

Mr. Dibell was there with his sweet young wife—she whom we have known as Olive Chase. Mr. Ashburton also came up with congratulations.

"You have been as a son to me; you won't forget me now?" Mr. Chase said as he hurried away with a heart too full for words.

"I have endeavored to be patient and bide my time," said a tall handsome man as he pressed through the crowd. "I have much to say to you. Will you come to me as soon as you are at liberty?" thrusting into his hand a card that bore his name, together with that of the hotel where he was staying. It was Hatham; and the action was so much like that of the quick, impulsive Hatham of the old time that Quince involuntarily put out a detaining hand. But he was gone.

Last of all came the good President, leading Gertrude, all clothed in white, and wearing a knot of blue violets at her throat, with another at her girdle. As she stood before him with her glad blue eyes full of a strange light, it all came back to him—the hour of his loneliness and despair; the sun nearly down, and no place of shelter for the night; the temptation to return and accept the only offer he had received. His eyes glanced from the fair face to the flowers.

"I felt sure you would wear violets today," he whispered.

"You thought of it, then? You are glad, Quince?" slipping her hand into his with old-time frankness.

"You can never know just how I regard them, darling."

And thus they go out together, these two whose lives are to run parallel one with the other, and both doing the same work.

Later the young minister drew Gertrude into his study, and, giving her a seat by the table, spread out before her a number of open letters.

"I have seen Hatham, and you must decide for me, Gertrude. Hatham is a rising man; he is living in the city, and he is anxious for me to go there. It is the place where we can do an immense amount of good, he says."

"I can well believe it. But, Quince—lifting her blue eyes to his face."

"There are several offers. Read them carefully," he said, without replying to the look.

Since his interview with Hatham, Quince had been endeavoring to gauge his own heart. He was sure that it was not ease of place or position that he desired, but to minister to the needs and wants of men—wherever he could do most good. And again he seemed to hear Frank's voice as it spoke to him in that last night at Chelmsford:

"It is the poor and sinful who need the wisest counsel, the most consideration, and the tenderest care."

Frank was himself anxious to do this work, but God had taken him at the close of his studies and at the entrance to his labors.

"Possibly I should have failed; God knows best. You must do my work, Quince; you can speak gently to the erring. You have done it, and you will do it again. And, Quince, in that day when he makes up his jewels—"

It was a part of Frank's last letter—the letter that had never been finished. His uncle, Mr. Havergal, found it in Frank's desk and sent it to Quince without comment.

Gertrude had finished reading the letters. She looked up with a slight flush: "You ask me to decide for you, Quince?"

"We are to work together, darling; it is right that you should have a voice in the decision."

"And, Quince, I have asked him to lead us in a plain path. I know he will, and this he will do by inclining us to accept the position that will bring about the best results," at the same time pushing toward him a letter upon which her hand had been resting while she was speaking.

This letter was from a struggling community in the distant West.

"Will you be satisfied with this, Gerty? Have you counted the cost—the privation, the hard work?" regarding her questioningly.

"More than satisfied, Quince; I shall be content!"

THE END.

"COULDN'T HELP IT."

"O mamma, I am sorry! But I couldn't help it; I didn't mean to do it."

And so saying, Minnie Norris looked down at the fragments of what had been a very pretty pink china cup and saucer, as they lay upon the floor in a most pitiable state; such tiny fragments some of them were, mere chips, that it was well impossible to put them together again.

"Of course you didn't mean to do it," answered Mrs. Norris, "but why did you meddle with the cup?"

"I wanted a drink, and—"

"You might just as well have taken a drink out of one of the goblets," said Alice, Minnie's younger sister, to whom the cup had belonged.

"The goblets are all in the dining-room closet; besides, water tastes so much nicer out of anything pretty. I'm sorry I broke your cup, Alice; I couldn't help it. I'll give you my new vase to make up."

Alice was easily pacified, and as she knew that Minnie's destruction of her cup and saucer was not intentional, she said no more about it; neither did their mother.

Grandma Norris was sitting in her arm-chair, knitting as usual, and when the above conversation took place she looked up over her spectacles, first at the children, then at their mother, but she said nothing.

The next day Minnie came home from school with a grievous rent in her best merino school-dress; when her mother uttered an exclamation of dismay, she hastened to say:

"I am real sorry, mamma! I caught my dress on a nail in the school-yard fence. I couldn't help its tearing."

Again grandma looked up over her spectacles, but said nothing.

Just before bedtime there was a chorus of "ohs!" and "ahs!" from the table in the back parlor where the Norris children were clustered, preparing their lessons for the next morning.

"What is the matter out there?" asked their father, whose perusal of the evening newspapers had been disturbed by their cries.

"I upset the ink-bottle, papa," answered Minnie.

"All over my nice atlas," grumbled Will.

"It will not hurt it; it has only gone on the paper cover, and I'm sure I am mopping it up as fast as I can," cried Minnie.

"How came you to be so careless?"

"I don't know, sir. I s'pose one of my books must have hit it in some way. I did not mean to do it; I'm sure I couldn't help it," she replied. "I'm very sorry about it."

"Well, perhaps you couldn't avoid it; but do be more careful! For a girl twelve years old, you certainly get into a great many scrapes," said her mother quickly, afraid, perhaps, that Mr. Norris might feel it his duty to scold Minnie or punish her.

A half an hour later Minnie was in her pretty little bedroom preparing for her nightly slumbers, when grandma came in.

"As a general rule, Minnie dear, I think you are a truthful girl. I was very glad to hear you own up so promptly and courageously when you upset that ink-bottle a little while ago, but I was exceedingly sorry to hear you immediately tell an untruth about it."

"An untruth, grandma? I don't remember it. I didn't mean to. What did I say?" and Minnie looked and felt very much puzzled.

"The same, also untrue, which you said when you broke Alice's cup and saucer, when you tore your dress this morning, and which you have said, on many, many other occasions—that you 'couldn't help it.'"

"But, grandma, surely that was the truth! I couldn't help dropping the cup, nor—"

"Just think a moment, my dear. It was not at all necessary for you to have touched the cup; in fact it was not yours and you should not have done so; but after touching it, you did not grasp it firmly. Suppose, for example, you had been sure that it would have cost you your life if you had dropped it, could you not then have avoided the calamity?"

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose so."

"And your dress was torn on a nail. I fancy that you were able to avoid going so near the nail. Where was it?"

Minnie looked the least bit guilty, as she explained that she was trying to climb up

the fence, just for fun, not even to really get over it, and when she jumped down the offending nail did the mischief.

"Then you could have helped it."

"Yes, ma'am. I understand now what you mean, I think. And if I hadn't been pushing my books on the table so as to joggle Alice's slate, I wouldn't have upset the ink."

"Exactly so. I am glad that you comprehend what I mean that in saying you 'couldn't help' this, that, or the other, you were not telling the whole truth. You should have said, 'I did not try, as I ought to have done, to avoid unfortunate consequences' to some apparently trifling act, or leaves a plain duty undone, one is responsible for the results. We can, if we choose, avoid doing most things which will produce calamitous results, and therefore we can 'help it,' oftener than we realize."

"Next time, grandma, I'll try and only say, 'I didn't mean to do it,' when I meet with such misfortunes, for I see now that I wasn't really truthful when I complained that I 'couldn't help it.'—Frances E. Wadleigh in Child's Paper.

HOW THEY HELPED THE MISSIONARIES.

Willie and Winnie were twin brother and sister; they had just returned from Sunday-school where they had listened eagerly to a returned missionary, who desired all the little children to help him build Sabbath-schools for the poor heathen boys and girls in Southern Africa.

The children were full of zeal in this grand cause, and very earnestly they questioned mamma as to what they could do to earn some money, and her own heart made quick response to their young ones.

"This week papa's cotton will be ready to pick; he will engage his hands to-morrow, he says. Are you willing to go into the field with the colored boy and girls? If you are, just tell papa so, and he will hire you. You can earn considerable by next Sunday."

"Of course we are willing. Mamma dear, could you think we would not be? I will speak to papa early to-morrow morning about it."

"And, Willie, our school-bags will do first rate to pick in, and we'll get hold of one of the big cotton hats when they are given out."

"Well, well, children, wait until to-morrow, and don't make your arrangements on God's holy day," said mamma.

Bright and early the next morning the twins made known their request to their papa, who gladly engaged them to pick cotton for him at seventy-five cents a hundred pounds; that means, he would pay them seventy-five cents for each one hundred pounds they would bring him.

"I only give this big pay to you little folks because I wish to help the cause. I pay my regular hands fifty cents for picking one hundred pounds. Now run along, and as soon as the grass is dry so that you will not catch a cold from these heavy dews, go into that field over there where you see so much cotton on the stalks, and see how much money you can claim from papa to-night."

The children obeyed their generous papa just as faithfully as they could. The hard brown balls were full of cotton which their little fingers picked just as fast as they could move. That week they earned three dollars and twenty-five cents. Each night papa would weigh what they each brought, but they put all their earnings together and gave them in next Sunday to their teacher, who immediately asked how they had been able to earn so much. When they told her, on

of the girls spoke up:

"Oh, I wouldn't go out into the field with the daries, and pick cotton for any thing. I just wonder your ma let you."

"Mamma said it was right to do anything honest, and we didn't play with the pickers, we were too busy. We are going to earn some more this week; it's real fun to think we can bring such a lot, all earned our own selves."

And so these dear little ones of Christ's flock worked on for their blessed Lord; and verily he did abundantly bless them in their labors, for, as mamma suggested, they faithfully labored until the field refused to yield any more cotton. Were they not happy!

Ruth Argyle in Child's Paper.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

You call me a parcel,
A piece, or a spot
Of land on the hill-side,
Containing your cot.

SECOND.

Employment, exertion,
To labor, to toil;
For example, you're at it
When tilling the soil.

WHOLE.

I'm a sort of melody
Formed of different parts,
'Twas made in our childhood,—
Not among the fine arts.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB PUZZLE.

8 1 2
* * *
* * *
* 9 11
* 10 *
7 * * 16 12 * * * 3
15 13
* 14 *
* * *
6 * * * 4
5

- 1 to 10, A kind of cloak.
 - 2 to 11, To disturb.
 - 3 to 12, The name of an operatic vocalist.
 - 4 to 13, A bay window.
 - 5 to 14, A border.
 - 6 to 15, The name of a goddess.
 - 7 to 16, A southern constellation.
 - 8 to 9, A cut or nick.
- Perimeter of Wheel. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, An emperor who died on Jan. 9, 1873.
Perimeter of Hub. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, A city of Ontario.

ENIGMA.

- In sable, but not in skin.
- In membrane, but not in fin.
- In linger, but not in slow.
- In jerking, but not in blow.
- In psalter, but not in book.
- In household, but not in cook.
- In cider, but not in ale.
- In windy, but not in gale.
- In wherefore, but not in why.
- In trading, but not in buy.
- In rally, but not in joke.
- In charring but not in coke.
- In winking, but not in eye.
- In boiling, but not in fry.
- In isthmus, but not in cape.
- In vintage, but not in grape.
- An American philosopher and statesman.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND CONSTRUCTIONS.

- 1. Transpose a kind of creature common to farmyards, and make a stream of water. Reverse the last and find an animal sacred to Mars.
- 2. Find a word from whose letters may be formed the Bible name of a city; which reversed gives the Bible name of another city, a word used in old English poetry for more; not; a motto; abbreviation for a British-American province; mountain; a spine; no; name of a New England mountain; abbreviation of a conjunction; Chinese word for river; fiery; the fashion; towards.

Place 1 and 2 together and make the name by which the old English Saxons designated January.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PUZZLE.—Facetious.
RIDDLE.—A yard measure.
"HARADE—(Co-hub-drum) Coburn drum.
EIGHT HIDDEN BIBLE MOUNTAINS.—Taber, Gibb's, Hermon, Ebal, Gilboa, Nebo, Carmel Lebanon.
OUR LIBRARY.—Kirk White, 2. Black-stone, 3. Hogg, 4. Scott, 5. Pope, 6. Black, 7. Cooper, 8. Hugh Miller, 9. Bret Harte, 10. Coffin, 11. Young, 12. Cole-ridge.
CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been sent by Stedie Wainwright, Lillian Green and Emily Avery

WHITE CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter. Two cups of powdered sugar. Three cups of prepared flour. One cup of sweet milk. Whites of five eggs. One teaspoonful of essence of bitter almond. Cream, butter and sugar; add milk and beat hard before putting in the whites of the eggs. Stir in flavoring, lightly and quickly, the prepared flour. Bake in small tins.