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Roy Arnold's Pattern.

BY KATE S. GATES.

Roy Arnold was going to the city. A friend of his father's had offered him a place in his store. "It is down at the bottom, to be sure," Mr. Duncan wrote, "but if the boy has the right stuff in him, he will work his way up all right." Roy, confident of his own capabilities, was hopefully building innumerable air castles.

It would not be long before he should be sending home money to help father pay that dreadful mortgage, and mother should have that black silk she had wanted so long.

"Yes, dear, I know that you will do all that you can for us," said his mother, as they talked together the night before he went; "but I want you to make me one promise. I hope you will never neglect to read a chapter in your Bible every day, and I want you to learn a verse every morning, will you?"

Roy promised.

At first his new life was so different from the old that he found it interesting; but soon the novelty wore off, and then came the struggle. "It gets awfully tiresome doing the same little things over and over day after day," he wrote to his mother, "and there isn't as much chance for a fellow as I thought there was. You've got to be a No. 1 if you expect to rise, for there are crowds waiting for the best places. I didn't know there was so many folks in the world. But I'm trying to be worth so much to Mr. Duncan that he will feel he can not get along without me."

Roy had been in his new home several months, when one gloomy, rainy morning he overslept. That put him out of sorts to begin with. He was so late that he was tempted to neglect his verse, but the little book lay open upon the bureau, ready for use.

"I haven't missed a morning yet, and I won't begin now," he said to himself. "If I make a break, I'll be sure to make others, and mother would feel so disappointed." So, as he brushed his hair and fastened his tie he was saying to himself: "See thou make all things according to the pattern shown thee in the Mount."

"Oh, dear!" he thought, with a sharp twinge of remorse, "I don't believe I'm getting to be the man I meant to be or that mother wants to have me. But she doesn't know how much easier it seemed to be good and true and noble up there than it does down here. I've done things now, I know I have, that I never supposed I should. I'm sure I don't see how I can help it."

Just then the last bell rang, and Roy rushed down to the breakfast table, but the words of his text followed him. "See thou do all things according to the pattern shown thee in the Mount."

That was what he ought to be trying to do. As his mother said it was nobler and grander to be a Christian than to be worth millions. Roy felt perfectly convinced of that in his heart; but, still, the riches and pleasures of this life were very alluring.

It was a busy, tedious day, and something came up at noon that made his life seem all the more monotonous and unendurable.

"There's a fine concert in the hall tonight," said one of the clerks. "Two or three of us are going; don't you want to go? We will have a jolly time."

Want to go? Of course Roy wanted to go. It was weeks and weeks since he had had a bit of real fun, and he was fairly hungry for a good time. But the tickets would be seventy-five cents. Cheap enough, surely, only it was all he could do now to make both ends meet. He wouldn't run in debt, and he must have a new pair of shoes; that would take almost his last cent for this week.

No, his going was out of the question. He wished, as he dragged wearily along with his work that they had not asked him.

"Roy," said Mr. Duncan, "I want you to collect some bills for me this afternoon."

It was a relief to get out of doors, and Roy brightened up quite a little as he hurried around from one place to another. He had gotten through, and was waiting for a car, and took his money out to be sure it was all right. He looked it over carefully, then suddenly the blood surged up into his face. There was just one dollar too much! He was sure of it, but he counted it again and again, and there it was, and Satan promptly suggested that it would make it possible for him to go with the boys as he wished.

It seemed strange that with his Christian training that he should be really tempted to take what was not his, but he was, only of course he did not call it taking it. He did not know who had overpaid him, he said, and all the men were worth their thousands and thousands. What was one little, paltry dollar to any of them?

How much it meant to him, though. The fun he could have if it were only his! And he had earned it, surely; he had worked faithfully and hard. He would not deliberately take money that did not belong to him, of course; but this was put right in his hand, so to speak,

just when he needed it. Besides, he did not really know to whom it belonged, and very likely they could not tell if he had asked them. If only he might keep it, and then have one good time, he would never do such a thing again. But right in the midst of all this false reasoning came the memory of his morning text, "See thou do all things according to the pattern shown thee in the Mount."

Roy started as if he had been shot. That made the matter look very different. He had caught a glimpse of the Pattern that night when his mother was talking. He remembered even now, with a thrill of awe, how solemnly grand and beautiful it looked to him, and how earnestly he had resolved to fashion his life after it. How could he for one instant think of doing any such thing as this! He hated himself for it, and yet it was a sharp struggle for just a few minutes.

In a dim way he realized that his decision meant a great deal. His whole future might be resting on it. Would it pay to take the wrong turn for a few hours' amusement? Roy turned suddenly and marched down the street as fast as he could go. He would wait no longer, not even for a car. He dared not trust himself. He must get rid of this dreadful money, every penny of it, as soon as possible. He would give it to Mr. Duncan, and let him find the rightful owner.

That night he wrote a long letter to his mother.

"I am so glad you made me promise to learn a verse every day. It has helped me today more than you can think. I want to tell you that I've asked God tonight to help me be the kind of a man you want me to be. It is harder to be good here than I thought, and then I found I'm wickeder than I supposed I was. But you will pray for me, I know, and I'm praying for myself now as I never did before. So I hope that I will succeed."—Christian Intelligencer.

Bird Talk.

BY SYDNEY DAYKE.

"Let's take our blocks out to the croquet ground and build a house," said Archie to his sister Mary.

"What kind of a house?"

"Oh, a big castle."

"No, I don't like a castle. Let's have it a hotel."

"No; I say a castle. You always get a hotel crooked."

"Well, I don't like to build it on the croquet ground. It's nicer back in the grove."

"I say 'tisn't. If you don't build where I want to, I won't build it at all."

"You always want your own way," grumbled May.

"And you're always whining about something. Now let's load up the little wheelbarrow."

"It won't hold all the blocks."

"You can carry the rest while I wheel."

"No, I want to wheel."

"I say I shall. It's my wheelbarrow. The trouble is you're lazy."

Archie loaded the wheelbarrow and tried to wheel it down the steps of the porch. But he found he needed help.

"Take hold of the wheel and lift, May," he said.

"I've got all these blocks."

"Put them down."

"I shan't. You can wheel down if you try."

Archie tried, spilling half the blocks on the steps. It would be sad to tell how many cross, angry things were said by this little brother and sister before they reached the croquet ground. Here again May wanted to go to the grove; and the end of it was they could not agree, but went in to Aunt Amy, to tell their grievance against each other.

She had been sitting on the porch, where they had piled their blocks on the wheelbarrow. But she was not there now, and they went into the house to look for her. They found her in the sitting-room by an open window. She held up her hand as they came near.

"Quiet, dears. See what is going on outside here! Peep!"

They peeped, and Archie clapped his hand to his mouth to keep in a shout of laughter.

Two birds were building a nest in a tree a little way from the window.

The children watched while the pretty things came and went. They brought bits of twigs and hair and feathers, which they wove into the nest.

"Hear what a twitter they keep up!" he said. "It sounds as if they were talking as they work together."

"Let's try to hear what they say," whispered Aunt Amy.

"Oh, Auntie, you can't do that!" said Archie.

But, with a smile, Aunt Amy held her head out of the window and seemed to listen.

"Sweet, sweet, wee," went on outside.

"Willieum, willieum, widdle"—

"Chickamaree, vick, vick"—

"Fidgety, fidgety"—and so on.

"Did you hear all that?" asked Aunt Amy.

"Yes, but that is only bird talk. Folks can't understand that."

"Some can," said his aunt. "Did I ever tell you I could understand bird talk?"

"What did they say?" asked May, with a laugh.

"Go and get some more twigs," said one.

"I shan't," said the other. "I've brought more than my share today."

"I don't care if you have. Haven't I put them all in? The trouble is you're lazy."

"I say I'm not. Here, put this feather there on that side."

"I brought that feather, and I'll have it just where I want it, or it shan't go in at all. Here, hold it while I weave it in."

"I can't. I'm trying to get this twig in tight."

"You've got it crooked. You always get nests crooked."

"That isn't the place to put that hair!"—

"Oh, auntie!"

Aunt Amy laughed as the two gazed at her.

They laughed, too, but looked shocked and a little foolish.

"What is the trouble?" she asked.

"To say those dear little birds would talk so!"

"Why do you think they do not?"

"I know it," said Archie. "Birdies never talk that way."

"No," said May. "They coo and witter so sweet, I know they are just saying nice, sweet things to each other, if they say anything at all."

"Do you know of any who talk that way?"

May and Archie glanced at each other.

"I'm afraid we do, auntie," said May.

"You think it dreadful to fancy that the dear, innocent little birds should quarrel with each other. But what do you think of brothers and sisters—little ones who know the difference between right and wrong, whom God has placed in families, that they may brighten each other's lives by words and acts of sweetness and loving kindness?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Archie said: "I'm going to listen now."

The coo and the chirp went on, as he put his head out of the window. In a minute or two he drew it in.

"What did they say?" said May.

"One said, 'You chose this place to build a nest. It is a sunny place.'"

"What a dear little thing you were to bring such a feather!"

"Here, I'll help you put it in."

"You always get them so nice and straight!"

"I know where there's a big twig."

"I'll help you go and get it."

May softly clapped her hands as Archie finished.

"I like that kind of bird talk better," she said.

"Perhaps after all I did not hear quite straight," said Aunt Amy. "I am sorry if I wronged the birds. But you see it was so hard for me to believe that bird talk should be any better than little brother-and-sister talk. Why should it be?"

"I guess it won't be after this, auntie," said Archie.

"You listen and see," said May.—Dominion Presbyter-ian.

Cinders and Tears.

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

Fanny and I were hurrying through the dusty streets. She was carrying a bundle of laundry. I was taking a bundle of copy to the editor. How the washwoman's path and the writer's path crossed is neither hear nor there. That they had crossed is my blessing.

Suddenly I stopped short in the wind, blinded by a flying cinder that had struck full against the eyeball, and then tucked itself away under the lid. The pain was intense. Instinctively my hand went up, but it was arrested on the way and firmly held.

"Please, Miss Hester, just let it be a minute."

"But it hurts—awfully! Maybe I can turn the lid and get it out," I cried, trying to unclasp the fingers.

"No, you can't. Of course it hurts, I know. But just stand here a minute and keep your eyes shut—the tears are coming. Be patient, Miss Hester, just a minute now, and it will be out."

And she was right. After a brief space of intensest pain, tears flowed, and with them the cinder floated out. We gathered up our bundles and went on.

"A simple remedy, Fanny. I never did that before."

"And you 'most always have trouble, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," calling to mind several occasions when "something in my eye" had caused me much misery and inconvenience.

"Mother taught me that ever since I was little. She used to hold my hands until I was able to control them for myself. It counts for more things than eyes, too."

"What things my friend, who been of service to them, miss, but little cuts. People are mean things, fliers, flying about then I catch the heart."

"And then with 'Rub my eyes' when people are their wailing and don't know any Miss Hester, you me to be patient hands down, let it's all over, you

Wide little fr grace, to shut stand still and the cinder of u into my soul b retort. These positive harm Friend, rub Advocate.

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