

My Lord and I.

(Found in the Bible of a Northfield girl at her death.)

I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from him.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary;
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell.
It is an everlasting love
In ever-rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys.
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me how to try,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him.
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why he came to die,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear;
In the burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh;
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

The Point of View.

Lena Madison looked round her studio and sighed heavily.

What on earth is the good of it all, she said, aloud, struggle, struggle, struggle, and only this at the end!

She threw out her arms to include the whole of the little room; there was a sort of despair in her eyes.

The studio was small, but everything it contained bore traces of a refined and cultivated taste. The ugly, the sordid, the disagreeable had been carefully excluded.

Not happy? Me? Why, there ain't a happier ole woman than me down our way. It ain't riches what makes folks 'appy, bless yer 'eart.

Well, me dear, I've got me little 'ome—'tis only one room, but I keeps it like a new pin, and I've got me little bits o' things what I'm fond of.

What does make you happy? Lena flashed round on the old woman.

Well, me dear, I've got me little 'ome—'tis only one room, but I keeps it like a new pin, and I've got me little bits o' things what I'm fond of.

What is the good of life? she cried; it brings nothing that you want, nothing but toil and weariness. I am sick to death of it all.

She gathered her painting things together, tidied her table and threw on a hat and coat.

I shall go out, she muttered, not that it is much good to do that. What good does one get out of springtime here?

She walked along a great highway, wrapped in her own moody thoughts, heedless that the passers by jostled her, unobservant of the sweet spring breezes, noticing nothing of the busy life through which she went.

She turned, still with unseeing eyes and thoughts wrapped in herself, to cross the street where a tangle of vehicles struggled in the roadway.

driver smote dimly on her ears, something struck her—a fearful blow, she was aware of something—something that was overwhelming her, suffocating her—and then came blank darkness and a sensation of intolerable pain.

Lena lay in bed in a hospital ward. They had picked her out from under the wheels of the great van, and for days she had lain unconscious, hovering between life and death—and life had won.

Oh, dear, oh, dear, she muttered turning her head restlessly on the pillow.

Her eyes met the serene gaze of another pair of eyes—a kindly old face in the next bed smiled at her.

There now, my dear, her fellow patient said, softly; don't yer go talkin' that way—and you a young thing, too, with life in front of yer.

Does it? Lena looked curiously at the old face, with its serene eyes and bright smile.

Bless yer, yes, me dear. When yer comes to look back over seventy and odd years, same as I do, you'll say so, too.

Shall I? Lena laughed. I am not likely to live seventy years. I don't want to live so long. I should be more bored than ever.

Well, now, you do surprise me! The voice was weak, the eyes that went with the voice were strong and serene.

Three-and-six a week? Lena started incredulously.

'Twasn't much; but, bless yer, I got a corner in a room what was clean, and I managed—oh! I managed. Now I'm getting seven shillings, and I got me own little room.

What's the good of living if it's a struggle like that? You can't be happy.

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And I got so sick of my room and everything, that I felt as if I should like to end it sometimes.

Lena's words burst out as though she could not help saying them. Her voice dropped at the close of the sentence.

A softness came into the kind old eyes that watched her.

I had lots of work, Lena faltered more than I could do.

Well, I never—then you'd got the first thing as we all wants. When I've got a bit o' work, I feels that light 'earted I could sing knowin' as the rent 'ud be paid.

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reach. The daily round, the common task, provides ample opportunities for serving God and making the home happy by doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

But aside from the requirements of religion, even where no profession of Christianity is made, home and home duties commend themselves to every inmate—the baby as well as the more advanced in life; and one of the most common mistakes, especially in well-to-do families, nowadays, is to bring up a girl to do nothing for the home-making.

I really don't know what to do about my daughter Mary, said a perplexed mother who had come to an out-spoken but kindly old physician for advice.

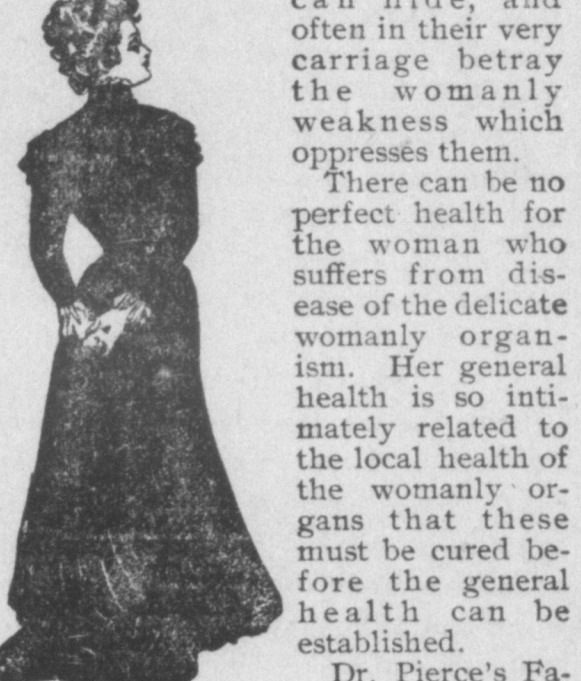
There is no success in all this world which is so to be dreaded as the success of getting away from God's purpose for us.—Robert E. Speer.

What Children Cost. Do you suppose I'm worth it? a bright girl exclaimed, as she handed me a neatly-bound account book From June 10, 1880, it said on the cover. Opening to the first page I found a list of expenses, including such articles as rubber rings, patent food, etc.

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THE POISE

Of a woman in perfect health attracts the eye at once. Such a woman is all too rarely seen. The most of women bear scars of suffering on their faces.



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A Chinese Story.

This pretty story is told of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession.

That little act implied great self-denial yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark—He do all same as Jesus.—Golden Rule.

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost.

Home Responsibility.

Every girl who has arrived at years of discretion and remains at home should assume some responsibility, and interest herself in home duties and be made to feel that she has a part and a place in the home life; that its duties must be borne by all the members of the family in common.

A Red Hot Season.

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