

world. On the contrary, it is always made perfectly clear that character is the greatest thing, and that poverty and obscurity, with virtue and godliness, are more to be desired than wealth and honors without them. And the heroes of these stories are persons who, when they accomplished anything worth while, did it in the strength of the Lord their God, and who, when they failed, did so because they turned aside from Him, trusted in the arm of flesh, and sought some end other than His glory.

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Brown Betty

"Mama, I don't like Mrs. Parks at all", said Betty. "I never want to see her again."

"Why, Betty, what makes you say such a naughty thing?" said Mama. "Mrs. Parks is so nice to you, and bakes little pies and doughnuts for your tea parties. I am sorry to hear you say such an unkind thing."

"Well, Mama, she said a naughty thing, too", said Betty. "This morning when I went to take her Rex home, I heard her say something bad about me. She was talking to Mrs. Grove about me, and she said I was bad."

"You certainly must be mistaken, dear. I am sure Mrs. Parks would not say you were naughty." "Yes, but she did, Mama", said the little girl, positively. "She said Betty as plain as anything two or three times. I couldn't help hearing. She said I was bad, and not worth anything."

"If you do not want to go to see Mrs. Parks, you need not", said her Mama, "but I still think you are mistaken. Didn't she see you bring Rex back?" "No. I didn't say a word, but ran home as fast as possible. I never, never want to go to her house again."

For a whole week Betty did not see Mrs. Parks, and she had a sore place in her little heart to think that her dear friend would say such unkind things about her.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Parks, one day, coming into the kitchen where Betty was wiping dishes for her Mama, with a little round pan in her hand. "I have brought

you a Brown Betty. I made one several weeks ago for you; but it turned out bad and worthless, so I had to throw it away. I think you will find this one all right."

"A Brown Betty?" said Betty with wide-open eyes, and her mouth watered for the toothsome dish; "I thought you meant *me* the day you talked to Mrs. Grove."

"And that is why you have not been to see me?" asked Mrs. Parks, when Betty confessed. "Why didn't you tell me about it, dear?"

"I thought you didn't like me any more", said Betty shyly. "Next time I won't be so naughty. The Brown Betty will help me remember."—Selected

A Good Plan

By Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A.

A little girl who was beginning to find that the horses of her temper were running away too often, and that the corrections of her parents were not enough to keep her watchful, came to her mother one day and suggested a plan that would make her "mind" to be good. "Mother, dear", she said, "I get cross and naughty when I should not. I know it is very wrong and I am sorry when I do it, but I forget so soon, when I say I'll be good. Now, mother, I have a plan to tell you about. I think it will help, because it is about things I often want. After I have been bad I want you to refuse me the things I like best to eat. You know them: cucumbers and candy and ice cream and all the rest. Just remember my plan and don't give me these things, if I have been bad. Do you think the plan is a good one, mother?"

The mother was pleased with the child's interest in her own moral growth, and said it was a good plan and she would remember to go by it.

Three sunny days passed, and the temper horses had not bolted once. In the evening the little self-reformer said, "Mother, you did not have to refuse me the things I like to eat, so far, did you?" "No, dear", said the mother, "and I am happy that I did not have to refuse you. I hope my dear will find other good plans to help her to be good."

"Well, mother", was the reply, "I'm