

size of the average family as revealed by the census. Fewer children are being born and these children find the old notion of their relationship to each other radically changed. I cannot foresee all the results of this altered condition of society, but I know this, that we shall have to read our Bibles differently if we regard it as altogether a good thing.

It would be unjust to women, I believe, if it were thought they are satisfied with the movement which has given them such a large place in business affairs in these days. On the contrary, they would prefer to fill those higher places which their domestic natures best fit them for. In plain words, they would rather marry

and let their husbands earn their bread; but what can they do? If the wild course of extravagance into which most young men seem to be falling stands as a barrier to marriage, the girls are helpless. It stands then to their credit that they have met the emergency by independent action—an action which carries some retribution upon the profligate young men, who find many ways of toil slowly closing against them. I have not the prophetic instinct to see how far all this will go, and do not care to speculate. My immediate purpose is served if the facts I have cursorily outlined shall set men and women thinking.

JOHN MYERS, B.A.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON.

"Well mother, the boy's through. Here's his name in the paper, and with honors too. I knew he'd come off well. He's got grit, John has."

Mrs. Myers was ironing at a low table in the farmhouse kitchen, and turned towards her husband with a flat-iron in her hand. She was tall and sallow. Her scanty front hair was drawn back from a wrinkled brow. Her eyes were a blurred brown and red-rimmed. They were darker than usual now and moist with feeling as she said: "He's done splendid, if he only ain't injured his health."

Then she spread out the course sheet and passed the iron slowly over it, saying after a moment: "But didn't he write a letter to say when he was coming home? He made out to stay till the thing was settled, but he'll surely come home now."

"I didn't wait for the letters. They weren't sorted. I just got the paper

and started for home. I didn't feel like openin' it down at the corners, for fear the boy's name wasn't there. One of the Green boys will fetch the letter, if there is one."

The old man was seated now. The paper was spread out on his knees, and he was running a heavy brown finger up and down the columns of names.

"Jones' boy ain't here," he said presently, with something which was almost triumph in his voice, "but," he went on, "Tim was a slow one beside John—though he did have so much schoolin'."

"Yes, our boy's not had any great chance. If he's done well, it's all the more to his credit," said Mrs. Myers, as she hung the sheet on the clothes-horse, and began snapping the fringe of a towel on the edge of the table.

There was mother-pride in her eyes now, and an enthusiasm on her face