

## The Angel of Temperance

Into the homes of sickness  
She came with eyes of light  
With summer sounds of gladness,  
A spirit pure and bright  
She came with health and happiness  
And whispered words of love,  
A light amid the darkness  
To point the soul above.

Into the homes of sorrow  
Her presence brought relief,  
And then a glad to-morrow  
Dawned on a night of grief:  
And hearts of lonely anguish  
That long had drooped in pain  
Smiled as her blessed footsteps passed,  
And dared to hope again.

Her shining robes were pure and white,  
Her bright hair wreathed with flowers,  
So sweet their breath, so softly bright,  
To gladden earthly bowers.  
She came to lead the erring  
To the bright and better land,  
And souls grew strong for victory  
That clasped her helping hand.

Where'er she came, smiled peace and love  
And earnest words of prayer  
Were softly raised to God above,  
Souls sought forgiveness there.  
Where'er she came, came faith and hope  
To spirits dark and cold,  
The weary, wandering feet were led  
Back to the Saviour's fold.

She is the Angel, Temperance,  
A spirit brave and fair;  
Oh, take her to your homes and hearts,  
And peace will enter there,  
And every heaven-born flower shall bloom,  
A d'evil will depart,  
And she will lead our feet to him  
Who bless'd the pure in heart.

A. SAVAGE.

## HELPPFUL HANDS.

M. L. C.

WHAT difficulties our little friend in the picture has met with, while gathering his bundle of sticks! His work is done now, so he sits on the stump to rest before carrying his load home; and his sisters are helping him all they can. Little Bessie is trying to remove the annoying grain of dust from his eye with the corner of her apron, while Bertha works carefully that she may remove the thorn from his foot without hurting him. Ned thinks it does hurt a little, but he is glad that the girls are so thoughtful and he will not complain.

Hard work, is it not, to gather those small sticks in the woods, and tie them securely in that bundle! Harder still to carry them more than a mile to the farm-house yonder; but I think Bertha will carry them part of the way, and little Bessie will carry the basket. That is right, children, do what you can to help one another.

Difficulties lie in the way of every duty, but they must be met with determination to overcome them. No doubt Ned felt that thorn in his bare foot before his sticks were all gathered, but he did not stop until his work was done: then his sisters came just in time to help him.

We cannot expect our pathway to be strewn with flowers all the way, but when we meet with the little perplexities, let us do the best we can, and when we see anybody else in

trouble, let us help them all we can, thus making their burdens lighter, and while helping others, we will be happy ourselves.

## NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## CHAPTER X.

ON GUARD.

AFTER Miss Sally's simple funeral was over Jack went home with Mr. John Boyd, quite glad that Will, after a hurried hand shake, made an excuse of business, asking his cousin to call at the store before he left town.

When Jack reached the dreary boarding-house he was taken up to see Aunt Hannah, who lay on her pillows thin to emaciation, pale almost as the aunt he had just seen shut into her coffin, and her weak voice interrupted by a constant little cough that told its own story. But she was very glad to see Jack, though more than once tears ran over her eyelids as she looked at him; perhaps she saw and mourned over the contrast between the kindly, frank young face, beaming upon her with real affection, and the pinched sour visage of the boy she had borne and petted and waited on, only to be neglected by him on her death-bed. She had sowed tares, she was now reaping tares; but Manice had put into the fields, over which the Lord had set her, only good wheat. Her children were respected and loved by all who knew them.

After Jack had been with his Aunt Hannah a little while, and told her some pleasant and cheerful things about his occupation in the city, he saw that she was tired, and went down stairs into the dingy little parlour where his uncle waited for him. He found Mr. Boyd with his head dropped on his arms on the table. He, too, had been overcome with bitter disappointment and accusing memory as he saw Jack and Will side by side at his aunt's grave. He went back to that day, so long ago, when Manice had said, after the Thanksgiving dinner, that her boy must learn self-denial. He saw now how it had strengthened a nature too much like the dead father's, and made within the boy a strength and manliness utterly wanting in his own son, who had never known an ungratified wish or been controlled in any manner, but he said not a word. He rose and wrung Jack's hand.

"Uncle John, are not you ever coming to the city to see me?" the boy asked, as much to break the silence as because he expected his uncle to come.

"Not at present, my lad. If ever I am sent there on business I shall surely look you up. But I don't do much pleasure-travelling now."

Jack looked at him with pitiful eyes. Was this weak, flaccid, poorly dressed man the strong, florid, cheery gentleman he had admired and loved from

his boyhood? Was this the result of living to one's self rather than to God and man? Perhaps he would not have had this thought but that he had heard a man at the funeral just over remark to another on Mr. John Boyd's broken-down look, and the other's answer:

"Yes, you can't eat your cake and have it too. John Boyd has spent when he had, and now he hasn't got it to spend."

An odd verdict, Jack thought. But its very want of grammar fixed it in his mind. He knew that his uncle was nominally a Christian, but not practically, there is a vast difference, and Jack was finding it out.

But he could not stay long. There were affliction, sympathy, and regret in his face and grasp as he bade his uncle good bye, and went back to his mother's house, for he must take the night train.

"Now, mammy," he said, "you'll move back into your old room, and have a 'spar' room' again, as Mimy calls it. No more boarders for you, ma'am! The girls and I will see to that."

"O, Jack, I want to talk to you about a plan. You know, dear, that poor Aunt Hannah has but a very little while to live. The doctors count the days now, and it does seem as if there would be no place for Uncle John then but here. You won't object to me giving him the aunts' rooms?"

Jack looked at his mother with his heart in his eyes.

"Please, Mrs. Manice," he began, in Mimy's very tone, "isn't there nothin' in creation you won't do for every body?"

Manice laughed.

"Don't brandish your double negatives at me, Jackeymo! I never taught you to go further in negation than one 'no.'"

"And I don't know where I should have been by this time, my mammy, if I had not learned that. No wonder I want to double it up now and then; but, seriously, it seems to me as if you needed plenty of rest, and your own old sunny room again. If you have Uncle John here, why can't he take my old room where you are now? and why does he need a parlour?"

"My dear, I would not give him any thing but the best I have. When people have come down in the world, Jack, they get pretty sensitive to small things. I want to help poor John's self-respect, it has had so many shocks that even so little a matter as that he has the best room in the house will please him; and it is a great deal for him to have a sitting-room of his own where he can get away from every one. A woman always has her bedroom for that purpose, but a man never likes it. I think every one needs to be entirely by himself sometimes. If Christ went so often 'apart' and 'alone,' in his divine humanity, why should not mere human beings need a little solitude? I think they always do."

"Well, ma'am, I give it up. You

carry too many guns for me, always, Mrs. Boyd. I own beat."

Manice kissed him, and he went to bid his sisters good-bye, wondering as he looked back from the door at their frank, fair young faces, if ever they would be like their mother.

Happy Manice! Her harvest had begun.

All the way back to the city Jack was contriving how he could manage to buy his mother a warm cloak. He did not want to lessen his quarterly remittance to her, which he knew helped her to live without the rigid economy she had been forced to practice while her children were young, and now she needed it more than ever, for the aunts' annuities had died with them, the good price they had paid for their board had been Manice's great resource, and now that was gone.

Jack had meant to get himself a new winter overcoat. The old one was not ragged or thin as yet, but it was certainly shabby, and Jack, like most young men, liked to be well and neatly dressed. It is the right thing to like—if it is not overliked. To use this world as not abusing it is as much a Christian's privilege as a sinner's; but the trouble is when and where to stop.

Jack's dress was limited by his purse, and Manice had trained him in such a horror of debt that no suave and solicitous tailor ever had persuaded him to have a garment "charged." If he could not pay for it he went without it, and so spared his spirit many a heavy load that he knew not of by experience.

Now, he considered whether that old coat could not be restored to least to decency. He had heard tales of wonderful scourers and dyers who "made auld claes luik amaist as weel's new" at comparatively small price, and he resolved to carry his ancient garment to the most noted of such repairers as soon as he could. But there would be no time to-night, to-morrow night was prayer-meeting, the next night a reading for the benefit of the Sunday-school of his church.

The coat could wait, and luckily it had to, for the third day after his return he had a long letter from Anne telling him that in putting the aunts' rooms in order preparatory to their cleaning and repainting, they had found in Aunt Sally's table-drawer a short will, written since Aunt Maria's death, in which the two handsome Paisley shawls belonging to the aunts were left to their two nieces, as well as their watches and chains; Aunt Sally's serviceable cloth cloak, almost new, fell to Mimy, while Aunt Maria's best black silk, crape shawl, and seal-skin jacket were given to Manice. "And isn't it good about the seal jacket," wrote Anne; "we've just found out, thanks to Mimy, that mother meant to go without a new cloak this year; she has helped Aunt Hannah so much, Mimy calls it the 'mantle of charity.' 'Tis so, she says, 'it'll cover up them peccoliar ways of Miss Mari's clean