

feared that with the utmost zeal there must be a few sheep left, to whom the ordinances of an Episcopal Church are, to say the least, only occasional luxuries, and whom the pastoral crook can rarely reach.

LABRADOR MISSION.—The ladies of Zion Church, Montreal, sent about

eighty circulars to the pastors of our churches to inquire if they would seek aid from their Sunday schools or Congregations to sustain this mission. They have received only about twelve replies, and they are anxious to learn whether the remainder reached their destination. They have resolved to send a missionary thither for the summer months.

## Good Words for the Family.

### A STORY FOR THE GIRLS.

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*Written for the "Canadian Independent."*

"Well now, Kate," said Aunt Mary, "it is your birthday, isn't? Shouldn't have thought of it, if I hadn't heard Jane just now wishing you a happy new year. Eighteen isn't?" "No, I'm nineteen to-day." "Dear me, how fast you are growing up. Kate, do get me my work basket." And that was the sum of Kate's conversation with Aunt Mary respecting her nineteenth birthday.

If some who may read this story, long ago outgrew all birthday thoughts, they will wonder any one should think Aunt Mary lost a chance—or that Kate put her hand suddenly to her throat, as if something choked her, as she stepped across the room for the work-basket. You may be forty, fifty perhaps. The passing day that marks off one year more from the flying earthly life, finds you too busy to reflect, too occupied to do more than glance, it may be quickly, toward the west, and pray a glad, short prayer for strength till the end. You long ago steered your boat into the right current; just to row steadily is all you have to do.

Kate was so much younger. There are not many girls who are very settled and very happy at nineteen. They laugh and talk, go to parties, read some books, make calls, alter their dresses, and do a thousand such things that are necessary; but by this time they have done them all a good while. And the thought will not be crushed, "Is this

the whole of life?" Now such a thought as this was the actual knot in all the tangled mass of thoughts that had filled Kate's mind through the dull 15th day of December—her birthday. In other days—only a few short years—a wreath of red berries round a little cake, and a special kiss all round, had quite satisfied her; but even at nineteen there are fewer lips to give the birthday kiss. And those red berries only grew in the old garden. Besides, life had actually come now. That wonderful future she used to dream about was right here. She was already in it, and the thought, indeed the question would come up, "What am I doing? I don't see but I am busy all the time, but it isn't living. When I get through I shall have nothing to show. There's Annie Wilson. She can draw and paint, and understands music. I see how she can fill her life up, well enough. And there's Carry French, who is going next month to teach school; but as for me, I can't see my way out." Poor Kate! Something definite was what she wanted. Of vague energy and eagerness she had enough. She didn't need so much to be taught, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," as *how to find something to do*. It is true of half the young Christian girls, who want to serve and live to real purpose, but don't know where to begin. When they come down from abstract thinking to the regular, hopeless Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday, it is as if they had come in contact with a blank stone wall.

Kate's home was a pleasant one. Her father was a stirring man of business—