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TEN LITTLE SMILES.

(By Albert F. Caldwell.)

One little smile ran off alone to play.
Conquered a pout it found on the way.
Two little smiles instead of one,
Overtook a second pout—my, what fun!
Three little smiles said, "Come along with us,"
Meeting a wee frown in a needless fuss.
Four little smiles at a merry pace
Wicked off a baby frown from an anxious face.
Five little smiles—a very jolly mix—
Overtook another pout, smiles now six.
Six little smiles (over half eleven)
Entered away another frown; now the smiles are seven.
Seven little smiles—what a lucky fate!—
Met a tiny wee begone, little band of eight.
Eight little smiles all in a line,
Surrounded a pucker—see, the smiles are nine!
Nine smiles now in all, courageous little men,
Took a stray pout prisoner, and swelled the ranks to ten!
Isn't it amazing (yet it's really true)
What a single little smile all by itself can do!
—Sunbeam.

"The Imp of The Wheel."

(By Kate W. Hamilton.)

"And you really will not go!"
The words were courteous enough, but Jack's tone held a touch of contemptuous impatience that made Helena answer stiffly and very decidedly:
"No, I will not go!"
She looked unusually pretty with her cheeks so flushed and with her head at that defiant pose. It suddenly occurred to the young medical student that his pretty girl cousin was not exactly the proper person to quarrel with, especially as they were both away from home, and in a measure dependent upon each other's society. He reminded himself, also, that he was three years older than she, and much clearer-headed, of course; and as for the absurd notion that occupied her brain at present—well, whims were a woman's inalienable right.
"My dear child, you don't need to be so lofty heroic," he remarked with a laugh, which Helena mentally characterized as more exasperating than his previous show of temper. "You are not holding a warrant for your execution in your hand nor cheerful summons to appear before the Inquisition; it is only a simple invitation to a riding party."
"Then, if it is so simple a matter, why may I not decide it as I please?" she retorted. "Why do you urge me to go against my will?"
"Because I believe you are refusing against your will, and against your common sense, too. Just look at it, Helena! You own a wheel, you ride well, and are fond of the exercise. You always enjoy our little excursions, and wish we could have more. Yesterday you were wishing we were not so busy with our studies, and had time to go far enough for a good breath of country air. Today I bring you an invitation to go for a day's outing with half a dozen pleasant people whom you have met and like—just a fifteen mile ride, a dinner in the country, and back in the cool of the day, and you act as if I had proposed your joining in a burglary!"
"But, Jack, it's Sunday!"
"Exactly, or we wouldn't have time to go. You needn't be so fierce about it."
Her face softened. After all, he had only intended bringing her a pleasure, and her manner must have seemed ungracious.
"I didn't mean to be 'fierce' as you call it. Really I think it was not so much with you that I was waging combat, Jack, at with—the 'imp of the wheel.'" She hesitated a little over the last words, though she spoke them with a laugh.
"The imp of the wheel?" Jack repeated, wonderingly.
"Yes, it's a quotation from Uncle Roger. I had wanted my bicycle so long, you know, but, as it is rather an expensive luxury, I didn't believe father would feel that he could afford it. So, when he gave me one, it was a surprise, and I was so delighted that I had to exhibit my treasure to all our kith and kin. I rode up to Uncle Roger's; of course, and the old gentleman seemed wonderfully interested—just as he always is in everything that pleases us, bless his dear old heart! He examined it, praised it, watched me ride it, and then he said:
"Well, it looks nice, and I might think it good, wholesome exercise, just as you say, if 'tweren't that I'm afraid of the things."
"Oh, they are safe enough," I said. "There are very few accidents if one is careful." But he shook his head.
"Tain't that I mean, child; it's the imp in 'em that I'm afraid of. They look nice and innocent; but there's an imp hid in 'em somewhere, for I've watch-

ed him work. I've seen so many of our young folks that have begun to ride 'em—good, right-minded young folks, always in the habit of going to church and Sunday-school, and in a little while the imp of the wheel has changed all their notions about such things. Before they got their wheels they wouldn't have thought of going off on a Sunday excursion anywhere; they wouldn't have dreamed of doing it any more than I would. But afterwards they began to think it wasn't any more harm to ride a little way on a Sunday than to walk, and then, of course, it wasn't any worse to ride two miles than one. Then what was the harm of several riding off somewhere together? And so, before any body knew how the change came about, they had dropped out of any regular place in church or school, and were spending the day a-pleasuring here and there. I tell you, little girl, there's an imp in the wheel, and he's doing a great deal of bad work these days in teaching our young folks to be Sabbath-breakers."

"I promised him that the imp should be exorcised from my wheel, Jack, and I mean to keep my promise I can't go tomorrow."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, there is nothing more to be said."

And Jack took his leave rather coldly.
Helena went back to her room with tears in her eyes, she meant to do right! If Jack were vexed and left her to herself, she would miss him sorely, for he had been like a brother to her while she was here among strangers. But that would not be the worst of it; she was sure he needed her quite as much, and she had so wanted to help him. She remembered Aunt Ruth's parting words. "I shall feel so much safer and happier about Jack when you are near him, dear." And now she had made him think her puritanical and disoblighing. Had she thrown away her influence foolishly?

It was a lonely and homesick girl who was dressing for church the next morning when a maid brought her a message:

"Your cousin's in the parlor, ma'am, awaitin' to go to church with ye."

Sure enough, there was Jack; a trifle kinder in manner than usual, perhaps; but making no allusion to yesterday's talk until she ventured to ask:

"Did I spoil your day's pleasure for you?"

"Oh! I'd have enjoyed the day's trip, I suppose," he answered carelessly; "but I could hardly go off and leave you with a battle with imps, dragons and nobody-knows-what darkness on your hands."

She had to be content with that for the time; but a few weeks later she heard him quietly decline a similar invitation for himself:

"No, thank you; not today. A wheel is all right for recreation, you know; but one has to draw the line somewhere, or it will run into dissipation and desecration. I draw mine on Sunday excursions."—Ex.

About a Chinese Boy.

Here is a story of a Chinese boy, taken from a recent number of China's Millions. It is told by Mr. Upward. He says:—

"There are twenty-five boys in our Mission School at Wun chau—all we have accommodation for in fact—full of fun and frolic, goodness and naughtiness, and of all else that makes a boy a boy. Should you ask Mr. Dzing their teacher, he would tell enough about them to enable you to say, 'They are much about the same as boys in our school at home.'"

"A few weeks ago we had a visit from Pastor Fransen, who spoke to the boys about Jesus, and His power to forgive sins and save from sin; and one morning fifteen boys knelt down and asked God to forgive and cleanse them. As they confessed their sins they prayed aloud, and so I could hear them ask to be forgiven for lying, cursing, cheating, stealing, and other dreadful things. Afterwards all but two of these boys were quite sure that God had forgiven their sins, and had given them new hearts, and that they were now going to live for Jesus."

"A short time afterwards five more boys, including one of the two who were not sure, or doubted that God had forgiven them, went into the matron's room and gave themselves to Jesus. Was it all real? What proof of their conversion can you bring forward? Well, the teacher's 'black-book' and the matron's 'black-book' have given very different records since. But not only so: the school atmosphere is different and all our dealings with the boy seemed to have been raised to a higher plane. Let me give an instance."

"The local name for a thief is 'a three-handed one.' Unfortunately this 'third hand' seems part of every boy's make up, and many of our school difficulties arise from this cause before the ladies learn the difference between meum and tuum. Sin-chung is a bright little boy, son of a Christian tailor. Glad were we indeed to see Sin-chung give his heart to Jesus Christ, for we thought of the trouble the boy had caused us through laziness and untruthfulness; and, knowing his ability, we longed to get him freed from these fetters. A day or two afterwards a crisis came in his life. Various things—knife, pencil, money, etc.—had been missed from his chum's house, where

he was a constant visitor. These things disappeared most mysteriously, without any trace of the thief. Could it be Sin-chung? but no one could believe this, and there was not the slightest proof. Mr. Dzing, hearing of this, and praying about it, felt moved to take Sin-chung into a class-room and ask God to make the boy really confess if he had taken anything. Sin-chung was asked if he had heard the things were missing. 'No,' was his reply, given in a most innocent manner.

"Then Mr. Dzing told him what some folk were saying—it might be Sin-chung—and then he and the lad knelt down to pray about it. Time passed they still prayed. Then Sin-chung broke down completely, and confessed that he had taken a pencil. After further prayer he acknowledged having stolen the knife, and one or two other things. To make a long story short, he went to his chum's house to give back the articles; but when there he sobbingly said he must confess everything, he was so miserable. The money had also been stolen by him, and he promised to return it next day."

A Victory

"It goes like war at our house today," said Chloe Russell, as she came into Aunt Emilia's room, in her usual bustling way, and threw herself down in the easiest chair.

"What is the matter, Chloe, dear?" Aunt Emilia asked, in an anxious tone of voice.

"Oh, everything is in a state of anarchy and confusion. Mamma has one of her nervous headaches and has gone to bed. Papa has had to pay that note he endorsed for Harry Bentley, just when we needed the money to put that addition on to the house, and he is as blue as an indigo bag in consequence. He says the addition will have to be given up now, and we do need it so much we hardly have room enough to turn around in with its present dimensions. I am so vexed over it—to think papa should have trusted that man! I told him so this morning, and he went off with a frown on his face."

"Then, too, we have the most horrid cook we ever had in the house. The biscuits she made last night were as heavy as lead, and the steak was done to death. Ben was ill nearly all night with indigestion, and mother had to be up with him three hours. He said it all came from the weight of those leaden biscuits. He has been cross as a bear all day. Max and Lou were having a hand-to-hand fight, when I left, over Lou's doll, which Max must climb up and take down from the shelf, and, of course, let fall, and the consequence is, a broken arm. You could hear Lou yell clear down on Main street. I tell you, I was glad to put on my hat and clear out. I'm on my way to Sue Benton's; it is always jolly down there."

Chloe had told her tale of woes in an impulsive, irritable tone, which quite distressed Aunt Emilia. "I think you would far better go back to your own home and bring about a more peaceful and happier state of affairs than to go to Sue Benton's," she said, in a gentle way. "You will tell all these family affairs over to her, which will be unwise, and give her a false idea of those nearest and dearest to you."

"Sue never tells anything. She is my most confidential, true, tried friend."

"That may all be true, my dear; but from what I fear she will not help you to bring out your better self. She will agree with you that it is all very dreadful, and tell you you are quite right to leave it behind you."

"I've been wishing all day that I could go to Cuba and be a nurse in the hospital. I've been reading about them, and I think it would be just splendid to take care of poor, sick soldiers—cheer them up and write letters for them to their friends. That would be doing something worthy of record. I want to talk it over with Sue and see if she won't go, too."

"I do not think 'little things' are of much account. If I had money I would do as Miss Helen Gould has. I would give a large amount to help the brave soldiers. What she can do is worthy of mention. It must be delightful to have plenty of money to give to the poor and suffering. But what are a few nickels and dimes given for such a cause?" queries the young girl.

"Miss Gould has shown a most beautiful spirit; but you must remember that it is only a few that have the power to deal so bountifully. The Lord has given her great riches, and she is a faithful steward of them, and will receive His blessing. But we are required to give what we have not. The true standard of greatness is service. It is not what our life is in gifts, in culture, in strength, but what we do with our life—that is the real test of character."

"If I had been a man, auntie, I would have certainly gone to war, and come back a hero."

Aunt Emilia smiled as she said, "But, my dear, when you came in you said there was a war going on up at your house, and here you are. It looks as if you had turned your back on the battlefield, and run right away from it. Max and Lou were in an engagement over a broken doll; your dear mother was ill, needing a hospital nurse; your father had been