

for myself again. I shall share part of my allowance with Jane so long as I am in school.'

'This meant a great giving up for Molly,' Madge said, 'for none of the girls liked pretty things to wear and good stuff to eat better than Molly did.'

Madame urged Jane to go back to the boarding school, but she did not wish to go. She wanted to be where she could care for her mother. But she asked the Madame to please to give her 'an honest character paper.'

In Jane's bureau drawer to-day the 'honest character paper' is neatly kept in a box. She is doing piece work in a shop and is a very deft workwoman.

Molly is in the Philippines with her father, but very often the postman stops at the tenement house door with a letter from that part of the world for Jane Barstow.

Henry Ward Beecher in School.

Friends of Henry Ward Beecher repeat a story which he used to tell about his teacher, who taught him to depend upon himself.

'I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said the teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. "I don't want any reason why you haven't it," he would say.

"I did study it two hours."

"That is nothing to me. I want the lesson. You may not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours; just suit yourself. I want the lesson."

'It was rough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

'One day his cold voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, "No." I hesitated and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again "No!" uttered in a tone of conviction barred my progress.

"The next!" And I sat down in red confusion.

'He, too, was stopped with "No!" but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with "Very well."

"Why," whimpered I, "I recited it just as he did, and you said "No!"

"Why didn't you say 'Yes' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says 'No!' your business is to say 'Yes' and prove it." — 'Classmate.'

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The Make-Over Circle

(Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring'.)

The little church at Maplewood had never been free from debt. For fifty years it had struggled on, going from bad to worse. Finally the aged minister died, and then the church rapidly went into a decline. The roof began to leak, some of the panes of glass fell out, and the clapboards contracted a habit of flying off when a particularly strong gust of wind struck them.

The Lord is no more a respecter of places than he is of persons, however, and he poured out his Spirit on that forlorn little country church in a wonderful manner, and more than two score lives were blessed with a new knowledge of the Master.

The sole industry of the town, outside of farming, was the manufacturing of woollen goods. There was one mill which gave employment to several hundred young men and women, and it was among the latter, with three exceptions, that the conversions took place. Forty young women, in spite of the taunts and gibes of their companions, gave their hearts to Christ. There came to them the desire to repair the dilapidated little church where they had received so great a blessing.

John McLane owned the mill. Twenty years previous he had been a deacon in the church, but his religion, like the church, was sadly in need of repair. It was to this man that Amelia Graham appealed for aid, confident that he would lend a helping hand.

'What can I do for you, miss?' demanded the business man as Amelia entered his office one morning. His voice was sharp and querulous.

'I wish to speak with you in regard to the condition of the church,' said the girl, looking fearlessly into the cold, gray eyes of the old man.

'Well, what of it?' he asked fretfully.

'We girls,—there are forty of us in the mill,—want to have the church repaired, and we thought perhaps you would assist us in the matter.'

'Not a penny,' said the manufacturer, rising hastily from his desk, 'not one penny until that old debt of one thousand dollars is paid. When that is settled come to me and I will see that all necessary repairs are made.'

Tears were very near her eyes as the girl turned to leave, but she did not permit the old man to suspect them. Thanking him for his offer, while confident that he was secretly laughing at her, she took her leave.

'How can we raise the thousand dollars?' was the question she addressed to her fellow-operatives at her home that evening. Half a dozen plans were suggested and each was disposed of in turn as being impracticable. 'There is one way in which we can raise the money, girls,' said Amelia, at length, 'though it means lots of sacrifice on our part.'

'Why, I would be willing to go without a new dress or cloak for a whole year, if we could accomplish it,' said one young woman.

'How many of you would be willing to do that?' said Amelia. Thirty-nine hands were raised.

'Shall I consider this a vote, then, that you will content yourselves for one year

with made-over garments?' asked Amelia. 'Shall we do this for the sake of Christ and the church?' That evening they formed a society with the purpose of liquidating the church debt, and it pleased them to name it 'The Maplewood Make-over Circle.'

John McLane presently learned of the 'Make-over Circle' and its object, and he said something about its fizzling out very soon, but the weeks became months and still there was no sign of weakening on the part of the girls. The made-over clothes became more and more threadbare, it must be admitted, but the account in the bank to the credit of the circle grew correspondingly as each member of the circle handed the treasurer weekly sums varying from fifty cents to a dollar.

The allotted year was drawing to a close. One morning Amelia Graham was informed by the foreman that she was wanted in the office.

'Miss Graham, I believe,' said McLane, as she entered the office.

'Yes, sir,' she replied.

'Being president of the bank where the funds of the Make-Over Circle are on deposit, naturally I have learned of the amount to your credit,' said the mill-owner. 'This morning I discovered that there was a trifle over a thousand dollars on deposit in the name of the circle, and in accordance with my promise of a year ago, I have placed the church in the hands of a contractor who will see that everything about it is thoroughly overhauled. Further, I have talked the matter over with the leading members of the church, and it has been decided to secure a pastor, and sufficient means for his support for a year, at least, have been subscribed.'

Rufus

(Margaret Horner Clyde, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

When the long spring days come and I see the sunshine glint along the living green of the grass, my thoughts drift back across the years to my own springtime, and I am a little girl again upon the dandelion-starred lawn in my father's first parish. Perhaps no one person is more bound up with my childhood than Rufus, our good old sexton.

Our house was near the church, and he was there every day, attended by his old faithful dog, Fritz. I wonder which I loved more in those days, Fritz or Rufus. It was the same quality in both that appealed, I think, a kind of dumb devotion, regardless of slights, a love that takes you 'for better or for worse,' found only in animals—and some men. Rufus loved me as he loved all helpless things—loved me because he knew me first as a baby. When I was learning to walk he would come to the house and take me as his companion while he made his daily rounds in the church. When he was occupied with his lamps or his dusting, I would make my tentative way from pew to pew; and not unlike one of our good old deacons, I had many a good nap in the soothing atmosphere of the sanctuary.

I could not have been much older when, one spring day, my mother, tempted by the beauty of the morning, bundled up her sewing and me and went to spend the day with a friend on the other side of the village. But, alas, for golden promises! A