

Why, don't hurry, Stell—and you wanted the bolero pattern. I'll find it.

But Stella was already at the door.

'No, you needn't. I don't think I shall use it. Come to think of it, I guess the waist will do as it is. 'Twas new in the spring, anyway. Yes, I'll call in for you. Lettie is going to come around for me, and we'll both stop for you.'

And Stella shut the door softly, but firmly—if by even a look, she enticed Mollie out into the moonlight, just 'to go a piece,' little girl fashion, why, there was an end to what either of them might do that night, or think.

And the thinking seemed to Stella, just then, of first importance.

'Money isn't everything,' she murmured, as she lighted her lamp and turned to her desk for a certain red-covered memorandum book. 'Nor the best thing. But it does stand for a good many of them, when you come to use it—or it could. "Can't" mayn't be in the dictionary, but it's in mathematics, all the way through, and in life. And there are equivalents and equations? The things that have the same equivalents are far enough from being the same things in their results. What do I spend my money for, anyway? Dress, and what goes with it; confectionery; "sundries"—which are mostly nothing at all, to keep. I'll take out those. H'm—fall jacket—could have worn my spring one; waist—I must have a dozen already; stocks—I have any number that could be freshened. Making over suit; re-trimming hat—I could have done without those.

'I do believe,' she said at last, after some minutes of calculation, 'that I could have saved enough these two years on just clothes and "sundries" to have given me the western trip father wanted me to take so much, and to have paid the art tuition, and bought me some good books and pictures besides; and I should have done just as much at home and in the church too. Well! And now I begin to see how some of my time goes,' she mused, rocking back and forth, gently; 'to say nothing of the hours I know I've taken to putter over all those fixings I needn't have had, and—and to eat candy, and to loiter around and buy the things, Saturdays and half-holidays. If I've been half as careless of my minutes as I have of my money, why, I don't wonder I'm rusty. I should think I'd corroded through and through. And perhaps I am,' with a sober little smile.

'The very worst of it is, too,' she reflected, letting pencil and paper slip to the floor, and clasping her hands about her knees, meditatively—'the worst of it all is, you get used to doing without the real things. It is bad enough to miss them as you go along. But to stop wanting them, and to forget what they mean, and how to appreciate them—ugh! And you would, of course, if it were long enough. I mayn't have any more to put into life,' she said, rising, and going over to her book-shelves with a look of pleased re-discovery. 'Not very much money, nor leisure, nor mind! But I will be particular about what I do have stands for.'

The scripture lesson which Dr. Cameron read in the pulpit the next Sunday morning was the parable of the talents. Stella lifted her head quickly, to hear; and Mollie, yes, Mollie turned half about to see if her friend remembered. And then both the girls listened eagerly. All the more reason, then, for the diligent care in the making of these equations. For the problems were of God's own setting, and the things to be computed his goods, awaiting his increase.

On Time.

A business man advertised for a boy. The place was a good one, and a large number of boys applied.

Out of this number two were selected whose references were very good, and whose appearance and manners were alike favorable.

He hesitated between the two, and after a private conversation with each told them to call the next morning at nine o'clock, when the decision would be made.

The gentleman sat in his office at nine o'clock. Promptly, as the great clock sounded the hour, one of the boys appeared. He was engaged at once. Five minutes later, the second boy came.

'Just five minutes too late,' said the gentleman. 'I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you placed upon promptness. The boy who is on time is the boy for me.'

Be prompt, boys. Time is money. Yes, your time is money. Do not fancy that your time is of little value, and so you can use it as you please. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.—'Advance.'

The Reign of Christ.

Where Jesus comes, and Love is stirred
To strive and toil in blest employ,
Through all the clang its song is heard,—
Joy.

Where Jesus stands, and Love at rest
Makes pain half glad, bids sorrow cease,
The fair dawn shines, before unguessed,—
Peace.

Where Jesus reigns, and Love may be
Voiceless and blind, yet know his hour
And strew his path, dull earth shall see
Power.
—Anstance Rede.

He is Risen.

On Sunday morn. at break of day
The faithful women went their way
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, 'Ye seek the Lord, but he
Is risen and gone to Galilee.'
—From an old Latin hymn.

Correspondence

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the No. 1 Company of Boys' Brigade of this town, and we get this paper once a week. My father is a minister of the Disciples Church, and I belong to the church also. The population of this town is 7,400.

I live near the shore of the bay, and can often go in swimming. Should we not thank God for giving us such a good country and lovely flowers and birds?

HERBERT.

(Age twelve.)

Warwick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am only a little boy, eight years old, but I thought I would like to write a letter to you. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. In the afternoon either father or mother reads the hard stories to me and my three brothers. My sister, who is older, can read it all. But I can read only the page for little folks. I have two cats and they are both pets; one of them is a bluish gray with a white spot on her throat, like a necktie, and the other one is pure white. I am trying to learn music. I have taken eight lessons. I am in a class

of eight pupils, and our teacher says that at the end of twelve lessons she is going to give a prize to the one that can answer the questions best. So I am going to try hard to win it.

Although my home is in Warwick, I have never seen Warwick Castle, but I have seen a picture of it. A large log house a few miles from here is sometimes called Warwick Castle, but I guess it does not look much like the great castle in England. I remain, yours truly,

CYRIL.

Warwick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I have four pets, two cats and two dogs. One of the dogs is whitish brown and is about twelve years old. We have had him ever since he was a puppy. The other one is black, and we have had him only a few weeks. He is only about ten years old. He is about as good a watch dog as you could find, and is good to drive cattle also. I went to the sugar bush yesterday and saw the sap dropping into the buckets. It tasted very sweet, but not so sweet as the toffy which we made at night. I am yours very truly,

ROY.

Cottonwood.

Dear Editor,—I live in the North-West on a farm. We go in for making butter. We got a cream separator last year, and milked fifteen cows. I learned to milk when I was ten years old, and I could milk three cows. Now I can milk six or seven, or more if I were forced to. I help pa to clean out the stable and do chores while my two big brothers are away for a load of straw or wood. I don't go to school in winter, but am going to start in the first of April. We have an organ in the school and pictures. We sing and go through motions. Yours truly,

GEORGE.

(Age twelve.)

Rosebery, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Having seen your kind invitation for correspondence in your much-prized paper, I thought I should try.

My sister is a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger.' We all enjoy reading it very much. I hardly know how I got along without it before.

My papa's occupation is farming. I am very much attached to all the domestic animals. I especially love the dear little lambs, they are so playful. I have no pets except a dear old black cat with a white shirt and gray whiskers. She knows me best. Her name is Queenie. I go to school every day nearly. The school is but a quarter of a mile from us. I like my teacher very well. I am in the fifth reader and learn Latin and French besides the other lessons. My papa and mamma are very anxious that I should acquire a good education. They know best, and I intend to profit by their advice. My sister Emeline, aged fifteen, attends Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. She, too, wishes me to follow up my educational advantages. But I must tell you about my little brother Willie. He is seven years old, goes to school, and is in the third reader. He is very bright and got a prize last year from his teacher for 'Good attendance.' He values it highly. After school hours he is out making machines, sleighs, waggons, etc., etc. All the time 'Busy doing nothing.' But he is sometimes very helpful to his older brother. Our school-house is situated in a very pleasant place on a hill; below are mills, and I love to watch the water flowing down in torrents.