

she dared look at the minister now. And Orissa never, *never* chewed any more rolls.

This 's the story I was going to tell you about my gran'ma. She told it to me when she showed me the piece of calico in her quilt. And she told me to'member that, no matter if other folks do praise you up, and think you're real good, if you're *not* good, it just makes you feel bad. And she says it's a *great deal* better to be good all through. And my gran'ma *knows*.—*Mary E. Bemford, in Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

Oh, we would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him
At home, or school, or play.

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,
And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.
—*Child's Gem.*

"BRIDGET DEAR."

And why not?

All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen. All day, dear, old, faithful Bridget had travelled around in a burning treadmill from the stove to the ironing table and clothes horse, from the clothes horse to the ironing table and stove. The soles of her feet felt nearly as hot as the palms of her steamed and blistered hands.

First the worn boots had been kicked off into a corner; soon the stockings were tossed to them for company, and barefooted Biddy had for a minute secured coolness and comfort.

Only for one moment. The door bell rang sharply over her head, and up from the basement sharply she must toil. So hurriedly shuffling on her foot gear, she had started up the back stairs when down into her very soul there floated the sweetest and most heavenly thing: "Bridget, dear, it's all right, I've been to the door." The visitor sitting in

the cool parlor heard the message wafted down. What a revelation it was of tender and precious womanhood!

At the bottom of the stair, with one foot raised, stood the flushed and tired servant; at the head of the stairs stood—an angel! Such to Bridget seemed her mistress that day as the sweet tones went from her lips to the servant's heart.

Forgotten were her hot face and smarting feet, and the kitchen seemed a bit of heaven as she carried back to it a heart gladdened by "a word fitly spoken."

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How much spontaneous kindness and goodwill are barred out of lives and homes by a theory. It would never do to speak a loving word to our servant, she might presume upon it and take liberties with us.

When she some day tells us that she is going to leave us, we wonder at the ingratitude, the lack of love for us, which finds her packing up her belongings with light step and snatches of song. Have we tried to win her loving service by giving her what money cannot buy?

In a home where papa, mamma and the children were always good-night deared, a child asked: "Why don't we say Hilda, dear?" referring to the cook.

The mother replied: "It will be all right to say it if it is in your heart."

From the top of the stairs a little white-robed creature cheerily cried out:

"Good night, Hilda, dear!"

A quick patter of feet and the beaming face of the little Swedish maid appeared at the foot of the stairs with a "dear" tacked to the end of her good-night. The English was far from perfect, but the "dear" was an exact echo of a loving heart far from the fatherland.

Did we but take pattern from the natural ways of children we should be surprised at the beautiful paths into which a little child would lead us.—*Mr. C. A. Beckwith, in Advance.*

AN EASY PLACE.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had no place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places. Bend yourselves to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer at whatever cost of your own personal ease, and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work, you may be set to teach others, and so when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course.—*Christian at Work.*

A BOY'S MANNER.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful, way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The