

brought himself down to marry Elizabeth Grootenheimer!" It was not long after this happy event that another great joy came to Mrs. Aleshine. Her son returned from Japan. He had heard of the loss of the steamer in which his mother and Mrs. Leeks had set sail, and was in great trouble of mind until he received a letter from his mother which brought him speedily home.

He was a fine young man, handsome and well educated, and we were all delighted with him; and in a very short time he and Lucille Dusanter, being the only young bachelor and maiden of the company, became so intimate and super-friendly that it was easy to see that to Mrs. Aleshine might come the unexpected rapture of eventually being the mother of Lucille.

We staid much later at Meadowville than we had expected. But, after a time, the Dusanter considered it prudent to go to Florida for the rest of the winter; Mr. Enderton had long since read all the books on his closet shelf and departed for New York; and Ruth and I determined that we, too, must move eastward.

In the spring the Dusanter family came North again and Lucille and her lover were married; and then all of us, except Mr. Enderton, who had obtained a most congenial position as assistant librarian in a public institution seldom visited, gathered at Meadowville to spend a week or two together before Ruth and I repaired to the New England town which was to be our home; and the Dusanter family, the young husband included, set out on a tour, partly of business and partly of pleasure, through Canada and the far Northwest.

This visit to Meadowville was in the onion-season; and one morning Ruth and I sat upon a fence and watched the three sailor men busily at work. The soil looked so fine and smooth that one might almost have supposed that it had been holy-stoned; and the three nautical farmers, in their tight-waisted, loose-buttoned trousers, their tarpaulin hats, and their wide-collared shirts, were seated on the ground at different points, engrossed in the absorbing task of setting out young onions as onions had never been set out before. In a portion of the field which had been first planted the onions had sprouted, and we could see evidences of astonishing designs. Here were anchors in onions; hearts in onions; brigs, barks, and schooners in onions; and more things pertaining to ships, the heart's affections, and the raging main outlined in onions than Ruth and I could give names to.

"It seems to me," said I, "that there must have been some sort of enchantment in that little island in the Pacific, for in one way or another it has made us all very happy."

"That is true," answered Ruth; "and, do you know, I believe the cause of a great part of that happiness was the board-money in the ginger-jar!"

[THE END.]

THE QUIET HOUR.

Thy Will, Not Mine.

"Our lives we out on a curious plan,
Shaping them, as it were, for man;
But God, with better art than we,
Shapes them for eternity."

Many people only half read their Bibles. They skim the surface and fail to get the full deep meaning of the words. They get but half-truths, and half-truths oftentimes are misleading. Even inspired sentences, standing alone, do not always give the full and final word on the doctrine or the duty which they present; frequently it is necessary to bring other inspired sentences, and set them side by side with the first, in order to get the truth in its full rounded completeness. When the Tempter quoted certain scriptures to our Lord, he answered, "It is written." The plausible word in its isolation was but a fragment, and other words must be brought to stand beside it to give it its true meaning. Many mistaken conceptions of the doctrine of prayer come from this superficial reading of the Scriptures. One person finds the words "Ask, and it shall be given you;" and, searching no further, he concludes that he has a key for the unlocking of all God's storehouses; he can get anything he wants. But he soon discovers that the answers do not come as he expected, and he becomes discouraged, and perhaps loses faith in prayer. The simple fact is that this word of Christ, standing alone, does not contain the full truth about prayer. "It is written again." He must read more deeply, and, gathering all our Lord's sayings on this subject, combine them in one complete statement. There are conditions to this general promise. The word "ask" must be carefully defined by other scriptures; and, when this is done, the statement stands true, infallible and faithful. One of the oft-forgotten conditions of all true and acceptable prayer is the final reference of every desire and importunity to the Divine Will. After all our faith, sincerity and importunity, our requests must still be left to God, with confidence that He will do what is best. For how do we know that the thing we ask would really be a blessing to us if it came? Surely God knows better than we can know, and the only sure and safe thing to do is to express our desire with earnestness and faith, and then leave the matter in His hands. It is thus that we are taught in all the Scriptures to make our prayers to God. But do we quite understand this? Is it not something more profound than many of us think? It is not mere silent acquiescence after the request has been refused. Such acquiescence may be stoical and obstinate, or it may be despairing and hopeless, and neither temper is the true one. To ask according to God's will is to have the confidence, when we make our prayer, that God will grant it unless in His wisdom He knows that refusal, or some different answer than the one we seek, will be better for us, in which case we pledge ourselves to take the refusal or the other answer as the right thing for us. If we understood this, it would remove many of the perplexities which lie about the doctrine of prayer and its answer. We pray earnestly, and do not receive what we ask. In our disappointment we say, "Has not God promised that if we ask we shall receive?" Yes; but look a moment at the history of prayer. Jesus himself prayed that the

cup of His agony—the betrayal, the trial, the ignominy, the crucifixion, and all that nameless and mysterious woe that lay back of these obvious pains and sorrows—might pass, and yet it did not pass. St. Paul prayed that the thorn in his flesh might be removed, yet it was not removed. All along the centuries, mothers have been agonizing in prayer over their dying children, crying to God that they might live; and even while they were praying the shadow deepened over them, and the little hearts fluttered into the stillness of death. All through the Christian years crushed souls, under heavy crosses of sorrow or shame, have been crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and the only visible answer has been a little more added to the burden, another thorn in the crown. Are not our prayers answered, then? Certainly they are. Not a word that goes faith-winged up to God fails to receive attention and answer. But oftentimes the answer that comes is not relief from suffering, but the spirit of acquiescence in God's will. The prayer many, many times only draws the trembling supplicant closer to God. The cup did not pass from the Master, but His will was brought into such perfect accord with His Father's that His cries for relief died away in a refrain of sweet, peaceful yielding.

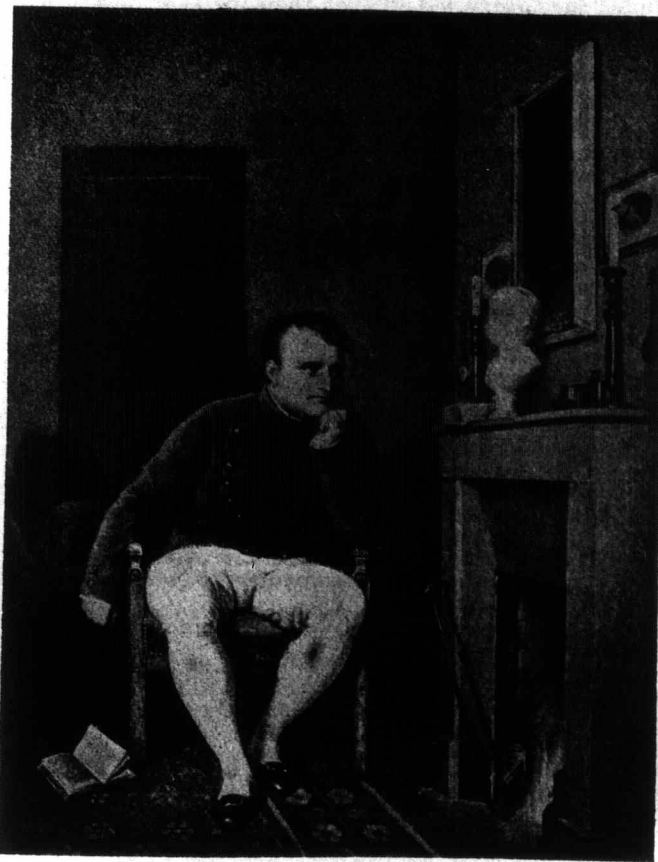
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Tool Chest.

They gave him a chest full of wonderful tools when he got to be six years old, and he made up his mind to go forth in the world and become a carpenter.

"I've gimlets and saws and hammers and nails, I've jack-planes and awls," said he;



"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA."

"I've rulers and screws—how can I refuse a carpenter-man for to be!" The first thing to learn is to hammer a nail. And he got out his hammer and tacks, and he hammered and hammered and hammered away till he'd used up a half dozen packs. He nailed up the doors and he nailed down the floors, and he nailed them again and again. And he made no mistake till he hammered a tack through the nursery window-pane. Then he took up a saw, and he tried its teeth. "I must now learn to saw," he said; and he sawed at the lock of the bureau-drawers, and he sawed off the legs of his bed. And he sawed on the lock of the nursery door till the teeth of the tool grew rough. And then he sat down and remarked to himself, "Well, I guess I have sawn enough. I will now try the awl and the gimlet, too, and learn what different kinds of holes they make—for they're not alike"—and he bored on the outside blinds. He bored six holes in the shutter slats, and then made a change again. And tried his luck on the bureau top with the beautiful two-inch plane. And then, poor boy, some one came in, and, oh, what a fuss was raised! They spanked that boy for trying to learn, when he thought he'd surely be praised; and his father raged, and his mother was cross, and even his sister cried. Because he'd taken her desk apart to see what there was inside. And the baby, too, was as wrathful as they, because for a little while he'd used the ruler to find how wide was the dear little fellow's smile. And that's why Jack—the poor little chap—has changed every future plan, and is going to be a policeman bold instead of a carpenter-man.

There is a false economy which costs more than it returns; such as saving old medicine bottles, partially used prescriptions, the tacks taken from the carpet, or working days to save or make that which can be bought for a few cents.

Wrong Side Out.

Tom was cross; nothing pleased him. He was late for breakfast, and then grumbled because everything was cold. He did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Tom, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Tom stared. He thought his mother must be joking.

"I mean it, Tom," she repeated, so he knew that there was no help for him. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his trousers and coat and collar wrong side out.

Then he came down, and stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams—wondering what his mother meant. He was not quite easy in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said, "This is what you do nearly every day—make the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Tom?"

"No, mother," answered Tom, with a very red face. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will turn your temper to match. We don't want to see the worst side of your temper and manners, any more than your clothes."

After that Tom was careful to put on his very pleasantest smile before coming down to breakfast. Try it.

Making Friends.

Bobby's Aunt Ju lived in a pretty cottage and kept bees. She loved them, and knew all their ways.

"You must make friends with my bees, Bobby," said the old lady when the little boy came on a week's visit.

"All right," said Bobby; his big brother Sam always said "all right" to everything, and Bobby thought he would show off too.

An hour after there were loud screams from the garden. Aunt Ju put down the newspaper and ran out.

"Oh, oh, oh! I'm stung! A bee has stung my finger."

"What were you doing, dear?"

"I was making friends, and was taking a handful of the bees out. One stung me, and I did beat it, Aunt Ju, but it went on stinging me more."

"Now, Bobby," said the old lady, when she had made the finger as comfortable as she could, "next time you want to make friends with anything, try to be kind instead of rough. If you hit a bee, it is sure to hit back, and you know now which gets the worst of the fight."

There is nothing which the average husband better appreciates than a tidy, well-ordered home, with a place for everything, and everything in its place. On the other hand, there is no more potent source of domestic unhappiness than disorder in the living apartments.

Memory Gems.

FROM PAPER CONTRIBUTED BY MISS BLANCHE MACMURRAY, STIRLING, ONT.

"The leaves of memory seem to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."

—*"The Fire of Driftwood": Longfellow.*

"Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of
Heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the
Forget-me-nots of the angels."

—*"Evangeline": Longfellow.*

"I hold it truth with him who sings,
To one clear harp in divers tones;
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

—*"In Memoriam": Tennyson.*

"In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God."

—*"Paradise Lost": Milton.*

"When noble aims have suffered long control
They sink at last or feebly man the soul."

—*Goldsmith.*

FROM PAPER CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. EDITH PHILP, BEAUMONT, VILLE, ONT.

If you cannot find happiness by direct search, try another plan. Make others happy and see if that does not make you truly blessed.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflit it on another.

—*Margaret Fuller.*

So live that when the sun
Of your existence sinks in night
Memories sweet of mercies done
May shine your name in memories light,
And the best seeds you scattered: bloom
A hundredfold in days to come.

—*Sir John Bowring.*

Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste death but once.

—*Shakespeare.*

Learn to say "No," and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

—*Spurgeon.*

The most common cause of failure is attempting too much and doing too little.

—*Wigglesworth.*

One science only will one genius fit,
So wide is art, so narrow human wit.

—*Pope.*

Thoughts were not meant for strife nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

There is something harder to bear than the reverses of fortune: it is the ingratitude of man.

—*Napoleon I.*

The tissues of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—*Whittier.*