

ket of nice things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.—*Presbyterian.*

WHAT NERVE AND PLUCK WILL DO.

"Why, my boy, you can't do the work I want done."

"Try me, sir, please."

"I can try you, but it stands to reason that you are unfitted for such a task. You don't seem to comprehend the nature of the work."

"Oh, yes I do, sir! It is general lifting and helping the porter in heavy work."

"That's it; you do understand it. Well, if you want to try it you can begin this morning, although I shall expect to see you give out in less than two days."

Mancel H—, a lad not weighing over six stone, accepted eagerly the situation, and went to work. Why had he sought this position? Because it would pay him three or four shillings a week more than he was getting, and this would enable him to take better care of his crippled brother than he had been enabled to do hitherto. This was one reason; but there was another: Small of frame and apparently weak in muscle, he had been perpetually sneered at by those with whom he had been working as "the runt," and he had determined to show that he was capable of great physical exertion.

Weeks went on, and Mancel satisfactorily filled his position, and the head porter reported quite favourably concerning him to the proprietor of the establishment, Mr. Killup. One day the latter called him into the counting-room and said to him: "Don't you get tired, my lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir! very, very tired," replied Mancel, with that perfect frankness characteristic of his nature. "But, sir, I sleep so soundly that I feel rested again, and am fresh and ready for the new day's tasks."

"But wouldn't you like some lighter work?"

"Indeed I would, sir, if I could

get it!" with utter frankness again spoke the lad, colouring, however, at the implied pleading there was in the reply.

"Well, young man, I discovered by a memorandum that you made the other day than you can write a good hand. I need an entry clerk, and if you would like to you can take the place at the same wages you are now getting, with a chance of increase after a while."

"I can not tell how grateful I am to you, sir, for your kindness."

"Never mind that," said the plain-spoken merchant; "only do your duty, and don't get ahead of your business, and I will see that you are not neglected."

Mancel strove on, and, quick in figures, he was before many months promoted to assistant book-keeper, and then to cashier. Years passed, and he became one of the managers and eventually one of the proprietors of the great mercantile establishment which he had entered as assistant porter.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

MIRABEL'S GIFT.

Grandma was going to have a birthday, and Mirabel was thinking. She had her chin propped by her two plump fists, and her elbows rested on her knees. Her fair little forehead was all in a pucker, and between her eyes were two straight up and down lines, which brought the brows very close together, quite after the fashion of grown folks when they think unpleasant thoughts.

Not that birthdays are unpleasant; by no means. Mirabel always wished that hers would hurry up, and come two or three times in a year, each time attended by a frosted cake and candies, and a present, too.

To receive a present from some one who loves you is a very easy and delightful act. To give one to quite the dearest grandma in all the world is a much more serious matter—a great puzzle, in fact.

Mirabel unclasped one fat fist, and anxiously regarded the two pennies it contained. She counted them slowly and carefully. Then she turned them over and counted them again. She studied the In-

dian's stolid features, stood him on his head, and counted once more. It didn't do a bit of good, however. She had just two pennies, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

No one had told Mirabel that grandma was to have a birthday. Nobody knew that she was old enough to care for any birthday but her own. But she had seen Aunt Dora working, day after day, on a piece of fine white linen with violets sprinkled all over it. And when Aunt Dora had put the very last stitch into the very last flower, and made it look almost as beautiful as the real ones that grow and have a perfume, she had said to mamma, "I wonder if mother will like her birthday gift?"

And mamma had said, "Why Dora, how could she help it?"

Then she had watched mamma pack a neat wooden box with quite the prettiest preserve jars imaginable. Her mouth watered when she heard mamma telling Aunt Dora what was in them.

Then mamma had said:—

"I should like to send mother something else for her birthday, but this is the best I can do this time."

And Aunt Dora had exclaimed:—

"Why, sister, she will be delighted, and very proud of you besides!"

Mirabel wished that she could make grandma delighted and very proud of her. But two pennies were so very few. The only thing she could think of that mamma ever bought with two cents was a cake of yeast, and, of course, a cake of yeast wouldn't do for grandma's birthday.

"I'll just have to tell her that I love her," thought Mirabel, rather sadly. "That's all that I can do. Mamma says that even when people know that we love them, they like to be told about it. I'll spend my two cents for a postage stamp."

So she asked Aunt Dora to help her with the spelling, and spent nearly all one afternoon "getting her love ready to send to grandma," as she put it.

When her birthday came, the postman brought grandma a little letter that made her wipe her eyes several times before she could see to read it all.

"Dear grandma," it said, "I love