

"Why not Live Here, as Elsewhere?"

Why not live here, as elsewhere?
On all the earth
There is no spot so narrow, but it gives
Room for a noble life—a life that lives,
With added worth,
Not for itself alone, but for all good,
As best becomes the common brotherhood
Which it doth own
Nor is there scene so dear, throughout all
space,
On which the brightness of the Father's
face
Hath never shone.

Why not work here as elsewhere?
Though rough the way,
A blessing waits upon all faithful toil
And gives the promise of the future spoil.
At close of day
The Master reckons with his laborers true,
And gives to each the meed of honor due.
To some the heat
And burden of the day may chance to fall;
To others, briefer toil; but unto all
Approval sweet.

Why not die here, as elsewhere?
To the supreme,
No spot on earth is nearest. He, the true
Light,
Alike on lonely dell or frowning height
Doth brightly beam.
Faith builds itself an altar where it will;
The heart that waits on Him, His peace
shall fill,
In mercy given.
For God is all to all. Where he is found
Revealed in perfectness, in holy ground,
And trust heaven.
—The Churchman.

How Laura Gained Recruits.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

Laura had reached the gate when she hesitated.

"I believe I'll try for those boys once more. It will not do any good, I suppose, but at least it won't do any harm. And then they will be off my conscience at any rate."

So she skirted round by the side of the house, and presently appeared before her two brothers and her two cousins as they lay stretched out under the trees in various full-length attitudes.

"Come on with me to Sunday-school, you lazy things," said Laura. "It will be a nice variety for you and do you good."

"No, thank you, sis," said Clarence, "the trouble with me is that I am too good already, if you will excuse my modesty."

"There are some people," remarked Chris, scathingly, "in whom any amount of modesty can be excused."

"You'll come, Chris, won't you?" "Why, you see, the trouble with me is that I'm not good enough. I'd go in a minute if I was. Perhaps Jim would like it, only he seems to be asleep."

Jim snored aloud.

"Yes, you hear that. Queer; he must have gone off quite suddenly; he was as wide awake as anybody half a second ago. He'll be so disappointed when he finds out what he has missed, but you needn't try to rouse him, he's such an awful heavy sleeper. I guess Tom would go, though."

"I happen to know Tom wouldn't," said that youth, energetically, "he don't care so much as he might for stuffy little school rooms and hard board benches. The ground does well enough for him on a hot day like this."

"Don't be late on our account, sis," said Clarence.

And Laura took the hint. "I told you so," said Chris. When she had turned the corner of the house, "I knew she would be after us; she hasn't passed a Sunday since Tom and I came. She's a persistent little Christian, believes in home missions, and lives up to it."

"Foreign ones too," said Clarence, with some brotherly pride. "Just lately she pruned off quite a lot of the fancy trimmings that girls love, and sent the proceeds to China or somewhere else. She thought she was being as deep about it as mid ocean, but I suspected what she was at, and when I fixed the guilt on her she couldn't deny it."

There was a pause, during which Jim, who had waked up, chewed a blade of grass to its extreme end, then before beginning on another, blurted out abruptly:

"I say—"

The boys looked at him.

"Well, what?" asked Clarence.

"Nothing."

"I say so, too," said Chris. "Why shouldn't we? I haven't a doubt but what we'll live through it, and she has lived through plenty to oblige us. It seems to me it ought to be about time for her to have a turn now."

"What are you talking about, any way?" said Tom.

"Ask Jim. He knows."

"Why, I was just thinking," said Jim, apologetically, "that it might not be so bad to go to Sunday-school for once, since Laura has her heart set on it. It wouldn't really be much to do, I suppose, and she would think

it was the nicest present that we could make her."

"I believe it's a fact," said Chris. "She'd rather have it than all the crown jewels of Great Britain in a lump, paid right down into her hand."

"It would be an uncommon bore," grumbled Clarence, "but then—"

"Yes, exactly. 'We have been running into debt like anything, and we ought to think about settling the bill if we can. It would have been pretty slim for us in lots of ways this summer if it hadn't been for Laura; we know that. If it wasn't for her, for instance, where would we be in the matter of cakes and chocolate caramels, and stitches in time, and general coziness and prosperity?'"

"But it's almost too late to go today, isn't it?" said Tom. "Next week will do, won't it?"

"No, come ahead," Chris insisted. "We can make it to-day if we'll only stir a little. And good resolutions are not the safest things to lay over, and we'd better strike while the iron is hot."

"Hot!" remonstrated Clarence. "I think lukewarm is the most that can be said." Then with a brilliant thought coming to him. "So it wouldn't be worth while to strike now, would it? We'll have to go."

He went hastily, owing to symptoms of aggression on the part of the other boys who had long had warrants out against "Clarence's puns."

By dint of exertion they managed to reach the church before the opening exercises were over. As the quartette filed in, rather smiling and shamefaced, Laura was not the only person in the room who was transfixed with astonishment. They behaved with great decorum during the whole service, and withdrew promptly when it was concluded, so that Laura had no chance to speak to them until she was at home again and had searched them out in a retired spot in the attic.

"So you really did come," she said. "What made you do it, you delightful boys?"

"We thought you had invited us," said Tom, in an injured tone.

"Of course I did, and I shall keep on inviting you after this."

"I thought of that," said Chris, "but you would have kept on at any rate, so it didn't signify."

"When you came in," Laura went on with beaming satisfaction, "I was so perfectly pleased and surprised that I was on the point of rising up and going over and shaking hands with you all. But I decided to wait, and then after school when I got to the door—"

"All your lovely companions were faded and gone," supplied Chris. "The fact is, we weren't receiving congratulations just then; we wanted to make the trip sort of incog., so we left early."

"And the reason we went," said Jim, "was that we felt we owed you some return for your services, and we didn't know anything that you'd like better."

"My services?" cried Laura. "What services?"

"Early breakfasts, late suppers," replied Chris, laconically, "basket-lunches, darts, buttonhole bouquets, helps over hard places in the way of corners and bores, advice gratis, sympathy ditto, and straight paths for your brother's and cousin's feet. Quite a tidy little list, and it might be considerably longer."

"Why, the idea!" said Laura. "Of course I do these things; that's what girls are for."

"I've seen several," said Tom, "who didn't appear to know it; it would be nice for their relations if you could drop them a hint."

"You overcome one," cried Laura, spreading her hands before her face. "I had no idea that my small attentions were so valuable."

"If you had, it would have spoiled it," said Jim.

"With your knowledge of the Bible," added Clarence, "I suppose you know who it is lives a cheerful giver? Well, he isn't the only one that does. And hence our raid on the Bible class this afternoon; we wouldn't have budged there a step if it hadn't been for that."

"You see the whole thing," said Chris, "was got up for a sort of stained glass window to you."

"Well, I just loved it, and thank you a thousand times. Now I must go." But she opened the door again after she had shut it, and put her head in for a moment to ask half mischievously, half coaxingly:

"And you, dear boys, you will make it season tickets; now, won't you?"

They declared she was a "screw" and other unpleasant things, but none of them actually contradicted her. And, as a matter of fact, they did make it so; hardly Laura herself was more regularly in place on Sunday afternoon after this, all summer long, than her four recruits. And when

the summer was done, and Chris and Tom were about to go back home again, Chris sought a private interview with her, and after quite desultory conversation, began abruptly—

"I say, about this Sunday-school business; Tom and I have sort of got in the habit of it now, and it would be hard to break off. I guess there's room for us in our own Sunday-school at home. So most probably it will be season tickets again there. And I say I shouldn't wonder if—may be—I'd take my ticket right through—I mean, all the week days, too, don't you know?"—Interior.

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It Pays to be Pleasant.

It seems even monkeys differ in disposition, and in this respect are like children. It is told of a small monkey in the zoological gardens at Marseilles that everyone who visited the place noticed him because he was always friendly and apparently happy sitting in the front of his cage, bowing to everyone who passed. He never joined in the frequent quarrels that went on between the other monkeys in the cage, and never was cross or snappish over any real or fancied "teasing" of which the boys were guilty. The result was he had many more dainties given him than the others received, and was remembered by all visitors because of his sunny disposition, when none of the others were thought of twice.

Cross boys and girls lose many nice things they might have if they were not cross, and make themselves, as well as others, unhappy.

Cultivate the habit of being pleasant. It pays.

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