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THIS PAPER may be found on the 1st of Dec. at Geo. P. Howland & Co's.

THE experience of those who have used them for the past eight years, and an examination of the goods, will prove the correctness of the statement.

How many girls, with longings and aspirations like Delia's, never rise any higher in all their lives.

But while we have been moralizing, others have been working. Margaret's act had not been so sudden as it may have seemed.

There Mr. Lake preached on the text, "As much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Finally she equivocated a little to conscience, and while to the pastor's wife at Rocky Beach, as she had said, but with no resolution even then to carry out this absurd notion.

Mr. Lake carried out to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Was there no escape?

She had no intention of entertaining a case, and would have smiled at the idea if he had looked at her seriously in the face; but she was a true, prayerful nature.

She had never been so troubled in her life. But she did not yield, even when Olive came and so frankly told of her own decision.

She was determined not to show her own deep feeling. Then Mr. Lake preached on the text, "As much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

New Year's Wishes. WOULD I wish thee? WOULD I wish thee? WOULD I wish thee?

What shall I wish thee? What can be found Bringing thee sunshine All the year round?

Faith that moves mountains, Walking in light; Hope that abounds, Happy and bright; Love that is perfect, Casting out fear,

OPENING PLAIN PATHS. BY HOWE BENTLEY. CHAPTER IX.—Continued. "There are quantities of nice seaweeds there," Delia concluded her story with.

"Why I can tell you how to open and press them, but the putting on takes time and taste," was the reply.

"I'll tell you," returned Delia frankly. "I don't want them to know it at home, as they'd object; but I don't see why, if I can, I may not so well use my time and pleasure there to some advantage, and I am going to try."

"Let me tell you then what we can do, said her friend; "I am almost out of weeds and want a good many. Why cannot you gather and press as many as you can and send them to me? I will select the best and put them up, and we will share the profits. Will that do? I know where I can sell a good many."

"Of course Delia saw the advantage of the offer, and went away with her cup running over; a perfect Eldorado seemed opening at her feet. But six months before such a plan would not have entered her head.

"We are just as happy as we can be," it read "and though we have only been here three days, I have never been away from Belhaven before in my life. I seem to have left my headaches behind me too.

There are two teachers spending their vacation here also, so I have good company besides father. Everything is so much better than I deserve. I wish, so never before, that I could do something for her."

So Delia too was learning new humility and thankfulness. About this same time came a letter from Gussie Keith to Olive that she will be ill-mannered enough to peep into Olive's scribbles, and the Holy Spirit was striving with her.

Every circumstance in the providence of God seemed to press the question home upon Margaret as a real, personal matter; conscience wake up and start awake in spite of all opiates and down-puttings. She had never been so troubled in her life.

However, we are quite in running order now, and if I had time I should enjoy it very much. I go to my schoolroom as soon as breakfast is over, and return to my supper at half past six, with a noon lunch between. From nine to four are the paid-for hours; the rest I give to realizing my wild dream and getting better acquainted with them.

"How my heart aches for this people I have been here three weeks, but have yet to hear the first word of a church here. Last Sabbath a stranger who was detained here preached in my schoolroom. I saw him the night before, and he promised to appoint a Sunday school after the service. He did so and stayed to help in it. As little as I know, I am glad to see a school here."

"You ask if I am busy. I answer, a little. They wished me to open school at once; and as this is the only school in this northern village, and I am sole pedagogus wearing my bonnet in a 'numerosous isolation,' as I once read, I no longer attempt to count my subjects, but I shall soon begin to stack them if they continue to pour in. However, we are quite in running order now, and if I had time I should enjoy it very much.

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day when she carried the news of his three months' release to him, had commenced the work of arousing her sympathies and inciting her to kind and helpful action. And now you see the growth that these summer days had witnessed.

As for our travellers, everybody seemed ready to lend them a helping hand. "How I wish you had something lighter than your heavy winter overcoat, father," Delia had said; "you will need something; don't you think you had better take some of my money and buy one?"

But Mr. Mayo shook his head: "I shall get along very nicely, dear." And so he did, for about this time Olive in her own home was thinking of the news that had made her so glad, and longing to do something to help.

All at once she remembered the fall overcoat that the judge had purchased late in the season two years before, and which proved too small for his increasing measure during the next season.

He had spoken of it two or three times, and she had thought of Cousin Charles as a young man with a good salary and would not more than half appreciate the gift.

She consulted her father at dinner time, and found him heartily acquiescent; so she dressed him up from the closet, and she found the coat and a kind note asking Mr. Mayo's acceptance of it, and with that useful addition they felt entirely ready.

Margaret had called at Judge Edmond's that morning on her way home and told Olive, half shyly, and under promise of secrecy, of what she had done. Olive quickly put her thoughts together, she understood at once what had been puzzling of late in her friends' conduct, and Margaret a long time that spoke more than many words could have said.

"That was new to Margaret, too; the girls were not in the habit of kissing her impulsively. She found it a little harder to tell her father of her change of plan, but she did it that night while he was behind his evening paper, and got along better than she feared.

"But I have spent the money you gave me for the trip," she said in conclusion. "You said I could have it for my summer extras, and I have already used it." "Oh!" said her father, but asked no further questions.

"Perhaps he was shrewd enough to guess a few days before he learned that Mr. Mayo's fitting, where the bill he had given his daughter had gone to, but if so he said nothing of the matter. He had quite a sick turn the next week, a most unusual thing for him, and when he experienced his daughter's kind attentions and saw her solicitude, he quite forgave her in his heart.

And what was better, when he recovered he did not slip back to their old indifference. The little rift in Margaret's heart was growing wider. She was beginning to know that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," and she was once commenced to learn that lesson are not likely ever to leave it off.

So the White Mountain party went on its way rejoicing, and there were Saratoga parties, and excursions to glens and to beaches, and European departures, but our friends went with none of them. The sunsets were just as brilliant, the mountains as grand, and the valleys as fair about B. Haven as ever. They had never seemed so lovely to the eyes of some of our girls; and while two of them may have minded a few more accustomed pleasures to receive, and they found rich compensation in other ways.

Margaret counted as such a letter that came a week later than the morning that saw Mr. Mayo and Delia off. "We are just as happy as we can be," it read "and though we have only been here three days, I have never been away from Belhaven before in my life. I seem to have left my headaches behind me too.

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more helpful to others. I see so many sad, disappointed women here, and my heart aches for them. I pray for them, and when I have a chance I try to speak a cheering word, but that is not to be all I can do, so afraid I never shall know how to be a good burden-bearer, though I would rather have that name than any other. That is what I call you in my thoughts, because you never seem to have any troubles of your own, but always time to take those of others."

"What a mistake she makes in me," thought Olive with a quick uprising of humility as she finished the letter. "She's a thousand times better than I am. I wonder if she ever remembers what she said to me last night she was here, or if she would believe how much it has helped me since. God help me to be an opener of ways to others," she prayed with sudden earnestness as she remembered Gussie's words that had taken such strong hold on her heart. And such a prayer he delights to answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Sweet Words. "My dearest of mothers," I heard the words repeated in soft tones by my next-door neighbor at an island farmhouse where we were sojourning.

"My dearest of mothers," my friend was a widow, and her son, a talented fellow, was engineering in Idaho. He had no letters he had said at the close: "And now, my dearest of mothers, good bye." Did he guess, I wonder, how the little petting phrase would please the heart that loved him so? Did he think that she could say it or could to herself as she sat alone in her room?

The home days were over. The babies, with their sweet ways, their joy-giving and their trouble making, had grown to noisy boys, then to self-asserting men; they were out in the world making their way; brains were being used, hearts were being tried; yet here was one who remembered the mother still in middle life, loving and needing love the same as when her boys were her very own in the dear child's home. He wrote her long letters, describing his adventures, changeable life; the strange occupations, whose absence he missed so common; the wonderful scenery of the wild West; and so on. It was all intensely enjoyed; but better than all were the love phrases that showed the son's affectionate heart. I wonder if the "mothers" know how dear they are to their mothers, and how little attention they receive, and how little cheer and warm the hearts that have borne the test of years and sorrows.

Life is a little chilly to the mothers whose homes are the things of the past. Even if they remain in the old home, the children seem very bare and silent after the children are gone. It is as if summer had flown, with its nests and bird songs, and autumn winds were blowing. Then the love of the sons and daughters is like sunshine, and warm fires to the hearts that were many sons who write, "My dearest of mothers."—Congregationalist.

Hasty Words. The evil that is in our world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and laying waste the pleasant places, has many fountains. Sin does its deadly work in many ways, and sorrow comes from many sources. It is as if hasty words were certainly much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter, that we need not trouble ourselves to be over-particular as to what we say. But that is only one of our many faults. Words are intoxicating, and they are as if they take root even upon very unlikely soil. Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offering of meek and quiet spirits, but of passionate temper. Perhaps the reason why such words are so prevalent, is that the speaker feels his own aggravated. We often do in this life of ours; we cannot have all we wish from our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, when we have but only a few things that we are entitled to. We are impatient, peevish, and speak hasty words; then we say very hard things of each other, and most unkindly say, in our hearts if not with our tongues, hard things of our wise and loving Father.

Seeing that hasty words are so unkind, unkind, and unwise, how can we prevent ourselves from uttering them, and escape the need of the after repentance which is their consequence? "If that belittles shall not make haste." It is not the secret of our impatience to be found in our lack of faith in God; if our hearts were stayed upon him, we were like children resting in his Father's arms, would everything that occurred around us have such power over us? If we knew, so as to realize the fact, that nothing happens to us without his permission, that what seems so provoking as those who are about us, would not be so impatient, and that we are to be patient, if we saw that words, trials, inconvenience, and even unkindness only come to us according to his pleasure, surely then we would cease to be hasty.—Christian World.

"You Rollers too Lead." 'Taint de true grace honey, 'taint de sure glory, said Aunt Judy to one of her colored sisters. "You rollers too loud. When you girls de love in your heart and de lam in your bosom, you'll feel as if you was in de stable at Bel'hem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleeping baby to hold."

There are many things to make you, if they lived never to the Lord, would not need to talk and while trying to make him hear them. The still waters run deepest. Tumult and babble and excitement are no certain evidences of the peace that passeth knowledge. On the top of Mt. Carmel the most of the yelling was done by Baal's prophets, while Elijah, calm, cool and collected, taunted them with the indifference of their sleepy God. Baal's priests made the most tumult, but Elijah's prayer brought down the fire which consumed the sacrifice. The Christian worships a God, at hand, and he who walks with God and prophesies, while still calm, cool and collected, taunted them with the indifference of their sleepy God. Baal's priests made the most tumult, but Elijah's prayer brought down the fire which consumed the sacrifice. The Christian worships a God, at hand, and he who walks with God and prophesies, while still calm, cool and collected, taunted them with the indifference of their sleepy God. 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