

Lily's books and Lily's note paper, and Lily's manicure set. Lily sank down, pressing her hands to her tired head.

She smiled as she looked at Millicent's coat on a chair. It looked so big ungainly, so like its owner. Poor, dear old Millicent! The other girls did not understand.

Lily knew that Millicent would go through fire for her; then a bit of a smile touched Lily's lips. It probably would never be necessary for Millicent to go through fire for her, whereas a little everyday amiability, a little pleasantness on Millicent's part would be very grateful to Lily's patient nerves.

Steps came flying down the corridor, the door burst open, in the light of the hall Millicent's face was radiant.

"Theresa wanted to come, but I wouldn't let her. I'd have killed any one who tried to tell you before I did—and I let them know it, too! Anne Brower got up and made such an odd speech—about loyalty and friendship and sacrifice, and a lot more. I didn't understand what she meant at all. But the girls clapped. Oh, how they clapped! And then they took the vote. Lily it's you! And unanimous! I never heard of such a thing in college before! Unanimous! I can't imagine how it happened, can you?"

"No," said Lily, humbly, "I can't."—Youth's Companion.

THE BALANCE SHEET.

Not as an answer to its critics, or with the hope of satisfying the constant persistent demand for lower rates, but just as a matter of news, the interesting fact has been given out that the Grand Trunk has, within the past few years expended \$15,000,000, in double tracking the main line from Montreal to Chicago, that they have now over a thousand miles of double line—the longest continuous double track under one management in the world.

At the same time they have been laying down 80 pound steel where in former days there was 65 and 72 pound rails. And now, having set a new and heavier standard, they are replacing the 80 pound steel with new rails weighing 100 pounds to the yard. In other ways they are bringing the system up to a standard which will make it, in all respects, a first-class railway. Every new bridge put in is made to carry the heaviest load.

All this money, or the most of it, finds its way back to the pockets of the people, for the work is done largely in Canada, and the materials entering into the work, are largely the products of Canadian mills and Canadian hands.

And all over the vast system, from Niagara on the south, North Bay at the north—from Portland to Chicago, they are building new shops, round houses, stations and other buildings. In the double track alone the company have provided additional safety that no mere block system could secure. No doubt as business justifies other lines will be double tracked especially the lines leading down from the Great Lakes, the outlet for the wheat of the Northwest.

He who calls on the Lord to help him up must himself struggle to get onto his feet if he would have his prayer answered.

Caddie (to golfer, who had been lifting the turf all the way round the course)—"You'll be a stranger in these parts, I suppose?"

Golfer—Well, not exactly a stranger. I was born here, and all my folks are buried hereabouts.

Caddie (as the golfer lifts another piece of turf with his driver)—I doot you'll no' get deep enough with your driver; you'd better tak' your iron.

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

(By Pauline Frances Camp)

On the edge of the Black Forest,
'Neath the mountain's frowning brow,
In a tiny little cottage
Lived a tiny little frau.

All day she cooked, and swept, and scrubbed,

Without a thought of rest,
Until the sun had gone to bed
Down in the crimson west.

Perechance, you think, she lived alone,
Among her pots and pans.

Oh, no! for there were Elsa, Gretchen,
Carl, and little Hans.

But you will feel a sadness,
If you have a heart that's kind,

To learn these little people, every
One of them, were blind!

They never saw a bowl that needed
Washing, nor a cup;

They never saw things lying round
That should have been picked up;

They never saw how fast their mother's
Hair was turning gray;

In fact, these children were in quite
A melancholy way.

One day the fairy Good-Will came
A wandering through the woods,

And peeped in through the window,
As a proper fairy should,

She saw the little blind ones, and
Of children being fond,

She touched each eyelid gently
With the shining silver wand.

Behold a marvel! First, the children
Look with startled eyes;

Then Elsa seizes broom, and ah! the
Dust, how swift it flies!

Carl sees the empty wood box—never
Saw the thing before!

And hastes to fill, his wooden shoes
A-clattering on the floor.

And Gretchen mends the fire,
And she turns the pancakes too;

And chubby little Hansel looks
To see what he can do.

Then the little fairy Good-Will went
A smiling on her way,

Well pleased to see the miracle
Her magic wrought that day.

On the edge of the Black Forest,
'Neath the mountain's frowning brow,

In a cheery little cottage
Lives a cheery little frau;

And her needles click-clack gaily, for
Her work is lessened much

Since the children's eyes were opened
By the fairy's magic touch.

"I HAPPIED HIM UP."

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled too.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then, someone stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed.

"Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys, and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.

CHINA'S KITCHEN-GOD.

By Belle Sparr Luckett.

In a gay mixture of red, green, orange and purple, on a square of thin paper, are printed the pictures of a number of people, all Chinese. There are men and women, the wives and servants of the principal figure, the kitchen-god of China. The large, pleasant-faced Chinaman with the fibe hat on his head and the long tail-like mustache is said to be a picture of Chang Kung, a wonderful man, who lived ten or twelve hundred years ago. The thing that made Chang Kung so wonderful was that he lived inside of one yard with nine generations of his kin-folks, without a single quarrel. This wonderful man also had a hundred wonderful dogs, all of them the most peaceable and polite dogs in the world, for it is said they even waited for one another if any of them were late at meal-time.

The emperor, hearing of this remarkable man and his remarkable family, sent for him and asked to know the secret of such household harmony. For answer, Chang Kung simply wrote the word, "Forbearance."

Having a desire that all the people might imitate Chang Kung's example, the emperor made him a god, and had his image and that of his wives placed in Chinese homes to be worshipped by the whole family. So Chang Kung became the kitchen-god, who was supposed to bring peace and put an end to discord.

A kitchen-god of thin paper, covered with red, green, orange, and purple pictures, can be bought for half a cent, though others, with pictures of fruits and food and animals and people, all beautifully cut out and pasted on sheets of thin paper, are much more costly. But always as the chief figure is the kind-faced Chang Kung and one or more of his gentle-looking wives.

They fasten the picture over the little brick kitchen range where the god rules with watchful eyes over the doings of the household. Twice a month, when the moon is a tiny, new crescent and again when it is round and full, the family meet to worship this god, and four times each year they have a feast in his honor.

The sins of each member of the family are supposed to be known to him, especially the stealing and misdeeds of the cook.

On the twenty-fourth of the twelfth month the dirty, smoky, greasy god is taken down from his chimney-corner, and sugar or molasses smeared on his lips and face while they beg him to tell only sweet things about them when he goes on high to make his yearly report of all he has seen and heard.

After smearing his face, the little picture is put into a lamp-stand and covered with red paper to look like a sedan-chair. This is supposed to be the way the god travels on his long journey: Rice-straws are cut into small pieces, which are to be the watermelon seeds he loves to eat when he is hungry. Just outside the door is a pile of rice-straw, on which the little sedan-chair is placed, and then the whole thing is set on fire, and away goes the kitchen-god to tell the Pearly Emperor, up in heaven, all about the family affairs and the sins of the cook. His presence in the kitchen has not brought peace to the household or made the cook honest. But just at the beginning of the Chinese New Year, he is supposed to come back again to take up his watch, for a new picture is bought and again fastened over the stove against the dirty kitchen wall.—Sunday School Times.

Without labor there is no arriving at rest, nor without fighting can the victory be reached.—Thomas a Kempis.