

WHAT ANY ONE CAN DO.

Deep down in Lillian Fargo's heart there was a longing to do something to make some one happy.

"If I only knew what I could do," she said softly to herself, one early spring morning, as she stood before a little bed of woodland violets, which occupied a sheltered corner of the flower-garden.

A little old woman came down the quiet village street and paused at the gate for a little chat with Miss Fargo.

"It's too bad about Dick Willard," she remarked. "You know he's been sick so long, an' he was took worse last night, an' the doctor says he can't last much longer. I'm just goin' down to see if I can do anything."

"Wait just one minute, please," said Lillian, as she plucked a little bunch of the blue violets, the dew still sparkling on their petals, and their fresh, sweet odour breathing of mossy dells and purling brooks.

"Would he care for these, do you think, Mrs. Jones?"

"Why, of course, Miss Fargo. I'm sure he would. Yes, I'll take 'em to him."

Dick Willard's sad, wan face brightened with a smile, such as it had not worn for days, as his slender fingers clasped the lovely flowers. And when, a few hours later, the "Angel of Death" came to him, he still held the tender blossoms.

It was only a little deed—a little act such as you and I might do any day; but don't you think those blossoms carried a message of love to that dying boy?

Everything in this world has a mission, to fulfil, and the mission of flowers should be to bring sunshine into the shadowed world of care, sorrow, and sickness, to lighten the heavily-burdened hearts of weary and discouraged humanity, and, by their purity and beauty, influence for good some life, which, it may be, could be reached in no other way.

All around us, whether in noisy, bustling city, or quiet country village, lie golden opportunities for doing good. There is always some one in need of help, and there are always so many little ways in which you can supply that help—a cheerful word, a simple little song for those of you who can sing, and for the sisters who have "flower-gardens" a few sweet blossoms.

The little deeds of kindness in our everyday life are Home Mission work by which we can help in winning the "world for Christ."—*Sel.*

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

The things which seem hardly worth the doing or considering are oftentimes the most important duties life holds. A little flaw in the foundation of a building will cause the whole structure to be faulty, and bring disaster sooner or later.

How much more important is this building which is not made with hands. The building of character which goes on day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, nay, not so much by long periods as by those of shorter duration. Minute by minute we build the character that shall stand the storms of life or be swept away with the flood when it comes and finds the weak spot, the place where we failed to do the trivial thing and do it thoroughly.

Even the greatest lives are made up of little things, and no great deed was ever done, that its doing was not preceded by many little and seemingly insignificant things, but these all done faithfully, worked together towards the perfecting and the finishing of the one great deed that the world saw and applauded.

There are many who will never win the applause of the world, but these are the ones may be who are doing just as good work, just as noble, as those who find the great opportunity.

We may not shirk the little duty because it is small, it must be done just as faithfully as though it were a larger one. Remember always that he who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

"YE DID IT UNTO ME."

A woman styled Sister Dora gave up her life to nursing sick people. At the head of her bed a bell was fixed by which sufferers could summon her at any hour of the night. As she rose at the sound of the signal she used to murmur these words, as if they were a charm: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

It was as if the sick sufferer faded away, and in the couch she saw the face that was once marred with the world's anguish. Christ's face across her fancy came, and gave the battle to her hands.

O name above every name, be not only the burden of our song, but the inspiration of our life!

"Every work I do below, I do it to the Lord;
End of my every action—Thou!"—*E.r.*