

Miss Gentles laughed, and they parted good friends, as they had been all their lives. He was as good as his word, and one day a week later he brought Jenny herself to the Broad Wynd on the front seat of the dogcart.

"Here's the limmer to account for herself. Oh, there's been bonnie on-gauns at Cairnie, I promise ye, Miss Gentles. It's time ye had her in hand again."

He only waited to let her alight, and she ran in and with laughter and tears flung herself on the kind breast of her old friend.

"Oh, everybody's so kind, and I'm so happy, and I don't deserve it all," she cried breathlessly.

"Deserve what, my lassie?"

"Oh, everything; the Captain has been making his will this morning all over again, and it includes me, and—and I'm not coming back any more to Broomferry, dear Miss Caroline. Hubert is going abroad with his regiment immediately after we are married, and I'm to stop at Cairnie till he comes back."

"And Mrs. Stonor?"

"It was she who made the arrangement; oh, it is all very wonderful," said the girl, with a quiver in her voice. "I have often thought there could not be a God who cared about folks, but—now I know."—*British Weekly.*

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER.

Keep on hand at least five or six dish-towels and avoid the embarrassment of not having an extra towel when a friend wishes to help you wipe the dishes. Keep these towels always clean and white and always hang them out doors to dry. If your clothes line is far from the house put up a short piece near the kitchen door for the dish towels and so save many steps.

If you have to wait for the men to come in after you have made the tea for a meal, a good way is to drain off the liquid and take the leaves out of the teapot. Return the liquid again to the teapot and keep hot but not boiling; for tea freshly made is a nourishing beverage, while tea that has stood too long on the leaves is really poisonous. Now look at your teapot on the inside. Does it look bright and clean as when you bought it, or is it stained with a dark colored deposit? The stain can be loosened by boiling a tablespoonful of baking soda or washing soda and soap in the teapot full of water and will entirely disappear if followed with a good rubbing. The teapot should be washed as often as it is used and it will always be sweet and clean and ready for immediate use.

I will add the rice cooker or double boiler to the list of labor saving articles. Cook your porridge in this and do away with so much stirring and besides you will never have scorched porridge. I prefer to cook my porridge in the evening and it only requires to be thoroughly warmed in the morning.

There is a "new and living Way" in to that holiest place where the human meets the Divine, and that High Priest, this Book teaches, is none other than the perfect intercessor, Jesus, the crucified.

Jesus! the everyday light of life,
And the all-day joy of the soul,
To all who cease from sin's ill strife,
To all who by faith are "made whole."

It would be of great use for the discovery and confirmation of the truth if the disciples of Christ would compare their observations and experiences, and communicate to each other what they know and have felt in themselves.

The joys of the world bring sorrow, but the sorrows of repentance are full of joy. If it be bitter anguish to know that we are sinners, is it not unspeakable joy to know that we are saved by grace?

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day.

That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in the burst.
Slowly, slowly, at the first,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day.

That's the way!
Children learn to read and write
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never anyone, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly, slowly, hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A PRETTY ORNAMENT.

In one corner of my room I have a shelf, which, to me, is prettier than many a costly bracket. It is about thirteen inches wide in the middle, and is of plain wood, unpainted, and unvarnished. Across the front is fastened a strip of pasteboard even with the shelf on its upper edge, and reaching about five inches below, to cover the unsightly pieces of wood which are fastened to the wall for the shelf to rest on. This pasteboard I covered with the beautiful gray lichen found in such quantities on rocks in old pastures. Then a good-sized flower-pot was set in the centre of the shelf containing a splendid Maiden-hair fern. The soil was such as ferns delight in—leaf mould from their native woods, mixed with a little sand, and plenty of charcoal in the bottom of the pot. On each side of this centre-piece I placed a small pot of German ivy. I fastened one end of a long piece of hoopskirt wire to the outside of one pot of ivy, then bent the other end down and fastened it to the outside of the other pot for an arch over the fern. To cover up the flower pots, I arranged a fortification of the whole length of the shelf, consisting of sheets of green moss, bits of old stumps covered with air-lice lichen, small white stones, and as many dainty little "red cups" as I could find. The ivy soon covered the arch prepared for it, and then rambed over the moss and lichens, finally hanging down in graceful festoons several feet below the shelf. The whole cost was exactly forty cents, the price of three flower pots. —*Floral Cabinet.*

It is a fact that the habitual performance of the humble daily duties has often developed the highest spirituality of character.

The really prosperous man is not always the man who has reached a high position nor the man who has acquired wealth, but the man who fills well his place in life whether it be high or low.

Saves now, for aye and eternal day;
Saves by his grace in love most dear;
Saves while he walks this Living Way;
Saves for Eternity's glorious year.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.—*Thomas Huxley.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

"But mother, a fellow doesn't get much good going to church when the whole business bores him."
"My son," said Mr. Stevens, laying down his fork, "I have something to tell you."

Mr. Stevens was a man of few words often sitting silent through the entire meal, and at his earnest voice we all stopped eating.

"When I went to college," he continued, "I promised my mother to attend church every Sabbath morning, as I did. For several months it was a trial and a bore, but it brought me one of the greatest blessings of my

life. A young man can gain nothing but good from regular attendance at church, and I expect it from you so long as you have respect for my authority, whether you like it or not."

This sounded very stern, but Mary touched her father's arm. "Won't you tell us about it?" she asked.

"There's not much to tell. I went to church when it rained, and when it snowed; when the boys were amazed, and when they ridiculed. I suppose it did seem queer to them, for I was not a Christian."

"You were a lover of your mother," said Mrs. Stevens.

Her husband flashed at her a grateful look. "I was," he said briefly.

"But, father," persisted Mary, "you have not told us about the blessing it brought you."

I caught my breath. Mr. Stevens was not given to retelling his emotions, and I should not have dared that remark; but he took no offense.

"I had a roommate after Christmas, and he went to church with me. I don't know why I was such a fool as to go all alone that first term. I could have found someone to accompany me. I'm sure."

I did not wonder at his going alone. Mr. Stevens was that sort of a man.

"When you don't like to attend church," he continued, "take some one with you. It helps matters wondrously."

There was silence for a minute.

"But about the blessing," said Mary.

Mr. Stevens smiled. "You'd call it a very commonplace blessing," he said. "but it made me over again, and gave me a new purpose in life. My son, do you know of one instance where your influence has made a man better—drawn him from evil ways?"

"No, father," said the young man, in a low tone.

"Then don't quit church going yet for a while. You have not got your eyes open."

"But how about the blessing?" inquired Mary.

"H'm! I found out that I had been recommended by the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to my roommate as a companion who would help him to quit his evil ways." Mr. Stevens was transformed. His eyes flashed and his voice trembled; his face was all aglow.

"Think of it! I was not even a Christian, and yet that young man who had fallen among wild companions, and sought help, was sent to me, and I knew nothing of it. I thank God and my mother that I lived straight and steady in those days."

"And your roommate reformed?" asked Mary.

"He did, and he and I joined the church together the following Easter. That's what came of church attendance, even though I took no pleasure in it. The Y. M. C. A. secretary told me that all he knew of me was that for three months I had attended church every Sabbath morning, with no one to urge it, nor even any one to accompany me."

Mr. Stevens arose and pushed back his chair. "My son," he said, "stick to the church. Some day it will surely bring you a heart blessing which will sweeten the hard places of your life."

—Selected.