

For Love's Sake.

MR. MARSHALL J. FRESTON.

You have read of the Moslem palace,
The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all the lands.

You have read of its marble splendours,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glitten
Like visions of Paradise.

You have listened as one has told you
Of its pinnacles snowy fair,—
So pure that they seemed suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air:—

Of the flow of its fountains falling
As softly as mourners' tears;
Of the lily and the rose kept blooming
For over two hundred years.—

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,
The jewels that crust the wall,
The carvings that crown the arch-way,
The innermost shrine of all,—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
Whose chisellings, mortal man
Hath never excelled, the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends
Whose letters are set in gems,
On the walls of the sacred chamber
That sparkle like diadems.

And they tell you these letters gleaming
Wherever the eye may look,
Are words of the Moslem prophet,
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a palace only
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—The Shah had promised
His beautiful Nurmahal,
To do it, because he loved her,
He loved her,—and that was all!

So, minaret, wall and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent—LOVE.

You know of another temple,
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, sublime.

You have heard of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By the wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried, and hewn and polished
Its wonderful corner stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turret rises,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kadron,
The rears of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olive
And cedars, are round it there.

And graven on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our prophet, sweeter
Than Islam's bath over known:—

Texts culled from the Holy Gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a purer lustre
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of the temple only
Its architect understands;
And yet he accepts—oh wonder!
The helping of human hands!

And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-builder
Disdainfully cast away:
Why, even He takes the shippings
We women have brought to-day!

*For a description of the grandest Mosque
in the world—the Taj—erected at the
city of Agra, India, in 1655, by the Shah
Jehan, to the memory of his best beloved
wife, Nurmahal, see Dr. E. D. G. Prime's
"Around The World," or Dr. Wm. Butler's
"Land of the Veda."

(Or, not to the dead—to the living,
We rear on the earth His tomb,
This fane to His lasting glory—
This church to the Christ of God.)

Why labour and strive? We have promised
And dare we the vow recall?
To do it, because we love Him,
We love Him,—and that is all!

For over the Church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword,—LOVE.

For His Sake.

NINE o'clock on Saturday morning,
and Hettie still standing by the stove
baking pancakes.

For whom was she baking cakes at
such a late hour? For the family?
Most assuredly not. The family break-
fast had been eaten and cleared away
a full hour and a half ago.

Hettie was baking cakes for brother
Rob, who at that time was sitting in
the dining-room leisurely eating his
breakfast-cakes and maple syrup, re-
gardless of what the clock said, or of
the Saturday work that was waiting
for Hettie.

Rob was nineteen, four years older
than Hettie, and considered it his
privilege to tease his sister, and lord it
over her generally. Often would he
come down stairs late, and demand
his breakfast of Hettie in a tone of
authority, as if, of course, it was the
business of her life to wait upon him.
As often, too, the sister would reply
with sharp, ugly words, multiplied by
many more on his part—words that
left a sting all day long.

On this particular morning Rob had
been more exasperating than usual.
He said the cakes were burned, then
that they were raw, and he asked Hettie
if she had to wait to have some
flour ground before she brought any
more. Besides all this it was a warm
morning, and mother was sick, and
life seemed all awry to poor Hettie.
Do you wonder that her face was
drawn into a scowl, and that the
frowns grew deeper with each cake
turned? I don't think she tried very
hard—to tell the truth—to have those
cakes right, for certainly they were
not done as nicely as Hettie Bryson
could bake cakes—she was rather
noted for her skill in that line.

"Rob says he wants a glass of
water."

The small messenger who said this
was the baby and pet of the house.
Now, if it had been any one else but
Baby Lillie, Hettie would have said,
"Tell him to get it, then;" but she
could not quite bring herself to send
such a message by this gentle little
sister, so she slammed her plate on to
the table, and went to get the water.
Lillie watched her sister a moment as
she jerked the pump handle up and
down, and then with a puzzled look
asked:

"Hettie, are you getting it for His
sake?"

"For His sake! What do you mean?
Whose sake?"

"Why, for Jesus' sake, I guess. It
is in my Sunday-school lesson for to-
morrow about getting a cup of cold
water for His sake, and I don't see
how we can when He isn't here. Will
it do to give it to anybody?"

Poor, startled Hettie! It was in
her Sunday-school lesson, too. She
had so longed last night for an oppor-
tunity to give a cup of cold water for
His sake, to prove that she was trying
to be a disciple, had thought worthy

of the coming morning with its round
of homely duties, and had sighed and
said there was nothing she could do.
Was it possible that here was a chance
right in her own home! Could she
give this glass of water in His name?
These thoughts rushed swiftly
through her brain, and quick as the
thoughts followed this answer—
"Yes!"

Yes, it should be done for Jesus.
She looked at the glass. It was not
clear, and she knew the water she had
filled it with must be warm and taste
of the iron pipe because she had not
pumped out enough.

Hastily she reached after a clean
glass and pumped until the water was
cold and clear as crystal. Instead of
the hard thump she had intended, she
set the glass down gently and in silence
by Rob's plate, and went swiftly back
to those cakes. The dried-up things
were thrown away, the damper opened,
the fire made to roar, the griddle to
smoke, and soon another set of cakes,
golden-brown beauties, had taken their
place on the plate.

"I say, how many years are you
going to keep me waiting for those
cakes?" was her greeting as she opened
the dining-room door.

"The fire wasn't burning nicely, it
is all right now," she said meekly.

Amusement showed in every line of
Rob's face as he saw the tempting
cakes and heard the gentle reply. But
Hettie did not see his face, for she was
standing over the stove again. The
next time she went in, he said in a
pleasant tone.

"That will do, Hettie; they are
beauties, though, and I wish I had
time to eat some more of them."

Hettie was almost tempted to tell
him that he would have had more time
if he had come down stairs sooner.
But she did not; she held her lips
firmly, and so no sharp sting got out
that time.

After Rob had gone Hettie sat down
on the back doorstep to cool herself off
and think a minute. Rob was not a
Christian; she had been praying for
him, and here, perhaps, it was her own
cross words and ways that were keep-
ing him back.

The next evening as she was start-
ing for church, she lingered in the hall
a moment when Rob was putting on
his overcoat preparatory to going, she
did not know where, as it was not his
habit to attend the meeting.

"Rob," she said, half timidly, "I
wish you would go to young people's
meeting with me to night?"

"How do you know but I will?"

"Oh! will you?"

"I shouldn't wonder. You see,
Hettie, somebody told me you took
part in the meeting last week, and I
have been watching you to see if it
was all talk. Yesterday morning I
made up my mind that you had some-
thing that you didn't have once.
Something that helped you. I'm sure
if there is anything, I'd like to find it,
too. I said to myself if she can stop
snapping and snarling, why can't I?
At any rate, I mean to go to this
meeting every Sunday night after
this."

And Hettie, full of smiles and
tears, could only murmur below her
breath, "O Rob, I'm so glad!"—Grace
Livingston, in Pansy.

HAVE the courage to do without that
which you do not need, however much
your eye may covet it.

A Drop of Oil.

THE sewing machine went hard.
Brother Will came and looked over
Amy's shoulder and knit his brow as
was his custom when in a puzzle. At
last, turning back the machine, he
glanced over the works, and said: "Do
you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no; I never thought of that."
A drop of oil was supplied, and in
another minute the slender needle was
flying through the work like a fairy.
It was easy now to turn the wheel.

There are many other places where a
drop of oil works just as great wonders.
For cold mornings, when tempers are
apt to get frayed, as well as toe and
finger tips, there is no magic like a few
sweet, cheery words. No when persons
are angry, just give them a "soft an-
swer," and you will lighten the way
for yourself.

The Motherless Child.

She was only four years old when
her mother died.

Poor little Jane, how lonely and bleak
to her the world seemed, with no
mother's hand to guide her, and no
mother's love to soothe her sorrows!

But to be motherless was not the only
trial. Before her mother died, her father
used to spend most of his evenings at
the tavern; nor was he disposed to give
this up now. But how could he get
away at all? A child of four years
was too young to be left alone, and
there was no one in the house suitable
to trust her to. What, then, was he to
do?

Determined not to give up the public-
house, he hit upon the plan of taking
little Jane out with him. She very
much disliked to go; but she had to
yield. One evening, as he carried her
along the street towards the saloon, he
felt a soft little hand pressing his cheek,
and heard her whisper: "Father, don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't go," she said.

"Hold your tongue," said he, giving
her a shake.

"Oh, dear father, don't, don't," she
repeated.

"Hold your tongue," ordered he, in
still harsher tones.

Then clutching his neck still tighter,
she cowered down in his arms without
saying a word. Presently he felt some
warm tears wetting his face, and felt
her heart beating fast and hard against
his arm. This was too much to resist.
A strange choking came into his throat,
and tears gathered in his eyes, and he
gasped out:

"I won't go—you are right—kiss
me, darling—there, there—don't cry,
pretty one—I won't go, that I won't."
"Never no more, father!" panted
the child, raising her head, and smiling
through her tears.

"No, never!" said he.

The child led him from drunkenness
to sobriety, from the tavern to the house
of God, where he heard the Gospel and
received it, and became a changed man,
and a true Christian.

The above is a striking illustration of
the text: "A little child shall lead
them."

The encouragement of drunkenness
for the sake of profit on the sale of
drink, is certainly one of the most
criminal methods of assassination for
money ever adopted by the traffickers of
any age or country.—John Ruskin.