

"Of course I did; and I shall keep on inviting you after this."

"I thought of that," said Chris; "but you would have kept on, at any rate, so it didn't signify."

"When you came in," Laura went on, with beaming satisfaction, "I was so perfectly pleased and surprised that I was on the point of rising up and going over and shaking hands with you all. But I decided to wait, and then after school, when I got to the door—"

"All your lovely companions were faded and gone," supplied Chris. "The fact is, we weren't receiving congratulations just then; we wanted to make the trip sort of *incog.*, so we left early."

"And the reason we went," said Jim, "was that we felt we owed you some return for your services, and we didn't know anything that you'd like better."

"My services?" cried Laura; "what services?"

"Early breakfasts, late suppers," replied Chris, laconically, "basket-lunches, darns, button-hole bouquets, helps over hard places in the way of corners and bores, advice gratis, sympathy ditto, and straight paths for your brothers' and cousins' feet. Quite a tidy little list, and it might be considerably longer."

"Why, the idea!" said Laura. "Of course I do those things, that's what girls are for."

"I've seen several," said Tom, "who didn't appear to know it; it would be nice for their relations if you could drop 'em a hint."

"You overcome one," cried Laura, spreading her hands before her face. "I had no idea that my small attentions were so valuable."

"If you had, it would have spoiled it," said Jim.

"With your knowledge of the Bible," added Clarence, "I suppose you know who it is that loves a cheerful giver? Well, He isn't the only one that does; and hence our raid on the Bible-class this afternoon. We wouldn't have budged there a step if it hadn't been for that."

"You see the whole thing," said Chris, was got up for a sort of stained-glass window to you."

"Well, I just loved it, and thank you a thousand times. Now I must go." But she opened the door again after she had shut it, and put her head in for a moment to ask, half mischievously, half coaxingly, "And you, dear boys, you'll make it season tickets; now, won't you?"

They declared she was a "screw" and other unpleasant things, but none of them actually contradicted her; and, as a matter of fact, they did make it so. Hardly Laura herself was more regularly in place on Sunday afternoon after this, all summer long, than her four recruits. And when the summer

was done, and Chris and Tom were about to go back home again, Chris sought a private interview with her, and, after much desultory conversation, began abruptly,—

"I say, about this Sunday school business. Tom and I have sort of got in the habit of it now, and it would be hard to break off. I guess there's room for us in our own Sunday school at home; so most probably it will be season tickets again there. And I say, I shouldn't wonder if—may be—I'd take my ticket right through—I mean, all the week days, too, don't you know?"—*Free Church Monthly.*

THE VIRTUES OF TOBACCO.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY ABOUT IT.

DR. GEORGE TRASK tells of meeting a finely built young man who looked quite sickly. He engaged himself in conversation, and soon he acknowledged. "I am killing myself with tobacco, and I know it."

"How long have you smoked tobacco?" inquired the doctor.

"I have never smoked till of late, but I have chewed the article ever since I was sixteen years old."

"How old are you now, sir?"

"Thirty-three."

He had consequently used the weed about seventeen years.

On further inquiry, it was found he was suffering from dyspepsia. His liver was somewhat affected as well as his whole alimentary canal.

"I would give \$500," he continued, "to be free from the vile habit."

"Why then do you not leave it off?"

"I cannot do it. I must die a miserable slave!"

And so this pitiable craving robs its victims of the very energy that is necessary to free himself from its clutches, and in the midst of his young manhood, when he ought to be delighting himself with buoyant health and looking forward to a long life of usefulness, he finds himself a miserable dyspeptic, a tobacco slave, with no prospect of freedom but in death.

Dr. Richardson of London says "Tobacco stops the proper working of the digestive powers; it causes an irregular circulation of the blood; and deranges the whole nervous system."

Dr. Hardwicke says, after much observation, that he thinks no one who smokes is perfectly healthy. They may say they are, but if you get into conversation with them you will find them complaining sometimes of very serious diseases.

Now, boys, the safest plan is to keep the dirty weed at arm's length and farther.