

### Emily's Opportunity.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'Opportunity to cast a beam of light on a shadowed path, to lift a little the burden resting on weary shoulders.'

'Yes, yes!' Emily Western read it to herself in a half impatient tone, 'but where are my opportunities? If I had lived in a different sort of place, where I could join women's clubs and step right into work. But what can one do here?'

Emily leaned back in the comfortable easy-chair with a great discontent in her heart. She had but lately returned from a four years' course at school, and was anxious to carry on some of her favorite pursuits, and

'Perhaps, so, Miss Emily, but it isn't much. I was just stopping to ask would your mother buy a mess of dandelion greens for dinner? Poor little Larry—he's the crippled one, Miss Emily—he can't get about much, but he's been creepin' about the vacant lot near and picked a mess, and the b'y 'ud be out of himself intirely if he could sell 'em.'

'Yes, we'll take them,' said Emily. 'How are all at home?' she went on, a warmth at her heart at sight of the pleased look on the worn face.

'Well, Miss, they're pickin' up since the chills, now the dry weather's comin' on. An' I was goin' to say to your mother would she please be on the look-out for a place for Katie. It's a smart, lively little thing she is, and alsy to teach—an' it's a great help it

out; I want you,' she went on as her mother was seated, 'to tell me if you can think of a place for little Katie Murphy.'

Mother leaned wearily back in her chair, 'I can't just now, dear. But we'll keep it in mind, and watch for chances—'

'O mother!' Emily broke in with the excitement of a new thought. 'I have a splendid idea. Let us have Katie here. I've noticed ever since I came home that we need more help, and Katie would give just the help required.'

Emily paused as her mother shook her head. 'We cannot afford to keep more than one girl.'

'Of course not—two regular girls. But this is different. Mrs. Murphy would expect such small pay for Katie. A mere trifle each week.'

'And her board, which must be counted in.' 'Well,' said Emily, with some impatience, 'I've heard you say, mother, it is the duty of people who live in the enjoyment of a comfortable home to extend its comforts as far as possible; to feel glad to have the shelter of their roof—well—taking in as many as—'

Mother smiled as Emily stumbled over the sentiment she wished to impress upon her parent, but the smile had no mirth in it.

'You are right, my daughter, I do think so. But that does not alter the fact that we cannot keep any more help.'

Emily gazed at her mother with the keenness of half-awakened perception. Mother looked worn and old—how came it that she had not noticed it before? There was a sadness on her face, too; and could that which mingled with it be an expression of disappointment?

'Sit still, mother,' she said, as mother presently arose from her seat.

'I have plenty to see to in the house, my daughter,' she said gently. 'I am sorry I cannot help you in your chance for an opportunity.'

An opportunity! In a flash before the eyes of Emily's conscience arose a picture of her true opportunity—here, under this roof, which already gave gracious shelter to so many, was not here full occupation for willing hands moved by a loving heart?

Emily fled to her own room.

'I do not like it. It is not what I want to do. It is dull, humdrum, I hate the narrow life and the homely work. But—will not it bear its reward?'

Those who have wisely discerned their opportunity in the blessed small ministrations which brighten the life of loved ones can testify to the grace bestowed for the daily need, and to the exceeding greatness of the reward.—'Silver Link.'

### A Good Example.

'It seems like taking something of a risk.' 'Yet I think Peyton can be trusted to be true to his principles.'

Mr. and Mrs. Miner were having a consultation, the subject of which was their son Peyton, aged twelve. He had received an invitation to spend the first part of his summer vacation with friends living in a village twenty-five miles distant from the city in which he and his parents had a home.

'The Randalls are very kind, but you know they are not professing Christians,' urged Mrs. Miner. 'I'm afraid that they may not help Peyton to do right.'

'Their son William is a member of our Christian Endeavor Society and has a class in Sunday-school. Didn't you say that he was to act as Peyton's escort?'

'Yes. The plan is for them to travel to



'EMILY LEANED BACK IN THE COMFORTABLE EASY CHAIR.'

still to give attention to some of the studies in which she had taken much interest. More than all, she did in very truth desire in some way to show her love for the Lord who had but lately claimed her for his own child. For this she was seeking her 'opportunity.' But with no one to share her studies, her interest had flagged, and often the wish would arise — If she could go away from home, where openings are plenty, chances waiting for those who sought them.

But it was of no use to think of it. The coming back of the only daughter of the home had been hailed with delight as a joy and a blessing. The idea of her again leaving father and mother and the boys was one which would never be listened to.

'Is your mother home to-day, Miss Emily?' 'She's not here just now, Mrs. Murphy,' said Emily, as she stood at the door a few minutes later.

The face of the woman who looked up at her well matched the meek pathetic voice. Emily knew Mrs. Murphy as the hard-worked, struggling mother of a large family.

'Wouldn't I do as well, Mrs. Murphy?' she asked.

would be to me to have her makin' her own way.'

'I'll tell her, Mrs. Murphy. Yes—I'm sure Katie will do well.'

Emily felt more contented after Mrs. Murphy went her way. It had been an opportunity, this speaking a kindly word to the overburdened woman—a very slight one, yet still an opportunity.

'I suppose one might be satisfied with even small doings, if they only come in one's way,' she mused. 'But they so rarely do in such a place as this. I'm going out to inquire about a place for Katie. It seems as though the Hills or the Carters might like such a girl.'

An hour later Emily sat in the garden, discouraged and depressed. Neither the Hills nor the Carters needed the small girl, nor the one or two others whom she had asked.

Movements inside the house showed that her mother had also returned, and she went in to speak to her.

'You look tired, mother,' she said. Leave this for awhile and come out in the garden.'

'I'm afraid I haven't time, dear.'

'Yes, you have. I'll finish this by-and-by, taking from her hand the duster. 'Come