

THE WICKET GATE.

So Christian went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor if any man asked him, would he vouchsafe him an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he was got into the way which he left to follow Mr. Worldly-wiseman's counsel; so in process of time Christian got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying,

"May I now enter here? will he within Open to sorry me, though I have been An undeserving rebel? then shall I Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Goodwill, who asked, who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

CHR. Here is a poor burdened sinner; I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would, therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in.

I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, What means that? The other told him, A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in. Then said Christian, I rejoice and tremble. So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him, who directed him hither?

CHR. Evangelist bid me come hither and knock, as I did; and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

Good. "An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it."

CHR. Now I begin to reap the benefit of my hazards.

Good. But how is it that you came alone?

CHR. Because none of my neighbors saw their danger as I saw mine.

Good. Did any of them know of your coming?

CHR. Yes; my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again. Also some of my neighbors stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

Good. But did none of them follow you to persuade you to go back?

CHR. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable; but when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back; but Pliable came with me a little way.

Good. But why did he not come through?

CHR. We indeed came both together until we came to the Slough of Despond, into the which he also suddenly fell; and then was my neighbor Pliable discouraged, and would not adventure further. Wherefore, getting out again on that side next to his own house, he told me, I should possess the brave country alone for him. So he went his way, and I came mine; he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

Then said Goodwill, Alas! poor man! is the celestial glory of so small esteem with him, that he counteth it not worth running the hazard of a few difficulties to obtain it?

Truly, said Christian, I have said the truth of Pliable; and, if I should also say the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment betwixt him and myself. It is true he went back to his house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the carnal arguments of one Mr. Worldly-wiseman.

Good. Oh, did he light upon you? What he would have had you have sought for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality; they are both of them a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

CHR. Yes, as far as I durst. I went to find out Mr. Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore there I was forced to stop.

Good. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; it is well you escaped being dashed in pieces by it.

CHR. Why, truly I do not know what had become of me there, had not Evangelist happily met me again as I was musing in

the midst of my dumps; but it was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit indeed for death by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord. But, oh! what a favor is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here!

Good. We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all they have done before they come hither: "they in no wise are cast out;" and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his apostles, and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go.

But, said Christian, are there no turnings or windings, by which a stranger may lose the way?

Good. Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this; and they are crooked and wide; but thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, that only being straight and narrow.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian

THE STAPLES GIRLS' BUREAU.

BY ANNIE M. LIBBY.

The little Staples girls, Laura and Emily, had kept their clothing in a chest until the summer when they were twelve and eleven years old. Then Aunt Hester Trafton went on to Stratbrook, and was so delighted at the neat way in which the girls cared for their clothing that she had a bureau sent to them after she went back to Boston. The chest they had used before was a pine, painted red, and when the lid was raised by the little iron hasp that hung on the outside, one saw inside a till at each end and a drawer under each till. The chest had seemed all that could be desired until the bureau came, but that with its drawers and locks and keys was quite a different affair. The bureau stood on castors, too, and could be easily moved from place to place, and in one of the drawers was a letter from Aunt Hester, saying that the girl who kept her part of the bureau in the best order should have another present when she went to Stratbrook again the next year.

But the drawers were hardly arranged to the owners' satisfaction when the little sister Lucy began to grieve because she had

in as nice order as Aunt Hester expects, and get the present she has promised for next year."

Emily turned her handkerchiefs out of the box she kept them in and laid them back slowly, one by one, before she spoke again. Then she said: "Can't we put our boots and shoes and some other things in the closet? I want Lucy to have things too. Or, I'll give her one-half the chest if you'll let Donald have one of your drawers. He says girls have all the nice things in this house."

Laura looked at the pretty bureau. She opened the drawers and glanced over their neatly arranged contents and then she shut and locked them.

"No, I can't spare a thing," she said, sharply, "and I shouldn't think you'd ask it, Emily. The more room I have the more things I have to put in it, and these drawers are not so very big either. Perhaps Aunt Hester'll give Lucy 'nd Donald a bureau next summer. I don't think we have any right to give away what she gave us anyhow," and Laura, having locked her drawers, hung the key under the little mirror and went down stairs.

Emily held one of her drawers open a few minutes, then she took out all the articles in it and packed them into the other drawer. She also took the things from her half of the chest and disposed of them as best she could on her side of the closet, and in a box which stood on the bureau, and then she found Donald and Lucy and gave the empty drawer and half of the chest to them. "I hated to, dreadfully," she said afterwards, "but I was glad when I saw how pleased they were and they said they'd do everything I wanted them to, and they've been real good ever since."

When Aunt Hester came in the summer she gave Laura the silver thimble she brought for the neatest drawers, for, as she observed, "Emily's things were packed too closely to look well!" but one day she drove from Stratbrook over to Westhaven and brought back a beautifully fitted workbox for Emily. "I see," she said, "that Emily has to teach Lucy about her sewing and to hem the sails for Donald's boats and take many stitches for her mother, and a girl who does so much must have tools to work with."

Laura rather envied Emily the box, but her time was so occupied in keeping her room and her clothes in order that she had no chance to do anything for the younger children, and she got a sharp lecture from Aunt Hester before the summer was over. "You got what you set out for," said her aunt, "but Emily got more, and you'll find it so all your life, Laura. The Bible says, 'give and it shall be given to you,' and you can't get back of the Bible. A good many folks have willed to but they can't do it, but you've got to give first. The obedience and then the reward, and you'll find it so right along, my dear."

It proved as Aunt Hester said all through life. Emily's heart and home were always packed to "make a little room for somebody," but no family ever found so many outstretched hands eager to aid when any of them needed outside help. When Laura's daughter was married she insisted that Aunt Emily should dress her, because "everything she touched brought a blessing," and when one of Laura's sons was shot down in his young manhood by the Indians in New Mexico, Aunt Emily's picture and letters hid in his breast told who he was. Laura had always protested that Emily's housekeeping suffered because she spent so much time writing "letters that didn't amount to anything." But to-day this lonely, impatient woman, fretting at life with which she has failed to make friends, and at death, whose coming she dreads, wondering at Emily's hosts of friends and joy and comfort in life, never thinks that as a child she marked the path she has trodden all these years, when she refused to give up a part of her bureau for her little brother and sister. So small a thing may show the character which in age as well as youth makes happiness or pain for all who come within its influence.—N. Y. Observer.

THE SCHOOL of the future will think just the same of the scholar who brings his quarterly to the class, as it now thinks of the scholar in the secular schools who reads during the recitation hour from his arithmetic or geography.



asked him further, if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help. He told him, As to thy burden be content to bear it, until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back itself.

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him, that by the time that he was gone some distance from the gate he would come to the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock; and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God speed.—Pilgrim's Progress.

no "booro," and Donald, the little brother, went about with a cloud on his face, though he only said "No matter" when anybody inquired into his trouble.

"I don't want Lucy unhappy," Emily said to Laura one morning while they were putting away the stockings they had been mending.

Laura kept on arranging a pile of under-clothing and made no answer.

"Don't you think we might let her have the chest?" Emily continued rather timidly, for as she was the younger she had always done as Laura thought best.

"No, I don't," Laura answered, decidedly. "We need the chest to keep a great many things in if we are to keep the drawers