, agreeable and convenient, we shall never do much to bless humanity. What crosses do we bear? What sacrifices do we make? What sufferings do we relieve? Have we ever done anything that has cost us the sacrifice of one personal convenience or gratification in order to please God?—*W.*

Our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

## De Massa ob de Sheepfol'

De Massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin'  
Look out in de gloomerin meadows  
Whar de long night rain begin,—  
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den say de hirelin' shepa'd,  
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
And some dey's po' ol' wedda's,  
But de rest dey's all brung in,  
But de rest, dey's all brung in."

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin'  
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol'  
' Callin' sof, "Come in, Come in."  
Callin' sof "Come in, Come in."

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
Tro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up tro' de gloomerin, rain-paf  
Whar de sleet fa' pie' cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in,—  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

## "The City of the King."

"**B**OBBY, are ye there? I want ye."  
What a weak little voice it was—  
shrill, fretful and piteously weak.  
Like its little owner, it was full of  
pain. The boy spoken to rose from the  
floor, where he had been sitting, whittling a  
piece of wood into a boat, and, with a bound,  
stood by the heap of rags on which the little  
sufferer lay. "Yes, Dickey, me lad, here I  
be. What is't ye want? Is't th' old pain  
i' yer back?" "No 'tain't that now, Bobby,  
I feel-so-tired-like. Tell me a story, Bobby—  
somethin' as yer teacher telled yer—about—  
you know where—I furgit so. Oh, Bobby,  
I'se-so-tired. Lay down here—close, and  
hold me in yer arms—so."

"Well, lad, I kin on'y stay a bit, I'll have  
ter go fur the papers soon. But, there,  
Dickey—don't cry," and the cheery little  
fellow stretched himself on the wretched bed,  
and put his strong young arms gently about  
his sick brother. The child crept closely to  
him, laid his white cheek against the rosy  
one, and closed his tired eyes.

What a picture it made! The bare, miser-  
able room, with its damp walls, the paper

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