

out the walnuts and hickories, and heaped a glass dish with the meats. So busy were they all that the old clock struck twelve before they took any heed of time. The dining-room fire blazed cheerily, and the silver and glass of the table sparkled in its light, while in the sitting-room Mrs. Lester's white chrysanthemums bloomed bravely, as if there were no snows nor bleak north winds.

"It is getting milder," said Mary, as she rose from the oven, where she had been basting the turkey, her cheeks all aglow with the heat of the stove. "And now everything is doing beautifully, and I may as well dress for dinner. Come, Sally," she cried, "Dodie will watch the dinner, while we dress up in our pretty clothes. That was part of your s'posen, you know. And then we'll tend stove while Dodie and the boys tidy up."

"Oh, s'posen my s'posen does come true!" almost shrieked Sally, as she sprang to follow her sister to their chamber upstairs. She did scream out delightedly as she entered the room; for lo! a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and the atmosphere of the room was warm and pleasant.

"Oh, Oh!" she cried in ecstasy. "Another part of my s'posen has come to pass. Don't you remember, Mary, I said, 'and s'posen when we went shivering and shuddering up to our cold room to put on our pretty clothes, lo and behold somebody had been and made a lovely fire?'"

"You precious little madge!" said Mary, squeezing her tightly in a loving hug. "You shall wear your very best blue sash to-day. You're such a little cheerbody."

"Mary," said the little lass, "I didn't go to sleep right off last night. I prayed to God a long time. I asked Him to make Geordie's arms strong to cut lots of wood—so that maybe we could have a nice fire to dress in, and asked Him to please let you give me the nuts to pick, and— but this part hasn't come true yet, and the other has—I asked Him to let every bit of my s'posen turn out sure enough. Oh, Mary, won't it be just the sweetest Happy New Year, if He does?"

"Well, it's possible that He may," answered Mary, reluctant to quench the child's sweet hope with any expression of her own doubt, "but we mustn't expect to have everything that we ask for, you know. Some things are netter kept from us for a while. We must say, 'Thy will be done.'"

"I did," said Sally, cheerily. "But I guess God tended to the whole of my prayer, as long as He paid attention to the least account part of it. I believe my s'posen'll come true. And so does Jim."

When the clock struck two, and Mary was smoothing over her mashed potatoes and turnips with nicely seasoned cream, preparatory to giving them a brown in the oven, and Geordie was arranging the pickles and cranberry sauce on the table, with an eye to the color effect, and the turkey was done to a turn; when all eyes were on the savory-smelling cooking-stove, a great stamping was heard on the outer porch, and in another moment the door was thrown open, and the fulness of Sally's s'posen was realized, when who should pop in, just in time, to sit down in their places, but the dear papa and mamma, who had been kept away so long by the storm, and were not sick, nor lost, nor anything, but just hungry as hungry could be for all the children they had left at home, and a big taste of the children's New Year's dinner.

There were three merry voices and grateful hearts about that cheerful table. Mr. and Mrs. Lester heard with delight of their children's mutual helpfulness and bravery. Both parents and children contributed to the pleasure of the after-dinner hour with stories of their several experiences.

And of all the stories, the sweetest and most precious to the listeners, and the only one twice told, was that of little Sally's Happy New Year's S'posen. For it was the true story of a child's simple faith, and its lesson was received into hearts tender with gratitude and love.

An Educated Person

According to a Chicago man any one is educated who can answer affirmatively the following:

Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you eager to espouse them?

Has it made you public spirited?

Has it made you brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

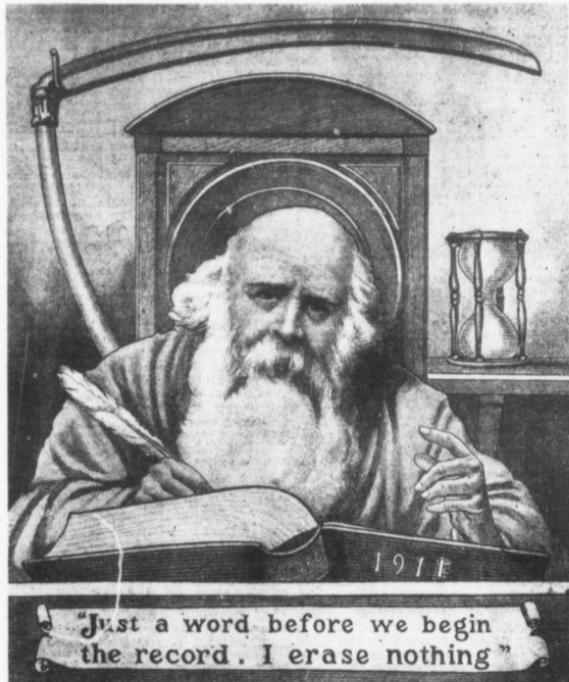
A Worthy Partnership

An interesting story is related in an exchange of a San Francisco woman and her physician. The doctor performed an operation very successfully upon this woman, who was quite wealthy. When asked for his bill, the physician presented one for fifty dollars. The good lady smiled.

"Do you consider that a sufficient charge, doctor," she asked, "considering my circumstances?"

"That is my charge for the operation; your circumstances have nothing to do with it."

The lady drew a cheque for five hundred dollars and presented it to him. He handed it back, saying, "I cannot accept this. My charge for that operation is fifty dollars." "Very well," the



Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Can you be high minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

There is considerable good sense suggested by these questions.—Exchange.

lady replied, "Keep the cheque; put the balance to my credit." Some months after she received a long itemized bill, upon which were entered charges for treatment of various kinds, rendered to all sorts of humanity, male and female, black and white, who had been treated at her expense. She was so delighted at it that she immediately placed another cheque for five hundred dollars to his credit on the same terms, and it is now being earned in the same way.

"Comfort one another,
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetest love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unbroken,
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is often like manna
from the skies."