

without a single, solitary luxury in the way of necessary comforts—and I've never heard an objection from you. You've been as blissfully happy as if there were no such horrors in the world as late trains, boarding-house beds, or wretched meals."

"That's just where you miss your guess," laughed the pretty girl, as she tucked the end of her Dutch collar in and fastened the big cameo brooch. "I've felt like a very square peg sometimes, though I tried to keep the fact to myself. But when I left home I made up my mind that the joys and surprises of our trip would more than make up for a whole lot of home luxuries that we were leaving behind, and I've laughed at each annoyance as it came—even at the old Chinaman who refused to hand over the two prettiest blouses I owned—and at the way we walked to the art gallery in a deluge of rain, and you wished we hadn't come. False deserter! I often think of the old nursery rhyme about the owl and how all they took with them was their 'honey, and plenty of money, wrapped up in a five-pound note.' Just think of the things they must have left behind—between beautiful forest haunts—dark as night, and the warm corners of convenient haylofts—and then of the gorgeously good trip they had as they sailed away in their 'beautiful pea-green boat'—of course it was worth it!

"Forget all these troublesome luxuries, Babs, we can have every day of the year at home, and make the best of even the worst that comes. Just think of all we've seen and done! Why, enough to make our poor-deep-colored stay-at-home days, rainbow-tinted for months to come;" and the pretty girl turned on the perplexed one with a conquering smile that would have bridged every traveling trouble that ever existed.

"You've found out a secret that I haven't learned yet, Nan," said the girl on the edge of the trunk. "The next time I go traveling I'll take a course of instruction from you before I start. I know I've been horribly disagreeable and bad tempered at times."

"I'll forgive you," assured the pretty girl, gaily, "if you mend your ways. Just change your attitude to things and people in general and try being delightfully agreeable and good

tempered, and you'll see. You'll be sought after to join all the traveling parties within miles—and ready to fit into any hole that comes along—round or square."—H. Margaret Fairlie

Stirring Up the Nest

By Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, M.A.

Have you watched a young half-grown robin flopping clumsily about from one tree to another? What is the explanation of these awkward movements that hardly deserve the name of "flying?"

The empty nest in the crotch of that nearby apple-tree partly tells the story. Cooped up and crowded in such narrow quarters, and feeling new powers stirring within him, *Master Robin has taken to his wings*. He has ventured into a larger world, and these short flights, however awkwardly done, are the practice and preparation for far journeys and exciting adventures. Some day he will rise above the trees, trust himself to the yielding air and sail swiftly away, master of the art of flight. This is the glory of a bird.

Boys and girls, as well as birds, outgrow the home nest. Some day they wake up to find their quarters under the family roof cramping and confining them. They feel new powers welling up within them. A great longing comes over them—to go out into the world and be and do something worth while. In that big, busy world outside they hear voices calling them, and they hardly know what is the meaning of it all. Half-fearfully, half-hopefully they venture out,—alone

Courage, young man! Courage, young woman! This same thing has been happening since the world was young. That world is God's, and for His tasks He needs workmen. The voice you only half understood was your heavenly Father's calling you into His service. There are bodies to be cared for, minds to be trained, wills to be directed and He has need of you.

What are those strange forces you feel moving within you and calling aloud for action? The great Parent Spirit is filling your life with His own divine power, striving to stir you out of the snug, comfortable