

Through Death to Life.

Have you heard of the tale of the Aloe plant
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower 's a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and its blooming dies.

Have you further heard of the Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop off in their time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grows lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the death of the Pelican,
The Arabs' Gime'el Bhar,
That lives in the African solitudes
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,

And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine feeds them—what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan,
The snow-white bird on the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;

For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven,
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,

Before whom the hosts of the firmament fall?
How He left the choir and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,

And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!
Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.

His death is our life, His loss is our gain;
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.
Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Savior hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many-fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain.
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

DR. HENRY HARRAUGH.

The Wheat and the Tares.

Growing together, wheat and tares, cluster-
ing thick and green,
Fanned by the gentle summer airs under
one sky serene;
Over them both the sunlight falls, over
them both the rain,
Till the angels come when the Master calls
to gather the golden grain.

Growing together side by side, both shall
the reaper meet—
Tares aloft in their scornful pride, bowing
heads of wheat:
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain the
sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant
grain, shall be harvested in the sky.

But for the tares—for them the word of
a terrible doom is cast;
Bind and burn, said our blessed Lord,
they shall leave the wheat at last:
Never again the summer rain, never the
sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely all in vain on the
tares among the wheat!

Where shall reapers look for us, when that
day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught
of that wondrous Harvest Home!
None but the wheat shall be gathered in
by the Master's own command;
For the tares alone—the doom of sin, and
the flame in the Judge's hand!

Jesus, oh, grant when thine angels come
to reap the fields for thee,
We may be safely gathered home, where
thy precious wheat shall be!

"Mighty to Save."

BY EARNEST OILMORE.

How little we realize the great power
given to little ones who have really
entered the narrow path which leads
to life eternal. A street Arab—as
wandering waifs in this city are called—
belonging to the Mission school
received one day a card, inscribed upon
which were the words "Mighty to
Save."

He put it in the pocket of his ragged
coat, carried it home, and at night
before closing his eyes in sleep, he
spelled out the words slowly and with
great effort, but he did not understand
it. "Who was mighty to save?" and
"whom would he save?" "and what
would he save them from?" were the
queries which chased through his
weak brain. He resolved to ask the
teacher at the very next meeting, and
he did so. She looked at the child
sadly and spoke very tenderly, for
little Jim was a little deficient in
mental capacity. "Soft-headed Jim,"
the rude court boys called him. And
yet in spite of that fact, Jim was attractive
boy. So the teacher thought
as she looked at his frank, kindly face
and tender grey eyes and clustering
brown hair. She explained to him as
best she could, the meaning of the
wonderful words, praying (a silent
prayer) meanwhile, that God would
let the seed find entrance into the
child's heart. It did. As little and
lowly as Jim was, he planted his
small feet firmly upon the Rock Christ
Jesus.

If it had not been so beautifully
pathetic, it would have been ludicrous
and provocative of laughter, to have
seen the peculiar way Jim took to
bring wanderers within the fold. His
father was a notorious drinker and
his mother was nearly as bad. Jim
resolved that just here in his own
home, the work should begin. Very
formidable work it would have looked
to men's eyes, and as little Jim looked
about his garret room he did not
know where to begin, but he would
not falter, not he. "The teacher
said, Him that's mighty to save me
ud hold me up, giv' a feller strength,
love a feller, put His great strong arm
about a feller, like me. Who ud be
'fraid with the King's arm roun' him?
Not Jim Carter."

And so Jim sat a moment thinking
where to begin. His father was
awakening from a drunken sleep, his
mother lay snoring heavily; little
Tom, whose legs had been broken by
his father in one of his terrible sprees
and who after weeks of agony was
just able to sit up, was leaning upon
his elbows upon his hard bed, trying
to count the stilt and holes in his
quilt.

"Poor Tom," Jim said, going over
to his little pale-faced brother. "I
pity yer, little Tom," he added laying
his grimy hand tenderly on Tom's
matted flaxen hair.

"Do yer? I'm so glad; get me
somthin' to eat, Jim, won't yer?"

"I wish I knowed where to git it,
ef ma'am ud only wake up mebbe she
could get somthin'," and then as a
light broke over his mind, he said
earnestly, "wait, little Tom, I should-
n't wonder ef I just got 'quainted
with somebody that ud help," and go-
ing over the corner he knelt down
and prayed, "Oh, dear Jesus, mighty
to save, will yer tell a poor feller
where to get a few crusts somethin'
for a poor feller where to get a few
crusts or somethin' for a poor little
brother who is sick and starvin'. Do,
dear Jesus, and do it quick." Then
Jim slipped out, down the broken
stairway and into the street. He did
not waste any time in the court but
ran on fast until a few moments he
turned into a neat, pleasant street.
The snow was ten inches deep and
was still falling. Jim had an indis-
tinct feeling of being cold, but Tom
had the first place in his brain, hun-
gry little Tom. A lady dressed in
deep mourning opened the front door

of one of the houses. A pretty little
girl followed. "Oh, mamma," exclaim-
ed the child, "look at the beautiful
snow, isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely indeed, dear," laughed the
lady, "but my first thought was
something more matter of fact—who
will clear off the porch and walks,
while Jack is sick."

"Oh, ma'am, can I clear off your
walk?" It was ragged little Jim ask-
ing the question.

"You! why you are such a little
fellow."

"Yesum, I'm little but I'm strong
He that's 'Mighty to save, is goin' to
help me."

"Why, what does he mean, mamma?"
whispered the little girl.

"I hardly know myself," she an-
swered, and then looking at Jim she
said, "step in the hall a few moments
it is too cold to stand talking here,"
and afterward when the boy stood
near the hall stove warming, she asked
him what he meant by his answer
to her. Jim explained, that the lady
was so touched by his simplicity and
earnestness that she could not speak
when he finished. She went out into
the kitchen and returned with a
lunch, "Eat this, dear little Jim," she
said, "and then you can clean the
walk."

"I will clean the walk first ef you
please, ma'am. I'm in a hurry to git
home to Tom." Jim worked industri-
ously and soon returned to the
door, where he received a package
which the lady told him was pay for
his service. He forgot that he was a
drunkard's child, in fact the child of
two drunkards. He forgot his rags
his cold feet and stinging fingers. He
thought only of little Tom and the
breakfast he would have, "Oh my, I
spect it's all inside, that boo-to-ful
bread and pink meat the lady brought
into me in the hall."

"Oh, Jim, have you got somethin'
for me?" little Tom asked eagerly as
Jim entered the door carrying a bun-
dle.

"Hush!" whispered Jim pointing
to his father and mother who still lay
sleeping to all appearances. Jim open-
ed the box and in spite of his resolve
not to waken his father, he could
hardly refrain from shouting his de-
light. As for Tom tears and smiles
chased over his white, expectant face;
he clasped and unclasped his thin
hands and then with joyful face asked,
"Oh, Jim, where did you get all
these good things?" and then his
voice grew sad as he added, "Jim,
yer a good brother lately, an awful
good brother, an' I love yer, but you
didn't steal these, did yer? Yer
know the Commandments yer learned
at the school an' learned me."

"No sir-ee, little Tom, I starve
fore I steal, and Tom, much as I love
yer I'd rather yud starve too, cause
we'd go up there you know," he said,
pointing upward. "Eat away, Tom,
Him that's mighty to save give me
these."

"Where does he live? Is he an an-
gel?" Tom said eagerly, devouring
like a starved animal one of the deli-
cious soft sandwiches which Jim had
brought.

"He's better an' stronger than all
the angels. He's the King of Heaven,"
Jim spoke reverently.

"Why, Jim where could you a seen
him? Tom asked wonderingly.

And for answer Jim explained about
the One mighty to save, how he had
gone to Him and prayed to be shown
how to find bread for his starving
brother, "an' Tom, I'll never be 'fraid
of nothin' while I live—no nothin'."

"Not of pa knocking ye over the
head an' throwin' sticks an' the piker
an' the ugly iron chair. Oh, Jim, ye'll
be 'fraid of that, won't yer?"

"No, never!" Jim's face was fairly
beautiful in its expression of faith and
trust in the "Rock that was higher,"
than he. "Why, Tommy, didn't I
tell you His arm was roun' me? Didn't I tell you I was a fellerin'. Ef
father shud kill me," his voice sank

lower "it wouldn't be me layin' here
with the blood spurtin' on the white
face, an' rags. I'd—I'd be—oh—Tom-
my, I'd be up in His arms. Just
think of that; ain't it comfortin', aw-
ful comfortin', to think of Him that's
mighty to save."

But the father was not asleep; nei-
ther was the shiftless mother. They
had been awake when Jim entered
but closed their eyes feigning sleep
"to see what them young'uns was up
to."

They kept quiet—lying still and
listening on their miserable cots on
opposite sides of the room. They had
heard all and yet made no sign. They
opened their eyes just long enough to
see Jim eating a sandwich—how good
it looked. They felt so "gone" that
a bite would have been acceptable
and so would a drink, but the last
cent squandered.

Tommy lay back on his bed with a
satisfied look after he had eaten three
sandwiches, and Jim began to gather
up the things. He shook the crumbs
out of the box, and out dropped
something which made a ringing
sound. He picked it up. "O Tom,
it's a silver quarter! but mebbe it's a
mistake."

"Here's a paper with writin' on
Jim," and Jim spelled out slowly,
"Here's a bit of money for you, Jim;
and when you need help come to me.
I serve Him, too, who is mighty to
save."

Jim's father was just intending to
call out to him to bring that money to
him, "he'd have some good drinks
now," but he heard Jim say, "Let's
save these two big slices with the
nice meat 'tween 'em for father and
mother, shall we Tom?"

"I'm willin', but they'd rather have
somethin' to drink."

"Poor father, poor mother."

"Does yer pity 'em, Jim?"

"Pity 'em an' love 'em, Tom."

"How can yer, when they're so
cruel to us—beatin' an' jawin' an'-
poundin' everythin' aroun'?"

"I do, cause I do," Jim answered
simply, knowing no other reason for
his tenderness to those degraded be-
ings, "an' Tom mebbe Him that is
mighty to save will do somethin' for
them. I'm praying for them."

"He wouldn't for them, Jim, they're
too bad."

"Teacher said He'd save to the ut-
termost. I can't remember all she
said, but I think they's the uttermost,
an' ef Him that's mighty to save ud
put His arm about 'em, He'd lift 'em
up. I'm goin' out now, Tom, to git
somthin' for father and mother."

Jim noticed that his father and mo-
ther had turned their faces, but he
did not know that they were weeping
bitterly. While the boy went out
and bought coal and coffee, and even
a little milk and sugar with his silver
quarter, they lay thinking in agony.

"Mighty to save! Mighty to save!
Oh, I learned that years and years
ago, but I forgot it; forgot it, and
what a life I have lived, and I pulled
her down, too," the wretched father
thought; while she, the mother, was
trembling with remorse as she thought
"Oh, why did I follow him down hill?
Why didn't I look up to Him who is
mighty to save?"

The coffee was boiling hot. Its ar-
oma filled the little room with fra-
grance. Tom had drunk a cup of it,
so had Jim, and they were waiting
for the father and mother to wake up.

"I wish they'd wake up, Tom."

"Mebbe they'll pound yer when
they do."

"I ain't 'fraid with Him, yer
know."

"Jim, little Jim," it was the father
calling, and Jim hastened to him,
thinking something strange had oc-
curred, for his father had never spok-
en so gently. "Jim, God bless you,
Jim, Him that's mighty to save is
near me, boy. I'm going to follow
Him."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad, so glad."
the boy said in rapture. "Jim, my
poor Jim," it was the mother speaking

and the child crossed the room, "your
ugly mother is going to follow too. I
followed him—your father down hill;
I'll follow him up hill. We'll lean on
Him who is mighty to save."

They drank their coffee and ate
their bread, and arose strengthened to
begin a new life. They both kissed
Jim and Tom and each other, and
they were no maudlin kisses, but
those of awakened love, and the love
that had lain dormant so long that no
one but the father knew that it was
still alive.

Six months have rolled away. We
do not find the reunited family in
their old quarters. They have not
been able to move out of Baxter
street yet, but we find them in a
roomy, pleasant corner room, on the
first floor. Step in and look for your-
self. That is, Tom sitting in that
softly-cushioned chair by the clean,
bright window, through which the
sun beams in so warmly. You do not
recognize him, and it is not strange.
He can walk about the rooms again,
and his limbs are growing stronger
every day, but he is resting now. His
cheeks are full, and his eyes are
bright, and there is no happier child
in all the great city than Tom—unless
it is Jim. And where is Jim? Ah!
he is working, earnestly working.
Actually he has risen to be a faithful
little clerk to a market woman, who
with her rheumatic feet wrapped
about with an old shawl, watches him
with eyes of love. "Her blessed
young feet," she calls him. The fath-
er, day after day, works steadily at
his trade. He is a mason, and finds
plenty to do with his strong arms.
And the mother, we must point to
her and then stop. Look through the
open door of the room where dear lit-
tle Tom sits, into the small one in the
rear. Busily engaged in polishing
fine linen shirts, for which she re-
ceives good pay, she stops a moment
to glance into the room where her
boy sits. She sees him in the sun-
shine. She smells the fragrance of
the lemon geranium in the window.
She sees the prettily covered table
with the Bible and papers on top.
She sees the rugs and comfortable
chairs and the clock upon the shelf,
and her heart broke forth from her
lips in glad song. You may not call
her voice sweet, or her singing cultur-
ed, but Tom, listening with wrapt at-
tention, thinks he never heard any-
thing so sweet as his good mother's
song as these words float in to him:

"Tenderly the Shepherd,
O'er the mountains cold,
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold.

Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around,
He once dead now liveth—
Once lost now found."

"Seeking to save,
Seeking to save,
Lost one, 'tis Jesus,
Seeking to save."

—Christian Statesman.

A RECOMMENDATION.—As a writer
of testimonials, commend us to Gail
Hamilton. Recently an Irish girl ap-
plied to the principal of the State
Normal School, at Salem, Massachu-
setts, for a situation as Cook, and ex-
hibited with pride the following testi-
monials from G. H.:

"Margaret F.—has lived with me
fourteen weeks. I have found her in-
variably good-tempered, immunda
(dirty), cheerful, obliging, excitable
(destructive), respectful, and incorrigi-
ble. She is a better cook than any
Irish girl I have ever employed, and
one of the best bread-makers I ever
saw. With neatness and carefulness
and economy, she would make an ex-
cellent servant. I heartily recom-
mend her to all Christian philan-
thropists, and her employers to Divine
mercy."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Har-
per's Magazine for May.

—By putting on Christ you will put off
the love of this world; you will live above
the world while you live in it. If Christ
be in the heart, the world will be in its
proper place. If you are clothed with the
sun, the moon (all sublunary things) will
be under your feet.—John M. Mason.