

The Girl Nobody Liked.

She was sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like real pain. And then she had tossed her head and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth!

"Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant," she observed.

"Not exactly," and Aunt Elizabeth smiled, unruffled. "But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt 'good morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it."

"It will grow rather tiresome," said the girl, and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Try it for a week," suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street next morning. In fact she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

"How is Jimmy to-day?" she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrap-books which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the very next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt waist.

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else she said, "Hasn't this been a beautiful day?" And her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the cord struck in another. It is not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise Book: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly," yet this is one of the truths that each person must rediscover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love everyone, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.—Young People's Weekly.

A Long Ways Home.

"It's a long ways home"—but I seem to see her eyes,
Like stars, a-twinkling—twinkling in the far and friendly skies;
Skies that are only friendly because I think that she
Is waiting where they're bending with a welcome
Kiss for me!

"It's a long ways home!" I say it, and I seem
To think this life is sweeter for just that heavenly dream!
It was so sweet on earth to live, ere death had made
us part,
But sweeter till I meet her—till love beats heart to heart!

"It's a long ways home"—yet life is not so long
As the music that comes thrilling from the echo of a song;
And I've only come to think of home as far beyond
the skies
Because I miss the love-light in my darling's tender eyes.

"It's a long ways home"—but in even the darkest night
In which my soul lies dreaming there's still a gleam of light;
And it glimmers in the darkness across the river's foam,
And leads me to my darling in the dearest land of home!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Reading Aloud.

Reading aloud to the children and in the family circle—how fast it is becoming one of the lost arts. What multitudes of children in former days were entertained and instructed by this practice and how few there are who are so entertained and instructed nowadays! Children now, after being taught to read, join that great army which takes in the printed word swiftly and silently.

Most parents doubtless are too busy to spare time to educate their sons and daughters by reading to them, and as the children grow older they find their hours too crowded to devote any of them simply to listening. "What is the use?" they would say, if asked. "Tastes differ, and we can read what we want in a fraction of the time that would be consumed if we had to sit still and hear it."

This is all true enough, but is there not something lost in having the custom of reading aloud lapse so entirely? As a sign of the times, the change is another proof of the rush and hurry of life, and in the family, it is more or less to be considered an evidence of the tendency to "independence" on the part of the younger members. Common interest in a good book read aloud by father or mother, is enough to have some attention paid to it. The opposite of "skimming" a book,

it develops certain mental faculties that it is well to have developed, and as an exercise in elocution for the reader it has distinct advantage. Books so read are remembered, and their influence on character far exceeds that of many a volume whose pages are turned in a desperate effort to reach the last. Reading aloud is a salutary check on the habits of reading too much and reading too fast.

It would certainly be worth while to take up the practice in families, where the conditions favor it, as an experiment. The winter evenings are long, and as one looks back on them he can find at least a few hours that could have been devoted to reading or to listening. Reading aloud is a quiet enjoyment, to be sure, but it is an enjoyment.—Hartford Courant.

What We Owe Others.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

The world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we cannot live among our fellow men and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that its beams may fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others. Selfishness must die, or else our own heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we cannot live for ourselves and be Christians, that the blessings that are given to us are really for other people, and that we are only God's ministers to carry them in Christ's name to those for whom they are intended.

Are Your Lungs Weak?

To Every Sufferer from Coughs, Consumption, and Similar Signs of Lung Weakness a Great Specialist Offers His New Scientific

Treatment Free!

Nearly everybody you meet will regard it as a kind of insult to be asked if they have weak lungs. All seem to have a solid faith in the soundness of their own breathing machine. In cases of trouble they will admit there is a "heavy cold" or a "touch of Bronchitis," or even a "spell of Asthma," but as to weak or unsound lungs—never—NEVER. Even the poor consumptive, who scarcely speaks without coughing, whose cheeks are wasted, hollow and bear the hectic flush of doom, will assure you with glistening eyes that his cold is on the mend, and he will be all right when the weather changes.

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