

led the party to the cornfield, which was but a short distance away. When they reached it there were found to be twenty-seven shocks yet unhusked.

'Just three apiece, and I think we can finish them in two hours, and it is only about nine o'clock,' said Arthur, commencing on the first one.

Each of the boys followed his example, and it was not long before piles of golden ears lay glistening in the moonlight, which seemed to shed a brighter lustre, as it shone on this deed of peace and kindness. The boys did not notice the chill of the evening, as their fingers flew nimbly at the self-imposed task. With quiet talk and laughter, and low snatches of song, the two hours flew swiftly by, and the work was finished before the boys were aware of it.

'There,' said Lewis, after the stalks had been bound and set up, 'I guess old Jerry will open his eyes when he sees what we've done.'

Then with hearty 'good-nights,' each one went his respective way home. Arthur and Lewis went in the same direction, and as they parted at Arthur's gate, Lewis said, 'I'm glad you refused to help run the wagon into the creek to-night, Arthur. I feel a great deal better than I would have had we done that.'

'I don't deserve any credit,' said Arthur, 'It was my mother showed me what a mean thing it was to do.'

'But you had the courage to say so,' answered Lewis, bidding Arthur good-night.

The next morning Arthur told his mother all about the trick. 'I thought my son would see the matter in its true light,' she said proudly, 'and I am sure now that you know from experience how much better it is to return good for evil, than to show an evil spirit in return.' And Arthur felt that his mother was right.

As for Jerry it was some time before he could believe that it was them 'thieving boys' that had saved him many a weary hour's labor. This act proved the beginning of many a friendship, in which the boys learned that outward appearances, however rough and forbidding, often conceal a warm and generous heart.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

'There Go the Ships!'

'There go the ships!' Thus go the years—
But, fleetier far than fleetest ships,
As on we go, His presence cheers,

While, sounding forth from Jesus's lips—
When heart would quake, from fear of ill,
We hear his welcome 'Peace, be still!'

'There go the ships!' So pass the years
In quick succession, one by one;
We come, and go, with smiles and tears—
How rapidly the race is run!
Whate'er the coming days may fill,
Let Him aye whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

'There go the ships!' 'Mid flying years,
For Him we would our vigil keep,
To Jesus live till He appears—
'Awake! no time is this for sleep!
And as we seek to do his will,
We oft shall hear his 'Peace, be still!'

'There go the ships!' With fleeting years
We sail as from a foreign shore.
Each day the home-land harbor nears,
Where storms are hushed, to rise no more.
Glad joy shall all the ransomed thrill,
When He repeats it—'Peace, be still!'
—Douglas Russell, in the 'Christian.'

What Parthenia Did.

(Luella R. Spencer, in 'Success.')

'Where's Thenie?' Farmer Goodwin asked, glancing at the vacant chair at the dinner table.

'She went down in the orchard an hour ago,' Mrs. Goodwin replied, pouring three cups of steaming coffee, passing one to her husband; and one to each of their sons. 'I called her, but she don't seem to have ears when she gets to porin' over a book. I'm plum worried 'bout the child.'

'Why? Is she allin'?'

'No; not 'specially. 'Tain't her health. It's that foolish idea she's always had in her head of studyin' medicine. The way she pores over any old doctor book she can find, beats all.'

Mr. Goodwin smiled all over his broad, good-natured face. 'Let her be, mother; it won't harm her none. I don't see as it's anything to worry over; jest harmless whilin' away of time; though I don't see what a young thing like her can find interestin' in such stuff.'

'If it stopped at whilin' off time, I shouldn't worry, but the child's in earnest, and is set and determined on makin' a doctor out of herself. She knows how I'm again such doin's, so she don't talk much about it; but every spare minute she's porin' over a book, and I know she don't think of nothin' else. She's a good girl, Thenie is, if she'd only settle down and be content with our life, like the other girls in the neighborhood, and not fret for things that can't never be hers.'

Mrs. Goodwin sighed heavily over what seemed to her a real trouble.

'A girl-doctor!' the good man chuckled. 'What do you boys think of lettin' a girl bring professional honors on the family?'

'Guess she'll have to bring 'em, if they're brought; eh, Sam?' said Jim, poking his elbow in his brother's side.

'I say let her go. We can get along with some honor, well as any family I know of,' answered Sam.

'Come, mother; don't let it take your appetite. Let me help you to some chicken and dressin'; it's uncommon fine to-day,'—and Mr. Goodwin loaded his wife's plate.

'I wish you'd talk right out plain to her, father, and settle the thing. It might as well be done first as last, and the sooner she gets that foolishness out of her head the better.'

'Well, I've finished my dinner. I guess I'll go out through the orchard, and send her in.'

The farmer put on his hat, and followed the path from the kitchen door down into the orchard, where, under a fruit-laden tree, sat the girl, so engrossed with her book as to be unaware of his presence. He stood a moment, watching the delicate face. How pale it was, he thought; but Thenie was always pale, so different from the boys. He took a step forward.

'Ain't you going to eat any dinner, Thenie?'

Parthenia started in surprise. 'Oh, is it you?' she said, smiling.

'What are you readin' that's so interestin'?' Mr. Goodwin continued, taking the book from her hand, and slowly turning its leaves.

'A book Dr. Richmond loaned me.'

'I don't see what you're botherin' your head over such stuff as this for. I've heard of girls settin' up nights to read novels; but I never heard of them porin' over a musty old doctor-book.'

'That is what I have been wishing to talk to you about, father. Sit down here a mo-

ment, please, and hear me out.' She made room for him on the seat beside her, and he sat down.

'I want to get your consent to my studying medicine,' she went on. 'Now, don't shake your head. I know you and mother don't believe in that sort of thing for women, but I think you will consent, when you know how much in earnest I am. I feel this to be my work in the world. Life would almost lose its meaning, without this hope of some day becoming a physician. Indeed, I must do it. I know you will never stand between me and what I feel to be duty.'

Mr. Goodwin sat in silent surprise. As he had said, he looked upon his daughter's love for the study of medicine as a harmless whiling away of time. He had never thought of it as a matter that was to affect her life.

Parthenia was wondering if he intended to make an answer, when he slowly spoke: 'I can't understand such feelin's, Thenie. I guess we ain't all made alike, but where you got such an idea beats me: 'Course, I don't want to stand in your way, but it seems so queer—a girl-doctor! If you'll be satisfied here at home, and give up this notion, we'll do all we can to make you contented. I'll try to get you a ridin'-pony, and let you take music lessons—or anything.'

Parthenia looked at her father's anxious face, and her heart went out to him. She thought at that moment, were it possible, she would gladly give up all her plans for her parents' sake. But she felt it her duty to make of herself all she was capable of becoming, that she might better serve her generation.

'Father,' she said, gently, 'I am sorry I cannot do as you wish; but, if you understood, you would bid me God-speed.'

'Supposin' I consent, what good 'll it do? I can't help you to a college course. Jim and Sam are tryin' to pay for their eighties this year, and that leaves me slim.'

'I don't expect it, father. All I ask is your consent to my studying medicine, and becoming a physician if I can do so through my own exertions.'

'Well, seein' nothing else will satisfy you, I'll not hold out again it. If you must do it, I'd like to help you, but if I can't, I can't. I must go to work now. You'd better go in to dinner, and talk to mother.'

Parthenia returned to the house with a feeling almost of sadness. Her father had consented, but did not approve her course. The boys had returned to work, but Mrs. Goodwin still sat at the table. Putting her arms around her mother's neck, the girl whispered: 'Mother, dear, father has consented to my studying medicine, and now I only wait for your approval.'

'Consented! I thought he went out to put an end to all this dreaming.'

Parthenia sat down and talked earnestly of the things she had kept hidden in her heart; how she longed to become one of the world's workers, and fit herself for a wide field of usefulness.

'God bless you!' her mother said, at last,

Late in the afternoon, Parthenia walked into town on an errand for her mother. She took this opportunity of calling on her faithful friend, Dr. Richmond, who had been the family physician ever since she could remember. There was a strong bond of sympathy between this young girl and the gray-haired doctor, he being the only one who understood and approved of her striving after something more than her present life afforded. She told him of her parents' consent to her pursuing her chosen work. The two talked and planned for an hour, and Parthenia went home with a heart beating