

But Maud hung back.

"I think I ought not to break bread in your house, Mrs. Raynor. I feel myself a sort of traitor to your friend. He is your friend, isn't he?"

"Our dearest ones; he and my husband are like brothers. You mustn't launch me on the subject of Morton Wingate, my dear, because there would be no end to it. But you needn't worry about him; he'll quickly console himself. I know at least half a dozen women, every individual one of them suitable, and ready to jump at the chance of going to that heavenly Island. The question is about you."

"I will go to the hotel," said Maud bravely.

Mrs. Raynor sat down in front of her, and fixed her steady clear eyes on the girl's face.

"I don't want to ask you any questions, dear; it isn't any business of mine, as I am fully aware; but you are a long way from home, and I must mother you for the sake of those who are left, and not at all because of Wingate. He can look after himself. Now what are you going to do?"

"I thought I would take a situation of some sort, here, Mrs. Raynor. I suppose there would be something I could do?"

"Oh, heaps. I have heard of your capabilities; then you are not thinking of marrying the other man soon?"

"I shall never marry him, Mrs. Raynor, and he knows it."

"Oh then, that simplifies everything. Well, dear, you can stay here until you find something. You need not shake your head, Mr. Wingate has gone back to his Island, and we shall not see him again in a hurry."

"How far is it?"

"A seven hours' journey, and he does not come up oftener than three or four times a year; so you are perfectly safe."

The look of strain left the girl's face, and something else took its place, a wistfulness which Nora Raynor hugged to her breast.

She left Maud Legard lying down that afternoon, and took the tram-car to her husband's office, paying him a most unusual visit.

Ted Raynor was a person of blunt speech, and he said some things about Maud Legard which relieved his own and his wife's feelings, but when they met at dinner that evening, he was perfectly courteous to her. Maud did not know the plan of campaign had been arranged.

Acting on obedience to Nora Raynor's instructions, Wingate practically effaced himself from their ken. He neither wrote nor came, and Maud had no means of knowing what he was about, or what had been the effect of her treatment. She took a situation in the city as governess to some children in a household where she had to work very hard, and where she received very little appreciation. Nora Raynor allowed her to continue in the house of bondage for nearly a year, then a judicious letter to the Island brought Wingate down. And this time he was not cheated of his reward.

If you blur your moral perceptions, if you sacrifice your honor by ways that are not clean and straight, that the whole landscape of your spiritual outlook will lose its delicate coloring and lose its clear edge, and you will not be able to distinguish between the good and evil, between the true and false.—John Kelman.

Do not allow the clouds to get into your soul. The clouds came upon John, the beloved, but he gave us nevertheless apocalyptic visions of transcendent glory. They came upon John Bunyan, but in the very midst of them he dreamed an immortal dream.

# THE NEW YEAR—1909.

By George W. Armstrong.

Ring glad some bells, today is born,  
Midst winter's blast, yet not forlorn;  
Within thy infant life may be,  
Problems vast as eternity.

We grasp thy hand without a tear,  
With smiles undimmed by needless fear;  
Knowing within thy bosom lie  
The gifts of God abundantly.

The many ages gone and past,  
Have records that through time shall  
last;  
Of words and deeds which have been  
done  
Since man's career on earth begun.

So when this newborn year shall die,  
Immutable its record lie;  
In God's great book they all shall be  
Transcribed by an unchanged decree.

Then as each hour and day flies by  
Let holy incense reach the sky;  
And daily, with revolving sun,  
Hear the great Master's words: "Well  
done."

London, Ont.

## PHILOSOPHICAL TOMMY.

Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried: I never saw him cry. If his sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried, —as little girls will,—Tommy was sure to come around the corner whistling and say: "What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think that every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! let's try to right them."

So he picks up the poor flowers, puts their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, and makes the bed look smooth and fresh, and takes her off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you can't play any more!"

"I'm not poor either. You cry for me. I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

If many people were more like Tommy, they would have fewer troubles and would throw more sunshine into this world. We must cry, sometimes, but try and be as brave as possible.—Christian Work.

One vow will not suffice the long year through,

One prayer a twelve-month's needs may not allay;

Crown every morn with pure resolve anew,

And live each day as though 'twere New Year's Day.

We would like to think that the New Year will be better to us than the old; or, rather, that we will be better in the new than in the old. We would wish to ascend to some higher level. The air will be sweeter, and the vision clearer, and the prospect more extended, and we will be nearer the heavenly hills.

## AN EASTERN LEGEND.

The most painful thing to endure among the ruins of Palmyra is the want of water. The inhabitants have no other water than that of a hot spring, the water of which has an intense smell of sulphur. It can only be drunk after it has been exposed for twelve hours to the wind in a leather bottle. Yet, however repulsive it might have appeared at first, one gets so accustomed to it that, at last the water brought by travellers, even from the "Wild-goat's Well" (Ain el Woul, half-way between Karatarn and Palmyra,) appears tasteless. The following legend relates to the sulphurous well of Palmyra, Ain el Ritschen, or the Star Well. Once upon a time a large snake had taken its abode in the well, and was stopping its mouth so that no water could be drawn from it. Solomon, son of David, ordered the animal to leave the place, in order that the people might use the water. The snake replied to the wise king: "Grant me to come out with my whole body, and promise me not to kill me. I have a sun-spot in the middle of my body, and I shall die if anything touches me on that place." When Solomon had given him the required promise, the snake began to wad itself out; it crawled and crawled, but there was no end to it. Its rings already filled the valley, and there was no appearance of a sun-spot yet. Solomon began to be frightened, and he trembled so much that a ring slipped from his finger at the very moment when the mysterious spot appeared at the mouth of the well; the ring fell on that spot, and the snake was broken in two parts. The hind part of the monster remained in the well, and was putrefied in it so that it became impossible to drink the water. Solomon purified the spring with sulphur, the putrid smell disappeared, but that of sulphur remains till now. The ashes of the front part of the snake burnt by Solomon, dispersed to the four winds, became another plague, that of the army of spring insects, e.g. locusts, etc.—Deutsche Familienblatt.

## A BACKSLIDER.

A minister's little girl and her playmate were talking about serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" she questioned.

"Yes, it's a person that used to be a faithful Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?"

"Oh, that's easy! You see, when people are good they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good, they slide back a seat, and keep on sliding till they get clear back to the door. After a while they slide clear out and never come to church at all."—Southern Presbyterian.

## TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

There are two kinds of girls: One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, etc., whose chief delight is in such things. The other is that kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, in the sick room and all the duties of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both and unite their good qualities.

Thought is dependent on words for its power. It is a pity that words are so often independent of all thought.