

She stopped reading, and Mrs. Gleason said: "You see, Stella, it is said in Corinthians, that a women's hair is a glory to her, and I think long, smooth, luxuriant hair is a great feature of beauty in a woman, but these girls who bang and frizz their hair will hardly be able to overcome the dry, rough and stubby material left them in a few years. Besides it seems a pity to hide the forehead, which is shaped by thought."

Here, too, you see St. Peter says: "The ornament of a meek and gentle spirit is of great price in the sight of God. Cannot my Stella get herself this priceless ornament, and adorn herself with it, and make herself beautiful with it for the party, and for time and eternity?"

Stella's eyes were full of tears as she raised them and said, humbly: "I'll try mother. It is the gift of God, and can be had for asking."

She dashed away the tears, and continued, brightly: "I'll go to the party, and have a good time, too. Maud would not like me to stay away."

Thursday evening came, and as Stella stood ready to go to the party, Mrs. Gleason thought she was a lovely girl, with her bright, intelligent eyes, her healthful complexion, and her smooth braids of chestnut color, but she was too wise to speak her whole thought, and only said:

"Indeed, Stella, your dress looks very stylish and pretty. The lace and ribbon are becoming to you, too. Just keep on the ornament, my dear, and you will do."

Stella smiled and turned away satisfied, as Mrs. Vernon's carriage came up for her.

Mrs. Gleason had retired when Stella came home, but next morning she heard a detailed account of the games, the supper, the dresses, the visiting uncle and all, and the story ended with, "I am so glad I went, mother, for I had a splendid time; everything was elegant, and although most of the girls wore lovely dresses, they were kind enough to say I looked well, too. And Maud's uncle asked me to play and sing, and he liked my simple music very much. Only think of that—after Boston!"

Mrs. Gleason laughed, and Stella kissed her and ran gaily off to school.

As Mrs. Gleason sat down to her mending, about ten o'clock that morning, a carriage drove up and Mrs. Vernon and a strange gentleman alighted and came up to the house.

Mrs. Gleason admitted them, and was introduced to Mr. Vernon from Boston. When seated in the parlor, after a little chat on common places, Maud's party was mentioned, and Mr. Vernon said, eagerly:

"I was so delighted with your daughter, Mrs. Gleason! She was dressed much more becomingly for her age than the others, and her pleasant ways and simple, unaffected manners charmed me. I have come to beg you, as a great favor, to let her go with Maud and me to Boston. I have a daughter near her age, a good, kind-hearted girl, but getting too airy and affected to suit me. I want her to associate for awhile with one I consider a model girl."

Mrs. Vernon smiled at her brother-in-law's enthusiasm, and at Mrs. Gleason's changes of expression, but she said nothing at once, and he continued:

"She shall see all that is worth seeing in and around the city, and take vocal lessons at the Conservatory—she has a fine voice."

"You are very kind," murmured Mrs. Gleason, in a confused way, "both in your praises of Stella, and in your offer. She is a good, Christian girl, and a great help to me. I should miss her in every way, but I shall not let that hinder her from going, if her father does not object. I feel as if we ought to accept."

After a little more talk the visitors left, and soon afterward Stella came home.

Her mother told her of the visit and of the offer. Stella was enchanted.

"To go to Boston and study music! How did he happen to offer it to me?"

"He liked your new ornament, my dear," replied Mrs. Gleason. And Stella did not forget to thank God.—*The Standard*.

FIRST AND LAST.

They laid him down with happy smiles,
In his tiny curtained bed;
They gently smoothed the pillow fair,
Where reposed the little head,

And loving words from everyone
Gave greeting of joy to the first-born son.

They watched around him day by day,
Till the little limbs grew strong;
They taught in simple childish words
Of the ways of right and wrong;
And loving hearts kept record sure
Of each baby action, so sweet and pure.

They laid him down, with faces grave,
In his coffin, cold and dread!
No loving hand to spread the pall
O'er the strangely silent dead.
No word of hope—in speechless awe
They gazed at the face they should see no more.

Far, far from home in foreign soil,
He was hid from mortal eye;
No record of his life on earth,
But 'tis written up on high—
The story of a drunkard's shame,
His wasted life and his blighted fame.

—Selected.

BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry!" said little Annie one day, after working a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this means? I forgot what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry. "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on Harry," he said, "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right!" cried Harry, springing up and flinging his books aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and within five minutes he was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?—*Christian Intelligence*.

SOMEBODY'S BOY.

A gentleman walking along the wharves of the city of Buffalo came to an aged lady richly dressed, and having the air of great culture and refinement, who was bending over the prostrate form of a young man who was insensible from the effects of intoxication, with his clothes ragged and his features bloated and disfigured. The tears were streaming from the old lady's eyes, and the gentleman said to her: "Is the young man a relative of yours? I see you are weeping." "Oh, no, sir," said the lady. "He is no relative of mine, but he is some mother's boy. He was so far gone I could not talk to him. All I could do was to pray for him."

It was the same spirit who prompted the writer who wrote:

"No matter how wayward
His footsteps have been,
No matter how deep
He is sunken in sin,
No matter how low
Is his standard of joy,
Though guilty and loathsome
He is some mother's boy.

That head has been pillowed
On tenderest breast,
That form has been wept o'er,
Those lips have been pressed;
That soul has been prayed for
In tones soft and mild;
For her sake deal gently
With some mother's child.

—Selected.