

Pen Wiper, humbly, 'only for me you would be so rough with dried ink you couldn't be used. And that is all any of us are good for—just to be used. We might all stay here for the rest of our lives, and not all of us put together could write that letter. Only the hand of our master could do that.'

'I believe he's right,' said the Envelope and Note Paper together.

'Yes,' said the Ink, 'it was foolish of us to forget that we can do nothing until we are used.'

'True enough,' murmured the Ink Bottle, 'for what use would I be if you were not in me?'

'Yes, to be sure,' said the Blotting Paper, 'we ought to have thought of that.'

'Indeed, yes; and I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Pen Wiper, but I do think we would be happier if we would just do the best we can, without being jealous.'

As he spoke the owner re-entered the room and silence fell. The Pen was taken up, dipped in the Ink, and passed to and fro on the Note Paper, the Blotting Paper pressed on it; the letter placed in the Envelope; the address written; the Pen wiped on the Pen Wiper.

'We have each done our part,' murmured the Ink.

'Yes,' said the Pen, and without our master we could have done nothing.—The 'British Messenger.'

Keeping Engagements.

In the 'Christian Endeavor World' the story is told concerning 'President Roosevelt on Keeping Engagements,' by the Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D.D., of New York, as follows:

'A friend of mine was closeted with President Roosevelt, discussing a matter of much importance, when the private telephone bell rang. The President answered it, and a boyish voice said, "Who is this?" "It is the President."

"Is Archie there?" "He is not here, but I think he is somewhere about."

"Well, he promised to come and play with me at 2 o'clock; and now it is 3 o'clock, and he has not come, and I am very much disappointed."

"I will look the matter up at once," said the man of affairs. He spoke with as much interest and determination as would have been manifested over any question of statecraft or public policy. Turning to the house telephone, he soon located Archie, and said, "Did you have an engagement to meet a playmate at 2 o'clock; and, if so, why have you not kept it?"

"Oh, yes, I promised to meet one of the boys, but I forgot all about it."

"Go to him at once and apologize."

The President then gave his son a homily on the morality of keeping an engagement, something like this: "Not to keep an engagement is to be guilty of a species of falsehood, and it should be as carefully avoided as any other variation from the truth. If you keep engagements as a boy, you will keep them as a man; if you are careless with them now, you will have to learn new principles, or be a failure in life."

For Inky Fingers.

A girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other schoolboys and schoolgirls should know, too.

'It's so needful, mamma,' she says, 'All boys and girls get ink on their fingers, you know.'

'Surely they do, and on their clothes as well,' said her mother.

'I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they are there,' responded the girl. 'I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink stains off my fingers. See!'

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match-safe and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

'There,' said the girl after she had finished. 'Isn't that good? I read that in a house-keeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now; it's just splendid!—Selected.

A Summer House Story.

'Mother!' said Hannath, one day, who was famous for asking questions, 'are these trees any good to us? will Father ever cut them down?'

The rest of the children all began to talk at once, for if we do love anything in our garden it's our shady green walk leading away from the summer-house.

'Think of the horse-chestnuts we pick up! think of the birds' nests! Why, there's the fly-catcher's nest in the rose-creeper on the lime now! Think of the swing,' etc. And Mother, who is always on the look-out for a story, began at once.

'Any good to us, Hannath? I will tell you something about the good they are to us. Without speaking of the beauty and the grateful shade of trees, I will tell you at once of what is perhaps the chief form which their 'goodness' to us takes. There is a certain gas called oxygen which we and all ani-

light and turns to it the upper surface of its leaves. You do not always do what is best for you, even when you are told. But think again of a young plant. Did you ever know it push its root up through the ground and send its green shoot downwards? No, never! Its welfare is its duty, and it never thinks of disobedience to Mother Nature, who sets it its tasks day by day. There is no 'Oh, why?' with the young tree, only quiet simple obedience, and then how it does grow and flourish! Under ground there are countless roots and fibres, as large perhaps as the stem and branches and twigs we see towering far above our heads, and nearly all through all those roots and fibres are sending up a stream of sap to branch and twig and every green leaf that covers them. Then as autumn draws on the leaves prepare for a new sphere of usefulness. All their life has been serviceable activity since in spring they peeped from their protecting buds. They have gladdened our eyes with their beauty, shielded us



GOOD TIMES UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

mals require to breathe to keep us in health, and this gas is continually being given out by the under-side of the leaves, filling the atmosphere with the very gas we want to keep us alive. There is, too, another gas called carbonic acid, which we breathe out from our lungs, and which is most unwholesome to breathe in again. Now this gas, so bad for us, is the principal food of the tree, and it continually breathes it in, taking it out of the air, through the help of its thousands of leaves, which are its lungs. So that trees are continually purifying the air when it has become impure, as well as continually giving back the oxygen which is our life.

'Do you see how "good" the trees are to us now?—and so wise, too! The leaves cannot perform the work God has set them to do without light; and wherever you may find a young tree, or indeed any plant growing, you will always see that it struggles up to the

from the great heat of the sun, purified the air and now they are about to enter on a new sphere of usefulness. Warm shades of brown, red, and yellow creep over them, the flow of sap is languid in their veins, sharp night frosts shrivel them up, their fall is at hand. The autumn winds will soon break them up, and, changed at last to mould again, they will mix with and enrich the soil, and serve in their turn as food for other plants. And so not a single leaf will be lost, though it fall and be blown we know not whither.

This is but a very small part of the 'good trees are to us,' but we have no time to say more. Do you try to copy them, Hannath? Don't say 'Oh, Mother, why?' but do as your own mother and Mother Nature bid you, and you will grow straight and fair, and will be good and do good in your generation, please God!—Sunday Reading for the Young.