

"I haven't the moment," said Marian. "You must take it, then. I will carry home some of your work for Jane to do on her machine. Sit down here," and she had pulled Marian down, and they were sitting on the step with Elizabeth's big caps round both, and she was pouring out her story. "Oh, he is the best, the noblest—I know it has half killed him—it has almost broken my heart—it is all my evil pride—I have been so wicked—and oh, Marian, I will make a fair bargain. If you will put down your pride and come to us—there's only Aunt Bessy and me—I will put down mine and write to him! You are an angel, an angel, and I saw it in Mr. Ellis's eyes when he pronounced your name." For Marian was listening with all the interest in a half-guessed, half-hinted, incoherent love-story that even nuns and angels may feel.

Her face was as pink as a rose. "If my staying with your aunt will—"
"Oh, it will! it will!" cried Elizabeth. "And we can make your mother well among us. She never can get well here. My life won't be useless after all. And if I don't love the old woman, oh, I do love you!" And she kissed the startled girl beside her, who could only dimly feel that a part of this exuberance was the long-repressed affection for some one else. "I am sure we are something to each other, some natural affinity—it was love at first sight. It was what Mr. Ellis said, or the way he said it. Oh!"—stopping short and holding Marian off and looking at her, the face suddenly blooming again like a flower. "Well," she said, "I will go now. But I will come back to-morrow, and you will be ready—"

"Not to-morrow," said Marian. "I must have a little time to accustom myself."
"We'll see," said Elizabeth, and she ran down the rickety stairs. "Oh, it makes you so happy to be doing good," she said, "if it's only to yourself!" and she smiled on all the bad little boys, and gave pennies to the little girls, and beamed like a sunburst the whole way home. And that afternoon a special-delivery boy put into Mr. Ted Dakin's hand a note that said something about the writer's being very wicked, and having just found it out, and about its being Little Christmas, and if he wanted a present that wasn't fit for a big Christmas he could have it by coming for it, and it would be Epiphany, she believed, if any one could keep the run of the festivals in this part of heathendom, and if the star had risen in the East it was shining in the heart of his Elizabeth. And the consequence was that a whole greenhouse was robbed of its roses, and a special engine took them and an eager young fellow, who had found nothing better to do with his money, over the road with no loss of time. And the lights burned late that night in Miss Bessy's parlor, among the roses and spicy fragrances, with two people too blissfully rapt to remember that there was winter and trouble in the world outside.

"We can live here summers," said Ted, the next morning, as the sun shone, the sky burned blue, the snow sparkled, and inside the fire snapped and the flowers bloomed, Elizabeth herself lovelier than any flower, to his mind, "and the rest of the year we will go where we please." And he made a rapid review in his mind of future avenues and trees and gardens and piazzas. "As for this Marian of yours, she shall have a salary for taking care of all the blind, halt, and lame in the village—"
"It would be a great deal better for me if I could do it myself," said Elizabeth, wistfully. "But it will be a great deal better for them that she does it. Till she marries the minister," added Elizabeth. "And afterwards, too, I suppose."
"Oh, and is that on the cards?"
"They haven't, either of them, ever thought of it! They don't know they have!"

"But it will be, you mean, just the same? Then she'll have to have her salary doubled. Speaking of cards, who are Miss Bessy? In the dining-room? Aunt Bessy, I had almost forgotten, I have brought you a present. And you are never to play your patience with anything else. They always called it patience, didn't they, in the old English novels?"
"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed the little woman, as she looked at the ivory miniature portraits of Louise of Prussia and Isabella of Spain, and the royal rest. "I shall never dare to touch them! You have taken this way to cure me of playing solitaire!"

And then this eager young fellow, whose will there was now no resisting, went with Elizabeth and brought Marian Keighly and her mother to the farm, whether they would or not, and gave Marian to understand that she was now in receipt of a salary as their agent for doing good.
"Perhaps it's a new business," said Ted. "But it's going to be a fine one all round. And we want you to remember that you, too, are one of the people to be done good to, and so keep justice even-handed. And for the rest of your life, so far as this village is concerned, you are to be our conscience, and carry the key of the strong-box." And as Miss Bessy bustled away with Marian, he and Elizabeth went off into the window-seat, looking along the broad snow-fields to the green wood, and hearing the winter wind sing in the high clear azure of the noon sky, and his arm kept off the draught from her, and they forgot there were any other people in existence, all in all to each other as entirely as if they had been two blessed spirits in space.

"Well, Elizabeth," said Miss Bessy, two or three weeks afterwards, happy herself beyond the bounds of expression, most of her thoughts lost in waves of wedding paraphernalia. "It's lucky that gown that came down yesterday didn't quite fit you, for Marian looks like a beauty in it, with a pink Liberty scarf. Ten, knave, queen—she always wears her old black gown, I see—no, that's a diamond; I thought it was a heart—when she goes to her old women. But she has the rubber boots and rain-cloak; and now Ted has sent down the horse and sleigh—I overlooked that ace—I shall drive her myself some times. She is getting to look just like this Mary Stuart on these cards of Ted's—I can't tell the tens from the eights on them—dear me, I shall never have a quiet hour at solitaire again in any peace of mind, with all this she tells me there is to do! I really think her mother is improving—there's the king at last—I've done it!—don't you? I'm going to have Mr. Ellis to tea again to-night; that plum cake is quite mellowed now. And—oh, well—I suppose even ministers are mortal!"

A Silent Influence.

Uplifted in the market-place it stood,
A statue god-like in its majesty.
A form august—imperial robes that swept
From throat to foot in long abundant folds;
A noble head enwreathed with Victory's crown;
An earnest look of purpose high and sweet;
A beckoning hand and parted lips, as one
Who calls from strife and stress to love and light.
A little ragged slave girl looked amazed
On that white loveliness—delayed, and passed
To turn again, lured by the potent charm
Of sculptured purity and strength ideal.
When next she came her elfin locks were smooth,
And clean the little slender limbs—again,
And her poor garments showed the needle's art.
Daily she sought that wondrous influence,
And thus the untaught child was guided on
To lofty purpose and to noble deeds,
And lifted from the slavery of the soul.

Oh, so to live that those who see may say
Surely, this one to Honor points the way!
—Hilary Brooke.

"IMPATIENCE"—Put a little salt in your starch, and it will prevent it from sticking.
A little hard soap will stop the creaking of doors, and make refractory bureau drawers open and shut easily.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Resting."

Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word;
Resting on His power, on His love untold;
Resting on His covenant secured of old;
Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noontide rays;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing.
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.
Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh;
Resting in the life-boat while the waves roll high;
Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race.
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace. F. R. H.

Rest on the Word of the King.

"The word of my lord the king shall now be for rest."—2 Sam., XIV., 17.

Here is the whole secret of rest, from the beginning to the very end. The word of our King is all we have and all we need for deep, utter heart-rest, which no surface waves of this troublesome world can disturb. There is no other means of rest for all the way but the very same. The moment we simply believe any word of the King, we find that it is truly "for rest" about the point to which it refers. And if we would but go on taking the King's word about every single thing, we should always find it, then and there, "for rest." Every flutter of unrest may, if we look honestly into it, be traced to not entirely and absolutely taking the King's word.

His words are enough for rest at all times, and in all circumstances; therefore we are sinning the great sin of unbelief whenever we allow ourselves in any phase of unrest. It is not infirmity, but sin, to neglect the promises which He meant for our strong consolation and continual help. We ought not to acquiesce in the shadows which are only around us because we do not heed God's call into the sunshine.

Take the slightest and commonest instances. If we have an entire and present belief in "My grace is sufficient for thee," or, "Lo, I am with you always," should we feel nervous at anything He calls us to do for Him? Would not that word be indeed "for rest" in the moment of need? Have we not sometimes found it so; why not always? I see nothing about "sometimes" in any of His promises. If we have an entire and present belief that "all things work together for good," or that He leads us "forth by the right way," should we feel worried when some one thing seems to work wrong, and some one yard of the way is not what we think straightest?

We lean upon the word of the King for everlasting life, why not for daily life also? For it shall "now be for rest;" only try it to-day, "now," and see if it shall not be so! When He says "perfect peace," He cannot mean imperfect peace. "The people rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah, King of Judah." Just so simply let us rest upon the words of our King, Jesus!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Recourse to God in Danger.

You should aim carefully at this: in every place, action, or business of the world to be set free at heart and master of yourself. All is to be "neath you, not your 'neath it, and you the lord and ruler of your actions, no slave nor chattel, but rather free and a true Hebrew, marching to the appointed lot and liberty of the sons of God.

If, too, in every chance you stand not still and say, "It looks thus to me," nor look with the eye of flesh on what you see and hear; but soon, whatever be the cause, enter with Moses to the tabernacle, and there take counsel of God, sometimes you will hear the heavenly answer, and will go home learned in much that is and much that is to be. Moses always hurried there to solve his doubts and questionings, and fled unto the help of prayer to lessen perils and to bear the wickedness of man. So you too must hurry to the secret chamber of your heart, imploring aid from Heaven with earnestness. It was for this that Joshua and Israel's sons were cheated, we are told, by them of Gibeon, because they did not first ask of the lips of God; but, too credulous of dulcet words, they were deceived by a false piety.

THOMAS KEMPIS.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered. M. N. NIK MAY.

"JESSIE."—It is considered a very ill-bred thing to take any notice of a remark addressed to someone else, which you have accidentally overheard, and all the more so if that remark was in any way detrimental to the person to whom reference was made.

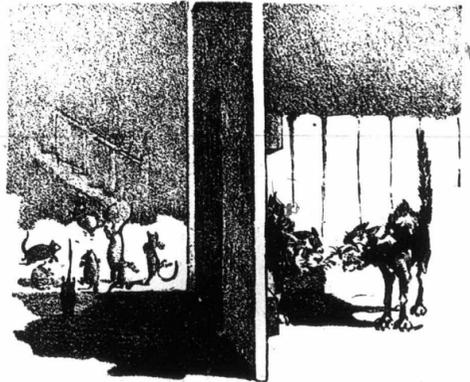
"H. S."—Milk should be used to clean oilcloth. Rub your gilt pictureframes with a bit of raw onion, and the flyspecks will disappear without doing any damage to the gilding. You can smooth flatirons by rubbing them vigorously over a spoonful of salt. The iron must be warm to accomplish this thoroughly.

"AMY."—You can easily clean your chamois gloves by washing them in warm suds made with castile soap. They should be rinsed several times till the soap is thoroughly removed, and then dried slowly. They should be pulled into shape, that they may not shrink. Some people let them dry on their hands.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A prize will be given in January for the best short original fairy tale. The writer must not be more than sixteen years of age. Send the stories, with name, age, and address of writer, to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

A "Proverb-Hunt" will now begin this column. A prize is offered for correct solutions of the first three pictures. Only children of subscribers may compete, and competitors must be under sixteen years of age. Answers should be sent in for each group, e. g., 1-3, 4-6, 7-9, etc. A prize is offered for each group of three pictures, and a better one at the end of the year for the largest number of correct answers. Letters marked "Proverb-Hunt" will not be opened until ten days after the third picture of each group is issued. The first letter opened, containing correct answers, will be prize winner; all others will receive honorable mention. Address your letters to Cousin Dorothy, as above, and mark them "Proverb-Hunt"—outside the envelope.



HIDDEN PROVERB.

Soap Bubble Elves.

"Well! children, what a mess and what a noise!" said grandma, as she opened the door; "what are you playing with? Ah, I see; soap suds and pipes; I suppose you all know all about soap bubble elves?"

"Elves!" they shouted, "no, we never heard of them," and they all surrounded grandma, and begged her to tell all she knew at once.

Grandma was very much surprised to learn that they did not already know the story, and agreed to tell it if they were very quiet.

"One winter," she began, when they were all settled around, "it was dreadfully cold, so cold, indeed, that the snow was inches deep on all the fields, and all the water was frozen, and most of the trees, which, as you know, of course, are the winter homes of the elves, were blown down and covered with snow. The poor elves were having a very uncomfortable time, so uncomfortable that at last they decided to go to the owner of a large, old house, who was known to be a very kind man, and to ask permission to spend the winter there. They sent a few elves of the highest rank to ask this favor.

"After some little consideration, the master consented, as they were such tiny people that nobody would ever see them. But he said, although they might dance and frolic as much as they liked, in all the rooms, nothing was to be displaced or injured in the very least. The deputation of elves agreed to this, in the name of all their fellows, and thanking him most heartily for his kindness, they left to carry the good news to the others. When it had been told, and received with great joy, the King warned them that if any broke the compact which had been made in their behalf he should inflict severe punishment.

"For some days all went well; nothing was disturbed, and the elves were happy in their warm new quarters.

"But one night, when some of the younger and more thoughtless ones were roaming over the house, they came to one of the bedrooms, and stopped there to explore it. It was a very pretty room, and they spent all the night there. Just as the dawn was breaking, one of them called his companions to see a beautiful ball he had found. They all gathered round and saw a dark, clear ball, resting on a china dish. It looked a very fascinating plaything, but the sun was just rising, so they agreed to return next evening and see if it were still there.

"When evening came and they went to the same room, there it was, still looking very tempting, and they decided that it could not matter just rolling it along the floor, if they put it back before morning.

"For some evenings they played with it and successfully replaced it before they had to disappear; but then they noticed that it was getting smaller and smaller. They discussed the cause of this, and at last one of them suggested that it was made of sweet-stuff, and that the mortal that lived in that room ate some every day. They agreed to taste it and see if it tasted as nice as it looked.

"One by one they each took a small piece, too small for mortal eyes to see, but quite big enough to make those wee creatures very ill. They began to feel rather frightened, but hoped to be well enough before morning to put the unlucky ball in its place again.

"When day broke, and the King assembled his people, they were missing.