

**Faithful unto Death.**

"MINE is a starless crown," she said,  
 "For up into the Mercy Seat  
 Not one poor wandering soul I've led;  
 In heaven none will my name repeat  
 And say, 'You led my trembling feet  
 To where the waters gushing sweet,  
 Refreshed, and made me whole.'

But he knows best who sent me pain,  
 And I rejoice no praise of mine  
 Will mingle in the sweet refrain  
 And take away the glory Thine,  
 Dear Lord, for souls redeemed that shine  
 And round thy coronal entwine—"  
 And so she fell asleep.

"Whose crown is this?" the angel said;  
 For unto him was given  
 The crowning of each saintly head  
 That passed from earth to heaven.  
 Adown the vista's golden light—  
 Where crowned heads whose circlet bright,  
 Surpassed the starry gems of night—  
 His gaze went searching far.

Those waiting their reward spoke not;  
 None dared demand the crown of light;  
 Yet, there were those whose weary lot  
 Had been harsh toil from morn till night.  
 Some, workers in the vineyard, strong,  
 And some had laboured late and long;  
 But unto them did not belong  
 The crown so rich with stars.

A brilliant light illumed the place,  
 And there the Saviour stood, a smile  
 Of welcome lighting up his face.  
 Calling them each by name, the while,  
 He gave the crowns, some jeweled bright,  
 And others starless crowns of light,  
 But kept the one with gems so bright  
 Until the last one came.

With prostrate form a maiden knelt  
 And kissed the feet she loved alone,  
 Nor raised her eyes until she felt  
 Her name was called in tender tone.  
 A soft hand rested on her head:  
 "Art ready for thy crown?" He said.  
 "Hast thou some lamb to shelter led;  
 Some wanderer reclaimed?"

"Dear Father, I have lived in vain;  
 Thy love is all the crown I ask.  
 I only bore a cross of pain,  
 Whilst waiting was my only task.  
 I only prayed by day and night  
 For toilers in the harvest white,  
 For those who struggled for the right  
 And trusted all to Thee."

"Well done, my child," the Father said,  
 And placed the glowing, starry crown  
 Upon the lowly, patient head.  
 "Thy life was free from earth renown,  
 But still thy pain-crushed life has shone  
 Like a bright star that burns alone,  
 And led sad hearts unto My throne,  
 And this is thy reward."

—Selected.

**THE BLUECOAT BOY.**

I will tell you, my dear children, a tale of a little English Bluecoat boy, who had faith in God's Word. The story happened about twenty years ago, to a young friend of my acquaintance, and I had it word for word from him as I now write it. Strong was the impression it made on me at the time, and age has not effaced it. Vividly to my mind were recalled the words of our Saviour, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

In the autumn of 1855 many Bluecoat boys were laid up with the scarlet fever, my young friend among the number. On his recovery, an uncle, a doctor in Surrey, expressed a desire to have him with him for a month; and accordingly he went, and passed a very pleasant holiday.

The evening before returning to school his uncle said, "As you will start early in the morning for

Esher, I shall in all probability not see you. Here are your travelling expenses, and five shillings. Mind and be a good boy at school. God bless you!" The poor boy went to bed in a very unhappy state of mind. The pernicious custom of owing money after the holidays then existed, and he was seven shillings and sixpence in debt, and not to pay it when promised was deemed a most dishonourable thing. What could he do? He had but one resource, to that he went. "God help me in my trouble," ascended from his heart, as well as from his lips, many, many times that night till sleep came.

Early the next morning the bus took him to Esher station—sad in leaving his uncle's roof, sad in the knowledge of a debt he could not pay.

As he was walking along the platform, a venerable gentleman came up to him, and after asking a few questions, said, "I am a Governor, and always look after little Blues. I daresay you will find a use for this," and at the same time giving him half-a-crown—just the sum required. God had surely answered my young friend's prayer. And that was the turning point of his life. No more debts! no more follies! He has since grown up a young man, humble in his own opinion, but faithfully doing the work of his Master in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call him.

Oh, children! should we after this hesitate any longer to bring even our most trivial sorrows to a loving Father? Oh, no; come in faith; and never doubt that whatsoever ye ask in his name, that shall ye receive.

**HOW TO DRINK.**

So far as the mere sensation of thirst is concerned, there can be no question that it is a mistake to drink too much or too frequently in hot weather; the fluid taken in is very rapidly thrown out again through the skin in the form of perspiration, and the outflow being promoted by this determination toward the surface, a new and increasing demand for fluid follows rapidly on the successive acts of drinking and perspiring, with the result that "thirst" is made worse by giving way to it. But if we refuse to drink when we are thirsty simply because we shall thirst again, we are imposing a restraint on the activities by which nature is endeavouring to preserve the health. We are doing precisely what the irrational homeopaths do, or did when refusing fluid to cholera patients, or limited the drink of those who suffer from fever. Of course, like produces like in the matter of thirst from any cause, but the like produced is natural; and it is, or rather was, strange to note that in one of the earliest notorious cases of malpractice by persons calling themselves homeopaths in England the dogma, "Similia similibus curantur," should be flung to the winds, and drink refused to a patient dying of liquid diarrhea, because, forsooth, the taking of fluids increased the diarrhea and made him more thirsty! We venture to hope that those who are zealously urging the policy of refusing to quench thirst in this hot weather because "drinking makes people more thirsty" will reconsider their policy from the physiological standpoint, and that they will recognize that to thirst and drink and perspire and drink again are the natural steps in a process by which nature strives to maintain the integrity of those organic changes which the external heat has a tendency to impede. The natural and true policy is to supply an adequate quantity of fluid without excess. Therefore, do not abstain from drink, but drink slowly, so as to allow time for the voice of nature to cry "enough." There is no drink so good as pure water. For the sake of flavour, and because the vegetable acids

are useful, a dash of lemon juice may be added with advantage. The skin should be kept fairly cool, so that a sufficient quantity of the fluid taken may pass off through the kidneys. *London Lancet.*

**STRAIGHT LINES.**

BY CLARISSA POTTER.

ONE day Edith's mamma was making the sewing-machine hum over a pretty white apron she was stitching for grandma.

Edith stood close to her mamma's chair, watching the shining wheels whirl, the flying needle flash up and down, and the straight rows of white, even little stitches that dropped faster than she could wink from off the needle's point.

"O, mamma! I can do that, I know I can!" she cried, as snap went the thread at the end of another tuck. "Please let me help make grandma's apron; it's such easy work."

Edith's mamma knew it would not be easy work for her little girl, for there was not only the wheel that must be kept turning, but the work to guide just right, so the stitches would come in straight, even rows across the muslin, but Edith begged so earnestly to be allowed to help on the pretty, tucked apron, her mamma gave her her seat before the machine and told her just how to guide her work.

"Don't watch your stitches, little girl, don't trust your eyes in trying to get the width of the tucks alike from edge to edge," Edith's mamma said, "but keep your eye sharp on this little cross on the brass slide. That is my gauge. If you watch that, keeping the edge of the tuck you are stitching close to the little cross on the slide, you will make even rows in your work."

But Edith thought her way better than her mamma's way. She did not watch the little mark that was her mamma's gauge in guiding work under the needle, but, instead, watched the needle as it went flying across the breadth of white muslin. Edith thought her stitches would make a line as straight as her mamma's work, but when the tuck that her mamma had carefully creased was stitched, she found she had sewed a wobbling, crooked line. There were zigzags and curves and backtracks and gouges in it.

"Why, Edie!" her mamma said, holding up the work, "Grandma shall never wear such a crooked row of stitches as this in her apron. You must pick out every thread. Did you keep your work following close to the little mark that I showed you?"

And then Edith confessed that she had not once looked at the cross on the slide, but had kept her eyes sharp and wide open on her work and the needle.

"O, child! no wonder that you stitched a crooked line with no better guide to follow than your untrained eye and hand!" her mamma answered. "If, instead of watching your stitches, you had watched the little cross which I set for your guide, you would have sewed straight lines and your work would not have to be ravelled."

Dear little children, there is another Cross that you and I and everybody must follow if we would make straight, true lines of our work. If we fail to keep close watch of this Cross, refuse or neglect to gauge our lives by this Guide that alone can help us to run straight paths through life, we shall surely make miserable crooks and turns and windings that will spoil all our work.

Children, I think you know that this Cross that has been set as our Guide, and which we must follow, is the Cross of Christ.

When men close their hearts against you, God opens his to receive you.