

had prevented her knowing her at first.

"Wait a few moments," she went on. "Let me bring him something."

She sped home with but one pressing thought, and gave quick orders to her girl, while she herself gathered from pantry and store-room such things as could be most readily utilized. And the two were at Bob's side with hot coffee and tempting food, by the time he had succeeded in making Kitty understand that eighty cents would only buy the wood, and mend the window, and pay the rent of the saw, and not one cent over.

"If that boy had died I should have been his murderer," said Mrs. Brainard, her eyes now open to the extent of dealing fairly and mercifully with her own shortcomings. "Ah me! how I have missed the blessings promised to those who consider the poor!"

She was returning from a second visit to Bob's home, undertaken for the purpose of carrying there some of the made-over flannels. She felt as she looked upon them as though a voice whispered to her: "The spoil of the poor is in your houses." And it was with a fully-awakened heart that she that night read:

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lead him sufficient for his need."

Mrs. Brainard will hereafter practice her economies upon herself, instead of upon the poor, whom the Master has left to be always with us. She will out off luxuries with an unsparing hand, but will aim to give more work, rather than less, during hard seasons, and will have an eye quickened by the spirit of loving care for others; for she can never forget that a starving boy worked all day in the bitter cold, within the sound of her voice and the sight of her eye and the reach of her comforts, and she had not made it her business to know or care.—*Church and Home.*

Little Duties.

A LETTER-CARRIER, in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found on reaching the post-office, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary, unimportant-looking missive. He thrust it into his pocket and delivered it on his first round next day.

What consequences followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements; their notes had gone to protest; a mill was closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessities of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous amount of misery caused by his single failure in duty.

Another case: A mechanic who had been out of work a long time in New York, went last September to collect a small sum due to him. The gentleman who owed it, being annoyed at some trifling, irritably refused the money. The man went to his wretched home, and, maddened by the sight of his hungry

wife and children, went out to the back yard and hanged himself.

The next day an old employer sent to offer him a permanent situation. Here was a life lost and a family left paupers because a bill of a dollar or two was not paid at the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says, "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world." When we think how inextricably the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a gigantic machinery, whose effect is wholly beyond our control. For this reason, if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well the duties of life—even the most trivial.—*Selected.*

Songs in the Night.

THROUGH the midnight, cold and drear,
Rings a song out brave and clear;
And the few who listen, hear.

This is not a roundelay
By young voices, glad and gay,
Suited to a summer's day.

They most gladly swell this song
Who have lived, and suffered, long,
And through sorrow are made strong.

All these singers who have known
Discipline of touch and tone,
Are God's singers—His alone.

God has trained them, and they keep
Steady time though eyes may weep,
And the tempests round them sweep.

They have walked through furnace fires,
Known the slaying of desires,
Felt the kindling that inspires.

They have had to make them brave,
The fierce beating of the wave,
Night, and death—and who could save?

Ah! amid the fire and flood,
One has close beside them stood,
Like unto the Son of God!

Therefore sing they with delight,
Songs of victory, and of night,
In the darkness of the night.

Therefore have they never quailed,
Have not faltered, have not failed,
But have evermore prevailed.

Martial triumph-songs theirs are,
And they pass the cloud, the star,
Reaching unto God afar.

But the restless sons of men,
Struggling with their fear and pain,
Catch the sound of the Amen.

And, amid their own distress,
Cry and groan perhaps the less,
Learning hope with quietness.

Oh, great Master of the choir,
Give me courage to aspire,
And the nobler part desire!

Son of God, the Life, the Light,
Be but with me in my night,
And my singing shall be right!

—*Marianne Farningham.*

When a Girl's Schooldays are Over.

"WHAT am I to do after school?"

This is a question, asked, I believe, by every schoolgirl, some time or other, as she gets older; and to answer it, is by no means so easy as some people imagine.

The leaving of school is, I think, one of the great crises of a girl's life. The period ended has probably had all clearly mapped out with guidance and direction given. The future is now full of vague and shadowy uncertainty, and the beauty and completeness of a woman's life will depend mainly on the girl's own exertions.

Every girl has three distinct lives to live, and on the observance, combination, and due proportion of these lives depends the good that she may leave behind her in the world. They are:—

1. Her life to herself.
2. Her life to her family.
3. Her life to the community.

It is certain, to begin with, that in each of these three there must be some settled plan of action.

That girl who lives on from day to day in idle, desultory manner, with no aim in view but amusement, makes her life, instead of a great, harmonious whole, a miserable failure—the life which has been given to her as very precious, and as something to be rendered strict account of in a Day to come.

The first kind of life is too much too solemn a thing for any one to meddle with. It is that inner spiritual life which exists in every person, whether remembered or not. About this I would only ask that girls would keep in mind the great injunction, "*Quench not the Spirit.*"

Secondly, there is the life to the family. The guidance of this does not lie altogether in the power of a girl; she has probably a recognized position in the household from her age and capabilities; but whatever it may be, chief or least, one principle should guide all else—the spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is the third life, however, about which I want particularly to say a few words. What can a girl do to help the community in some way?

Teaching, at present, is the greatest and noblest profession open to women. If that is entered upon direct from school, there is little fear of life being wasted in an idle, desultory way. To many a girl, teaching, I know, seems dread'ful drudgery; but then with it there comes, sooner or later, the satisfaction of having been a labourer in the grandest work of all life—the spreading of knowledge.

Teaching, however, is not for every girl. With some, circumstances do not require it, and social position does not admit of it. To such I would say, do not give it up altogether; if you cannot make a profession of it, you can, at least, teach the poor of your neighbourhood in the Sunday-school, etc. Let not this branch of the work be despised, for it is one of the most difficult, and to do it properly requires much preparation. Then there is parish work of other kinds—such as district visiting—all of which, if engaged in, keeps a girl's life from being a failure.

Some girls—and the number yearly increases—have the opportunity of going to one of our women's colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. The course entered upon there is a truly charming one; but an objection often urged against it, is that it makes girls very selfish. In a very few cases this is, I am afraid, true; but why should selfishness be a necessary accompaniment to University training? The knowledge and experience gained at college in most cases benefits the community at large, as well as the girls themselves.

Lastly, supposing none of these works are possible to a girl, there is always, in these days, when good classical literature is so cheap, the possibility of forming a regular plan of study at home—downright earnest reading for a certain space of each day. However small this is, if it is done with a definite aim in view, and not merely for selfish enjoyment, great good will come into a girl's life from it. There is always a natural bent in

every one's mind—a natural genius for one kind of work more than for others; let a girl, then, not try to do a little of everything, but work steadily at that in which she has put her heart, so that when the time comes for her to render account of her talent, there may be said to her, as to each of those in the parable, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Cassell's Family Magazine*

Knights of Labour.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

WE take the following from an exchange:

Five men in this country control the chief interests of 500,000 workmen, and can at any moment take the means of livelihood from two and a half millions of souls. These men compose the executive board of the Noble Order of the Knights of Labour of America. The ability of the President and Cabinet to turn out all the civil service and to ship from one post or ship to another the duties of the men in the army and in the navy, is a petty authority compared with that of these five knights.

There has been a strange promotion from humbler walks of life to the pinnacle of power over those they have left behind and under them. Nearly all were mechanics five or ten years ago. The name of only one of them is so well known as to be recognized by any newspaper reader when it is spoken or printed before him. That is the name of Terence V. Powderly, ex-blacksmith mayor of Scranton. The names of the others are impressive when spoken at certain secret meetings, but among the people at large they are little better known than when the men whose identity they fix were working in a western mine, beating gold leaf in Pennsylvania, manipulating a telegraph instrument, or in one way or another were earning the wages of skilled labourers from wealthy corporations. Mr. Powderly is now the head of the order. He is General Master Workman.

They can stay the nimble touch of almost every telegraph operator, can shut up most of the mills and factories, and can disable the railroads. They can issue an edict against any manufactured goods, so as to make their subjects cease buying them and the tradesmen stop selling them. They can array labour against capital, putting labour on the offensive or the defensive for quiet and stubborn self-protection, or for angry, organized assault, as they will.

Yet of themselves they also say that they are peacemakers, arbitrators, quellers of discord, and promoters of harmony and good will.

On a train one day in a group of men, one rude fellow was swearing boisterously, when a minister at his side simply touched his knee and with a smile whispered, "Those are very strong words, my friend." Immediately a blush mantled the brow of the swearer. He bowed assent, promptly apologized, confessed that it was "a very bad habit," resumed his conversation, but not once again during that ride was guilty of an oath. The reproof was given so gently and delicately that it stirred within the man every noble impulse he had, and the very blush with which he received the reproof was a token of good.