

But the air was close and stuffy, and our little friend found it very different from the open, breezy field in which all her life had been spent. But she did not complain. She saw clearly how she was loved by the sick child, and a feeling of great happiness stole over her, fully compensating for the loss of her liberty. She tried to keep alive in the stifling air as long as possible, but day

filled with well-dressed men, a dead dried flower was found in the dead hand. One of the gentlemen drew near, and touched it.

"Throw it away; it is of no use," observed the coroner.

No use, when it brightened a sad little life, and cheered and comforted its last hours! No use!

This well-dressed and comfortable-looking



HE SAT UP EAGERLY AS HIS BROTHER ENTERED.

after day she drooped and drooped, and the boy's eyes never left her as she slowly withered and finally died.

The day after, the little thread of flickering light was snapped asunder, and the tired spirit flew to its rest.

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When the coroner came, and the attic was

coroner, coming straight from a luxurious home, has he, in all his lifetime, done as much as this simple flower of the field?

O selfish hearts, beware! or in that Day when repentance comes too late, the terrible voice of a righteous God will sound in your ears: "Depart from Me; for inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me."