

herself, and then I wonder what she will do.'

Ruth was here interrupted by the ringing of the bell, and she ran downstairs with smiling face, to greet her mother and father, and her big brother Ben.

'Well, little girl, what are your plans for the day,' asked Mr. Miller, and Ruth told him how she was to gather flowers to trim the church for Children's Day, and how she desired to spend the afternoon. 'That's very good,' said her father, 'and I'll give you one of my new rose bushes to take to Mrs. Todd. She'll be able to enjoy the fragrance of the roses, at least, and it may be that she can see the outline of their forms.'

'If Ruth hadn't made her plans,' said Ben, 'I was going to invite her to go to the golf links with me.'

Now here was a temptation, for Ruth had been wishing for a long time to go to the golf links and to learn to play.

She thought the matter over, however, and then replied, 'I thank you ever so much, Ben, and I do want to go to the links, but perhaps you'll invite me for next Saturday instead of to-day.'

'Well done, daughter,' exclaimed Mr. Miller. 'I like to see a girl who can make a plan and stick to it, even if it calls for some sacrifice. Ben, you'll ask her next week, won't you?'

'Try to,' said Ben, very concisely. He was eating rapidly, in a hurry to be off. One would have thought that he had only an hour to play in, instead of that long summer day.

Ruth had a pleasanter morning than she had expected for one of her friends, a member of the King's Daughters' Circle, came for her in a little pony carriage to go in search of flowers. They first drove to the woods about a mile distant and succeeded in getting some beautiful wild flowers, and afterward went about the village to houses of friends, where they found some potted plants, and garden flowers already gathered in anticipation of their coming.

The girls did not need to assist in the decoration of the church, for that was the work of a committee of the Christian Endeavor Society, so at noon their work was done.

'I've had a lovely morning, mamma,' Ruth said as she entered the house on her return, 'and I hardly thought of Ben or of what he was

doing, although this morning a week seemed a long time to wait to try my new golf sticks.' Her mother gave her a kiss for reply and then received a detailed account of the morning's operations.

After dinner, and a quiet hour spent in doing fancy work with her mother, Ruth set out for Mrs. Todd's. Approaching the house she was surprised by the sound of children's voices, and then more so at being received by a tall, sober-looking woman with a baby in her arms.

'Be you the little girl that comes to read to my aunt?' she inquired. 'She's right in this room. Come in.'

Ruth went in. Instead of finding her friend alone, as she had always done, she saw her surrounded by half-a-dozen children whom she was trying to entertain with a story.

'Guess you're surprised, ain't you?' said Mrs. Todd, whose strong point was not correct English. 'Well, you see, my nephew wasn't doing very well out West where he'd moved to and he writ me that he thought of moving East again, and I thought that if he and Sady'd come and take care of me, they might have my house and farm. So here they be. It didn't take them long to pack and start. It was all done kind of sudden like. Now children, here is Miss Ruth Miller. Miss Ruth, I'll make you acquainted with Henry, and James, and Sarah, and Nellie, and Thomas and Jack. The baby hasn't any name, as yet. Quite a change for me, ain't it. But it's better than being alone at my age, and my sight a-failin' every day. Now what did you bring to read to me, Miss Ruth?' Ruth produced the story she had taken with her, and showed the rose bush. The children disappeared into hidden corners of the farm. When she had finished reading, the old lady thanked her and then inquired if the next day was Children's Day. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and mother said that I might walk around here and take you to church if you'd like to go.' 'If I'd like to go? Why shouldn't I like to go? Why, it's six months if it's a day, since I've been. But I reckon you'll have more than you bargained for. If I go, all the children will want to go, too.' 'That's good,' said Ruth, 'we will take them all.'

So in the morning they went alto-

gether, the nearly blind old woman, the little King's Daughter and the six stranger children, to the house of God. What is more, they continued to go every Sunday. Ruth did not need to call for the others after that morning for the children guided their aged aunt, and she stayed with them to Sunday-school.

'If there are those Thou would'st have me to help in any way, send them to me.' Is not this a beautiful prayer?

How The Twins Sold Plums.

This incident, from 'The Young People's Weekly,' carries with it a suggestive commercial lesson for boys:

Eli and Eben, the twins, had a plum-tree. Grandpa and the man Joshua sprayed it in the spring when they sprayed the other trees, and grandpa helped to thin the fruit. But the boys had to get up early two or three mornings a week all summer to jar the tree for curculio; they kept the grass and weeds away from it, they watered it, and put salt and ashes about it, and in the fall they had a fine crop of plums to sell.

Eli could climb better than Eben, so he gathered the plums, while Eben held the step ladder under the tree.

Grandpa went through the shed while they were sorting the plums and putting them in little baskets.

'Don't sell anything but plums, boys,' he said, pleasantly, 'I've known folks to sell more than they meant to. A man up Caxton way took some pears down to the store one day to sell. They looked nice, and Mr. Brown bought them, but he had to throw away most of those in the bottom of the basket, and that man can't sell anything more to Mr. Brown. He sold the truth along with his pears.'

Grandpa went off to the barn and the twins looked at each other.

'Let's look the plums over again,' said Eli. 'I don't know about that box over there.'

'I'm afraid there's one in here that isn't nice, too,' said Eben, soberly picking up another box. 'We'll sell good ones, or we won't sell any.'

Eli nodded. 'That's so.'

They did sell nice ones, for Mrs. Fitch, the minister's wife, told grandma a week afterwards that she hoped the twins would raise plums every year she lived in Demster, for she never bought such plums before.

'I'm glad they didn't sell truth and honor when they only meant to sell plums,' said grandma. — A. L. M. Hawes.