

doing anything for others, and I have sometimes wondered why you do it. Does it ease your conscience?"

Flo laughed again. "No," she said, "I like to help where I can."

"You really *like* to?" It seemed impossible to pleasure-loving Bessie. How could anyone prefer to visit the sick when there were such good times to be had in the world? "Now tell me," she went on, "do you mean to say that you actually enjoy reading a childish story to that little girl?"

"Yes; for it gives me pleasure to see how much she enjoys it. I am bound to be happy because I cannot look upon her happy face and be otherwise. The act is partly selfish after all."

"Well, its most unselfishly selfish, anyhow," Bessie declared, warmly, and then, as if with sudden determination, "Flo, I believe I'm going to try it. Just for an experiment you know. I don't say that I shall keep it up, but I'm going to do something for somebody this very day. I'll take the first chance that offers, and see how it feels. Good-bye; I believe that you turn this corner, and I wait here for my car."

"Good-bye; I wish you lots of success"; and Flo went merrily on her way.

The next moment Bessie was about to stop a car that was coming along when she caught sight of Rose Martling, the twelve-year-old daughter of a poor widow who sometimes did sewing for the neighbors. The child was neatly though plainly dressed, her bright golden hair was prettily arranged and, notwithstanding the fact that the hat which she wore was a cheap one, it was exceedingly becoming to the little round face.

"What a pretty appearance she makes!" the girl thought, as she glanced toward Rose. Then something in the nature of an inspiration came to Bessie Bartlett. She wondered afterwards how it happened, but at the time she could only grasp it with all the eagerness that usually characterized her search for pleasure.

"This looks like my chance," she said to herself, and stepping hastily back, she let the car pass. "Good-morning, Rose," was her greeting when the little girl approached; "where are you going?"

"Home. I've been to the store," was the shy answer.

"I suppose you don't get out of the village very often, do you?"

"No, ma'am, there are so many of us, and"—

Here Rose hesitated. It would hardly do, she thought, to tell a lady like Miss Bartlett that money was so scarce at home.

"I'm going to do some shopping in the city," were Bessie's next words, "and I was wondering if you would like to go with me to see the big stores."

How the little girl's eyes sparkled at the idea! To see the big stores, and to go with beautiful Miss Bartlett whom she had admired so much, but hardly dared approach! It would indeed be delightful, but could she mean it? And how about the cost?

"I see that you want to go," Bessie said kindly; "now run down and ask your mother if she can spare you, and hurry, dear, for we ought to take the next car to the ferry—and you won't need any money, you know, for this is my treat; and just mention that we'll have our lunch at a restaurant."

"Lunch at a restaurant!" Rose repeated to herself as she almost flew over the ground toward home. It seemed too good to be true. So little of pleasure came to Rose's life that this invitation, one that would be looked upon with indifference by many other children, was especially wonderful to her.

Of course, Mrs. Martling was glad to have her go, and ten-year-old Maggie good-naturedly promised to take the best of care of the baby, who was generally Rose's particular charge.

And what a happy time Rose had! She enjoyed every moment of it. The ride in the car and in the ferryboat, then again in the city car, the sights in the big stores, the lunch at the restaurant where she had just what she wanted. The pretty book that Bessie bought for her, and, above all, perhaps, was the box of candy that she could take home and share with mother and the children. Then, to a little girl who always had younger children to look out for, it was indeed delightful to be so lovingly cared for by kind Miss Bartlett; for Bessie never did anything by halves, and she had determined that this day should be a red-letter one for Rose. The act had ceased to be an experiment even before they had reached the city, and Bessie awoke to the fact that she was taking genuine pleasure in her young companion's happiness.

"I understand now about Flo," she thought gladly; "it pays, too, this idea of doing for others, and oh! how good it is that it cannot be patented!"—*S. Jennie Smith, in Advocate and Guardian.*

Who is it that, when years are gone by, we remember with the purest gratitude and pleasure? Not the learned or clever, but those who have had the force of character to prefer the future to the present, the good of others to their own pleasure. Give us a character on which we can thoroughly depend, which we are sure will not fail us in time of need, which we know to be based on principle and on the fear of God, and it is wonderful how many brilliant and popular and splendid qualities we can safely and gladly dispense with.—*Dean Stanley.*