

carriage,' said Jessie, 'must I, Marjory?'

'She'd like it, dreadfully much!'

At this moment mother came in and asked what all the talk meant.

When the little girls told her, she laughed.

'Father didn't want you to give Molly all your toys, chickens,' she said. 'And I really don't see what a little girl in bed could do with a carriage, to tell you the truth!'

Jessie heaved a great sigh of relief, and then set to work to stick dolly's head on to her shoulders. When that was finished, and dolly was dressed, and had had her cheeks painted a very bright crimson, it was dinner time.

After dinner the rain cleared, and the sun came out.

'Dress quickly, chicks,' said mother, 'and come with me for a walk.'

Of course the mended dolly went too; and when father paid his next visit to Molly, he found her having a tea-party, with the new dolly sitting on the pillow.

'No more tears?' he said cheerfully.

'No, Mr. Doctor!' said Molly, 'And please will you thank Jessie and Marjory very, very much for bringing her to me? I do love her so much! And I'm quite sure I shall soon be well now.'

'I think so, too,' said father. — 'Child's own Magazine.'

Weighed!

(Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Forward'.)

'Drop a penny in the slot and weigh yourself,' runs the invitation, and a merry boy throws aside his books and overcoat, and triumphantly announces to a companion how much there is of him.

'It's the first time I've been weighed for a long while,' he says.

Is it? Every day and all day long other people have been weighing you when you knew nothing of it. You came down late to breakfast this morning, so you did yesterday and many another day, in fact; and mother's scales—even those delicate, love-adjusted ones where it is so hard for any fault of yours to amount to anything—registered, 'Fred is sadly lacking in punctuality.'

You stopped for a few minutes on your way down town, at a corner where two or three young fellows were standing. It is a set that, deep down in your heart, you

do not approve nor really mean to belong to, but you think it is fun to hear them talk sometimes. You would not like your father or mother to hear them, but you have done it so often that they felt quite free to call out their familiar 'Hallo, Fred!' and to expect that you would linger a little. While you were there a prominent business man passed. He knew you, and bowed slightly, but his keen, observant eyes took in your group in that momentary glance. 'He doesn't choose the best of companions,' he said to himself, and put away a mental note of the fact where he will be sure to find it and bring it out for consideration if he should ever have any business relations with you.

You were hurrying along to school when a little boy riding a bicycle in front of you was suddenly thrown from his wheels. You were at his side in a moment, helping him to brush off the dust, comforting him and assisting him to mount again. A lady who watched you from a window marked you as 'kind-hearted and ready to help instead of tease.'

Then came the school hours, and again and again you were weighed, in the recitation rooms, in the halls and on the play ground. If you had known what the scales registered each time you would have been both pleased and chagrined, for some fine qualities showed good weight, while in others there was sad shortage. You would have been shocked if you had known what the earnest gaze of your little sister's eyes meant when you answered her questions with such equivocal statements this noon. She was gravely weighing the doubtful 'facts' you thought it so funny to give her, adding to them some former experiences, and slowly coming to the conclusion that when she wants the exact truth it would be better to ask some one else instead of the big brother she is so inclined to worship.

Do you say that all this weighing amounts to nothing; that the scales are variable and you can change the record any day? Do not be too sure of that. All these good and bad qualities are either increasing or decreasing. When you stepped on the scales just now you expected to find yourself weighing more than when you tried it last.

You are growing, rounding out, and you expect the increase in strength and stature to tell. Character is a growth, reputation is a growth. They are not the same thing, but the last is usually a fair indication of the first. Your influence, your power for good in the community depends upon what you weigh in the estimation of others. But, whatever may be said of human judgment, there is another weighing that goes on day by day where mistake is impossible. There is many another than Belshazzar of whom it is written: 'Weighed in the balance and art found wanting. God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.'

What to Keep a List Of.

1. Keep a list of your friends; and let Jesus be the first on the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of your joys; and let the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' be the first.

3. Keep a list of the gifts you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, take the top place. — 'Early Days.'

The Story of Grumble Tom.

There was a boy named Grumble Tom, who ran away to sea, 'I'm sick of things on land,' he said, 'as sick as I can be!'

A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,

For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy, rolling berth,

And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,

But nothing that he heard or saw, seemed just exactly right,

And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,

But always found the people dull, and longed to get away

To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay,

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,

He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go;

But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, Where'er his steps were bent,

On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;

For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

—Australian Paper.