

The Voice of the Women of England.
BY THE COUNTESS OF CORK.

We have lent to our country all
(Well knowing, well counting the cost),
By her colours to stand or fall,
The Treasures we held to the most.

In the sigh of our wak'ning breath,
In the sob of our nightly pray'r,
We know, to the portals of death,
Our brave ones will do or dare.

And the wires of fate have in charge
The tidings for which we sicken,
Whether terrors our hearts enlarge,
Or fond hopes our pulses quicken.

Oh! what shall be born of to-day,
Or what, then, brought forth to-morrow,
The care that has come to stay,
The anxious thought, kin to sorrow.

Is the link that in close-drawn band
A near brings us each unto each,
With helping hand held out to hand
In emotions too potent for speech.

If the lessons we're learning to-day
Were needed in truth and in deed,
To show us the Narrow Gateway,
And lead us therein to make speed.

Then grant us to lay it to heart,
Let, Father, thy chastening cease,
Make foul fiends of war to depart,
And send us white Angels of peace!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Dog That
Found a Fortune.

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN AT HOME.

It was Saturday evening, and the Rev. Mr. Long sat in his study finishing his Sunday sermon.

He had got it all in very good shape, and was just adding the concluding paragraph, when suddenly the piercing screams of a woman fell on his ear.

Shriek after shriek filled the still night air, and Mr. Long hastily dropped his pen, rushed down the stairs, and out into the street, following the direction of the screams. The Rev. Mr. Milestone, his assistant, also came to the rescue, and breathless and hatless they both arrived on the scene.

And what do you think they found? Only "old Betty Brown," as folks called her, lying face downward in the ditch in front of her house, so drunk that she could not get up, and screaming with all her might.

The two gentlemen helped the woman up on her feet, and conducted her to her house, and there in the kitchen sat her husband, also very drunk.

The two drunken creatures at once began quarrelling. He staggered out on the doorstep; she gave him a gentle push, and sent him backwards into a rain-barrel nearly full of water.

He presented rather an amusing spectacle—wedged down into the barrel of water with only his heels and his head sticking out. But just then the only thing for them to do was to pry him out as soon as possible, for he remained there, as if he had been glued in, quite powerless, and unable to help himself.

They got him out on his feet, and he, looking more like a drowned rat than anything else, staggered back into the house.

Then the ministers returned to the parsonage, and left him to the tender mercies of his wife, knowing that further interference on their part would be useless.

And where was poor Rose during all this time? When she heard her father and step-mother come home drunk she at once locked her door and remained in her room, as she always did, for she knew full well that cross words, and perhaps blows, would be her portion, if she were around in their way.

Ernest had not yet returned from the farm. There was always a lot of extra chores to be done on Saturday night, and he was generally late in getting home.

At length the last cow was milked, and the horses all turned out in the pasture-field. Then he set-out with rapid strides for home, for he expected his father and step-mother's home-coming, after their trip to the city, would not be a very agreeable one for poor Rose.

When he reached home, and entered the kitchen, he found his step-mother stretched out on the floor in a drunken slumber. His father sat by the stove, snarling and growling. His plunge in

the rain-barrel had sobered him up a little.

He had built up a fire, and was trying to dry his wet clothes, his affectionate wife having refused to give him any dry ones.

"Here, boy," said he to Ernest, as he entered, "I want you to take this money and go down to the store and get ten cents worth of butter, ten cents worth of tea, and twenty-five cents worth of tobacco."

"Ten cents worth of butter, ten cents worth of tea, and twenty-five cents worth of tobacco," said Ernest to himself, in a tone of disgust. "Oh, how I hope, if I am ever at the head of a home, that I will be able to provide something better for them than that!"

Sabbath morning dawned clear and beautiful; the sunshine crept into the little attic of a room where Ernest slept, tingling everything with gold.

He got up quickly and dressed. Then he opened his drawer, which contained his small pile of earnings, for the purpose of counting it over. Although he knew just how much he had there, it afforded him much pleasure to frequently count it over.

He was working and saving every cent he could for the purpose of some day sending Rose to the hospital, where she would get her poor little limbs straightened and come back well and strong.

Oh, how proud he would be when she could walk down the street with him straight and strong like other girls! He had thought of it during the day and often dreamed of it by night.

He had even taken a trip to the city one day to make inquiries about the cost; they had encouraged him at the hospital to bring Rose, telling him they thought she could be cured. And he was waiting, patiently waiting, until he had money enough saved up to pay them for it.

He took out the old pocket-book which he had kept his money in, and his heart almost stood still, for he was conscious, the moment he touched it, of how light it was. With trembling fingers he opened it; it was empty. Every cent of his hard-earned money was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

"Ask God to give thee skill,
In comfort's art,
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters all need much
Of Christ-like touch."

For a moment he stood staring in amazement at his empty purse. Then suddenly the truth flashed over him—his step-mother had taken the money and spent it in drink the day before. With quick, angry steps he descended the stairs, and grasping the woman by the arm he held up the empty pocket-book before her, and said: "Did you take my money?"

With a jerk she freed herself from his grasp, and turned to the stove to stir the porridge, while she carelessly replied: "Well, what if I did? I'd like to know who had a better right to it!"

"You had no right to touch it!" said Ernest, angrily. "It was stealing, and you are nothing but a thief!"

The woman snatched the broom and was about to give him a blow with it, but Ernest coolly took it from her, and threw it across the room, then he walked out, shutting the door with a bang.

Rose was out in the yard looking at her flowers, so he walked down to her and said: "I simply can't stand it! That woman has taken every cent of my money."

"Oh, Ernest, I am so sorry!" replied Rose. "I wondered where she got the money to spend yesterday. I understand now."

"I believe strong drink is the greatest evil in the world," said Ernest. "Here I have worked and saved every cent, trying hard to get enough together to send you to the hospital, and now it's all gone—and used up for drink, too! If it had not been for the cursed liquor, you would not have been a cripple. How well I remember how straight and strong you used to be before that awful night when father came home so drunk that he did not know what he was doing and struck you."

"Mother worried so about it that it killed her. Her face was always so very white after that, and she just kept getting weaker every day, until at last she died."

Gently, soothingly Rose talked to Ernest, trying to comfort him, but he was not in a mood to be comforted just then, and turning round he walked with quick, angry strides down the road, as fast as his feet could carry him.

Reaching some cool shade-trees, he

throw himself down on a mossy bank, and gave himself up to his own miserable reflections.

With his head buried in his arms, he remained for a long time, and so absorbed was he that he did not hear a rattle drive by, or know that a gentleman alighted from it, until a kind hand was placed on his head.

He looked quickly up, to see the Rev. Mr. Long standing by him, while his kind voice asked: "What is wrong, Ernest?"

"Oh, Mr. Long," exclaimed Ernest, "I believe the devil will get me yet, sure! I can't do right while I have so much to try me!"

Then he told his pastor his trouble. Mr. Long listened in his kind, sympathetic way, for he was a true disciple of the Master's, always trying to alleviate suffering in every way he could.

"I'll tell you what to do, Ernest," said he, "after this, leave your money with us at the parsonage, and we will see that it is kept safely for you."

Ernest gladly agreed to this; then Mr. Long returned to his rig and hastened on his way, for he had an appointment in the country that morning.

Ernest sat up on a mossy bank, and looked off over the beautiful stretch of country before him. And just then he saw Dick White coming through the meadow. He watched him climb up on the fence on the opposite side of the road. He had not been seated there more than a minute before a handsome, red-breasted robin perched himself on a fence post near by, and began calling out cheery notes to his mate in a tree not far away.

In less time than it takes to tell it Dick took a stone out of his pocket and brought the bird to the ground. Hushed was his cheerful song, and he lay struggling on the ground.

"Oh, how could you!" exclaimed Ernest, as he sprang to his feet, and, dashing across the road, picked up the poor, wounded bird.

Dick laughed scornfully, as he replied, "You are as weak as a girl to make a fuss over a bird."

Ernest made no reply, but holding the bird carefully in his hand, he started for home. He knew there was a little girl there who would nurse it tenderly and do all she could for it.

"Guess what I got, Rose?" said he, as he entered his sister's room, hiding the bird carefully under his coat.

"Flowers?" said Rose.

"No."

"Strawberries?"

"No."

"Well, really I can't think," said she, raising herself up on her couch and leaning on her arm.

Then Ernest held up his treasure, and Rose gave a cry of joy when she saw it, for she dearly loved birds.

"But we will let the dear little creature go again," said she. "It would be too bad to make a prisoner of it."

"But it can't fly, Rose," said he, "its wing is hurt." Then he told her birdie's sad experience, and Rose's tears fell fast as she listened.

"I will make a cage for it," said he, "and we will keep it until it is quite well."

Accordingly a cage was made, and placed in Rose's window, and every day she fed it the ripe, red cherries Ernest brought for her; and after a while the wounded wing recovered, so that he could fly all around the room. Then Rose knew it was time for him to go, and opening her window she bade him good-bye, with smiles and tears.

"It's wrong to be sorry; I ought to be glad. But you're the best birdie that ever I had."

said she, as she smoothed down his glossy, brown feathers for the last time.

"Tell all the birdies flying above, Rose in the window sends them her love."

And the next moment he was gone. Speeding away, away o'er fields and meadows, to join his lonely mate once more.

Ernest had long been in the habit of spending his Sunday afternoons with an aged aunt. Rose went, too, when she was well enough; but her strength had failed her so rapidly of late that she was obliged to spend nearly all her time on her couch.

Accordingly Ernest set off alone to see Aunt Sarah. He never enjoyed these trips very much, for the old lady lived all alone, and was cranky and peculiar. It was known that she had lots of money, but she was so miserly that she scarcely provided herself with the bare necessities of life. Ernest sighed as he looked around the bare, cheerless room, and then at the peevish old lady in the rocking-chair—the one rocker that the house afforded, and a very aged, rickety one at that, and he said to himself that

if she were not his own mother's sister he certainly would not go near her.

"Why didn't Rose come, too?" asked the old lady, fretfully.

"She can't, Aunt Sarah. She is so lame she can hardly walk at all, and is getting weaker every day."

"Is she going to die?" asked the old woman bluntly.

Ernest felt the cold chills go over him as he replied, "She certainly can't stand it very long like this."

"Ain't had no doctor for her, have ye?" she asked.

"No," said Ernest. "I have been trying to save up enough money to send her to the hospital. They think they can cure her there."

"How much will it cost?" she asked, abruptly.

Ernest named the sum, and then Aunt Sarah sat for a long time with her head leaning on her hands, lost in thought.

After a while she got up and hobbled into another room (for she had had the rheumatism so much that she was quite lame), and when she returned she had a roll of bills in her hand, which she held out to Ernest.

He could not believe his eyes, and stood staring at her in blank amazement.

"Take it," said she, in much the same tone that we would address a dog when handing a bone to him.

He took the money, and tried to thank her, but she interrupted him.

"You need not thank me. That is the first bit of money I ever gave away in my life."

"But you have given me too much, Aunt Sarah," said Ernest, counting the money over. "Here is ten dollars more than what it will cost."

"Well, won't she need some new duds?" snapped back the old woman.

"Yes," said Ernest. "She is very much in need of some new clothes. And I can't begin to tell you how thankful we are to you."

Ernest sped down the road as fast as his feet could carry him. Stopping at the parsonage, he left his money there, where he knew it would be in safe keeping, then he hastened on home.

(To be continued.)

HOW ENGLISH SOLDIERS MAKE THEIR WILLS.

How does the soldier, killed in battle or fatally wounded, dispose of his property, provided he has any to leave behind him? asks the Chicago Tribune. The list of casualties reported regularly from South Africa and the Philippines lends pertinence to the inquiry. Every English soldier has served out to him when he enlists a little volume which contains, among other things, three blank forms of will which he is at



liberty to fill out at his leisure. In a majority of cases, however, he pays no attention to this pocket-book, and goes into battle with his will still unmade. After he has been hit by a bullet and begins to realize that his chances of getting home are small, the soldier begins to think more carefully of the loved ones left behind him, and of the provisions he has made for their comfort. As a result many queer and pathetic wills have been found upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and in every case the wishes of the testator

have been respected, and duly carried out. During the Soudan campaign of 1884 the body of one soldier was found upon the battlefield of El Teh, who, before death, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet on the inside of his helmet, the words, "All to my wife."

When an English army invaded Afghanistan, one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when none of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterward his body was found lying before a tall rock, on which he had written in letters of blood, "I want mother to have all." In both cases the war department held the wills to be valid and saw them properly carried out.

