

Ruth had been named, had left the latter a thousand dollars.

'A thousand dollars!' Why, it was too good to be true. It was just like the wonderful things that she had read in books. She could with difficulty realize it.

'Is it mine to do as I wish with?' she asked her father.

'Yes,' said Mr. Fulton, 'you may use it as you please. There are no restrictions at all. It is in the bank for you.'

'Oh, how splendid! Now,' turning eagerly to her mother, 'you will let me go and study at the Art Academy.' That will surely be enough money.'

Mrs. Fulton smiled. 'I knew what you would do with it,' she said. 'Yes, you may go now.'

'Yes,' added Mr. Fulton, 'I was going to suggest that you use the money for that.'

'When?' asked Ruth, eagerly.

'Just as soon as I can find a suitable boarding place for you,' returned her father.

'I feel as though it were all a dream,' said Ruth, after her going had been discussed at length.

'A very substantial dream,' smiled her mother.

And when her father had written to friends in the city in regard to a suitable boarding place for her, and her mother was preparing her clothes, Ruth felt that it was indeed a reality. Her great desire was to be fulfilled at last.

One morning she went with some work to the house of a Mrs. Smith, near the village, who sometimes did sewing for her mother. She found her very sick in bed, and old Saley West, a neighbor, in attendance. The latter accompanied Ruth to the gate when she left to go home.

'I am so sorry for Mrs. Smith. She does look very sick,' said Ruth.

'It's hard work that has done it,' said Saley, sharply. 'And that son of hers away off. Farmin' wasn't good enough for him. Here's his poor old mother a-dependin' on strangers.'

'Doesn't he do anything for her?' asked Ruth. She remembered Thomas Smith as an ambitious young man who had gone to New York two years before to 'make something of himself.'

'Not a thing. He's as much as he can do to take care of himself. He'd a sight better have stayed here and worked as his father did before him. Seems like children don't think of their parents these days—only of their own notions. If his mother dies now, I wonder how he will feel?'

At sunset that evening Ruth strolled down to the stile that gave communication between the garden and a piece of meadow land. It was a favorite spot of hers, and she had spent many hours there constructing 'Castles in Spain.' Never, she thought, had the view been lovelier than this evening—the long line of distant hills bathed in golden light, the river winding among them like a thread of silver, the deep hush of the evening hour broken only by the far-off tinkling of a bell. But other things than the beauty of the landscape filled her thoughts as she sat there. She found it impossible to throw off a vague feeling of uneasiness which had taken possession of her. Saley West's words that morning had awakened it. Was it right for her to leave home as she was about to do? Certainly her parents were willing to let her go, but they were always ready to sacrifice themselves for her. Her father's affairs were not in a flourishing condition. How much a thousand dollars would do for him. And, after all, she might fail. Others with even greater talent had done so. Her mo-

ther was not strong. What if she should be sick—or die. Ruth caught her breath sharply at the thought.

Just then her father crossed the yard from the barn to the house. The distance was not too great for Ruth to see how tired he looked. She noticed also how stooped his form was getting. He worked so hard. How lonesome it would be for them when she was gone.

Ruth sat on the stile until the twilight came down around her, then she walked slowly to the house.

She found her mother sitting on the veranda alone.

'Where is father?' asked Ruth.

'He has gone to bed. He was very tired.'

'You are not to sew any more, mother—I am not going,' said Ruth softly, as she knelt down by her mother's side and twined her arms about her neck.

'Not going? Why, Ruth! What—'

'How horribly selfish you must have thought me, mother!'

'But, my dear—'

'Wait, mother, let me tell you. I am going to stay at home with you and father always. I don't want to be an artist, even if I have talent enough, which I think is doubtful. We are going to take that money, and—well, we'll do lots of things with it. The first thing is that father is going to have a strong man here all the time to help him, and I am going to send you off to a visit to Aunt Margaret. You know that she has been wanting you for so long, and, oh! there are lots of things I want to do.'

'But, my dear,' expostulated Mrs. Fulton, 'have you thought well of this change of decision? And, dear, we cannot spend your money. I—'

'You are not going to spend it,' interrupted Ruth; 'I am, for the things I want most. Now you must not say another word about it. Aren't you glad to keep me with you?'

And the tender folding of her mother's arms about her answered her question.—
'The Advance.'

To a Little Dandelion.

(Seen growing all alone on the roadside one cold November day.)*

O wee dandelion! why alone art thou peeping,

Above the cold roadside, where fierce winds oft rave?

O why art thou not with thy kindred now sleeping,

Safe down in the earth that may soon be thy grave?

Dost hear, little flower, wild November winds sighing?

Dost know, dreary autumn is sullenly dying?

And e'en now before winter's vanguards is flying?—

Then why stay'st thou there where his rage he may fling?

I know not, little flower, why thou'rt there all alone

On that hillside forsaken and wind-swept and drear—

But hark! fierce thro' yon woodland the whirlwind doth moan,

And up thro' the valley its voice draweth near—

Alas! thou meek waif! if with whirling and sweeping

It rushes along where thou now droopest, weeping!—

O return thou at once to thy kindred still sleeping!

Fare thee well, little flower!—shall we meet in the spring?

*Though this is somewhat uncommon, it was a fact. The previous day had been warm and bright.

A YOUNG RHYMER.

Edna's Mistake

(By Minnie E. Kenney.)

Edna sat in the broad, low window seat, that was her favorite place for thought, as the shadows of twilight fell, and brought to a close the peaceful Sabbath day.

That morning she had publicly professed her allegiance to the Saviour, to whom she had given her heart, and united herself with God's people, and her heart was overflowing with solemn happiness as she recalled the events of the day.

Her new life as a professed Christian had begun, and she resolved that it should be a consistent, consecrated life.

'I will write down all my good resolutions,' she said to herself, 'and then I will not forget them.'

'First of all, I am determined never to miss any service either on Sundays or week days,' she thought to herself, as conscience reminded her of neglected prayer-meetings in the past, and Sunday evening services but rarely attended.

Pencilling this resolution in the back of her little diary, she went on:

'And I am determined, too, that I shall devote an uninterrupted hour every morning to prayer and reading my Bible. Then I will be a more active worker in the church than I have ever been before.'

The tea-bell broke in upon her meditations, and somewhat reluctantly she closed her little diary and obeyed the summons to the table.

The next morning found her anxious to put her new resolutions into practice, and immediately after breakfast she withdrew to her room to devote an hour to reading and prayer.

Edna was the eldest of a large family, and this hour, between breakfast and school time, was generally employed in helping the little ones to get ready for school, and finding missing books and caps. This morning, however, she went upstairs as soon as she had risen from the table, without waiting to render any of her usual assistance to her mother, and taking her Bible sat down to read.

She could not put her thoughts upon the words while she heard the children's voices downstairs, the patient mother trying to answer all their inquiries at once.

'Mother, where's my slate; I left it on the hall table on Saturday morning, and now it's gone?'

'Won't you tell me what's wrong in this sum, mother; it don't look right, and I don't know how to fix it?'

'Where's Edna?'

After this enquiry Edna was not surprised at hearing boyish feet come bounding up the stairs and an impatient hand rattling her door knob.

'Sister, let me in; I want you to show me something.'

'Run away, Dick,' she answered. 'I'm busy now, and you mustn't interrupt me.'

'But I want to get in,' and the door knob was rattled more vigorously than before; but Edna had turned the key to save herself from the interruptions she had anticipated, and finding that entreaty and effort were alike vain, Dick retreated.

At last the children were all started on their way to school, and as Edna saw them trooping through the gate, she congratulated herself that now she would be able to collect her thoughts, and read without interruption.

Quiet reigned in the house, but the wandering thoughts would not be controlled, and Edna was shocked to find that it was with a sense of relief she noted that the hour had expired.