

The Inglenook.

Duty vs. Ambition.

They met in the campus in the shadow of great overarching trees. With a kind smile the grand old man held out his hand to the young lady who had stopped, saying, "Good afternoon, doctor; I was on my way to see you."

"Very well, I am at your service. Shall we return?"

"On no; I can tell you here—" Then she hesitated.

"Is all going well in your work?"

"Yes, doctor; but—" (her voice trembled) "I must give it up."

"Give it up!" he echoed.

She had thought it all out so carefully and planned what she should say, and now here she was breaking down the very first thing.

"Aren't you well, my dear? Are you overworking? What is it?" said the benevolent Ph. D., again taking her hand as if an M. D., with a view to feeling her pulse.

"I am perfectly well, thank you," said the fair girl, lifting her flushing face, the blue eyes bright with unshed tears. "Excuse me, please; I thought I could control myself better. I am well, but my parents are not. They need me, and I was coming to tender you my resignation to take effect in June."

The noble face looked his surprise. He was one of the founders of this college, one of its earliest presidents, and for a quarter of a century had been president of the board of trustees. Its interests were very dear to him and he kept in close touch with its faculty and students.

"Do you not like your work?"

"Very much."

"Do you know what it means to give it up?"

"I think I do."

"You are young."

"I am twenty-seven."

"Few girls at twenty-seven hold such a position as yours. I watched you through your college course. I have watched you carefully these two years in the chair of English. You are doing well. The students like you. We are satisfied as it is."

She had always felt that if at any time she came to this grand man with a burden, he would care and help her lift it, but she had not come until she must.

"Do you know, my child—pardon me, but so twenty-seven seems to seventy-seven—your predecessor was here fifteen years?"

"Yes; sir I know it."

"And if you resign and another takes your place, there may not be a vacancy for as long or longer?"

"I have thought of that, and there is no chair in this college, there is no place in the world I'd rather teach than right here as I am now doing."

"Then why do you let it slip out of your hands?"

"My parents need me. They sacrificed much in giving me an education. They have always thought of their children first, and now they are old. They have the first claim on me."

"You have brothers and sisters. Why can't some of them go to your parents?"

"They are all married."

"You are certainly as much tied. You've spent years in fitting yourself for this place, and now you give it all up. What will you do at home?"

"Take care of my father, who has had a painful accident, and of my mother, who at the same time had a slight stroke of paralysis and is very frail. I feel that I must go now and stay with them as long as they live. They are both past seventy and will not be with us many years."

"My mother lived to be over ninety years old; so may yours. Think of twenty of your best years for growth and study. Will you give up all your ambitions for advancement in your chosen work, your plan of a tour abroad, and be contented to be a nurse, cook and housekeeper?"

"Please, doctor, don't make it so hard for me. Maybe sometime I can take up teaching again, somewhere if not here, but I cannot leave the old folk now, I'll have to bide a wee."

"I want to make it hard for you, my dear; we don't want to lose you. Bring your father and mother over here, or let them go to some of their other children's homes."

"Oh, doctor, they never would be happy anywhere else. I believe it would kill them to leave the old home where they've lived fifty years. They've taken deep root. My sister is with them now, and will stay until I can come. I spent a day at home this week, and told them I'd come back in June to stay. You don't know how happy it made them."

"Were they willing you should make such a sacrifice?"

"I didn't let them think it a sacrifice."

"Can't you get a nurse to take care of them? You can better afford to do that than lose your place here."

"They won't have a nurse. No, it will not do. They want me. I've thought it over and over, and, doctor, I know it is my duty to go."

"Duty," said the great man slowly. "Well, well, don't be hasty in this. I won't say anything to the board about it just now. You think and pray over it, as I suppose you've been doing. Maybe the Lord will show you some other way out of the tangle. Its my opinion that duty never points two ways at once. There'll be a hundred applicants for your position if we give out that you've resigned. Spare us if you can, little woman."

After shaking hands cordially again, he walked on.

The young professor felt very young indeed as she stood looking after the bent figure. Her thoughts were something like this: "In years there is wisdom. He is a statesman. He has been one of our nation's counselors. Maybe he is right. This campus was never more beautiful than now. How I'll miss it all! There comes a bunch of pretty girls in smiles and bright shirt waists—a bouquet of gladness! There are the boys on the football ground. The companionship of these students mean, oh, so much! I believe maybe they'll miss me. The atmosphere of a college is different from any other place under heaven. It has the breath of life in it. It is developing, stimu-

lating, exhilarating! Must I give it up? Oh, how I love this work!"

She threw back her head, taking a long deep breath of the fragrant spring air. She looked up and down over the lovely grounds, from one stately building to another, then with heart and eyes full, murmured softly to herself:

"When Duty whispers, 'Lo, thou must,' The youth replies, 'I can.'"

She did not wait for the good times at commencement. She must get home as soon as possible, so when "exams" were over, she packed her trunks.

The crowd of students at the station to see Miss Fairweather off on her train parted to let in the venerable form of the president of the board of trustees. The girls were all sniffing, the boys gallantly offering their big handkerchiefs, as the tiny lace ones had been long ago soaked. Miss Fairweather was a favorite. She had kept herself calm, now and then brushing away a tear as some emotional girl would throw her arm about her, sobbing that they'd "all miss awfully." She had promised to come back if possible to see them all graduated. But when the beloved doctor, idol of students and faculty, took her hand to say good-bye, and she began: "How good of you, doctor, to—" her voice failed, and her eyes were dim. She heard him saying, "God bless you, my brave girl. I wish I had such a daughter. Remember, if the way opens for you to come back, you are to have your place again if you don't stay too long."

She thanked him through her tears. The train pulled in. The college yell, a flutter of handkerchiefs and a flourish of college colors was the good-bye.

She came back. Before the year was out the dear parents had answered the call to come up higher. All her life the loving daughter was glad she had forgotten self and had done for them what she could.

Higher honors awaited her. In losing her life she found it.—Central Christian Advocate.

A Toast To "The Queen."

At a dinner once given in Scotland, a toast was proposed by a Scotchman, who, in a few words, gave his opinion of Queen Victoria as a woman. As published in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, it was as follows:

"Now gentlemen," said the chairman, "will ye a' fill your glasses, for I am about to bring forth the Queen. Our Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae whigmals or falderals about her, but a dowie decent lady."

"She's respectable beyond a' doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' weel-faured lads and lasses,—her aulddest son being a credit to ony mither,—and they're a' weel married. Ane daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir."

"Gent'emen, ye'll maybe no' believe it, but I ance saw the Queen. I did. It was when I took my auld broon coo to Perth Show, I remember her weel—such color, such hair—" (Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the Queen ye're proposin'?")

"The Queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking about the coo. However, as to the Queen, someb dy pointt I her oot to me at Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy like, and says I to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa' ye needna remain a widow anither hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, 'The Queen!'"