

## The Week's Orders.

(By Jessie M. Gourley.)

Since Susan has been attending Sabbath-school she is a different person. The reason for this change is that she has not only committed the Golden Text for the day, but has applied it to her daily living, using the text of the preceding Sabbath as her guide during the week, or as Susan termed it, "This week's orders."

Susan is one of those unfortunates, who, having lost both parents in early life, has, "just growd," as Topsy would say. We find her at the age of twenty, with stooped shoulders, tousled hair, a face which might be cleaner, dress with part of the binding hanging loose, coat fastened with one button and two pins, gloves out at the fingers, and a hat which would be the better for acquaintance with thread and needle, or brush, presenting herself at Mrs. B.'s door one morning in answer to Mrs. B.'s advertisement for "help."

Mrs. B. is one of those women who can see the angel in the lump of clay, or the rough rock, and seeing possibilities in Susan which no one as yet had seen, hires her as maid of all work. The Sabbath after Susan's engagement Mrs. B. informed her that the whole of Sabbath afternoon is her own to do as she wishes, and as there is a Sabbath-school near by, she would like Susan to go there with her.

Susan felt she would rather go to the park for a walk, or see her old chum, Maggie, and was on the point of declining the invitation, but thought; "I have never been to Sabbath-school, and I will go this time to see what it is like, and as it only lasts an hour, I can stand it so long, and if I don't like it I needn't go again."

But Susan's fears, like most of our own, were useless. She is captivated by the singing. Then she is put in a class with girls of her own age, who are much better dressed than she, but they soon make her feel she is one of them.

One thing puzzled her. The superintendent, in his opening talk, called for the Golden Text. To her surprise the entire school spoke the words, "Pray without ceasing."

Now Susan knew what a golden pin, or ring, or watch was, but had never heard of a Golden Text. In class the first question was, "Who knows the Golden Text?" And every girl answered, "Pray without ceasing."

Susan joined with them. At the close of the lesson, her teacher asked: "Any questions?"

"Now," thought Susan, "is my chance."

"Please, sir, why do you call the words, "Pray without ceasing," golden text?"

Mr. A. explained to her kindly that the Golden Text was a verse taken as expressing the subject they were studying, and he and his class used it as their special guide during the following week.

Susan was perplexed, "Pray without ceasing?" Why she had no time for prayer only at night before retiring. But Mr. A. went on to say it was not necessary for us to be on our knees, or in our own room to pray. God would hear and answer prayer wherever offered.

Monday was washday at Mrs. B.'s, and, of course, a busy day, as there were six in the family. "No praying to-day," thought Susan, "but—" and Susan has an inspiration. "Why, yes, I believe I can pray without ceasing. While I am washing the clothes. I can ask God to wash away my sins. When I hang them out, I will thank him for the bright sunshine which dries the clothes so nicely. In preparing meals I can ask for help. As I am ironing, why not have God help me take the wrinkles out of my temper; and no one but God knows how hard press-

ing, or how hot an iron it will take to do that."

"Then in serving meals, thank him for the gift of his Son, who set us the example of serving others. In caring for the children ask for patience. For, Susan Green, you need patience, if you need anything."

"And so on during the week, I am sure I will find new blessings for which to be thankful, and new duties in which to seek his help."

So three months later, when we again see Susan, we hardly recognize her as the person who applied to Mrs. B. for work. For Susan has been talking to a King. She has been using the door which Lucy Larcom says is forever open between heaven and earth, and Susan could not "abide in the secret of his presence," without showing the influence of that presence in her every way. So though we still have the same Susan, and the same clothes in which we first saw her, she knows now the Lord is interested in herself, her clothes and her work, and for that reason she feels that she must do her very best, and keep herself as nearly as possible as the temple of his Holy Spirit should be kept.

And now cannot we who have greater opportunities, follow Susan's example in, "Praying without ceasing?" As we do our different duties, let us remember to invoke God's aid.

When enjoying a great pleasure, thank the giver of that pleasure, ever remembering that he is able and willing to answer prayers.—Presbyterian Banner.

## A Commentary Got by Prayer.

The following story, says the Rev. J. Elder Cumming, D.D., is well authenticated. A very worthy man was passing homeward through a side street, when he saw a small auction going on at a workingman's door. He paused on the outskirts of the crowd, and found that the auctioneer was at that moment selling some books. He could not see more than that there were seven volumes, six of them of the same set, and well bound. The price was ridiculously small—a few shillings; so he bid, and found himself the successful purchaser. The six volumes consisted of Matthew Henry's "Commentary," and another book, the name of which I forget. It then occurred to him that he had been very hasty, as he had Henry's "Commentary," already. On getting home the books were put aside in a bedroom. The same evening there came to him a poor missionary, resident in the same town, a godly man, whose store of books was small, but whose labors were incessant and his addresses many. After sitting for a time, the owner of the books asked him, "well, friend, what are you praying for just now?" Oh, for a good many things, as usual; but I think at present I am asking most earnestly that God would give me a book which I can't afford to buy. "A book? That is strange! What sort of a book may it be?" "Oh, well, it is Matthew Henry's "Commentary." It would be a great help to me in my work. Business life makes people suspicious, and it at once crossed the mind of the friend that there was some attempt to take him in. So he asked his visitor, "When did you see me last?" The gentleman at once said, "Why?" "Did any one tell you what I had done to-day?" "No; what a strange question! I have not seen or heard of you for some time. And that is why I have called on you to-night." "And you had no reason to think that I could help you with that book which you have been praying for?" "No; you were the last person I should have expected to help me in that particular way. I cannot

tell what you mean." "I daresay not. But the book is waiting for you in the next room. Go in and you will find it," for I don't doubt that the Lord meant me to buy it to-day for you." "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "Ask and it shall be given you."—Christian Herald.

## A Novel Salesman.

Grandpa Jenks's farm where Flo and Harry were visiting, was not far from New York city. One morning Grandpa Jenks said, "Harry, to-day we'll take Frolic to see a parrot that is smart enough to earn his living."

"Where shall we find such a parrot?" cried Harry.

"Every day on the New York side of the ferry, I pass a place where a parrot does a thriving business," was Grandpa Jenks's reply.

After dinner Grandpa, and Flo and Harry and Frolic went over the ferry into New York, and there, near the ferry, almost at once, the children noticed a throng of men and boys around a little booth at a street corner, and all seemed to be watching something curious and amusing. As they drew nearer they saw that the booth was a news stand, a news-stand that appeared to be tended only by a fine green parrot.

The green parrot walked about over the piles of newspapers, calling out, "Paper, sir? Extra 'Sun'?"

Grandpa Jenks and his young people stopped to look on. Every few moments some man would come up, take a paper, and toss two cents into a little box upon which the green parrot kept an eye all the time. At such time the bird stopped, nodded his head, and said, "Thankee."

Then he began shouting again, "Paper? Extra 'Sun'?"

"Is it possible that the parrot keeps the stand alone?" cried Harry. "Suppose somebody should cheat him by taking more than one newspaper without paying for them, how would he know?"

"No one better try it," answered Grandpa. "Once a boy tried to steal two 'Telegrams,' but the parrot pounced upon him and gave him such a pecking and mauling that he was glad to drop them. But, of course, the parrot has a partner. Don't you see him?"

In the rear of the booth there was a lad of about Harry's age. He had nothing to do, however, but watch the papers and the box, and to come forward and make change.

Grandpa gave Frolic some pennies and pointed to the two piles of newspapers, to show that he wanted one of each. Frolic knew how to buy things. Besides, he had been observing the scene closely. He flew from Harry's shoulder to the stand, in his blue coat and cap, and hopped along on one leg, holding the money tightly clasped in the other claw.

The parrot news-dealer was very much surprised to see his queer customer, and was on the point of driving him off. But when he saw the other parrot gravely drop the pennies into the box, just as all his patrons did, he smoothed down his feathers again, and said, "Thankee," as usual, while Frolic dragged away a paper from each pile in his beak.

Harry and Frolic were talking now with the boy, who told them the bird's name was Ned, and Frolic thought he would be friendly, too. "How do you do?" he called out politely. The other bird looked him over sharply, and then croaked out: "No time to chat! You clear out! Paper, sir? Sun? Telegram?"

Presently a messenger-boy stopped to watch the droll news-dealer. Ned's bright eyes always saw what was going on. As