

that must be done. There never seemed to be a moment when the willing hands and feet could rest.

One morning there was even more than usual to do. Katie coaxed Johnnie and Jimmie and Mary to wash the dishes, and she sent little Patsy across the street to Mrs. O'Neal's for a bit of milk to put in the cake she was stirring up. Looking out of the window a moment later, she saw a runaway horse dash around the corner. One glance told her that Patsy was in the middle of the road. She flew out of the door into the street and dragged the wee boy out of the road from under the horse's feet, then slipped and fell, and that was the last that she knew.

And after that there came days when she was conscious of nothing but pain. Then one morning she awoke, fully conscious, and looked about the familiar room. There was the steaming washtub, with her mother bending over it; the unwashed dishes were on the table; broken toys were scattered over the floor; the windows were sticky with the marks of little fingers; Patsy was crying with a cut finger; Johnnie and Jimmie were quarrelling over a broken knife; Mary, her tangled hair almost hiding her face, was helping herself out of the sugar-bowl; the baby was screaming lustily. Ma O'Brien's face above the washtub was flushed and tired looking. She scolded sharply, but the uproar did not grow any less.

It flashed over Katie's mind that she ought not to be lying there, when there was so much work to be done, and she started to spring up, but fell back with a sharp cry of pain that brought Ma O'Brien quickly to her side. Very tenderly the large red hands soothed her until the pain grew a little easier. 'Sure, and it's the doctor that do be saying ye mustn't try to move, and it's minding him ye must be, darlint,' Ma O'Brien said, tenderly stroking the dark glossy hair.

Katie's blue eyes opened wide. 'Mustn't try to move! Why, who'll be doing the work?' she inquired incredulously.

'Now, don't you be worrying about the work, darlint. You just keep still like the doctor do be telling you to, and the work can just take care of itself, so it can.'

Katie stared, for Ma O'Brien's eyes were full of tears. What could it all mean? 'But the dishes aren't washed, and the windows are that dirty, and the children's faces! I must be getting to work. Can't I get up pretty soon, Ma?' she demanded.

Then Ma O'Brien dropped down in a chair and rocked herself back and forth, her face buried in her apron, sobbing aloud. 'The doctor do be saying that you'll never be getting up any more, at all, at all,' she wailed.

The room seemed to whirl around before Katie's startled blue eyes. 'But the work, Ma,' she said in a dazed kind of way. 'I must be doing the work, you know.'

After that she lay there still for a long time. Ma O'Brien went back to the washtub, and there were three washings to be done that day, and hardly a minute could be spared to wipe away the tears that rolled down her cheeks.

Katie lay there and looked at the disorder, and listened to the noisy children, and saw the tired look on her mother's face, and each moment it seemed more and more impossible to lie still there.

Other days came, and each one found the dirt and the disorder worse, for Ma O'Brien must stay at the washtub, and could only take time to get the children something to eat. Johnnie and Jimmie seemed to grow more mischievous each day, and Patsy and the baby more peevish and fretful. Mary's hair grew more tangled, and she hated to wash the dishes more than ever. Ma O'Brien's face grew more tired each day, and her voice more sharp and fretful. Night after night Katie lay with wide-open eyes, and thought and thought about it all, and wished so much that she could help as she used to.

One day everything seemed to go unusually wrong in the little brown house. Johnnie and Jimmie quarrelled. Patsy and the baby cried and fretted, Mary was cross and

would not do the dishes, Ma O'Brien was tired and nervous, and scolded first one child and then another, but it did no good. By and by Patsy came over to Katie, and sitting down beside her in his little rocker, said, 'Sing, Katie.'

In the old days Katie had always sung joyously about her work, but now the very thought of singing made a lump come in her throat. 'Please sing, Katie,' Patsy coaxed. So to please him, she swallowed the lump in her throat as well as she could, and began to sing. It was not so hard after she had commenced, and she sang on softly.

Presently she looked up, conscious of an unusual quiet, and was surprised to find that peace reigned in the little room. The children were quiet and Ma O'Brien was rubbing away vigorously with the tired, worried look almost gone from her face.

'Sure, and it's the swate voice ye have, Katie, darlint' she said, smiling across into the pale face. 'I was that tired and nervous I thought I should drop, but sure, it's rested entirely I am now.'

Johnnie and Jimmie had joined Patsy by this time. 'Sing some more, Katie,' they coaxed. 'We likes to hear you.'

Katie smiled into the pleading faces. 'All right,' she said cheerily. 'Only do you know I can't seem to sing so very well when everything is so dirty. Just you boys help Mary wash the dishes and clean up the room, and I'll sing a song for you to work by.'

'All right,' the twins agreed, and straightway there began a great cleaning and straightening up of that room to the cheerful accompaniment of Katie's clear voice, that sang on and on, song after song.

'Sure, and it's not a bit tired I am the night,' Ma O'Brien said after the washing was all done. 'And it's perfect angels the children have been, and the house looks that nice and tidied up. Sure, and it's your own swate singing that heartens one up and makes the work seem that easy,' she said, tenderly stroking the dark hair.

Katie lay for a long time that night smiling into the darkness, while over and over she whispered a little prayer, 'Oh, God, I thank you that I can help a little.'

After that, for hours at a time, day after day, the sweet, clear voice sang on, and somehow everything seemed to go smoothly in the little brown house as long as the songs continued. When Ma O'Brien's face began to look tired, Katie sang; when Johnnie and Jimmie grew mischievous or quarrelsome, Katie sang; when Mary was cross, Katie sang; when Patsy and the baby were fretful, Katie sang; when there was more work than usual to be done, Katie sang louder and clearer than ever, and somehow the tiredness and the crossness seemed to melt away, and work did not seem such a hard thing to do.

And each night Katie whispered that little prayer, 'Oh, God, I thank you that I can help a little,' and each day there was more of joy in her sweet voice, and more of peace in the look upon her sweet face.

The Dangerous Door.

'Oh, Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school-bell rings' and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little Peace crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

'Very well,' said Cousin Will, 'I will tell you about some dangerous doors I have seen.'

'Oh, that's good!' exclaimed Bob. 'Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one

passed in, did they shut and keep him there forever?'

'No; the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson.'

'What, that's splendid!' cried Kate; 'I should like to go in myself.'

'Ah! it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble.'

'Why, what comes out?' said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

'When the guards are away,' said Cousin Will. 'I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one was opened, and the little lady began to talk very fast like this, "What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! and did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?" "Oh, yes," said the other little crimson lady from the other door, "and what a turned-up nose she has!" Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening.'

'I know what you mean!' cried Kate, coloring, 'were you listening?'

'Oh, you mean our mouths are doors!' exclaimed Harry, 'and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue, but who are the guards, and where do they come from?'

'You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Then He will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare come out.'—Canadian Churchman.

Which Way do You Take?

There are ways and ways of being sympathetic. There is one where a person who stands close to his neighbor in need does so merely for the sake of being thought sympathetic. But such are not the truest comforters. It is he who not only speaks consolingly, but who follows up the word with the deed, that is the true friend in need.

Mabel was standing on a street corner crying as though her heart would break, when Martha came trundling her hoop down the sidewalk.

'What's the matter?' asked Martha, stopping short.

'I've lost my nickel down there!' was the sobbing reply as the speaker pointed to the gutter.

'That's too bad! Look very hard for it, and maybe you'll find it,' Martha said, as she gave her hoop a touch with the short stick she had in her hand, and followed it as it rolled away. The thought did not seem to come to her that she might have spared a few minutes from her play to aid in search for the missing coin.

A little later as Mabel was adopting Martha's advice to 'look very hard,' Nanette came briskly along from the opposite direction, and, seeing the small figure in the gutter, exclaimed: 'Why, Mabel Marsh! What are you doing there?'

'I've lost my nickel, and I can't find it at all!' was the tearful reply.

Now Nanette was on her way to spend the afternoon with a friend who had begged her to come early, and she was hurrying her best to make up time already lost, when she discovered Mabel in trouble. The sight of the latter's distress aroused but one desire in Nanette's loving heart, and that was to offer practical sympathy to the little girl. And so, though she said almost the same words that Martha had spoken a short time before, she backed them up by stepping down into the gutter, where she diligently sought for the coin until she found it.

'You're just as kind as can be!' Mabel exclaimed, gratefully, when the money was once more safely in her pocket.

Nanette laughed merrily as she hurried away. 'That wasn't much to do!' she declared.

But it was just the thing that was needed.—The 'Girl's Companion.'

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