

great institutions of the Roman Church, conducted by Sisters, and which yearly are drawing to themselves hundreds of Protestant girls. Any effort tending in this direction we hail with much satisfaction, and we trust that every success may attend that now being made in Nova Scotia.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

CATECHISM.

I heartily thank our heavenly Father, that, He hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. And I pray unto God to give me His grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.

'Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps.'—1 Peter, 11, 21.

When morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise,
Saying, 'What would Jesus do?'

Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless my love?
'Father, what would Jesus do?'

When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
'What, my Soul, would Jesus do?'

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his sweetest will
Answer, 'What would Jesus do?'

When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
Let me, clinging to Thy side,
Ponder, 'What would Jesus do?'

Only let thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through;
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, 'What would Jesus do?'

—Bickersteth's Year to Year.

JEAN'S SUMMER.

BY FALLY CAMPBELL.

Jean Brooks stood at the window of the big bare school-room and looked out into the dripping lawn with a very disconsolate face.

'Oh dear, how wet and sloppy and hateful everything is!' she said, impatiently. 'It is bad enough for bright days, but when it rains for a whole week together it really is a little too much.'

She beat a tattoo on the window pane for a few minutes, then broke off to exclaim—

'Nobody knows how I hate and dread these long, empty, lonesome vacations! The thought of it when the girls are all here spoils my very best times; right after Christmas I began to look forward to it, and it haunts me like a nightmare. Why can't I have a nice happy home like the others, instead of having to poke off here in the dead of the country with no company but prim little Miss Lucy, who can talk of nothing but rheumatism and possible burglars? One can't read and practise and write letters every minute of the day. Sometimes I feel as if I'd turn into the alphabet or a five finger exercise.'

So absorbed was Jean in her grievances that the modest knock on the door had to be twice repeated before she roused herself sufficiently to say 'Come in.'

'Oh, Miss Annie, is it you?' she said, as a quiet figure appeared in the doorway. 'Are you determined to venture out in this rain? You know Miss Lucy said she would be glad to have you stay all night.'

'She is very good, but I must get back, I

don't mind a little rain when I am going straight home; and my father will be expecting me. I never like to disappoint him.' And Miss Annie smiled a quick, bright smile which made the plain face with its fringe of fuzzy, light brick-red hair under the shabby black hat very pleasant to look at. Jean noticed it, and with a sudden impulse of admiration said.

'You never mind anything that can't be helped and you never like to disappoint anybody; do you?'

Miss Annie shook her head. 'I know that none of the things that come to me can come by chance, so it would be foolish to worry. And as for the other, I suppose no one likes to disappoint people.'

'Lots of them do it; though, I don't believe we think much about it; all our thoughts are so fixed on ourselves, that we haven't any left over for our neighbors. You can't think of everything, you know. Though, for that matter, one would suppose that I had time enough now-a-days to think of everybody that ever lived on the face of the earth.'

'I am afraid it's a little dull for you here,' said Miss Annie, sympathizingly, 'now that all the young ladies are gone.'

'I'm afraid it is. By the way, I heard that you were going to the city to live, to set up an establishment there. I am sure your dresses are stylish enough for anybody.'

'I did talk about it, but father wasn't willing to go, and wouldn't willingly leave him.'

'Picture having the chance and not catching at it. Why, just fancy the bliss of seeing streets full of hats that you never had laid eyes on before, and faces in them that were positively brand-new—not the very same eyes and nose, and mouths that you had been looking at steadily every day and Sunday for the last four years. I don't see how you had the heart to refuse. Couldn't one of your sisters come and stay with your father awhile?'

'My sisters are young, like you,' said Miss Annie, laughing cheerfully. 'They would find their lives too quiet in the country. No, they have their duties where they are, and I have my duties here; and it isn't a good thing to fret after a different place from the one the Lord has given you.' She waited a moment for an answer, but as none came she said good-night and shut the door gently behind her; and Jean was left once more alone. Her thoughts were very busy again, and when at last the tea bell rang, and she started up to obey its summons, she told herself half-reluctantly—

'I suppose perhaps I really am not the most miserable girl in the world after all. But I must think about it some more before I can give up my opinion.'

The meal that evening was a very silent one, with only Jean and Miss Lucy at the little round table which had shrunk so suddenly from its long, gay expanse surrounded by chattering school girls. From time to time Miss Lucy looked wistfully at Jean's clouded face and cast about rather unsuccessfully in her gentle old mind for something to interest her. As she was leaving the dining-room, Jean caught one of these glances, and it followed her back to the school-room, whither she at once betook herself and where she sat deep in thought until the darkness swallowed up the gloomy look of things outside, and only the dash of the rain against the windows reminded her of the storm.

'I wonder,' she asked herself at last, 'how Miss Lucy can go on so serenely from day to day with nothing to look back upon but a heap of monotonous years piled up behind her and nothing different to look forward to. Ugh! It makes one's flesh creep. And I wonder,' she went on more slowly, after a pause, 'why I never thought of it before? I mope and grumble over my own woes all the time and forget that anybody else has any, which, when you come to look at it, is not dividing things quite equally. I wish I could be made over

again, and not have Jean Brooks for quite such a big ingredient. I do want to be a little less selfish, and I thought I was honestly trying to, but I don't seem to have made much progress. I mind earthly things and seek my own pleasure all the while.'

She broke off with an impatient sigh, but a moment later added with an emphatic wave of the hand:

'I am going to take lessons in charity this summer. There's no good reason why I shouldn't have some higher education as well as Miss Lucy and Miss Annie. Fortunately for poverty-stricken me, it comes free; I can't afford to go to the seashore, but I can afford to go to heaven, I guess. Since I have been turning myself to the light to-day and looking at the way I live, I have discovered that the most of my sins are shortcomings; it isn't that I am very wicked in one or two special directions, but I don't give any sort of good measure anywhere. I'm scimp all round, and I mean to eke myself out till there's more of me. I mean to see if I can't brighten things up for Miss Lucy a little to begin with. If ever there was a king's daughter who showed plainly that she was of the blood royal, its dear, dull Miss Lucy; I ought to be proud to lend her a hand, and I'm going to whether I'm proud of it or not.'

With this resolve firmly settled in her mind, Jane groped her way out of the dark school-room and went to bed, stopping a moment on the way at Miss Lucy's open door to bid her so cheerful a good-night that that lady was too much surprised to respond to it at all.

The next morning when Jean awoke, the sun was shining brightly into her room and a chorus of birds were making the air ring with their song.

'Isn't this delightful,' cried Jean, gaily.

'Every morn is a fresh beginning,

Every day is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.'

That's just the right verse for me. Everything looks as happy and smiling as if it hadn't been in the sulks for a week. The weather and I will begin over again.'

When Jean ran down stairs, she found Miss Lucy busy with the few plants which formed her one great enjoyment. Jean joined her, and hung over the flowers, and hunted among the leaves for new buds with so much admiration and interest that the old lady was in quite a twitter of delight. Then they went in to breakfast, and Jean took care that this time it should be a very different affair from the dreary meals they had been having of late. Afterward, while Miss Lucy was attending to the household duties, she got her hat and gloves and went out into the town.

'I must have that splendid pink rose to add to the conservatory,' she said, 'even if I have to go without my Sunday supply of candy for a few weeks. I want to see Miss Lucy twinkle and beam when she gets it; and when I want things I want them right off, so here I go.'

There was no one about in the gardens, and after sauntering among the plants for a while, Jean went to the door of the neat brown cottage and knocked.

'Come in,' some one called, and wondering a little at this unceremonious reception, she answered the summons. The only occupant of the room was a girl of about Jean's own age, leaning back in a great invalid's chair, with a bright worsted afghan over her knees.

'I am sorry father is not here,' she said. 'He just went out a minute ago; he will be back after a little, if you can wait.'

'Oh, yes, I can wait,' said Jean, promptly, only too glad for a long chat with this unknown girl who had interested her at once. 'May I do it here?'

'Yes; sit down, please. You see I have to let my visitors provide for themselves.'

[To be continued]