

Loveliness.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went.
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beauteous thing.
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or Poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth—
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

—Herald and Presbyter.

To Be an Agreeable Guest.

The young girl who is going away to make a visit of a few days or a few weeks at this season should bear in mind several rules that would serve to make her an agreeable guest. Last summer a lady who is an extremely careful housekeeper, and whose manners have a flavor of old-world courtesy, gave a house-party that included a number of friends of her daughter, who was a junior at college. The girls, who arrived one afternoon by train, were well dressed, well bred and well educated. Each had behind her the traditions of good birth and careful training, but there was a wide difference in the way they acquitted themselves in the role of guests. One girl, for example, was always late to meals. It happened that the man of the house especially disliked a lack of punctuality at the table, and he was correspondingly annoyed when Estelle floated in morning after morning in a bewitching toilet, when breakfast was nearly finished. Louise, to whom had been given a dainty room, furnished in green and white, was so untidy and took so little care of bureau covers, spreads and curtains that her hostess was horrified. She wondered that a daughter of hers should entertain friendship with so heedless a young woman, and she was further disturbed when she found this girl's belongings lying about promiscuously in the drawing-room, the hall and the porch, with not a thought of order or fitness.

Another girl who fancied herself a brilliant conversationalist had an unfortunate habit of seizing the word on all occasions and of monopolizing the talk so that no one else had a chance to be heard.

Far more than we think we reveal ourselves unconsciously, by looks, speech and deportment, when we are away from home. Whoever would be an agreeable guest must as soon as possible find out and conform to the ordinary ways of the household into whose privacy she is admitted. If there is an opportunity to save her hostess trouble, she must not overlook it, yet there are guests whose determination to be helpful verges on the officious and intrusive. It is as well to remain in one's room in the morning until breakfast is ready, or if one goes for an early walk or finds a seat on a porch, let one stay away from the living room and other parts of the house that are not yet in order for the day.

A certain young woman who violated this rule and established herself at ease in an upper hallway in a window seat commanding a beautiful view, was intensely mortified when by accident she discovered that she had prevented several members of the family from taking their morning plunge in the bath-room in their usual comfort.

Never visit a kitchen unasked, and never venture into any part of the house in which you have no concern. Arrive at the time

you are expected and take your leave on the day and at the hour when it was understood that your visit would terminate. If there are old people or children in the family where you are a visitor, be at pains to give them some portion of your attention. Try not to monopolize grandmother's chair and do not show yourself bored by the baby. If you are musical and are asked to play the piano, do not wait to be urged.—The 'Christian Herald.'

Where Success is Taught.

Most men are eager to learn the secret of a great man's achievements. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers interview the day's celebrity, that readers may be informed what new formula for success he is able to give. A busy editor and author who does the work of two or three men, when asked how he accomplishes so much, said: 'I do not worry, and I never lose a minute.' One who heard the simple words thought that here, at last, was the new formula for which men have been seeking. But as he reflected he realized that there was, after all, nothing new in it. The message was spoken, some nineteen hundred years ago, by two humble disciples of Christ who urged their followers that, 'casting all their care on Him,' they should be 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' There is no new formula for success. The 'success-secrets' were every one stated for all time by the men to whom God gave his message to the world. And that man who patterns his life according to God's teachings in his Word is most certain of achieving real success.—S. S. Times.

Much Talk—Little Training.

'He is always so positive!' 'And always so inaccurate,' added the other.

The young man in question had glibly aired his supposed knowledge on the subject of cabinet-making, and by any other man than the kindly old expert would have been openly 'set in his place.'

There is a certain crude and unlettered type of mind that cannot rest content with seeming to know about as much as, or even a little less than, other folks, but must from sheer personal vanity and brag try to appear to know more.

Real intelligence does not so 'behave itself unseemly.' It 'endureth all things,' even the crudeness of the ignorant, it 'believeth all things,' in the sense that it gives credit, or at least courtesy, to the thoughts of others, and it speaks with a modest voice, when it seems best and wise to speak. Deep and genuine learning is joined almost always to that charity that 'is not puffed up' and 'vaunteth not itself.'—Christian Age.

Learning to Swim.

From the reception hall came the sound of merry voices. Out in the sitting-room Aunt Janet moved impatiently. Her silks rustled stiffly.

'Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence. That Redmond girl treated her shamefully only last week, and yet there is Agnes talking as sweetly as if nothing had happened. I never should stand it.'

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard, bitter lines in her sister's face, listened again to the sweet voice of her daughter as its gentle tones came drifting in to them, and replied:

'I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know how she used to resent a slight. But lately—'

The hall door closed. There came a breath of the outside wintry air, and a young girl dropped on a stool at her aunt's feet.

'Agnes,' began her aunt, severely, 'how can you treat that girl as a friend? She has been saying the meanest things about you. Mrs. Brown told me—'

'Stop, aunty, I am learning to swim.' Turning from her aunt's astonished gaze, she looked straight into her mother's face—into the eyes so sure to understand.

'You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had learning to swim. My head would go down, and I came up sputtering, with such a dreadful taste in my mouth. My teacher said, "Keep your

head up and your mouth closed, and you will be all right."

'So, aunty, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up sputtering. It makes me feel badly all over. But if I keep my ears and mouth closed and my head up I have a lovely time riding the breakers. It is so much more fun than to be sputtering all the time.'

'Humph!' said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly.—'Youth's Companion.'

To a Young Girl.

(Mary Burt Messer, in the 'Century'.)

Dear, you are grave and silent as you look Up from the quiet pages of your book. Put by your care. Bright is the sunlight falling on your hair. Has some old legend told its ancient woe? Nay, it was lives ago. Grieve not, but let your gladness lightly run In happy ripples, glancing in the sun. If you but knew! I see the morning of the world in you. I see life upward springing, Light round you clinging, And in your eyes the dew. And if into our fair companionship Out of the pages of the tale should slip Some hint of sadness—put the story by! Lo, let them pass, world-weary queens and kings. Rise, rise rejoicing, like the lark that sings, Cleaving the misty sky.

The Graceful Girl.

Have you ever noticed the great amount of admiring attention which the graceful girl attracts? asks a writer in an American weekly. Even although she may be only plain or moderately good-looking, and not prettily or smartly dressed, there is an air of natural superiority about her which forces her upon our notice. This superiority lies in the fact that the graceful girl knows how to poise her body correctly, how to walk and sit becomingly; consequently, no matter what she wears or what her features may be like, she always appears to the best advantage.

A plain girl who knows how to stand, move, and sit with ease is far more admired than the beauty who is clumsy and awkward. Some girls are naturally graceful. But there is no reason why those who are lacking in this respect should not add to their charms by carefully cultivating the art. An erect carriage, a graceful walk, a graceful manner of sitting and rising are necessary if a girl wishes to be really charming.

And it is quite within her own power to acquire these virtues. In the first place, she must study her own defects and the faults of other girls, in order that she may avoid them. Do not try to copy the graceful girl off-hand, so to speak, by forcing yourself into what, to you, would be unnatural poses and attitudes. That is not the way to cultivate gracefulness. In fact, by doing so you will probably only make yourself more awkward and clumsy. By always trying to avoid the little faults which prevent a girl from becoming graceful, you will, as time goes by, find yourself drifting quite naturally into the ways and manners of the graceful girl.—Bristol 'Times.'

The Brier Made Beautiful.

A preacher used the following illustration: 'Once there was a brier growing in a ditch, and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug round it, and lifted it out, the brier said to itself, "What is he doing that for? Doesn't he know that I am only an old worthless brier?" But the gardener took it into his garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the brier said, "What a mistake he has made planting an old brier like myself among such rose-trees as these!" But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife, made a slit in the brier, and "budded" it with a rose; and by-and-by, when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old brier. Then the gardener said, "Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but to that which I put into you."'

—'Sunday at Home.'