

## How An Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,  
Says "Good-night" to the big folks all,  
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,  
Laughs with glee through the lighted  
hall,  
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,  
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress  
Slips her hand through his soft brown  
hair,  
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,  
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer;  
"Holy angels keep watch and ward,  
God's good angels my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"  
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;  
"How will they look if they come here,  
Watching me while I'm all alone?"  
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;  
Answered the mother tenderly:  
"Prettiest faces ever known,  
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes—"  
Robin, waiting for nothing more,  
"Cried with a look of pleased surprise,  
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,  
"I know, mamma, they're just like you!"

## Old Father Brewster.

"You know, Mandy, that, when  
father gave us the deed of this farm,  
the agreement was that we were to  
keep him as long as he lived."

"Yes, Cyrus. But who thought  
he was going to live as long as this.  
Eighty-nine years old to-morrow!  
I begin to think he'll outlive us all.  
I don't see why Josiah's folks can't  
have him a spell. I'd just like to  
have 'Gusty' know what a care he is.  
They think we got the farm cheap.  
I know I've earned my share of it  
taking care of old Father Brewster  
all these years." Mrs. Cyrus Brew-  
ster wrung her mop out with a vim  
and determination that her husband  
readily understood. "Anyhow,  
father's chair has got to be moved  
out of that corner by the south  
window. I can't half mop the floor  
under it, and the sun shines on that  
spot, and makes the dirt show, and  
it's an eyesore to me all the while.  
So when you and Oscar come in to  
dinner this noon, you can both move  
it over to the north window, the dirt  
won't show as much there."

"But Mandy, he thinks so much  
of that corner, where he can look  
out on the pasture and the south  
meadow lot."

"I can't help it if he does. He  
has got to be moved over to the  
north window. I'm going to have  
my way about that, Cyrus."

Old Father Brewster could not  
help hearing his son's wife's sharp,  
loud tones. People spoke of him in  
a way that showed that the common  
opinion in the town was that "old  
Father Brewster" was losing his  
mind. But he had enough left to  
realize that he was a burden to  
Mandy. He had prayed the Lord  
to take him home, and oftentimes in  
the night watches he cried out,  
"Hast thou forgotten thine aged  
servant, O Lord?"

The baby woke up at that  
moment, and Mrs. Cyrus Brewster  
took him up.

"I wish I could hold the little  
fellow for you, Mandy," the grand-  
father said. "If he wasn't such an  
enterprising little chap, I might  
manage to keep him on my lap, but  
since my hand was paralyzed I can't  
keep him within bounds no how.  
I've had two shocks, Mandy, and  
they say the third always takes a  
body off. I'm sorry I'm such a  
bother, but folks can't die till their  
time comes. I'll try to be as patient  
as I can, while I stay, Mandy."

Mrs. Brewster made no reply.  
She put the baby down on the floor  
as soon as he was quiet, and went  
about getting the dinner. She was  
a nervous, overworked woman. One  
of those over-particular housekeep-  
ers, who, in her endeavor to out-  
shine her neighbors in that respect,  
entirely lost sight of the true home-  
keeping that should go hand in hand  
with it.

At noon she said nothing about  
moving Father Brewster to the  
north window, for her mind was  
made up that somehow, and some  
way, the old man should be sent off  
for a while to 'Gusty's. She had  
had an inkling that Josiah's folks  
thought that she and Cyrus had got  
the farm for a small consideration.  
'Gusty' had no idea what a burden a  
helpless old man is. It was time  
she found out. It was no more than  
right she should, for nobody could  
tell what might come up afterward.

When the subject was talked over  
with Father Brewster, it was made  
as attractive as possible. It would  
be such a pleasant change for him.  
There was so much going on in the  
city, and it would give him a little  
chance to see something of the world  
before he left it. He could have an  
opportunity to see noted physicians  
there, and they might help him.  
Still the thought of being taken to  
Gusty's quite upset the invalid. He  
never felt much acquainted with his  
son Josiah's wife. She was a city-  
bred woman, too. And then old  
Father Brewster never liked the  
city. He said there was no elbow  
room in it, no breathing space, and  
he had the dread that all old and  
infirm people have, of taking a  
journey.

The night before he and Cyrus  
were to start, Mandy was very  
cheerful and kind, as she laid the  
things he wished to take with him  
into the trunk. Old Father Brew-  
ster was fond of his son Cyrus's wife,  
notwithstanding her sharp, quick  
words and stirring ways. He often  
said: "It was only Mandy's way;  
she was kind-hearted in the main."  
"I'm sorry, Mandy, that I've  
plagued you so much," he said, as  
she put a new pair of slippers in his  
trunk that she had taken that day  
in exchange for some eggs. "I didn't  
no ways think, Mandy, I was going  
to live so long when I gave Cyrus  
the deed. I'm sorry the Lord hasn't  
sent for me before. I've asked him  
times enough."

The tears were coming into  
Mandy's eyes, but she spoke in a  
cheerful voice. "O, well, father,  
you are only going for a visit, and  
to see the sights, and by and by  
you'll come back again."

At that very moment Mandy was  
wishing in her heart that she had  
never proposed old Father Brew-  
ster's going away. She began to  
feel that it was not quite right after  
all. However, she concluded to  
persuade herself that the change  
would be good for him. When the  
household was quietly sleeping, Mrs.  
Cyrus Brewster's conscience seemed  
to be more wakeful than ever  
before. Her husband had done two  
days' work in one that day, so the  
spring work would not suffer in con-  
sequence of his short absence, and he  
slept soundly. The full moon  
shone into the window, and Mandy  
got up and looked out. Then she  
stepped to the door of her father's  
room. She heard his voice repeat-  
ing these words: "Verily, verily, I  
say unto thee, when thou wast  
young, thou girdedst thyself, and  
walkedst whither thou wouldst; but  
when thou shalt be old, thou shalt  
stretch forth thy hands, and another  
shall gird thee, and carry thee  
whither thou wouldst not." Then  
she heard him tearfully pleading  
that he might be resigned to the  
Lord's will and submissive to his  
dispensations.

"It isn't the Lord's will, it's my  
will!" exclaimed Mandy. "Father  
Brewster shall not go to 'Gusty's.'  
Then she opened the door very soft-  
ly, and stepping to the bed, bent  
over him and kissed her father.  
Don't worry any more father. I am  
not going to let you go away from  
your old home. It wasn't any of  
the Lord's dispensation, it was mine."  
"The Lord bless you, Mandy. I'm  
so glad I haven't got to go from  
the old farm. I'll try not to plague  
you much."

"You may plague me all you've a  
mind to, father. Now go to sleep.  
Good-night."—Interior.

What a Freight-Master Did.

An engine bumped against some  
empty cars in the early dawn of a  
winter morning. A boy who had  
been asleep in one of them was  
thrown, dazed and bewildered, against  
the door, which he had pulled to  
when he crawled into the car the  
night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his  
head into the car, and reached for  
his jacket, which he supposed was  
hanging where he had left it. He  
was somewhat surprised to find a  
boy on it, and took it from him with-  
out ceremony.

"Now, get out of here!" he said,  
thrusting the boy from the door. "If  
I catch you in one of these cars  
again, I'll give you to a policeman!"  
"What's he been up to, Bill?" said  
a man who was putting freight into  
the next car.

"Up to my coat," he said, giving  
it a vigorous shake as he walked off.  
The boy looked dirty and dejected,  
as he limped along by the side of  
the track. The man who had spoken  
called after him:

"Hullo, there! Do you want a  
job?"  
The boy turned back quickly.  
"If you'll help me load them  
firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll  
have to work spry."

The prospect of a little money  
brightened the boy, and he set to  
work in earnest, though he was stiff  
and cramped and hungry.

"Do you live around here?" asked  
the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a  
boy about your size, can you give  
me any recommendations as to your  
character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he  
made no answer. The man watched  
him narrowly, and when the car was  
loaded, handed him twenty-five cents  
saying, "We're short of hands in the  
freight-room. Do you think you'd  
like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it."

The boy's face was almost painful  
in its eagerness as he followed the  
man into the freight-room.

"Now," said the freight-man, seat-  
ing himself on a box, "we'll have a  
bit of a talk before we get to business.  
I don't know anything about you,  
except that you're cold and hungry;  
you look that. But I think it is  
likely that you've got into some  
scrape, for if you hadn't, you wouldn't  
be loafing about stations and sleep-

ing in freight-cars. I'm not going  
to ask you if you have done anything  
wrong, but I am going to ask if  
you've got a mother?"

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that be-  
long to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."  
"Well, now, if you had a mother,  
I'd send you to her in no time, for  
there is nothing that a mother won't  
forgive; but uncles and cousins are  
different."

"If I recommend you at the office  
they'll take you; but mind, if I do it,  
I'm going to watch you as a cat does  
a mouse. You'll have to spend your  
evenings and Sundays with me."

"I went wrong myself when I was  
no older than you are," lowering his  
voice. "An' if it hadn't been for  
my mother—Well, that was a long  
time ago. You've got switched upon  
the wrong track I am very sure, and  
as you haven't any mother to help  
you on the right one, God helpin'  
me, I'll do it, if you let me."

"Preaching isn't in my line, but  
there's just one thing you don't  
want to forget, and that is the good  
Father is giving you a chance now  
to get back where you can do right  
and feel right. Are you going to  
take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he  
would try. He was taken into the  
freight-yard, and was under his new  
friend's eye constantly, and it was  
not long before the man had won his  
confidence that he told him his  
story.

There was trouble and dishonesty  
connected with it, but for two years  
the lad proved himself faithful and  
trustworthy in his new occupation.  
He was then advanced to a more re-  
sponsible position, but there was  
something almost pathetic in his de-  
votion to the man who had befrien-  
ded him, and in his respect for the  
religion he professed.

Here was practical Christian  
sympathy, worthy any man's emu-  
lation.—*Youth's Companion.*

## The Ice End.

In the winter of 1873, a man at-  
tempted to cross the frozen surface  
of the Merrimack. When about ten  
feet from the shore he broke through.  
A workman in a saw-mill near by  
seized a plank and thrust it out to  
the drowning man.

Unfortunately one end of the  
plank was covered with ice, and  
that end the workman, in his excite-  
ment, extended to the struggling  
man. He caught hold of it several  
times, and tried to pull himself up  
on the solid ice. But at each at-  
tempt his hand slipped and he fell  
back into the water. At last, he  
cried out, in an agony of terror:

"For mercy's sake, don't reach  
me the icy end of the plank!"

A perplexed student once went to  
a college professor for help in a  
certain study.

"I am willing to help you," the  
professor said with chilling courtesy,  
but of course you know that my  
time is fully occupied, and that I  
can't give special attention to every  
student? What is your difficulty?"

The student stated what had per-  
plexed him.

"Oh, that's nothing!" answered  
the professor.

"You don't need my help to get  
out of that difficulty. Still, when  
you really need assistance," I will  
cheerfully give it to you. But you  
won't forget that my time is valua-  
ble."

The student bowed his thanks and  
departed, without receiving the help  
he really needed. The icy end of  
the plank was held out to him.  
From that day he bitterly, though  
unjustly, classed all the professors  
together, as cold and unsympathetic.  
He carried this prejudice through his  
college course, because he had  
been denied a little timely sympathy.

A few years ago, a young minis-  
ter and his wife began their work in  
a growing Western town. Their  
people were attentive and courteous,  
the salary was ample, and a new  
church edifice was erected. But in  
less than a year the minister and his  
wife sought a smaller church, and a  
lower salary.

A friend, surprised at the change  
asked:

"What was the matter? Didn't  
the climate suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, wasn't your church har-  
monious?"

"Yes."

"You had a fair salary?"

"Yes, more than I get now."

"Why did you leave then?"

"Because my wife and I were  
tired of living in a moral refrigera-  
tor. Every one was kind, but it  
was kindness wrapped up in ice, as  
if they were afraid it would spoil.  
We had help enough, but no real  
sympathy."

The icy end of the plank had been  
extended the minister and his wife.  
—*Golden Days.*

## Woman's Help.

There are some who are sure they  
have no gifts, and therefore no re-  
sponsibility. The eloquent words of  
Herrick Johnson will surely meet  
the case of such.

"You can do nothing!—you can

do everything: you can give, and  
serve, and pray. You can give self-  
denyingly; you can serve lovingly;  
you can pray conqueringly. The  
best example of self-denying liber-  
ality in the Bible is recorded of  
woman. The best example of loving  
service in the Bible is recorded of  
woman. The best example of con-  
quering prayer in the Bible is re-  
corded of woman. It was no great  
gift, no great service, no great  
prayer. The gift was a widow's  
mite; the service was the anointing  
of Jesus with a box of ointment;  
the prayer was a mother's prayer for  
a daughter possessed with a devil.

But the gift and service and prayer  
were in self-denial and love and  
faith; and so, in the sight of God,  
they were of great price. Jesus  
never let fall such words of royal  
commendation as concerning these  
three women. Of the poor widow,  
he said, "She has cast in more than  
they all." Of Mary with her ala-  
baster box of ointment, he said,  
"She hath done what she could."

And to the praying Canaanitish  
mother, he said, "O woman great is  
thy faith; be it unto thee even as  
thou wilt." The human suppliant  
had power with God, and the  
Creator said to the creature, "Thy  
will be done." Surely such giving,  
such service, such prayer is possible  
to every woman. It is not the  
greatness of it, but the spirit of it  
that tells."

## Seed Thoughts

We are in captivity. Satan is our  
captor. Sin is the chain which  
binds us.

This chain binds us all, and none  
of us are without sin.

He who is held in the devil's  
bondage is away from God. The  
problem is, How to get back?

God wants us to come back to  
Him. He has no pleasure in the  
captivity of the wicked.

We must desire to return. God  
will not force us to return against  
our will.

The foundation of return must be  
sorrow for the sin that took us away  
from Him.

We shall need His help to regain  
our lost position. It was to render  
this assistance that Jesus Christ  
dwelt on earth and died on Calvary.

Since we are condemned to cap-  
tivity because of broken law, we  
must have the pardon of the Law-  
giver to obtain freedom.

We cannot purchase pardon or  
merit it, but we can have it freely  
by believing in Christ and asking  
for it in His name.

The sinner is a long way off from  
God, but the journey back is a quick  
one if he takes the right road.

What a gracious God, that He  
provides a way for His banished  
children to return to Him. What  
strange children, that so many of  
them have no desire to return.

There is no hope for anything  
but misery in the bondage of sin;  
there is certainty of happiness in the  
presence of Jehovah.

Cause and effect are nowhere  
more sure; sin and sorrow are root  
and fruit—so are righteousness and  
joy.

Repent and be saved. Come  
away from Babylon. The gates of  
the new Jerusalem wait to open for  
you.

You cannot build a ladder long  
enough to reach to heaven, but you  
can enter at one step through Jesus  
Christ. "I am the Way, the Truth  
and the Life; no man cometh unto  
the Father, but by me."

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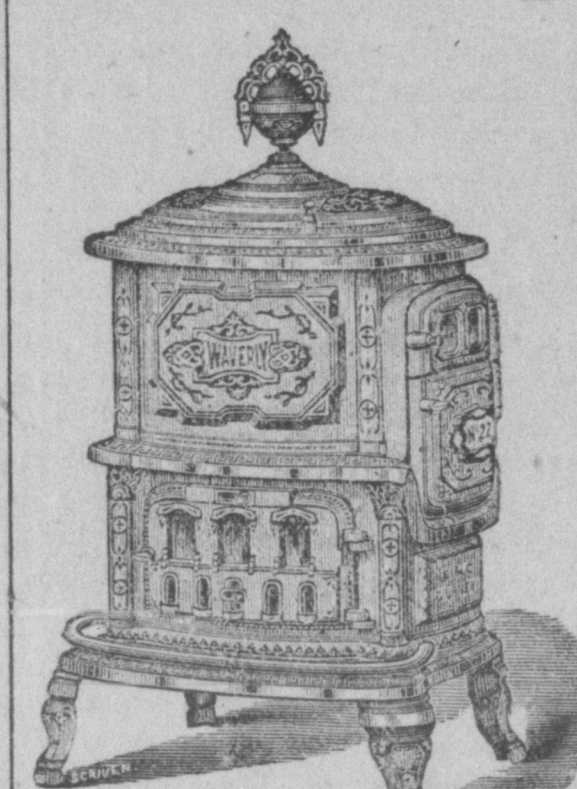
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