



Somebody Else.

Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know
Does he live at the North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see,
Whose name is on everyone's mouth?
For Meg says, "Somebody Else will sing."
Or, "Somebody Else can play."
And Jack says, "Please let Somebody Else
Do some of the errands to-day."
If there's any hard or unpleasant task
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody Else—
Now, isn't this very true?
But if some fruit or a pleasant trip
Is offered to Dick or Jess,
We hear not a word about Somebody Else;
Why, I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger lad
This Somebody Else will speak,
And the poor and helpless who need a friend
Good Somebody Else must seek.
The cup of cold water in Jesus' name.
Oh, Somebody Else will offer,
And words of love for a broken heart
Brave Somebody Else will proffer.

There are battles in life we only can fight,
And victories, too, to win,
And Somebody Else can take our place
When we shall have "entered in."
But if Somebody Else has done his work
While we for our ease have striven,
'Twill be only fair if the blessed reward
To Somebody Else is given.

Why She was Popular.

A queer old man once made a tea party for all the little girls in our town, and when they were all gathered in his front yard, in white dresses and carefully-tied sashes, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl in the crowd.

But half the children did not know what "most popular" meant, so he told them it was the best-liked little girl. All the children voted, and Mary Blain got the doll. Mary was not the prettiest nor the cleverest of the children, but she got the doll.

"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered at first, but presently Fanny Wilson said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us want to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"

The old gentleman said that was the best reason he had ever heard, and he was going to try for the rest of his life to find out what other people wanted to play, and then say, "Let's play that!"

"Secrets."

Jimmy and Jack, always called by the rest of the family "the kids," are the youngest of seven—all boys! Can you imagine the wear and tear on trousers and boots in that family? To let you into a secret (not the one Jack is whispering to little Jim), the eldest boy, Ted, is almost as good as a girl. Mind you don't tell, he doesn't want it to be talked about. He can wash dishes, sweep, peel potatoes, and has even tried his hand at mending stockings. I am sorry to say, though, that mother ripped out his long, straggling stitches, on the sly, and did the work all over again. But let us see what the "kids" are so eagerly discussing. To-morrow will be the dear mother's birthday, and everybody has a present for her—"everybody but us," as Jack said sadly half an hour ago. Ted has made her a splendid slat hammock. Frank brought from the woods a beautiful maiden-hair fern, and planted it in a rustic basket which he made himself. Tom and Fred, who are fond of amateur carpentering, have contrived to put together a rather shaky clotheshorse. Dick, who has a hen of his "very own," has saved six eggs for the great occasion. What can these little fellows make? Mother doesn't care much for "boughten" presents; besides, they haven't a copper between them.

This is Jack's brilliant idea, which Jimmy is absorbing with intense interest. "Let's get up, ever so early in the morning, and go fishing. Then we'll clean the fish and get Ted to cook them for mother's breakfast. Oh, won't she be sprised?"

So Jack talks on, trying to silence his conscience which whispers that they are never allowed to go fishing alone. Jim is rather doubtful, and a little frightened at the daring scheme; but then he never contradicts Jack. The little conspirators have not yet learned that it never pays to do evil that good may come. Mother would certainly rather go without a birthday present than have two disobedient children. Let us hope that they may get nothing worse than a ducking, and a sermon on disobedience, which is certainly well-deserved.

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Ministry of Well-Wishing.

"Learn that each duty makes its claim
Upon one soul, not each on all.
Now, if God speak thy brother's name,
Dare thou make answer to the call?"
"The greater peril in the strife,
The less this evil should be done,
For as in battle so in life,
Danger and honor still are one."
"Arouse him, then! this is thy part;
Show him the claim, point out the need!
And nerve his arm, and cheer his heart,
Then stand aside, and say, "God speed!"
"Smooth thou his path ere it is trod,
Burnish the arms that he must wield,
And pray with all thy strength that God
May crown him victor in the field."
And then, I think, thy soul shall feel
A nobler thrill of true content
Than if presumptuous eager zeal
Had seized a crown for others meant."

One of the saddest things about life is that, with such boundless power to give cheer to others by our speech, most of us pass through the world in silence, locking up in our own hearts the thought-



"SECRETS."

ful and helpful words which we might speak, and which, if spoken, would minister so much strength and inspiration. Hearts are breaking with sorrow, men are bowing under burdens too heavy for them, duty is too large, battles are too sore. On every hand, in every life, there is need for love's ministry, that men and women may not fail. Nor is it large and costly service that usually is needed. The kindly utterance of a kindly feeling will often give all the impulse and inspiration required. Yet many of us let the good-will lie in our heart unuttered, and stand by in silence while our brother beside us goes down in defeat, which a few words of ours might have changed into victory. It is not the want of love that is our fault, but the penuriosity which locks up the love and will not give it out to bless others. Is any miserliness so mean? We let hearts starve to death close beside us, when in our hands is the food to keep them living and make them strong, then when they lie in the dust, we come with our love to make funeral wreaths for them and speak eloquent eulogiums to their memory.

"What silences we keep, year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech;
Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close, familiar friends who loved us so.
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some kind word
That once we might have said, and they have heard."

How much better it would be if at all times we gave freer rein to our lips in speaking kindly and cheering words. It is truly very sad when nothing less than the death of our friends can draw from our slow and selfish hearts the debt of love and of helpfulness that we owe them. There is a time for the angel ministry—it is when the conflict is waging. When death has come, or failure, or defeat, the opportunity is past forever. The good wishes of friends do not by their mere utterance become realities in our lives. If they did, how rich most of us would be, and how happy! Good wishes, however, may be made to come true. They may be turned into prayers by those who make them, and, passing through the hands of Christ, may be changed from mere empty breath into blessings that shall enrich our lives or feed our souls or shine like sparkling gems upon our brows. The best way for our friends to get good things to us is to pass them through Christ's hands.

The friends who think only of this world's honors and possessions and attainments when they wish us well do not understand the table of values by which heaven estimates everything. The good wishes that are of most worth are those that are for qualities of character which we can carry with us through the pearl gate.

How to get these great things into our lives is the question. Our best and truest friends cannot put them into our lives by any power of love. They may utter the wishes, and may translate them into prayers, but only we ourselves can take the benedictions and the answered prayers into our life. This we cannot do by mere resolving and purposing. New Year or birthday resolutions are good enough as such, but unless they are gotten into the heart and life, as well as down in neat lines on paper, they will amount to little. Intentions may be very fine, but they must be lived out to become of practical worth. We must take the good wishes of our friends and turn them into life; we must let them into our spirits, as the bare briery rod in the garden lets the sunshine and the rain into itself, and transmutes them into blooming, fragrant roses.

Just how to do this is an important question. The Bible emphasizes the fact that all growth of character must begin within. We are to be transformed by the renewing of our minds. Our hearts make our lives. What we are in heart, in spirit, in the inner life, we are really before God; and that, too, we shall ultimately become in actual character, in outward feature. The disposition makes the face. Every creature builds its own house to live in, and builds it just like itself. Coarseness builds coarsely; taste builds tastefully. A corrupt heart works through in the end, and changes all without into moral decay like itself. Jealousy, envy, bitterness, selfishness, all write their own image and signature on the features if you give them time enough. A pure, beautiful soul builds a holy and divine dwelling for itself. In one of Goethe's tales he tells of a wonderful lamp which was placed in a fisherman's hut and changed it all to silver. The lamp of Christ's love set in a human heart transforms the life from sinfulness and earthliness into the likeness of Christ's own spirit. To make good wishes come true we must first get them into our heart and then they will soon become real in our life.

No wish is more commonly expressed than that we may be happy, but true happiness depends altogether on the heart. A heart at peace fills our world with peace. Light shining in our bosom gives us light wherever we may be. The miners carry little lamps on their caps, and wherever they move in the dark mines there is light. So it is with us if in us the lamp of joy shines. The world may grow very dark sometimes, but round about us there is always light. We shall surely be happy in the truest sense if we have Christ's joy in our hearts. This is a lamp that shines through the longest night. No storm blows it out—indeed, its beams grow brighter the denser the gloom about us and the fiercer the storm. Christ's joy was, in His own life, a lamp which was not quenched, even by the awful darkness of the cross.

If we would realize the wishes of our friends for joy, we must be sure to get the love of Christ into our hearts, and then we shall always have our own lamp, and shall find gladness wherever we go. We need not, then, in any case greatly worry about our circumstances. If we are right within, all will be well. If the lamp is kept burning within the chamber it will be light there, however deep the gloom outside.—J. R. Miller.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.