

all kinds of persons make opportunities to meet her. She never thinks it her duty to tell people unpleasant truths, or to declare her whole opinion of them, or to carry unkind intelligence. Metaphorically speaking, she never treads on one's toes. She never croaks. She never gives social stabs. She prefers the oil and wine treatment of wounds. She sees no virtue in making enemies. She agrees with Oliver Wendell Holmes in thinking that friendship does not authorize one to say disagreeable things. She openly declares that she would rather be loved than hated.

'See, now,' exclaimed Fred, who had been watching the girl while he was thinking this: 'that stern profile is transformed! It does pay to speak out the nice little things one thinks.'

—From 'If I were a Girl Again.'

Princess and Pillows.

Queen Victoria's way with children was far more Spartan than that of the present Queen. Her Majesty is most indulgent. Queen Victoria dressed her children with the utmost plainness, only allowed fires at fixed seasons, irrespective of the weather, and did all that could be done to prevent the exalted rank of her children affecting their minds or habits.

An old lady has just been telling me an anecdote of the King and his two eldest sisters, that my informant heard from the first Lady Ellesmere. Queen Victoria took her three eldest children with her on a visit to the stately home of her friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Ellesmere's near relative. A very pretty suite of rooms had been prepared for the royal children, and they most sweetly expressed the warmest admiration of their apartments. 'You would have thought that they had never seen a great house before,' said Lady Ellesmere; 'but what amused us most was that they called each other's attention to the pillows: "See, we actually have pillows!"' In early Victorian days the pillow was often considered to be an unnecessary luxury, and indeed calculated to deform the growing shape, and the Queen's children were no more indulged than any others.—'Illustrated London News.'

Contentment.

I once read a beautiful story of a youth condemned to be a cripple for life.

'It is all right,' he said, 'all right. God has done it. My Father has done it. I love Him, and He loves me. He can but do all things for my good.'

That is the ring of the true metal: if the Father wills anything, it is all right. Contentment is a jewel not to be bought by either poverty or riches—it can and does shine without either. Alexander, the great soldier who conquered the world, was discontented because ivy would not grow in his gardens at Babylon; but one of his poor subjects was more wise. Finding a little mouse in his satchel, he said he was not so poor but some were glad of his leavings.

A wise man who was passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple reflection: 'How many things there are here that I do not want!'

'I never complained of my lot,' said the Persian poet Saadi, 'but once, when my feet were sore, and I had no money to buy shoes. But I met a man without a foot, and I became content with my lot when I saw him.'

There is, however, an ignorant contentment which has proved to be a stumbling-block to many lazy natures, and has prevented their progress upwards. The captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched natives of Greenland that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned.

'Miserable!' exclaimed the savage. 'I have always had a fishbone through my nose, and plenty of train-oil to drink. What more could I desire?' Such contentment is to be pitied.

Yet are there not many people content to drift along, to hide their talents in a napkin, to let others work in the vineyard while they plead they have not the time or the ability (the inclination would be the proper word for them to use), content to let others

press forward in the race while they lag behind; content to let others 'stand up for Jesus,' and 'lay up their treasures in heaven' while they hold theirs closely in their earth-solied hands—do we not see them everywhere?

This sort of contentment is a fraud, a suggestion of the Evil One. Beecher says, 'It is not the content of indolence that we want, but the content of industrious fidelity. When men are building the foundations of vast structures they must needs labor far below the surface. But every course of stone which they lay raises them higher, and at length when they reach the surface they have laid such solid work under them that they need not fear now to carry up their walls through towering stories till they overlook the whole neighborhood.'

'A man proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to go higher is fit neither to be where he is nor yet above it; he is already too high, and should be put lower.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Judge Not.

In the city of Marseilles there once lived a very old man, who, though he was particularly industrious, yet, by his severe habits of privation and abstinence, came to be looked upon as a very rich miser, and whenever he appeared in the streets he was hooted at and pelted by the populace.

There came a day, however, when the old man died, and this is how, in his will, he heaped coals of fire upon those who had in his lifetime been his persecutors. 'Having observed,' he said, 'from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be obtained at a great price, I have cheerfully labored during my lifetime to procure for them this great blessing; and it is my wish and will that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use.'—Selected.

The Little Egg Merchant.

'There is someone rapping at the kitchen door.'

'Oh, it is that farmer's boy selling eggs.'

'Go and tell him we don't buy eggs from boys; we can't risk getting bad eggs. Boys at the door will say anything.'

But when I went to the door I saw such a bright, honest face that I could not think ill of him. I saw his eggs, and asked, 'Are they all fresh?'

The manly little egg dealer looked me squarely in the face and said,

'Yes, madam, they were all laid only yesterday.'

'How can you be sure of that?' said I.

'Why, because I took them from the nest myself. Do you think I would tell a lie for the sake of selling a few eggs?'

'Well, it would not pay you,' I said, 'for you would sell no more to me.'

'Oh, I was not thinking of that, madam; but it would not pay me in here,' said he, touching his breast.

'Did you never tell a lie?' said I.

'Yes,' said he, 'I told a whopper once, but it hurt me that badly, I will never tell another.'

'You mean, I suppose, you were so well punished for it?'

'No,' said he, 'although my father did wallop me soundly when he found it out, and said he did not want any lying lads about his farm; but his hurting did not last long. It was the hurting to my soul that lasted.'

'God can take that hurt all away too if you ask Him,' I said.

'Oh, I know He can, for I did ask Him, but the memory of it hurts me still.'

The brave little chap looked at me so kindly with his clear blue eyes that I bought all his eggs, and found them all fresh. But how few of us remain so long tender about our first lie? The little boy's conscience was as fresh as his eggs, but there is such a thing as a rotten conscience. God save us from it.

—'Friendly Greetings.'

Joe Black.

The first time I ever saw Joe Black he was out on the sidewalk in front of the house where he lived. It was a sharp winter morning. He had a coat on, but no hat. A boy who goes out of a winter morning without any hat on will be almost sure to catch cold, get a sore throat, and perhaps have the croup, and be very sick, indeed.

There were a number of boys on the sidewalk, too, and Joe was looking on to see them, rather than playing with them. Some of them were sliding along on the ice in the gutter, others were snowballing, and all seemed to be having a fine time.

Pretty soon a man came along. Joe was busy watching the boys, and did not see or hear the man until he was close upon him. The man had a heavy bundle upon his shoulder, and called out rather angrily to Joe, 'Get out of the way.'

Joe was not a little frightened at the harsh tone in which the man spoke to him, and got out of the way as quickly as he could.

Some boys would have answered this rude man back, and perhaps told him to get out of the way himself; but Joe took the roughness very meekly.

The next morning Joe was out again; only this time he had not gone as far on the sidewalk, but was standing on the doorsteps, looking up and down the street, and wondering what he should do. While he was so standing and wondering, the same man came along who had spoken to him so unkindly the day before. He had what looked like the same bundle on his shoulder. The man did not see Joe, but Joe saw him and recognized him. But he kept perfectly still, and watched him go by.

Presently the man, as he walked along, put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out his handkerchief. In so doing, he pulled out one of his mittens, too. It fell, unseen by its owner, upon the sidewalk. When he put his handkerchief back in his pocket he did not miss the mitten. There it lay just where it fell, the man walking faster and faster away.

Some boys in Joe's place would have been glad that such a cross man had lost his mitten, and would hope that he might never find it.

Not so Joe Black. He saw what had happened—the handkerchief taken out, the mitten fallen and left lying on the walk, and the man unconscious even that he had dropped it. It took him but a moment to decide that he ought to go and restore the mitten to its owner. I don't know that he so much as thought of the cross way the man had spoken to him the day before. If he did, he did not cherish any resentment. So off he started down the steps and along the walk until he came to the mitten. Picking it up, he ran after the man as fast as his legs could carry him. Instead of calling out to him, he waited until he got close behind him, and gently touched his hand. The man turned around to see who touched him.

There stood Joe, holding up the mitten.

'Well done!' said the man, recognizing the mitten and feeling in his pocket the same moment. 'Well done! Where did you find that?' And he took the mitten and put it back in his pocket.

Joe only wagged his tail; for he was nothing but a great Newfoundland dog, Joe Black, and he couldn't speak a word. But I have sometimes thought that he was more of a gentleman than the man who dropped the mitten. At any rate, he knew how to return good for evil.—Edward Abbot, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.'

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