

the girls, and sung for the little patients in the children's ward, and since that time scarcely a Sunday had passed without her sweet voice ringing through the hospital wards. The resident physician and nurses had grown to consider her almost a part of the hospital force, and though the other girls had given up the visiting long ago, Ruby, for pure love of it, kept on.

The girl climbed the terrace and entered the corridor, breathless and pink-checked with the exercise. The winds had buffeted her as she climbed the long hill, and the thrilling vitality of the out-door air was in her every movement, and she sang that afternoon like the very spirit of Spring. Outside in the broad, green country the willows were uncurling their silvery soft 'pussies' in the March wind, and early violets were opening in sheltered places. A yellow daffodil shone against her dark dress and the flush and glow of spring was in her face.

She had brought a song from home which breathed of things dear to the country-bred. As she sang the pretty thing, one could fancy trickling streams, broad sunny rivers, plummy ferns, and delightful footpaths through the woods. Wan faces lightened and brightened as she sang. Little crippled children sat up in bed and stared at her, and Ruby, whenever she caught their glances, smiled at them as she sang. Little Dannie, white as marble, lay on his pillow with closed eyes, but wearing a smile of peace, listened to every word. The house doctor sat in the background listening and the nurses lingered near.

Then after Ruby's song was ended childish voices piped forth from their little beds a request for this or that song and Ruby sang them all—the dear old familiar ones in the gospel hymns which everyone knows and children love.

Ruby, accompanied by one of the nurses, went downstairs to the big corridor. How happy she was! The nurse's arm was around her, and she was telling the girl how like a ray of sunshine her coming always was—how it brightened and lightened the monotonous routine of the week for them, and how the children asked every day if it wasn't 'most Sunday when Miss Ruby comes.' The little type-

writer's heart was full of joy and peace. This was living—this was being! How different it was from the butterfly life she had led in other days.

A white-capped nurse came down the stairs after them. 'Miss Ruby,' she said, 'there's one of the patients asking to see you.' It's that man who broke his arm in the street car accident yesterday. He's a stranger in the city—hasn't any friends, and he's seemed to take a fancy to your voice and wants to see you.'

Ruby went back willingly enough. Such calls were not rare. Often she had been asked to come to certain cots and sit awhile with the patients. They seemed loath to let her girlish brightness vanish from their sight.

Ruby and the nurse sat down beside the cot in the hospital accident ward. As Ruby looked at the man a startled thought flashed through her mind that his face was strangely familiar. Whom was it? Whom did he resemble? And then she knew that, as much as a man can look like a woman, this man before her with the bandaged arm looked like her own dear 'mamsie.'

'It was not your voice which made me call you back,' said Uncle Robert, a little later, 'though that is as sweet as a blackbird's—it was your mother's eyes, a certain trick of expression or something which recalled your mother to my mind. And in this blessed way, and after all these years, I have really found my twin sister at last.'

A few days later the injured man was removed from the hospital on the hill to the little three-roomed house on a quiet street, and Mrs. Wayne, with heart full of happiness and hands of sisterly gentleness, acted as nurse to her only brother, and saw, as in a dream, all her care and poverty fall away from her life. Uncle Robert was not rich, but moderately well-to-do, enough so, at least, to make the college dream an actual possibility to Ruby, and to smooth her mother's life as neither of them had dared to hope.

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Ruby has a home of her own now, but each Sunday afternoon she goes to the hospital with her tall, earnest-faced husband and a tiny, blue-eyed girl—and how she

sings! More sweetly, more tenderly, more sympathetically than ever, for new joys have shaped her life into ripe completeness.—'Christian Budget.'

### The First Wrong Button,

'Dear me,' said little Janet, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong,' and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

'Patience, patience, dear,' said mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice—that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it—that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

### Take Jesus as Your Saviour.

[This hymn was written by a little girl who is very delicate and partially blind.]

Take Jesus as your Saviour,  
Don't make the least delay;  
But take Him as your Saviour,  
Oh, do choose Him this day.  
Then try to love and trust Him,  
And try to do what's right;  
Then Jesus will reward you,  
And give you strength and light.

Take Jesus as your Saviour,  
Who died to save the world;  
Take Jesus as your Saviour,  
Tell others of his word.  
Then try to save the fallen  
From all the tempter's power;  
And Jesus will forgive them,  
And love them as before.

Take Jesus as your Saviour,  
And as your friend and guide;  
And through your time of trouble  
He'll stay close by your side:  
He'll give you strength to bear it,  
And help you through the strife;  
So just believe on Jesus,  
And have eternal life.

IRENE BLACK.