

The Little Quakoress.

Brown-eyed Ruth, the Quaker's daughter,
In her dress of simple grey,
Walked beside her quiet grandpa
Mid the garden flowers of May.

Bells of tulips bright and golden,
Hyacinths of every shade,
Pansies, like sweet childish faces,
Looking up to greet the maid.

How they revelled in the sunshine,
While mid clumps of violets blue,
Filling all the air with fragrance,
Glistened still the morning dew.

Then outspoke the little maiden,
Looking at her dress of grey,
Grandpa, can thee tell the reason
Why God made the flowers so gay,

While we wear the quiet colours
That thee knows we never meet,
E'en in clover or the daisies
That we trample under feet?

Seems to me a Quaker garden
Should not grow such colours bright.
Roughly the brown eyes twinkled,
While her grandpa laughed outright.

True it is, my little daughter,
Flowers wear not the Quaker grey;
But they neither toil nor labour
For their beautiful array.

Feeling neither pride nor envy,
Among their sister flowers, thee knows,
Well content to be a daisy,
Or a tall and queenly rose.

Keeping still the same old fashions
Of their grandmothers of yore;
Else how should we know the flowers,
If each spring new tints they bore?

Even so the Quaker maiden
Should be all content to-day,
As a tulip or a pansy,
In her dress of simple grey."

Once again the brown eyes twinkled;
"Grandpa, thee is always right,
So thee sees, by thy own showing,
Some may dress in colours bright.

Those whom thee calls worldly people,
In their purple and their gold,
Are no gayer than these pansies
Or their grandmothers of old.

Yet thee knows I am contented
With this quiet life of ours,
Still, for all, I'm glad, dear grandpa,
That there are no Quaker flowers."

—The Record.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XXIII.—OUT OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.

ROGER never received an answer to his letter to David. But a few days after it had been despatched, and after Roger was gone again to sea, there came an official permission to old Euclid and Bess to visit the prisoner. David fell was dying, and requested to see them at once. There was no time to be lost, if they wished to see him alive; and they hastened to obey the summons, scarcely realizing the grief that had come upon them.

David had begged to be taken back into his own cell, where there was quiet and loneliness, rather than to lie dying in the midst of the rascality of a prison hospital. A softer mattress and pillow had been laid under him; but, in every other respect, the bare, white-washed cell remained as it was when he had entered it more than a year ago. Through the closely barred window, high up against the ceiling, could be seen only a patch of wintry sky, gray and cold with clouds. The heavy door, with its small round eyelet, through which the jailer could at any time watch the prisoner unseen, closed quietly upon Euclid and Bess as they entered David's cell, and stood just within it as if afraid of stepping forward to the prison-bed.

He was lying with his eyelids fast closed, and his white and sunken face resting so still upon his pillow, that as they stood there hand in hand, hardly daring to stir, they believed that he was already dead. But, when Bess tremblingly approached him, and laid her warm hand on the thin skeleton fingers lying on the dark rug which covered him, he looked up at once into her face, with no light or smile in his eyes, but with a gaze of speechless love and sorrow.

"Davy!" she cried, sinking down on her knees, and laying her cheek close against his upon the pillow. "Davy! I speak to me."

"Little Bess," he said, "and Euclid!"
"Ay, David!" answered Euclid, looking down upon him in unutterable pity. The old man's face wore an air of peace and of quiet gladness, which had smoothed away its former gloom and roughness; and his voice fell more softly on David's ear than he had ever heard any voice, except his mother's and little Bess's. He turned his dim eyes to the old man's face.

"I'm dyin'," he said, "in jail!"
Euclid only nodded silently, whilst Bess drew his chilly hand to her lips, and kissed it tenderly.

"It's been a cursed life for me," he groaned; "but it's almost over."

"Oh, Davy!" sobbed Bess, "if you get well, and only live to come out o' jail, you and me'll go away to some country a long way off, where you can live honest and happy."

"It's best as it is," he said, stroking her rosy face fondly with his thin hand: "I should ha' spoiled your life, little Bess. Roger'll make you a good husband, and care more for you when I'm gone; and you'll think of me sometimes."

"But you're sorry," said Bess, weeping.
"Ah! I'm sorry I hadn't a better chance, like Roger," he muttered. "I might ha' made a good man; but it's too late now."

"God knows all about it," sobbed Bess.

"Ah! and God can forgive you yet," said Euclid. "Didn't Jesus forgive the thief that was dyin' side by side with him when he was bein' crucified? A thief, David! Bess, my dear, you read it out to us, for I fear I might make some mistake about it."

Still kneeling by the bedside, with David's cold hand clasped in her own, Bess read, in a faltering, sorrowful voice, these words: "And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death."

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left."

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."
"And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us."

"But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?"

"And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss."

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"That's it!" exclaimed Euclid: "the malefactors only received the due reward of their deeds; but he had done nothing amiss. They'd broke the laws, and were bein' crucified for it; but Jesus was bein' crucified with them! It seemed as if there wasn't any other place for them to fall into, save hell. But there was a road to Paradise, even from the three crosses on Calvary; and Jesus was goin' up that shinin' road himself. They might both have gone with him to Paradise; and you can go to him there from jail, David. The poor thief was dyin'; but it wasn't too late to ask Jesus to remember him. I don't say as you're fit to go to heaven, David; I can't say anything about that. But that poor fellow went into Paradise with our Lord Jesus himself. That must be a place worth goin' to. He says, 'In my Father's house there are many places;' and he'll know where you are fit for."

Euclid's face quivered and glowed with earnest entreaty, and his husky voice seemed to gain a softer and more appealing tone as he spoke. David fastened his dreary, hopeless eyes upon him, listening as one listens to the distant, far-off sound, which foretells that help is coming.

"Jesus himself was bein' crucified as if he'd broke the laws as well as them," said Bess, a light shining through her eyes. "He hadn't ever done any sin; but it's like as if he said to himself, 'There's poor wicked folks as will be put to death for their wickedness; and maybe they'll think I didn't come to seek for them and save them, as well as the rest, if I don't die like them.' He must have meant to save the worst folks, or he might have died different, not as if he'd been breaking the laws himself. I never thought that of him before. He came to save thieves and murderers, and so he died as if he'd been one of them. Davy, you're no farther away from Paradise than the poor thief was!"

The faint dawn of hope in David's sunken eyes was growing brighter, as if the sound of help was coming nearer to him; and he grasped the hand of little Bess more firmly in his trembling fingers.

"Ay! there must be room for you there," said old Euclid. "He'll know where it's best

for you to be; and, oh, David! he loves you. Only think of that! Why, Bess and me, we'd have found a place for you, out o' love and pity, if you'd only lived to come out o' jail; and his love's a hundred times more than ours. It stands to reason as his love is a hundred times more than what we poor creatures have. Only you think about him, and call to him. If you can't say nothing else, just say, 'Lord, remember me, like that poor fellow on the cross beside him. I wish I knew his name; but that don't matter. You'll not hear Jesus speakin', like he did; but all the same he'll say, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Bess, my dear, when we hear as David's gone, you and me'll say, 'To-day he is with Jesus in Paradise.' It seems to me as if it 'ud be better than comin' out o' jail into the streets o' London."

The tears were rolling down old Euclid's withered cheeks as David gazed up at him. The boy made a great effort to speak; but the words faltered on his tongue.

"A thousand times better if it's true," he gasped.

"If it isn't true, there's nothing else for you or me of any good," answered Euclid. "We're worse off than dogs. If there isn't any God as loves us, nor any Saviour as died for us, this world's a cruel, cursed place."

"Oh, it's true!" cried Bess, clasping his hands fondly in her own. "I love you, Davy! and God loves you; and Jesus died on the cross with a thief beside him. He wouldn't ever have done it if he didn't love us all."

But the time allotted to them had expired, and the warder warned them that they must go in a few minutes. Bess laid her bonny face against David's dying head on the prison pillow, and put her hand upon his clammy cheek. The last moments were flying fast. Yet what more could they say to one another? Would they ever see one another again? Was all the sorrowful past brought to this end at last? Must they leave each other here, and break forever the bonds of love and memory which had linked their lives together?

One more minute only. Euclid laid his hand on David's chilly forehead.

"Good-bye! God bless you!" sobbed the old man.

"Good-bye!" breathed David faintly. "I didn't mean to be a thief. Good bye, little Bess!"

She pressed her lips to his once more in a long last kiss. Then they were compelled to leave him. The night was falling, and the light faded away slowly in the solitary cell. The warder came in to light the gas; but David asked to be left yet a little longer in the gathering dusk. The gray of the wintry sky glimmered palely amid the surrounding blackness as the jail-walls vanished from his dim eyes, and it looked the only way of escape from the thick darkness of the bare cell. He was alone. Love had been forced to quit him before life did. There was no hand to hold his as long as the icy fingers could feel its loving grasp; no voice to whisper words of hope into the ear growing deaf to earthly sounds; no touch on the cold, damp forehead, telling of faithful companionship down to the very threshold of death.

Now and then the warder glanced through the aperture in the thick door, seeing in the dim twilight shed through the prison window, that the prisoner lay still, and made no signs of needing help. Who among them could help him to die? The chaplain had visited him, and his friends had been to see him: there was nothing more to be done. The spirit, in all its ignorance and sorrow, bereft of human love, was slowly preparing to wing its flight into the dark and drear unknown. Alone and in prison David fell was casting off the last link of the heavy chain of grief and wrongs and crimes which we bound about the boy when we sent him to jail (for begging for his mother).

At last a nurse came in to see him. The heart still beat feebly, though the gray change that is the forerunner of death had passed over his face. She stooped down over him; for his lips moved, as though he were trying speak into some listening ear.

"Lord, remember me!" he whispered.

So God opened the prison-door, and set our prisoner free.

THE END.

AN INDIAN LAD'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

A MISSIONARY tells the following anecdote: A little boy who lived in one of those great forests in India went to live at the home of a medical missionary. After he had been there about two years he became a Christian. The boy came to the doctor one morning and asked permission to return home. The doctor said he might return at the close of the school year. When the patients had been attended to, the doctor saw the boy still waiting, and said "I

told you to return to school. Why did you not do it?" And the boy answered: "Oh, sir, I have a father and mother, two brothers and three sisters who have never heard of Christ. Can I not go and tell them of the Saviour?" The doctor could not say no then, and the boy went. In about three weeks he returned. The doctor said, "Did you see your parents?" He answered, "Yes, and they are both Christians;" and, standing very straight, he said, "I have taught my mother how to pray."

That boy is now an earnest worker for Christ, and the entire family are Christians. —Christian Herald.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

OUTLINE OF TALKS TO JUNIORS—OUR KEY-WORDS.

L

Heart.—"Boys and girls we have six departments of work in our League represented by six key-words. Will you repeat them for me?" (League repeat: "Heart, Hand, Head, Feet, Pen, Pocket.")

"To-day we are to talk about the first of these, the Department of Spiritual Work, represented by the key-word 'Heart.' Place your right hand over your heart, and you can feel it beating." (Superintendent, see that the children have the correct position.) "Suppose that a pear was put inside a bag of the same shape, only turned the other way, so that the big end of the bag was round the small end of the pear, and you will have a good idea of how the heart lies inside the loose bag called the pericardium. Now, suppose the pear had nine or ten stalks reaching out through the bag; these would answer to the blood-vessels entering and leaving the heart."

"Heart work is hard work. The heart stops to rest. The work of a grown person's heart is equal to lifting one hundred and ninety-three tons one foot high every day."

"Heart work is important work. By getting angry, or smoking cigarettes, the work of the heart is increased, making it wear out sooner. When the Bible says, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life,' it means that the heart is the seat of choosing and feeling. We speak of a hard-hearted man, meaning a cruel man, or we speak of a tender-hearted man, meaning one who is loving and kind."

"Our hearts are inclined to evil; but God will give us clean, pure hearts if we ask him sincerely in prayer; then we shall speak and do right things."

Leader look up references: Matt. 22. 37, Psalms 119. 11; 51. 10; Rom. 10. 10; Eph. 3. 17, and apply to work of this department.

II.

Hand.—"Juniors, attention! The second department of work in our League is that of Mercy and Help, and is represented by the key-word 'Hand.' Look at your hands, boys and girls; wrist, eight bones, palm of the hand, five bones; thumb and fingers, four teen bones. How many bones is that in all?" "Twenty-seven." "Yes, that is right. All these bones are so arranged and put together as to make the wonderful hand, with it we can hold and manipulate objects in a skillful manner."

"Our hands may be beautiful as well as wonderful. The most beautiful hands are not always the softest and whitest, but are often rough and wrinkled with age and hard work. Hands that will not do duty, that perform work in a slovenly manner, can never be made beautiful by graceful form and finger rings. Your fathers' hands are dear to you because they work for the money which keeps your home and buys your clothing. Your mothers' hands are dear to you because they cared for you when you were helpless babes; they bake, sweep, mend, and knit for you while you are at play or asleep."

"Every boy and girl will find some opportunity to do good unto others."

"What your little hands can do, That the Lord intends for you."

"If your hands are employed in doing the Lord's work here upon the earth they will carry palms of victory in heaven."

References: Dan. 10. 10, Matt. 8. 15, Mark 9. 27; Rev. 7. 9, Isa. 42. 6; 1 Sam. 26. 18, Zeph. 3. 16.

Leader apply to work in this department.

—The minister was a great hand shaker — shutting down like a vice. He shook a boy's hand as he said, "I hope you are pretty well to-day." "With tears in his eyes, the boy answered "I was all your cheek hands with me."