

to me and smiled. . . . It was still dusk, and the corners of the room were dark; what could Mamie see in one corner that suddenly made her smile so brightly and stretch out her arms so eagerly? Did she already see the light and hear the music of the other world? A moment more and the little arms had dropped, the smile had faded and Roger's rough hand lay over the dear eyes, for Mamie herself had passed through the golden gates.

The snow was gone, and the winter sun shone kindly the day we took the little body to the church-yard. Many neighbors came with us, for Mamie had been always a favorite, but they had gone away, and Roger and I stood alone together.

'Anne,' he said, quickly, 'can you forgive me?'

I knew what he meant, but there was naught to forgive, and I could not speak for crying.

Then by that little open grave, Roger swore never, never again to taste a drop of drink. And he has kept his word—kept it all these fifty years.

I tried to thank God that night that he had heard my prayer, but I could not.

Ah! I can thank him now. — 'Ill. Temp. Monthly.'

Jonathan's Courage.

The quality which Jonathan admired most of all was courage. The engineer who remained with his locomotive when he saw that the wreck was inevitable, the captain who stayed by his ship when she went down into the gulf of black waters, the man who faced a mad dog, or who rescued a child from a burning house at the risk of his own life, won from Jonathan a keen admiration, and he thought sometimes that if he only could do one such heroic deed himself he would be willing to die. You may guess from this how hard it was for Jonathan to be called a coward; yet that was the name which some of his school-mates called him to his face, and he could do nothing but bear it quietly.

The way of it was this. Jonathan's mother did not believe in a boy's fighting. She thought there were better ways of settling quarrels than that, and she had asked Jonathan to promise that he would never fight. She was quite willing he should run or row or leap or wrestle or enter into any contest of strength or skill, always providing that good humor prevailed, but the moment bad temper or ill-feeling of any kind arose on either side she thought it was time to stop. So did Jonathan, when he was talking with her, but sometimes when he was at school he felt differently.

One autumn a new boy entered the school. He was a big fellow, about a year older and a good deal larger than Jonathan. As soon as George Bartlett entered the schoolhouse yard he resolved to be king of the place. He cajoled the large boys, domineered over the little ones, and soon controlled them all. The only one who resisted his influence was Jonathan; and, as soon as George realized that, he was provoked, and resolved to bring him under. So he began a series of petty annoyances which he thought would provoke his rival into a battle, for if he could only get him to fight George had no doubt but that he could subdue him; but Jonathan remembered his promise to his mother and stood firm.

'Why don't you fight, and have it out, like a man?' said George tauntingly to him, one day. 'You are afraid, that's what's the matter; tied to mamma's apron-string and dare not do it!'

How Jonathan's blood did boil! But he kept silence.

'Fight him, Jack; I would, if I were you,' said Jonathan's chum, Harry Randall. 'You can whip him easy enough, because, though you are lighter than he, you are ever so much quicker; and he needs a whipping the worst way. Besides, all the fellows think that you are afraid; so why don't you show them you aren't?'

But Jonathan said nothing. That afternoon, however, he looked so downcast that his mother asked what was the matter, and after a while he told her. 'If I hadn't passed my word to you,' he said, 'I should have fought him to-day. I wish you would let me off just this once, for a sound whipping would do him good. You don't know how hard it is, mother, to have to stand and take what he says; all the fellows think I am a coward, and I can't bear it.'

'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,' quoted his mother, gently. '"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." No, my boy, I cannot give you back your promise; you must keep it to the end.'

'But, mother,' argued Jonathan, 'sometimes it is right to fight.'

'True,' answered his mother, 'when a great principle is involved, such as the defence of the weak and oppressed. I would be willing to let you fight in such a cause, but never for such a foolish reason as this.'

How much Jonathan suffered that term only a boy who has been in his position knows.

'I'll make that fellow fight yet,' declared George one recess. 'I've found a way.' George had noticed Jonathan's considerate manner towards the younger boys in the school. He helped them many a time when they were in a hard place, and they all liked him. So at noon, when the whole school was out playing, George picked up the youngest boy of all, a delicate little fellow only six years old, and flung him into a great mud-puddle which filled the middle of the road. The poor child fell splashing in, and was covered from head to foot with mud and slime.

'There goes one of your pets,' said George to Jonathan, with a derisive laugh. 'Will you fight now?'

Jonathan walked into the puddle without a word, and picked up the little frightened, crying child, and brought him to dry land. 'Wipe him off, some of you,' said he quietly, 'and take him home to his mother.'

Then Jonathan walked up to George. 'No,' said he, 'I will not fight you, George Bartlett, but I'm going to put you just where you put Johnny'; and before the astonished George knew what had happened he found himself sitting in the puddle covered with mud to the waist, while Jonathan calmly walked away.

His comrades laughed, they could not help it, as the discomfited George rose to his feet. 'Served you right,' said they warmly, for school-boys can see the justice as well as the fun of a thing, when once their eyes are opened.

George never troubled Jonathan again. But that was not the best of it; Jonathan had won a victory over himself, and many of his schoolmates realized how bravely he had stood for a principle and felt that he had been right; and when their own time of trial came it was easier for them to stand firm because he had set them so noble an example.—Eleanor A. Hunter.

The Sunday-school worker who gets all his help from lesson helps, will soon need help which the lesson-helps cannot give.

A Life Story.

Just a child with his toys,
And he thought, 'I will try to be good to-day;

For mama is busy, and papa is away,
He says it is right to allers obey,
And be bestest of boys.'

So the hours soon slipped by,
With never a cross word to darken their shine,

With never a cause to lament or repine,
And with never a whimper, never a whine,
Much less a child's cry.

When a lad at his books,
With elbows on desk, head bent o'er his task,

'I've got it!' he says; and if you should ask,
'Got what?' 'My lesson!' he cries, as you bask,

In his sunshiny looks.

And he goes on to say,
'I'm trying, you see, to be steadfast and true,
And always in earnest in all that I do,
I pray God to help me each day—wouldn't you?

And I work while I pray!'

Next, a youth at his trade;
Month by month, year by year, just to win
A competence here, and rare heart-peace within,

'Steadfastness,' his motto, no swerving to sin,

And a character made.

So a man at his post,
Ever ready for battle, to do and to dare,
To labor and conquer, to win and to wear;
A man whose life-prospects are wondrously fair,
Who rare talent can boast.

Last, a Christian at death;
His life-labor ended, his battles all won;
His closing eyes fixed on the slow-setting sun;

His weary feet resting, his race almost run;
A prayer his last breath.

—Mrs. Findley Braden.

The Higher Life.

There is a life divinely sweet,
An endless day of love and light,
Where dewy morn and evening meet,
With no return of leaden night.

There is a sky of cloudless blue,
With sunny light of smiles aglow,
Where breezes fresh with morning dew,
Soft strains of heavenly music blow.

There is a realm of joy untold,
Where spotless souls shall live for aye;
Where undreamed beauties still unfold,
In that sweet light of endless day.

O, soul of mine! shall that day shine
Upon thy glad, enchanted sight?
And wilt thou know that deep, sweet flow,

Of endless life and love and light?
—R. O. Allan, in 'Epworth Era.'

Correspondence

We have received a great many letters this week. We are very glad to find the young people so eager to respond to our request for interesting letters. B. H. makes a good point as to the money given to missions, our offerings are not made merely to the missionaries and missions, but to God and to God's work. God can use to the greatest advantage even the smallest amount that is trustfully and prayerfully given to