

curse rather than a blessing. To live for others is the only true life in society, the church, but, most of all, in the home, and failure to do it has been the ruin of tens of thousands.

"You don't think it mended matters to tell Wilbur James you hated him," said Mrs. Chester.

"No," said the young wife slowly.

"Let me tell you an incident in my life, Hetty, of which I rarely speak, but which has taught me a lesson, such a one as I pray may not come to many. Ten years ago when I married Mr. Chester, I was very much like you. Both my husband and myself had strong ungovernable wills, and were quick in temper. When our baby was two years old a friend came to visit us, and together we planned for a day's excursion.

"I wouldn't take the child," said Mr. Chester; "the jaunt will be a long, tiresome one, and I would rather you would not go."

"But I have promised," I said, "and besides, it won't harm me at all or the baby either."

"Words soon passed between us, and then tears came, but the stormy debate ended with the assertion on my part that I would go, and take the baby, too, come what would."

Hetty's eyes opened in astonishment as she looked at the gentle woman before her.

"It was a warm but windy and disagreeable day, one of those in the late spring when you are dressed too warmly for summer and too thinly for the cold, and get tired easily. I had a sense of dissatisfaction when Mr. Chester left the house, half-angered at him and half at myself, yet I had said I was going, and I should lose any power I had if I gave up now. That day I shall never forget. The baby grew tired and fretted, and my heart and body both ached. Those long hours when I tried to be cheerful, even jubilant with my friend, I should be glad to efface from my memory. My husband met me kindly at tea, but there was a gulf between us.

"That night our baby was restless and feverish, and the next day and the next he grew worse. My husband was well-nigh delirious with grief. This was our only child, and I imprudently had been the cause of his illness. He failed rapidly. It is agony to live over again those baby-moanings as he looked up into my blanched face, appealing for ease from his pain. With clasped hands, the past forgotten, Mr. Chester and I knelt beside our darling child, saw the eyes close with a long last look for help which we could not give and then asked each other's forgiveness and God's.

"That week aged me more than all the years that have come since then, but I learned a valuable lesson at a bitter cost. Other perplexing times have come in life, but I have learned to say, as I have overlooked them or perhaps yielded some point, 'It isn't a matter of life and death,' so it has not paid to have dissensions or be self-willed. I have found that most things come right and best with a little waiting. There are only a few matters in life that are of vast importance, and in minor things what does it signify whose will is law? Not that a woman should always be the one to yield. Kind reasoning usually makes one sex as ready to surrender as the other, but where no principle is involved peace is the better way at any cost. Gentleness is as mellow as sunlight in its influence. Few persons can be driven in this world; almost all can be led. Try the motto I have had for years graven on my heart, 'It isn't a matter of life and death.'"

"I see," said Hetty, "where the mistake lies. But I never can ask Wilbur's forgiveness. I never can humble myself like that. He ought to ask mine."

"O Hetty, Hetty! the world will be a rough one if pride masters you like that. Good-bye, my child."

And Mrs. Chester still young, but rich with life's experience, went out of the dainty room and left the young wife alone.

After all Wilbur James was a noble man, she said to herself—too wilful at times. But who has not faults? She had left father and mother for him, and the moulding of his character was largely in her hands. If she kept his affection she might develop him about as she chose. Could she really ask his forgiveness?

Just then a slight knock was heard. The door opened, and before she had time to reason with herself she had said,

"Wilbur, I don't hate you. I'm so sorry;" and this time the tears were of love rather than bitterness.

And Mr. James did just what ninety-nine out of a hundred would have done, folded her to his breast, and said,

"I'll take all the blame, Hetty, I was hasty. We will go to Versailles some sunny day and invite the friends to go with us."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Our Divisions.

Grand Division Meeting.

From the "Casket."

THE Annual Meeting of the Grand Division of Ontario was held at Oshawa, on Tuesday 7th Dec., and the two following days. The attendance was large there being over 100 delegates present, representing Divisions in various parts of the Province, and about half as many visitors who came to attend the deliberations of the session. Among the members we noticed several gentlemen whose names and countenances have been familiar to us for over a quarter of a century in connection with the Temperance work, and by their presence and interest manifested it is evident they are not yet weary in well-doing. Probably in none of the other representative gatherings in Canada is there such a large percentage of men of age and experience as in the Grand Division.

Throughout the meetings the Oshawa Division room—a very commodious and neat hall, and

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