

THE SECRET OF IT.

Olive Meeker was a womanly, helpful child of ten years. Her mother said she was her "right hand," for she was always close by to help when she was needed, and could always be depended on; for whatever she did was done just as well as she knew how to do it, whether people were looking at her or not.

"She is no eye-servant," her mother said. "I can rely upon her as I could upon a woman."

What a reputation for a little girl to have! I have seen so many children who would never think to help mother at all unless she asked them, and then would object, or pout, or fret—or if they did what she asked, would take no sort of pains to do it well—that when I became acquainted with Olive I admired and loved her.

At one time I was visiting her mother's house. We were expecting company and were all very busy getting ready. Mrs. Meeker had given Olive and Crissy, my little daughter, permission to go into the garden and cut flowers to fill the vases and decorate the rooms.

"Go now," she said, "while Arthur is asleep, and there will be no trouble."

But they had not cut half the flowers they needed before a cry reached them from the nursery.

"That's a sign," laughed Olive.

"A sign of what?" asked Crissy.

"Why, that there is no more cutting and arranging flowers for me. Didn't you hear Artie?"

"The little nuisance!" said Crissy. "Let him cry, I would not go."

"Mamma is busy, I must go," said Olive, and away she ran. She tried to hush the little fellow in the cradle, for I could hear her singing little baby-songs in a low, soft tone, but he would not be kept down, there was no sleep in him.

"He always seems to know when I want him to sleep for any particular reason," she said afterward, good-naturedly; "I think he smelled the flowers this time."

So, finding it was useless to try any longer she took him out of the cradle, washed his face and brushed his hair, and took him down to the piazza. Crissy had brought in the basket of flowers and was putting them up in bouquets, and Olive longed to help her. She put Artie down on the foot stool and gave him his playthings, but nothing would satisfy him but flowers, and when she gave him a handful of flowers, the little tyrant looked as cross as before.

"Poor little thing! I guess his teeth hurt him," she said; "I must try to amuse him."

I watched the child to see if her good nature would hold out. It never for a moment failed. I knew she wanted to be beside Crissy at work with the flowers, but she gave it all up to take care of that cross baby, and she did not fret at all, notwithstanding his fretting and spiteful ways. She was as bright and sweet as the roses and lilies themselves, and tried to please her baby-brother until mother came and took him away.

"Thank you, darling," mamma said when she carried him in, and Olive smiled and looked so happy.

Then I talked with the little girl. "You wanted to be at work with the flowers didn't you?"

"Oh, yes'm," she answered, "but that was nothing. Mamma says that babies are worth more than flowers, and then you know we want him to grow sweet tempered, and we can't if we are cross with him."

"I noticed you spoke very low to him I should have spoken loud."

"Mamma says the crosser he is and the louder he cries, the more careful we should be to speak softly; that's to teach him, you know. He takes lessons from us every day and we must give him only that sort we want him to learn. That is mamma's doctrine."

A very good doctrine. I wish all the little girls who had to help mother and amuse baby sisters or brothers would take lessons from Olive and her mother.

But I learned the secret of Olive's helpful happy ways later one day when I was talking with her mother.

"Why, Olive is a little Christian," said Mrs. Meeker. "She loves Jesus, and tries

to please him in all she does." Ah! that is the secret of it. I see it all now.—S. S. Victor.

been apprenticed to a carpenter, ran away. As he was a skilled workman and his services were of value, his master was extremely angry, and declared that he would punish him to the full extent of the law, if he should ever return.

The widow who was only a stepmother to this boy—was most anxious and troubled at the boy's delinquency. She tried to appease the wrath of the master, but in vain. Knowing of her little property, the man finally offered to cancel the articles of apprenticeship if the widow would give him her little store of twelve pounds, all that she had between herself and poverty.

This offer the honorable woman consented to accept.

Soon after this criminal liability had been

He became miserly. Soon he allowed himself no comforts and subsisted in the cheapest possible way. For more than fifty years he lived, hoarding, and feverish for more gold. All through these years he gave no sign that he ever thought of returning the twelve pounds to the woman across the water, to whom he owed filial respect and gratitude.

Finally the result of his excessive work showed itself in inflammatory rheumatism. For seventeen years he lay on his bed, writhing under the pain this disease inflicts. Still he gave no sign of grateful obligation to his mother, or made any effort to restore the money.

But the day of summons came. He had lived to a most advanced age. With senses dulled towards God and man, by his habits of covetousness, he died and passed on to meet his earthly record in another world.

A search was instituted for his heirs. The stepmother had long been dead. All of his own brothers and sisters were dead. Of his half brothers and sisters—children of the woman he had so wronged—three were living and among them the fortune of the miser was justly divided. It amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars.

The lawyer in whose hands the property had been placed, had the curiosity to reckon on the interest on the twelve pounds for the years which elapsed before it was returned to the family. At the high rates of interest then prevailing, the sum was found to approximate so nearly to the amount which was distributed among the heirs as to excite his surprise, and to cause the question, "Was this simply a coincidence?"

Unwittingly the man had worked and pinched and saved only to pay a debt which he never meant to pay. He had illustrated a truth that is not always apparent to human vision.

Injustice may do its wretched work and triumph in its wrong. But sometime and somewhere, in this life, or in the eternity that awaits with solemn portent all human events, the wrong will be brought to light, and justice will be done. Neither moral law nor physical law can be violated, with God and right to uphold them, and the violator escape penalty.—*Youth's Companion*.

TO COOK POTATOES.—The bowl in which the potatoes are mashed should be warmed by pouring hot water into it, letting it stand till heated through, and then wipe dry. Mash the potatoes fine with a masher, then add for eight or ten potatoes, a tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt and beat it well with a silver fork. Then add three or four tablespoonfuls of milk, according to the moisture of the potatoes, and beat thoroughly. It will beat very easily and be light and white, and a very different article from the "cement" often manufactured. Later in the season when potatoes are likely to be minus their mealy quality, they should be peeled and put into cold water for an hour, then steamed until done, and mash in the same manner. Don't press the potato into a vegetable dish and put it into the oven to keep warm. The dish should be warm and the potato heaped lightly upon it and carried directly to the table. An old cook once said, "Biled taters should allus be baked or steamed!" And I think she was more than half right.—*Ex.*

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—Psa. 37: 7.



BIRD'S NESTS FOR CHINESE SOUP.—(See page 2).

A CASE OF RETRIBUTION.

A New York attorney relates the following incident:

Nearly a hundred years ago a Yorkshire peasant died in England, leaving a widow and eight children. Four of the children were children of a former wife. His only fortune was a single sovereign. His wife, however, had a little fortune of twelve pounds, received from her father.

Soon after the husband's death, the oldest son, who was eighteen years of age, and had

cancelled, the boy appeared, not to help the woman who had sacrificed so much for him, not even to thank her for her noble act, but to demand the single sovereign, the sole property left by his father. As it was his legal right, the widow gave it to him. He immediately left England for America, leaving his abused mother to fight poverty as best she could, and was never heard of by his English friends again.

Upon arriving in this country, the boy immediately found work at his trade. He was covetous, and his ambition was to accumulate money. He worked for it as few men ever worked. He took no rest. It was as though a demon urged him day and night.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—Psa. 37: 7.