

"But we ourselves must strive. He will not make this better life for us, but if we are determined to reach it, He will help us. The secret of success is care for little things, the attending conscientiously to the performance of the smallest duties. That duty which comes first, whatever it may be, is the one to be performed. That claim which is first presented upon us is the one to honour."

At this point in the essay the door opened and her brother presented himself. He had not forgotten the episode of the night before. He surlily observed :—

"Ma wants you to comb my hair and tie my bow, so I can get ready for school."

"It ain't time for you to go to school yet, in an hour, and you know it," she impatiently replied.

"Well, don't I want to go out in the street?" he demanded. "You don't s'pose I am going to stay in the house all the time?"

"I don't care where you stay, or what you do. I am not going to leave my work to bother with you, and if you want to go away to play, you can go as you are, or stay indoors till I get ready to attend to you."

"I won't stay in."

"Then let ma comb your hair. I'll comb it with a chair if you don't get out of my sight. You are enough to drive a saint mad."

Whether this encomium to his qualities was all he desired is not known, but he left, and reported to his mother the result of the errand, and pestered her until she dropped her work and made him ready for the street.

"I wish your sister's essay was in the fire," she was driven to say.

Before Miss Woodby could commence again a fellow-pupil called, and the time till school was taken up in conversation upon the graduation toilets.

In the afternoon she got down to work at the sitting-room window.

"Looking afar off to the accomplishment of some great service, while little helpful things at our hand are left undone, is not the way to seek a true nobility. Every day should be set apart to duty. It should be entered upon with a firm determination to slight nothing, to avail ourselves of everything that will tend to make those about us happier and better. Thus determined, and with an unbroken reliance on Providence, success must come."

A sudden movement in the yard beneath the window attracted her attention. She looked out and beheld her brother and two

other boys playing on the grass. A dark frown settled on her face.

"Charles!" she cried, "go away from there with your noise."

"Go away!" he repeated. "What are we doing to you?"

"You disturb me in my writing. Go on the other side of the house."

"But the sun is there."

"I don't care if it is; it won't hurt you."

"Why don't you go somewhere else to write?" he saucily inquired.

"Don't you be impudent to me, young man, or I'll come out there and pull your ears for you. Go away at once, I tell you."

"Come on, boys," he suddenly cried, jumping up, "let's go away from the cross old stick. We don't ask any odds of her." And they trooped off.

Miss Woodby could have almost cried at the ungenerous speech, she was so vexed.

"The selfish imp," she whispered to her wounded heart, referring to her rude brother.

Then she resumed her place at the writing, and continued :—

"Is it not worth the battle? Is not a triumph which shall bring ourselves into subjection to the better impulses of our nature, and bring sunshine into the lives of those with whom we come in contact, something to be proud of and rejoice over? How debasing is the selfish life in comparison to this! How insignificant and unworthy appear the things of the world in contrast to the glory of a pure, unselfish, generous life! How can one content himself to live only for the advancement of self, to grovel in the dust rather than to mount to the clouds? Dear friend, would you be at peace, would you be happy, would you be honoured by others, would you be lifted Godward? Then commence to-night seeking the welfare of others rather than yourself, and thus reach TRUE NOBILITY."

Everybody at the exercises was pleased with this essay, and many a young man of noble impulses looked upon the fair authoress, and wished, in the very depths of his heart, that he might have such an one for a life companion.

Miss Woodby is going into the country with a fellow-pupil next week, to spend the heated term beneath the cool trees and by the side of the running brooks. Her mother will often be cheered amid her family cares by breezy letters, without doubt.