

York had sent to her. Hilda had looked at it rather disdainfully the day before.

"Of course it was kind in Cousin Sue to remember me," she said; "but I don't like such old-fashioned books. I wonder what any one can see so grand in Dr. Jeremy Taylor's writings."

That morning Hilda opened the book with rather more interest. The very first words she read were, "Every day propound to yourself a rosary, or a chaplet of good works, to present to God at night." "I like that," she cried. "It fits in beautifully with all that happened yesterday."

Just then the first church-bell began to ring. Hilda liked plenty of time to arrange her dress. She was often late because of the very special attention she chose to give to the tying of a ribbon or the fit of a hat. She was to wear her new olive suit for the first time that morning. Everybody knows just what the first time with a new dress means—how anxious one is to feel that it is in good taste and becoming, and how awkward one is likely to feel in the attempt to feel quite at home in it.

Hilda passed through all this experience on that first Sunday of the New Year. She stood before the glass at last with a feeling of satisfaction and a smile, as she anticipated the admiration she would receive from the girls. Suddenly the second bell began to ring. Hilda remembered that she had not given a thought to Rose, or a look at the boys—and they were always sure to need some help from her. Her father, too, he was so pleased always to hear her say, "Let me see, father, doesn't your coat need a little brushing?"

"This morning, of all others, you have been so selfish!" Hilda thought, with a blush, and an ashamed recollection of the "new page." Was its beauty marred so soon?

The fact made her so very uncomfortable that she scarcely spoke a word on the way to church. Of course this only made matters worse, as Hilda knew, when she heard Rose whisper, "What makes sister so cross? I thought she was going to be perfectly lovely all through this year."

After that it seemed as though so many disagreeable things happened, and all on purpose to vex Hilda—as she declared.

The first peaceful moment that came to her was that afternoon, in her Sunday-school class. Miss Alice Rodney was her teacher, and it was enough to quiet any troubled heart just to sit next to Miss Alice. The lesson was about the burial of Jesus. The sweet story of the ministry of the women came in just there. The girls seemed all very tender that afternoon. I think had each spoken as she felt, each would have said that her wish was to minister, in some way, to Jesus Christ.

This was Hilda's wish, certainly, and yet she would not, for a great deal, have had any one suspect it. She choked down the feeling in her throat, and turned away, after school, with a light, trifling remark, that puzzled Miss Alice, and sent her home with an anxious heart.

"I don't understand Hilda Dunn," she thought; "I watched her in meeting yesterday morning, and I was sure she had decided to be a Christian."

Hilda did not understand herself. She understood, however, that she had broken a good many fine resolutions within twenty-four hours. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "why cannot people do just what they have made up their minds to do?"

"There was to be 'children's church' that evening. Mr. Winthrop, the pastor, wished the children to come as a Sunday-school, each class with its teacher, and sit in the pews on either side of the middle aisle. And whatever Mr. Winthrop wished was sure to be done.

Hilda was there with the other girls of the class.

She was such as much interested as were the very little ones of the congregation. Mr. Winthrop gave as his text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Hilda found herself repeating the text, and the two divisions of the sermon: First, "What is the Gospel of Christ?" Second, "Why we should not be ashamed of it."

Gospel meant "glad tidings"; yes, Hilda knew that. But, in this case, "Gospel of Christ" means Christ himself. St. Paul wrote the words, and that is what he meant by them. Hilda had not known this.

"Is a feeling of shame ever right? Yes, it is right to feel ashamed when one has done what is improper or sinful. When one has been mean, or cross, or disobedient, or has told a lie, or in any other way disobeyed God.

"Why should we not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? St. Paul tells us: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' St. Paul was writing to the Romans, and he knew how that word 'power' would please them. It is a strong word.

"We all like power of some kind," Mr. Winthrop said. "At first the boy thinks most of physical power; he admires the man of strong muscle, or the boy who plays the best game of cricket or ball. As we grow older, we care for mental power; we value most those who win prizes at school, or who write or speak well." Hilda's face flushed. She was an enthusiastic admirer of mental power. "But," said Mr. Winthrop, "higher than either physical or mental power is spiritual power—the power which will enable us to live aright."

"Live aright!" Hilda caught these words. Yes! live aright from day to day. To be kind and patient, obedient, unselfish—the power to become all these can come to us only through the Lord Jesus Christ. Our best resolutions are weak, except as they are made in the strength that he offers to us. Was Mr. Winthrop thinking of Hilda? She was sure that he was looking directly at her.

"But what if we are ashamed of this power—ashamed of Christ himself?" And then Mr. Winthrop told of many ways in which we are all tempted to deny our Saviour.

Presently he said very earnestly, "My dear young people, the time is coming when you and I would rather have one smile from Jesus Christ than all the smiles of all the great who have ever lived. Then, what if we have been ashamed of him? Do you remember what he said? 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.'"

Hilda leaned her head upon her hand, and listened almost breathlessly to every word of that sermon.

Then Mr. Winthrop said, so solemnly, "At the last, Christ may say to some of you, 'Yes, I remember you; you were a scholar in a certain Sunday-school. You heard often of my love and sufferings on the cross. You were invited to come to me and be saved. Your heart felt very tender toward me sometimes, when you thought of my love for you, but you tried to hide your feelings; you did not decide to come out bravely and be my disciple. Ashamed of me! and now—now I am ashamed of you. You must go away from my presence for ever!'"

"Will that ever be true of me?" thought Hilda, with a sob. "Am I ashamed of Jesus Christ? Is that why I do not want people to think I like prayer-meeting? Is that why I always laugh, and pretend to be thinking of something silly, when

Miss Alice talks to me of these things? Mr. Winthrop talks about the power we must have to help us live aright. Is it because I have refused this power, that I have spoiled the first new leaf of my New Year?"

Hilda could not keep back the tears. She was not ashamed of them any longer, however. She went home with a full heart. She ran upstairs, and locked her self in her own room. It seemed to her that she had been blind all her life, and that only now her eyes had been opened to see that it was Christ whom she needed—Christ the hope of glory, and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

There, in the quiet of her room, she fell at his feet, and the words that came from her heart were:—

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot:
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

And he met her, even as in the parable the father met his lost son.

Thus there came to Hilda the divine power that could alone help her to turn over, with faith and love, a new leaf in her book of life.—*New York Observer.*

The King's Daughters' Song.

GOING forth on gentle errands,
As the Master went before:
Light the little cross we carry,
Heavy was the cross he bore.
But the little crosses bearing,
Thus we share the Master's shame,
Thus his royal glory wearing,
Marching onward "in his name."

Lift we now the weary burdens,
Smooth away the mark of care,
To the fevered, aching pillow
Bring the tenderness of prayer.
Even in a world of sorrow,
Song of hope 'tis ours to frame,
Looking for a brighter morrow,
Marching onward "in his name."

Day by day to high and lowly
One dear word we try to give,
Consecrated gladly, wholly,
Jesus Christ we try to live.
Till we reach the home of beauty,
Where the seraph raptures flame,
Love shall arm our souls for duty,
Marching onward "in his name."

Japanese Civilization.

As illustrating his claim that the Japanese are a more civilized people than the Americans, a gentleman at a recent Boston dinner-table cited Professor Morse's statement, that if, in a Japanese city, one picks up a stone to throw at a dog, the dog does not run, because he has never had a stone thrown at him, and does not know what the action means.

Manifestly, if such a state of universal gentleness and kindness prevails in Japan, that not even a stone is thrown at a dog by a boy, there must be a very high and thorough civilization permeating all classes of the population.

This argument may not be accepted as complete by the sociologists, who would, doubtless, maintain that it requires something else than gentleness and humanity to make civilization. But certainly the fact is to be taken as an excellent item of evidence in making out a case of high civilization for the Japanese.

And it is a significant fact that it was reserved for our own European-American civilization to introduce the completest refinement of cruelty to animals.—*Boston Transcript.*