

## TELL THEM SO.

"I did love Ida, but I didn't tell her so." This was the despairing cry of a young husband. Yes, a young husband, who it seemed from his deep sorrow for past neglect, had just begun to feel how precious to him was his young and lovely wife who had pined day after day for that manifestation of regard that she knew was her due, and which she lavished so richly upon him. Of a cold, unsympathizing nature, he kept his affection repressed within his own bosom, not perhaps thinking how cruelly he was treating her the one to whom he owed so much, until God took her and the darling little five year old daughter she had brought to him, to where is all love and joy. Those who witnessed the anguish which shook the strong young man's frame will not soon forget the object lesson for the dear girls and boys.

"Oh," said a model brother, "the girls I love are my sisters." And how he loved to show that affection in a thousand little courteous ways. Quick to see every little need of a helping hand. Ready to go as an escort, with a manly proud bearing that seemed to say "these are my sisters." Bringing to them little bouquets, planning walks and outings for their pleasure, and bringing slips for and making their flower beds. Oh we need not try to enumerate the ways by which a loving heart and a thoughtful head can give expression to what they feel. The trouble with us all in keeping repressed these lovely and loving attributes of the soul when with those we truly love. We never know how fondly we love dear mother until we miss some day her gentle ministrations. Then we cry out in bitterness of soul: "Oh for one more embrace! One more kiss from those dear lips! O! could she come back to us, what hourly assurances should she have of our devotion. Known to us should she be only as precious mother."

And little sisters who are so interested in your friends, don't forget brother in your every day joys and pleasures. Care for him, and his happiness and comfort, and don't forget that time will come when brother will leave that protecting roof tree, to go out upon an untrod sea (a cold and selfish world), to breast the world with many a sinking, despairing feeling, and little sympathy from grasping, ungente strangers. Let him know that in the home and hearts he has left his image has a most sacred place. Let his memory of home and friends be sweet and soothing. Do this for your own comfort, too, for rest assured you will miss those familiar footsteps, and your heart will cry out for their return, when naught shall be heard

but their echo as it vibrates against the walls of your memory.

The truth is, we cannot too strongly impregnate the atmosphere of home with the heavenly fragrance of love and affection. We know a gentleman who has often been heard to say that his home after the labors of the day "was the nearest type of heaven he could fancy." Let every little girl and boy try and see how they can multiply these types of heaven.—*S. L.*

## WHAT TO DO IN TROUBLE.

I was walking one day near the Crystal Palace. It was the first time I had been out for weeks. I was feeling depressed and lonely, having to look forward to many months of weakness and ill-health, which meant for me loss of work, and consequently strained means, and possibly debt.

As I was thus sadly musing, my attention was attracted by two flower girls, who were excited on arranging their baskets. They were of the ordinary type of London street children, about fourteen years of age, and I should have passed without noticing them, if it had not been for the earnest tones in which they were conversing. Curiosity led me to slacken my pace until I passed them. This is what I overheard:

"Don't you feel 'orful bad when you have found out a likely place, and you stand there the whole day and nobody buys nothing?"

"Don't I jest?" returned the other, emphatically.

"Don't you feel as if you could sit down an' have a good cry?"

"Ay, that I do!" responded the younger girl, "only I knows it would be no use."

"What does you do when you feel like that?" asked the elder, evidently anxious to discover whether her own experiences were shared by other girls.

"I does this," replied the other girl promptly—and she folded her hands and shut her eyes—"and I says, 'O God! please send somebody quick, and somebody always comes.'"

Then, in answer to the look of astonished incredulity in her companion's face, she added, nodding her head to give force to her words, "I does truly."

I heard no more, for the girls arose, and, taking their baskets on their arms, passed out of sight. As for me, I went home rebuked and comforted.—*Selected.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it are desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*