

be 'sweet sixteen' on the morrow, at the same time suppressing a sigh as she thought of the wrinkled neck they had encircled when last she had seen them worn.

'Yes, they are yours henceforth, my precious daughter. I have had it on my mind for some time to give them into your keeping, and now that you choose what I have in my possession, I may as well give them to you to-night, for I want a little talk to accompany the gift, and to-morrow, with your birthday party, and all, to occupy our thoughts, there will be little time for what I have on my heart to say.'

'Talk on, mother dear,' said the girl, who turned her back on the mirror reflecting the gift which in the long ago had adorned the person of another. 'Your talks are always well worth listening to.'

'Thank you, dear,' rejoined the mother, looking lovingly on the daughter, who took a seat close beside her, 'but I have not yet answered your query as to where I got the beads. They belonged to my grandmother.'

'Oh, mother, it makes me doubly proud of my new possession to know that!' exclaimed Mabel, as she unclasped the beads and fondled them. 'I supposed you had guessed what I most wanted and so had bought an imitation of the old-timey ones. But now I can say like my chum, "They are an heirloom—they belonged to my grandmother!"'

'You can put it even stronger than that, my dear, for these belonged to your great-grandmother, and she was the last person to wear them. I said that they belonged to my grandmother.'

'Why, I must have been too excited to notice the personal pronoun, mamma. That makes them all the more valuable. But why have you never worn them?'

'I never felt like it somehow. I recall too well the day my mother brought them home. She had attended grandmother's funeral, in another State, and as we looked over, together, the precious remembrances she had brought home, mother held up these beads, and after looking them over, through tear-dimmed eyes, she said:

"You can wear them if you want to, daughter, but the jewels of my choice—over thirty years ago—have robbed me of all taste for outward adorning."

'I did not have the heart to wear them then, so I told mother to put them with her keepsakes, and with them the beads have remained all these years, though mother left us so long ago that I fear you do not remember her distinctly.'

'Oh, indeed I do, mother!' said Mabel, warmly. 'I remember what a picture she made, too, with her pretty white caps and dainty laces. I thought grandmother was just beautiful!'

'Is that your only memory, dear?'

'Oh, no; I recall how she used to take me on her lap and tell me stories by the hour.'

'What sort of stories, Mabel?'

'Bible stories, of course! But she told them in such a way that I shall remember them as long as I live. Stories about Samuel and Joseph, and others. But she always ended with a "little talk about Jesus," as she called it.'

'Yes, the Saviour was always uppermost in mother's mind, and she did all in her power to so live Christ that all might be drawn to Him.'

'I know that, mother, and I am so glad that I have such sweet memories of my grandmother. But do you mind telling me what she meant by her choice of jewels? All the jewelry I ever saw her wear was a tiny band of gold, worn almost to a thread—her "wedding ring," she told me it was. Maybe, though, you are treasuring your mother's jewels as she did these gold beads that were her mother's.'

'I am afraid, my dear, that your mind was so taken up with the mention of "jewels," and conjecturing about them, that you did not heed what I quoted my mother as saying about "outward adorning."'

'I didn't quite catch it all,' was the hesitating rejoinder of the blushing girl. 'Excuse me, mamma.'

The latter then arose, saying: 'I will make it clear to you in a moment.'

Saying this she went to the chamber always

called 'grandma's room,' and when after a delay of many moments she returned, she carried in her arms a large Bible, in two volumes, that bore evidence of having been in constant use for many, many years.

Then, in a tremulous voice, she said: 'These were your grandmother's jewels.'

'Why, mother!' exclaimed Mabel, as the volumes were handed to her, 'I haven't seen these since I was a child. I used always to look at the pictures in them, when I went to grandma's room. But—but,' she added, in a puzzled way, 'what have these worn-out volumes to do with jewels?'

'Everything, daughter, as I hope you will know from experience some day. But the why of my mother's not having beads of her very own will be sufficient answer. She had two sisters older than herself, both of whom were presented with gold beads on their eighteenth birthday, as in those days daughters of well-to-do parents rarely lacked this one adornment.'

'Mother told me many times how fond she was of dress and worldly pleasure, and how she looked forward to the time when she would come into possession of beads like those worn by her sisters. She told me, too, how the winter before her eighteenth birthday she consecrated her young life to Christ, and how she no longer cared for "gold and costly array," as formerly.'

'Bibles were not as common then as now, and far more expensive, but mother could not rest until she had one, with commentary, so that she could read and study it in the seclusion of her room. But her mother was not at that time a Christian, and thought her youngest daughter's wish a foolish one.'

'But mother was bent on having her Bible, so, finding out that the Cottage Bibles, largely in use then, would cost the same as the promised birthday gift, she went to her mother and said:

"Will you give me the money instead of gold beads for my birthday present?"'

'Grandmother would not consent until mother told her that she would not wear the beads if she had them. And then, as she often said, "The money was handed over, and I had my precious jewels." "I have waited until now, my child, to accompany the giving of your great-grandmother's beads with your grandmother's jewels. For they, too, are yours."

'Mine, mother!'

'Yes, for before mother went to be forever with the Lord she often talked of you, and hoped that you would early learn to "delight in the law of the Lord." One day, in talking along that line, she said:

"When you think the proper time has come, I wish you would put into the hands of the dear child my 'jewels,' and tell her how I came by them. You will see what I have written on the flyleaf of the first volume."

Then Mabel, too full for words, turned to the leaf indicated and there found her own name, written by the long-vanished hand, and underneath the words:

'The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

'More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.'

The mother and daughter mingled their

tears in silence until the latter closed the Book reverently. Then, seeing the half-forgotten beads, she clasped them about her neck, saying:

'I shall treasure these, mamma, but I shall prize my grandmother's "jewels" far more!'

## Forgotten Memories Revived.

'What do you think, mother dear? A strange man is building a house and having a lot of breaking done on the quarter section I've been hoping no one would touch before I'm old enough to homestead it myself,' cried Will Strong, a bright-faced, sturdy lad of fourteen, bursting into the room where his mother sat sewing. 'I was mad when I saw what was going on, and walked right up to the man, ready to tell him what I thought of him, jumping my claim that way, but he spoke so pleasantly that I couldn't say a word. It's too bad, though, isn't it?'

Mrs. Strong smoothed back the sunny curls from her boy's brow as he sat on the floor beside her low chair.

'Never mind, dearie,' she said, 'Something just as good may be had when you are old enough to take up land. That is quite a while yet, though you are growing so fast that pretty soon I'll have to quit calling you my baby. Has the man a family? It will be pleasant, having such near neighbors, if they are nice.'

'No. Just himself and a young fellow who's no relation, I guess; they don't look alike. The house isn't going to be very large. They are building it themselves, and Peder and Carl Jensen are doing the breaking. Well, I s'pose it's all right. Anyway, I can't help it. Don't sew any more, motherkin. You'll spoil your eyes. I'll put the kettle on for tea,' and he went, whistling cheerily, into the kitchen adjoining the cosy sitting room, whose white curtained windows looked out upon a pretty Minnesota lake, in which was reflected a brilliant sunset.

Marian Strong laid down her work and gazed across the dimpling water. Her soft brown eyes were very sad, as she thought of just such another lovely October afternoon, ten years before, when, in their pretty New Jersey home, her husband had kissed her and her boy good-bye and started on one of his trips through the South for a New York firm. A letter, posted at Knoxville, Tenn., was the last heard of from him, and all efforts to trace him were fruitless; but his wife would not give up, even after the firm had reluctantly abandoned the search, until her means were quite exhausted. Then a cousin living in St. Paul persuaded her to go out there, where she secured a position as teacher in the public schools.

One Summer, several years later, she and her boy spent her vacation with her cousin's family, camping on the shore of the lake where we find her. She fell in love with the spot and looked forward with dread to the time when she must return to town. Her cousin's husband suggested that, as no one seemed to be claiming the land, she should take it as a homestead.

'I would only too gladly, if I had money enough to build ever so small a house, and to live on for awhile. I could surely get a school near here,' and, luckily, the way was opened next day, when she learned that a distant relative had left her \$2,000. Taking immediate steps to secure the land, she and Will were settled in their new home before winter, and she had no difficulty in securing the district school—not a very large one—which she had taught for the last three years.

Will, much interested in affairs on the other quarter section, ran over quite often in the next week or two. He had taken a great fancy to the new neighbor, Mr. Boyce, and had forgiven him for 'jumping' the claim. Though rather a silent man, Mr. Boyce seemed to enjoy the lad's coming and flow of talk, and looked wistfully after him when he left.

Of medium height and spare frame, Mr. Boyce was probably forty, though at first sight one would have thought him much older, his light brown hair was so thickly strewn with gray. His blue eyes had a dreamy, far-away look and a smile lit up his face. His companion, Harney Jones, a big, good-natured, yellow-haired fellow of twenty-five or thereabout, was devoted to him, taking upon himself all the roughest and heaviest work.

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