

his camel out one day to the stream at the edge of the garden to drink. While the camel buried his nose in the water, the man noticed a white flash of glittering, glistening, sparkling something at his feet. Out of curiosity he reached down and picked up a black stone with a strange eye of light in it, which seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to the house and laid it on the mantel, and soon forgot all about it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hafed's successor. He noticed the flash of light from the mantel, and sprang toward it in amazement, and exclaimed: 'Here is a diamond! Has El Hafed returned?' 'On, no, that is not a diamond. It is a stone we found out in the garden.' 'But I tell you that it is a diamond.' And the two men went out in the garden and stirred up the white sand, and there came up in their hands beautiful diamonds more valuable than the first.

This is all historically true. It was the discovery of the wonderful mines of Golconda, and the founding of the line of Great Moguls. Had El Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, he would have been the wealthiest man of his time and the most honored.—Exchange.

Independently Poor.

She always had a good time, the other girls said of Jessie—said it half enviously, some of them. Her home was an old-fashioned, rather shabby house, where the furnishing and the style of life were of the plainest, but she welcomed her friends there cordially, and shared with them what she had without pretense or apology. She wore her plain clothes in the same way—prettily and daintily made, but inexpensive always—and made the most of whatever pleasures came in her way without regard to appearing in costly array.

'You seem to get as much satisfaction out of everything as if you were independently rich,' said a discontented acquaintance one day. 'I don't see how you can.'

'Well, if I am not independently rich I am independently poor, and I suppose that's the next best thing,' laughed Jessie.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without shamming or pretense, lifts a burden of fret and anxiety, and leaves the spirit free.—Wellspring.

The Rules of Three.

- Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit.
 - Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.
 - Three things to admire—power, gracefulness, and dignity.
 - Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.
 - Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.
 - Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and affectation.
 - Three things to think about—life, death, and eternity.
 - Three things to love—purity, truthfulness, and honor.
 - Three things to be—brave, gentle, and kind.
- The 'Pilgrim.'

A Useful Dialogue.

'I don't know why I'm telling you,' said Ruth Martin, falteringly, as she met the keen, friendly glance of the older woman. 'You can't say a thing that mother hasn't told me, but, somehow, when Lew acts offended, it— it doesn't seem to matter half so much about his having a deep, reverent respect for me all his life as about his liking me right at that minute. I tell you, I want to be popular, like Lucile. The boys think she's perfectly fine, and yet I know she told me so—well, she calls it "spoon." She lets them all herself. Of course I couldn't be like that,—you needn't lift your eyebrows,—but, well, with Lew, I don't know. He says I'm too strict, that he ought to be an exception, and—'

'Have you any idea of marrying Lewis?' Aunt Isabel inquired, in an offhand way.

Ruth's face flamed. 'Marrying! Of course

not! Why, we're too young to think of such things!'

'I see. Well, I suppose one of the things your mother has told you is that some day, when you come to marry the man you love, you'll be glad if—'

'Oh, yes! All that about the mistake of making sacred things common, and I agree to it, with my mind, but, aunty, it's now that matters to me. It isn't some future man I'm thinking about. I want Lew to like me best. I—I don't want him to get to going with Lucile.'

The girlish voice trembled with the intensity of fifteen years, and Aunt Isabel understood.

After a minute or two of silence, she spoke abruptly. 'Now I know why I put that in my journal last summer,' she said, crossing to her desk, and beginning to turn the pages of a little book. 'I was staying at that summer hotel, and the partitions were just like paper, and one night I couldn't help hearing the dialogue in the next room. I was writing at the time, and something prompted me to set it down, word for word. Listen. I've headed it:

Two Boys Talking.

'Yes, she hid my hat when I started to go. Made me tired.'

'Doesn't it, though? Did she follow you out on the steps to look at the moon?'

'Sure.'

'Bet you kissed her.'

'Bet I did.'

'D'you ask her if it was the first time, Bobby?' (chuckling softly.)

'That's what I did.'

'What'd she tell you?'

'Oh (in a mocking voice, "Once, long ago, when I was just a little girl."'

(Duet of laughter.)

'Oh, they're all alike, Bobby! I've had 'em tell me that, and think I believed it, too.' Not much! If a girl lets you spoon, she'll let the other fellow. Don't fool yourself!'

'But, Aunt Isabel,' Ruth protested, with a disgusted expression, 'that must have been low, horrid fellows—not our kind.'

'On the contrary,' was the answer, 'I found out next day that they were both boys of good family. Yes, I'm sorry to say it, Ruth, but they were "our kind."—Youth's Companion.'

Bank Notes.

A lady employed in an establishment where bank notes are much handled, said that when she first entered on her duties she was miserably anxious lest she should permit any false bank notes to pass undetected. At length a senior officer comforted her by saying:

'Do not worry; be careful, and you will become quite familiar with the "feel" of good notes. After that, when you touch bad paper, you will feel a shiver as though you had received a cold shower bath.'

It is much the same in our moral life; the soul can detect the false, the unclean and the dangerous. If we are prudent, we shall avoid such things.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Religion in Trifles.

'An eight-foot length of gas-tubing, Ma-dam? That will be ten cents extra, please,' said the clerk, hanging up the shorter piece the young woman had just returned and taking down another. While he was wrapping up the new package she turned to her companion and said, 'How much did I return? It was five feet, wasn't it? or was it six feet? If it was, I owe fifteen cents instead of ten,' taking out her purse again.

'Why do you bother?' was the reply. 'That is his lookout, not yours.'

'O, but it is mine,' was the rejoinder. 'I'm going to see how long it is. I'm not positive, but my impression is that it is five feet.' She hunted till she found the tubing, which proved to be just five feet. She paid the extra nickel and was off, leaving the clerk looking after her in puzzled wonder.

'Now what made her do that?' he said to a cash girl who had witnessed the incident. 'She needn't have done it; nobody would have known.'

'God would have known,' the girl replied

softly, her cheeks flushing faintly in the effort required to speak the words.

'God would have known!' All day the sentence repeated itself to the lad as he thought of different instances of petty trickery on his part in the past. At night it had not left him. In the morning it still haunted him. It marked the turning point in his life.

The young girl had no idea of the far-reaching consequences of her words. She could not have foreseen their potency. But that act for the right not only changed the whole course of the boy's life, but affected to a greater or less extent for the better the lives of all with whom he came in contact.

'You can never tell when you do an act

Just what the result will be;

But with every act you are sowing a seed,

Though its harvest you cannot see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you cannot know, yet the tree will grow

And shelter the brows that toil.'

—'Young People.'

George Macdonald's Letter.

George Macdonald once wrote a helpful letter to a lady, a stranger to him, who had written to him out of her doubts, asking for light. It has only been published just lately, and some extracts from it may be of aid to young readers who are passing through phases of doubt.

'I cannot say,' he wrote, 'that I am sure of God as one is of anything shown to the senses or comprehended by the intellect. Any being of whom we could be sure in that way would just not be God. . . . Here is the whole thing. A man has appeared who tells us: "I know God. Obey me, and you shall know Him too. He is just like me. I do the things before your eyes that He is always doing. Come with me; I will take you to Him."

'I emphasize with all the emphasis in my power the word "obey." Now you can set about doing what that man tells you—keeping company with them, following him about, as it were; and if you do not find in that, reason and help to go on, you'll have to look and see what there is in you that darkens your windows, for except they be blinded with wrong-doing, in that way, I think, the light will come—only you must pray and not faint. It is the one thing for which we are here; the one end of existence is to find God. . . . There He is in Christ—I say it who have studied Jesus in the Bible for thirty years and more. But you know the men who would not obey Jesus never saw the Father in Him, though what more could God do to reveal Himself to them than to come among them in simple, plain, human reality, Himself, as visible as He could be? That men should in any other way be convinced that there is a God, I do not think God desires for them, for every other way is an inferior, utterly imperfect way, and not sufficient to meet the needs of the human heart and save it. For every other way must be supplemented by the knowledge of Christ, and that knowledge includes every other way.'

George Macdonald had himself been through agonies of doubt. He had reached faith himself by the path he pointed out. His letter led the one who received it out of her doubts into faith. It is the old, simple, gospel method—the 'Follow Me' of that Master Who was and is, yesterday and to-day and for ever, the Way and the Truth. Doubt is a stage through which many earnest young hearts must pass. But Thomas followed Christ through it, only to cry, 'My Lord and my God!' at the end.

The Way to Look.

'It is the same old story—he stepped off the car backward—looking toward the rear instead of the front, and fell, getting badly injured,' said the one with the morning paper. 'That was the trouble with John,' said a reminiscent voice. He would look in the wrong direction, and make a failure of what