

dered in agony; once they slipped it would be all over. So the dreadful moments passed. But presently there came across the dull gray of the hidden sand the steady beat of an oar. 'Listen, darlings,' she just managed to whisper. 'It's a boat; somebody is coming for us. Hold on tight; here they are.'

Then she remembered no more.

When Ursula came to herself she was lying on a strange bed, and there were strange faces about her—strange, rapt, eager faces bending down as if the only matter of moment in the world was her return to consciousness.

'Where am I?' Oh, are the children all right?

A sob from the lips of a gray-haired man close by seemed to answer her. 'Yes, all right, thanks be to God and to you—your heroine.'

Ursula smiled.

'It was awful; but they won't play there any more, will they?'

'Never; we shall go home to-morrow,' said the man, but the woman on her knees by the bed with her face hidden, never spoke.

'Their mother?' Ursula asked in an understanding whisper.

The man nodded. It was one of the supreme moments of life when the veil is lifted and there is no possibility of misunderstanding whatsoever.

'We don't know you, or who you are, but now you belong to us,' he said.

Ursula smiled again.

'I don't mind, I'm tired, and anyhow, I have no home.'—Selected.

Advice to Young Men.

You can not retain your self-respect if you are loose and foul of tongue. A man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable. The future welfare of the nation depends upon the way in which we can combine in our men—in our young men—decency and strength. There is no good of you preaching to your boys to be brave if you run away; there is no good of your preaching to your boys to tell the truth if you do not. Unless there is a spirit of honesty in a man, unless there is a moral sense, his courage, his strength, his power but make him a dangerous creature in our life—a man, whether from the standpoint of our social or political systems, to be feared and to be hunted down. In civil life, the greater a man's ability, if it is not combined with the moral sense, the more dangerous that man as a citizen, the worse he is as a citizen.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Dorothy's Way.

Dorothy never set about being good just to be good. She never thought of it in that way. That was how the old woman who had lost a daughter, and who sat lonely and sad in one corner of the boarding house parlor one evening, found a little girl drawing a chair close up beside her and felt a warm, tiny hand slipped into her own, and heard a happy, lisping little voice tell stories about dolls and their ways, until her tired, despairing heart for the moment almost grew young again. And much in the same way the crabbed old gentleman who hated children astonished himself and others by joining a little girl in a regular game of romps on the boarding house lawn; and a bashful young man from the country found himself talking out loud and telling stories to a group of 'town people' listeners.

But this isn't what I set about telling. I want you to know how Dorothy brought the village doctor, who hated dogs, and the village lawyer, who loved them—that is, his own brown-eyed Fido, I mean—altogether. These two men disliked each other intensely, and had not spoken for years, but both of them were fond of Dorothy.

So one day when Fido got a cruel wound from a passing dray, and Dorothy happened to be close by, and saw it, nothing was more natural than she should gather the little dog up in her arms and hurry with it

to the doctor's office on the next corner. And nothing was more natural also than that the doctor, with Dorothy's confiding eyes upraised to his, and her hand trembling on his arm, should overcome his first impulse to throw the dog through the window, and set about caring for it as he would for one of his own patients.

When the wounds were all dressed, and Fido carefully wrapped and placed in a basket, Dorothy took her leave, declaring that she would come back in an hour or so and take the little patient home, but that he ought to have some sleep first.

Well, as soon as Dorothy had turned the first corner the lawyer came hurrying to the spot, having just learned of the accident. A boy pointed toward the doctor's office, and, hurried there. The doctor was just thinking only of Fido, the lawyer leaning over for another look at his patient, and—of course, you can see for yourself how the reconciliation came about.

Not so much of a story, you say? Certainly not. I didn't want it to be. I just wanted to give you an idea of Dorothy's way.—'Children's Visitor.'

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal

A tale someone to you has told

About another, make it pass,

Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates: First, 'Is it true?'

Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind

Give truthful answer. And the next

Is last and narrowest—'Is it kind?'

And if to reach your lips at last,

It passes through these gateways three,

Then you may tell the tale, nor fear

What the result of speech may be.

—'The Pilgrim.'

Worse Than a Nuisance.

About the greatest nuisance to a farmer, after the gunner who at certain seasons of the year goes tramping all over his fields, shooting his quail, woodcock and rabbits, is the student who comes down from the city and calls himself a 'collector.' He must have plants and flowers for his herbarium; fishes, tadpoles and aquatic plants for his aquarium; must shoot every bird he sees to send away to a taxidermist to be stuffed; must have every bird's egg he can find for a collection, and without leave or licence from anyone.

A sturdy old farmer once met one of these collectors up his pear tree after some thrushes' eggs, while the poor birds were circling round and round the tree in great distress.

'Hoh! What are you doing there?' exclaimed the ireful farmer.

'Only getting a few eggs for my collection,' was the suave reply.

'Who said you could have them?' roared the farmer.

'I beg your pardon,' said the city man. 'I didn't suppose you'd care.'

'They're my birds, and on my property, and them thrashers have built right in that 'ere spot for 10 years. Might as well come and tear me out of my home and be done with it.'

'I didn't mean any offence.'

'Any offence!' shouted the farmer. 'What right have you to come on my farm making your collections? Suppose, when I went to the city, I'd go to your office or place of business and gather up some of your papers or valuables for my collection; what would you think of me?'

'I thought birds and plants were common property.'

'Yes, that is what all you city folks think. You think everything in the country is free when every foot is owned by somebody, and somebodies in the country have as much right to what they own as city people have right to what they own.'

'I am very sorry, sir. I never looked at it in that way. I'll put the eggs back. The birds surely have an earnest champion in you.'

'They sing for me, and I'd rather hear one thrasher sing than all the choirs in the city

combined. They help me to fight the insects that would eat me out of house and home if left alone. They are friends to me, so I will be a friend to them. I would think you city folks would be taught in church and Sunday school the respect that the Bible has laid down for birds.'

I don't see what pleasure there is in a collection of dead birds or butterflies, anyway. For my part, when I want to study nature I'll go where the pretty things are alive and study them there.—New York Tribune.

How Psyche Found the Prince.

'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.'

The word which our Lord used here for life is the Greek word Psyche. The Greeks had a story about Psyche, or, if you like to call it by another name, a parable.

Psyche was a king's daughter, and lived in a palace. She was very fair to look upon, and was greatly admired. A hundred servants waited to do her bidding, and she had everything that heart could wish. Yet she was always fretful and unhappy, for she had a cold, unloving heart, and never gave a tender and kindly thought to anyone.

It happened one day, when she was in a peevish and complaining mood, that a young prince came to her—a stranger, she knew not whence. He was beautiful beyond all that she had ever imagined or dreamed. When he spoke, it was as if his lips dropped wisdom with every word; and there was an expression in his face which told of purity and goodness. At once her heart went out to him. For the first time she loved, and a voice within her said that if she could be with him always it would be like heaven itself. But whilst she was thinking thus he simply vanished, and she was left alone with a sad longing.

Finding no peace of mind she left her father's palace, and went forth determined that she would search through all the world for the lost prince until she found him. And first she went about among all the handsome and well-favored people, wherever she heard of men whose beauty was praised, but she found him not. Then she visited the abodes and meeting-places of the scholarly and wise, and asked of all the great and gifted ones the question: 'Where is he?' But they could not tell. And she looked into all the temples and palaces of prayer where the good and pious resorted, but still she found him not.

Then, in her desperation, she prayed that God would give her wings that she might rise to other worlds and search for him there. Beautiful, strong, white wings were given, and she soared above the earth and passed from star to star; but her quest was always in vain.

At last she returned in sadness, and dropped her wings; for she thought they would not be needed more. Always weary and disconsolate she wandered through the world, until one day she came to a castle where lived a cruel giant and his cruel wife. Down in deep, dark cells they kept miserable captives in chains, often tortured, hungry, and always faint with sickness. When Psyche heard of them her heart was filled with pity, and she said: 'I also am one of the unfortunates. I will make myself a slave of this giant, that I may be with his victims and help them; for my life is good for nothing else.'

Then did she give herself up to nurse and tend and cheer the sufferers, to bind up their wounds, and soothe their pains, and in ministering to them from hour to hour. Ever busy, she forgot her long-lost one. In the greatness of her compassion she quite forgot herself. Lo, one day, when she had well-nigh ceased to think of him, and had no expectation of seeing him ever again, the prince once more appeared, and said:

'I came to you before, and left you quickly, for I saw no pity in your heart, and no thought save for yourself; but now I come to stay with you because your heart is full of love and pity and tenderness, and I can only abide with those who forget themselves in love of others.'

And as he spoke his face became like an