

"Why, I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing-room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and reassured me by telling me they had come to see me, and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All were in full dress; the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the *faux pas* somewhat disturbed, and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, 'Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I looked around and they were all bare-handed! Moreover, I observed that half a dozen had bonnets on. This half a dozen rapidly increased till we were in a majority; and I soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat. Now, that is what I call politeness!"

MY WAY.

They told me of a way
That I must go;
Whether 'twas long or short
They did not know.

I did not listen then,
Nor understand,
Until my Father came
And took my hand.

"I am thy guide," He said:
"Leave all with Me."
And so I went with Him
All trustingly.

And now we journey on,
Day after day;
I have no need of care,
He knows the way.

My sandals are His strength;
And His great love
The staff that helps me toward
The home above.

He holds my hand in His:
How can I fear?
It is not hard to trust
While he is near.

I do not know how long
The way will be;
I only know it is
The best for me,

And when no longer here
He bids me roam
I shall behold with joy
My Father's home.

HOW TO SEE A SEED GROW.

Many little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby preventing it from taking root. We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, round which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or drop down in the centre of the glass. He then put water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet-peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on underground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skin had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the tops of the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large and gave way to a stalk or stem.

In this way most seeds may be seen to grow. But just stop and think a moment. How little

do we know about that wonderful power of life which works inside the seed, and pushes out the root and the blade, and which keeps pushing till the blossoms comes.

BISHOP WILSON AND THE SOLDIER.

Bishop Wilson's manner in his confirmations were most impressive and the words used by him most earnest and affecting. While Bishop of Calcutta he usually gave two addresses. The full assent of the catechumens he almost always required to be repeated twice, and sometimes thrice, till the church resounded with the words "I do." In the second address he was accustomed to deliver "seven rules," which were to be repeated after him at the time, and afterwards written in the Bible or the Prayer Book of those who had been confirmed. They were as follows:

"1. Pray every day of your life for more and more of God's Holy Spirit. "2. Prepare at once for receiving aright the Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. "3. Read every day some portion of God's holy word. "4. Reverence and observe the Lord's day. "5. Keep in the unity of the Church. "6. Avoid bad company and seek the company of the good. "7. When you have got wrong, confess it, and get right as soon as you can."

In many a Bible and Prayer Book throughout India these words may still be found written. "Please, sir, will you give us our 'Seven Rules?'" was the constant request to the Bishop's chaplain after service. "On one occasion," says his biographer, "when the confirmation was concluded in a large military station, and the Bishop was resting for a few minutes in the vestry, a young English soldier hastily entered and made his military salute. On being questioned, it appeared that he had been a candidate for confirmation, and was duly prepared, but having been on guard he was too late for the ceremony, and he came now to express his sorrow, and to see if his case admitted of no remedy. For a while the Bishop doubted, but his interest was aroused by hearing the soldier plead that he had been a boy in the Islington parochial schools, that he had often been catechised in that church, and that he had heard the Bishop's last sermon on leaving London.

"'Kneel down,' said the Bishop. He knelt down, and was confirmed and admitted to the full communion of the 'Church militant on earth.'"

THE CHILD DIKE.

Holland is a beautiful country, full of green fields, with cattle and sheep grazing in the pastures; but there are few trees and no hills to be seen. The ground is so flat and low that two or three times the sea has rushed in over parts of it and destroyed whole towns. In one of these floods, about two hundred years ago, more than twenty thousand people were drowned. In some of the towns that were flooded not a creature of any kind was left alive.

A large part of the water that came in at the time of that flood still remains. It is known as "the Maas," and in one part of it there is a little green island—a part of an old dike or dam—which is called the "kinder dike," or "child dike," and got its name in this way:

The waters rushed in over one of the little Friesland villages, and no one had any warning. In one of the houses there lay a child asleep in its cradle—an old fashioned cradle, made tight and strong of good sound wood.

By the side of the cradle lay the old cat, baby's friend, probably purring away as comfortably as possible. In came the waters with a fearful roar. The old cat, in her fright, jumped into the cradle with the baby, who slept through all the turmoil as quietly as ever. The people were drowned in their beds. The houses were torn from their foundations and broken in pieces. But the little cradle floated out on an angry sea in that dark night bearing safely its precious burden.

When morning came there was nothing to be seen of the villages and green meadows. All was water. Hundreds of people were out in boats trying to save as many lives as possible; and on this little bit of an island that I have spoken of, what do you think they found? Why, that same old cradle, with the baby asleep in it and the old cat curled up at her feet, all safe and sound.

Where the little voyagers came from, and to whom they belonged, no one could tell. But in memory of them this little island was called "kinder dike"—the child dike—and it goes by that name to this day; and the story is told to thousands of little people all over Holland as a remarkable instance of God's providence.

NAMES OF FINGERS.—Here are the names formerly given the fingers:

First comes "Thumb."
"But that isn't a finger!" we say.
"Well, perhaps that is why it was called 'Thumb.'"

Then come "Toucher," or "Foreman," "Longman," "Leechman," and "Littleman." It's plain enough how Toucher, Longman, and Littleman came by their names, but Leechman got his in this roundabout way:

It appears that, in the misty past, folks believed that a nerve ran straight from the third finger to the heart. Likewise, they thought that this finger felt the effects of poison more quickly and delicately than any of the other fingers. Thirdly, and lastly, they made a point of stirring up their physic with it.

So, you see, this finger had a great deal to do with sickness, and getting well, and physic, and such matters, and as they called the man who physicked them—the doctor—a "leech," it saved trouble to give the same name to the physic finger, and call it "Leechman."—*St. Nicholas for June.*

WATCH-WORDS.

Through gathering clouds and stormy seas of fate
Two golden watch-words guide and comfort me;
Toiling along my path, early and late,
I cling to patience and fidelity.

In all the weary changes of my day
I strive to follow duty faithfully;
And when I falter, fainting, by the way,
With subtle influence patience strengthens me,

So onward through what suffering God may send,
I walk with faith and feet that shall not tire,
Trusting with patience, strong unto the end,
To reach at last, O Lord, my soul's desire.

HOW HARD IT IS TO BE CONTENT!—When I was young, an old gentleman asked me, "When is a person rich enough?" I replied, "When he has a thousand pounds." "No." "When he has ten thousand?" I asked. "No." "A hundred thousand?" "No." "When, then?" "When he has a little more than he has got—and that is never." So it too often is. If we once allow the beginnings of a covetous spirit, our desires will always keep in advance of our possessions. He only is truly rich who is truly contented.

"FATHER DOES IT."—Then it is no wonder if sons do it too. If father reads the newspaper on Sunday, John will be likely to read his toy-book. If father drinks a dram, or uses an oath, the little ones are in a fair way to do the same. If father pollutes his lips with an ugly word, it will go down in regular course to the barn and the kitchen. On the other hand, if father reads his Bible every morning before he opens his newspaper, his children will never forget it.

WILL HE SUCCEED?—In nine cases out of ten a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of pitching off he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light fell upon him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens had become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good-by may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognise his capacity.