

## THE RULER OF MY HOUSE.

Your old-time King (unhappy thing!)  
Sat on his throne of gold;  
Or had the gout, and flung about  
Just like a common scold.

But my King of three, may you please to see,  
Is the ruler of me and my house,  
Where, happy and gay, he rules all the day,  
And then goes to sleep like a mouse.

Your King of old, in crown of gold,  
Uncasily slept, I hear;  
He found his globe and royal robe  
Right weighty cares, I fear.

But this King of mine is always fine  
In his crown of rich golden hair,  
And an easier throne has he for his own  
In an easy old great arm'd chair.

His globe is a ball cross-topped with a doll,  
And his sceptre a jump-Jacko,  
That woe over all, to great and to small,  
Bright happy boy-pranks may show,

You know—

Bright happy boy-pranks do show.

—Alfred Brennan, in Harper's Young People.

## PEARL'S THANK-OFFERING.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Pearl Estabrook sat in her own little room, with books and work around her, and a cloud on her brow. It was a very pretty little room, and Maggie Dunning across the way, who was obliged to share her chamber with her riotous twin sisters, thought that Pearl ought to enjoy herself very much in her freedom from interruption. Poor Maggie had only one-third of the bureau drawers, one-third of the closet, and hardly one-third of the remainder of the apartment; for Maude and Mary were always losing their shoes and stockings, pencils and books under Maggie's bed, and dressing their dolls on it, and as for a quiet time to study or sew, she had long ago given up all hopes of that.

But it was not with Maggie Dunning that Pearl Estabrook compared herself on the bright spring morning when discontent had driven every trace of happiness from her heart. Not at all. She was thinking of Rose Malcolm and her beautiful home, and the loveliness of that had made this bare and forlorn in the little girl's eyes. Pearl's windows had pretty cheese-cloth curtains tied back with gay red ribbons, Pearl's bed was covered with a snowy counterpane, Pearl's lounge and easy-chair were softly cushioned, and her mother's own hands had fashioned their tasteful draperies of cretonne. There were geraniums and mignonette in Pearl's flower-pots; and her canary was singing his heart away in a blaze of sunshine, while Pearl, who, in her present mood, felt that his song made her nervous, looked about for something to cover his cage. Had not Rose the most beautiful rugs on her polished floor, the most elegant portieres, where Pearl, poor child! had only doors; was not the quilt on Rose's couch a wonderful combination of silk and lace, the whitest lace over the pinkest silk; and, crowning touch, had not Rose a low bookcase and an inlaid cabinet, the very thought of which made Pearl turn angrily from her old-fashioned swinging shelf on the wall, and her time-worn mahogany desk?

There is no great harm in comparisons, if we compare in the right direction. When we look at somebody who is worse off than ourselves, our feeling is apt to be one of gratitude; but if, on the other hand, we gaze longingly on somebody whose possessions are more abundant and more tasteful than ours, there may come an evil troop of inmates into the soul. God says to each of us, "Thou shalt not covet."

Pearl, to do her justice, tried to study as usual, and to put out of her mind the wish for the bookcase and cabinet. She knew that it would be quite useless to ask her father for them. In the Estabrook household there was enough money for comforts and conveniences, but there was very little for mere luxuries. The Malcolms were people of wealth, and could afford whatever they wished, which was not the case with the Estabrooks. But Pearl had forgotten God's commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." She did covet,

with all her strength, Rose Malcolm's beautiful room; and she wanted, with all her heart, the thirty dollars which she had ascertained would purchase a cabinet and bookcase in Smith's store, almost as pretty as those in Rose's room.

"My dear," said Mr. Estabrook to his wife, a few days later, "what ails our Pearl? She goes about so languidly, and takes so little interest in things. I'm afraid she is overtaxed in school."

"Pearl is growing fast, Albert," said the wise mother, who had a suspicion of the true state of affairs, but thought it best to say nothing about it then. She had her own remedy. Little did Pearl dream that mamma had read her heart, when she said one day: "Pearl, dear, would you like to earn thirty dollars, if you could?"

"Oh I wouldn't I, mamma?" exclaimed Pearl, her eyes fairly dancing.

"When am I to go, mother?" asked Pearl.

"Within an hour," replied Mrs. Estabrook. "Aunt Lauissa will send for you, as soon as I have telephoned your decision."

"I shouldn't think you'd wish me to go," said Pearl, very soberly.

"My only wish," said her mother, kissing her, "is your happiness, Pearl. I have seen that you wanted some things we could not obtain for you, and this seemed to be a way. Papa and I have talked it over, and we are both willing that you should do this. We shall miss our girlie, but me will try to spare her."

Mamma was too kind to say that their girlie had for some weeks past been anything rather than a comfort.

Now, strange to say, for some time Pearl had been going about sighing and frowning, and calling her home "perfectly

which it was spread, she wished herself at home, and even shed a few useless tears; but the thought of the thirty dollars consoled her. It was less an alleviation when, next morning, she found herself late at school, because Aunt Lauissa did not breakfast until a quarter of nine, and she was obliged to comb back her crimps because Aunt Lauissa approved only of straight and smooth hair.

And, during the next four weeks, when she was home-sick and heart-aching to see her parents and her baby brother, when she could not go to Rose Malcolm's birthday party, nor run in, as usual, to Maggie Dunning's for a bit of girlish chat, she discovered that money may be very hardy earned. Aunt Lauissa meant to be kind; but she treated fourteen-year-old Pearl as if she were four, and interfered about everything till Pearl was almost wild.

Sunday was the hardest time, however. To sit on the opposite side of the church, and gaze at papa and mamma, to have Aunt Lauissa put forth a warning hand if she so much as moved restlessly in the pew, Pearl felt as if she must fly. Never was time so slow in wearing on.

But everything comes to an end at last. Miss Grey's steamer arrived, and Miss Grey came rolling up with all her boxes to Aunt Lauissa's door. Pearl, her six gold pieces in her tiny purse, did not wait for the carriage, but fairly ran home with the step of a child who could not wait a minute longer.

There were her own bright sunny room, her own mamma, papa, and baby Ted,—Chico in his cage, singing like mad, Maggie Dunning waving greetings from her window, a new book from Rose on her dressing-table.

Did Pearl buy her new desk and bookcase? Not she. That thirty dollars was much too precious to be spent on herself.

"Every cent of this money," she said, "shall be spent as a thank-offering to God for my lovely, beautiful, darling home. I never knew how sweet it was until now."

So five dollars went to the fresh-air fund, five into the foreign missionary and five into the home missionary box, five bought a new Bible for mamma, and ten was put into the Lord's treasury, to be ready for future calls.

And if ever there was a girl who enjoyed her own simple home, after an experience away from it, that girl's name was Pearl Estabrook.—S.S. Times.

## SOUL-STIRRING FACTS.

Here are three paragraphs on missions, which ought to "stir the soul like a trumpet":—

The fact that the number of converts in China has more than doubled within ten years, and now exceeds 30,000, is proof that Christian work is eminently successful there, and should act as a stimulus to more abundant labors.

The London Missionary Society, with only thirty English missionaries at Madagascar, reports the astounding number of 828 native ordained ministers and 4,395 native preachers, with 61,000 church members and 230,000 "adherents."

We are nearing the close of a century of missions, during which more doors of access have been opened, more missionary organizations formed, more laborers sent forth, more new translations of the Bible made and more copies scattered, more converts gathered from Pagan, Papal, and Moslem communities, more evangelists raised up, and more evangelizing agencies set in motion than during a thousand years preceding.

## VOTE FOR YOUR CHOICE.

Twenty-five snakes running through the streets—that's "free whiskey."

Twenty-five snakes gathered into a box, in which twenty-five holes are made by the authority of the court—that's "low license."

Ten of the holes are closed, and the snakes all get out through the other fifteen—that's "high license."

Drive all the snakes over to the next village—that's "local option."

Kill all the snakes in the country—that's "prohibition."



THE RULER OF MY HOUSE.

"I know of a way in which you could do so, if you chose. And the money, if you earn it, shall be yours, my love, to spend or to save, or to give away; you shall have it absolutely for your own. But it will be hard work to earn it."

Pearl replied, "I do not care how hard, mamma. I'll do anything honest for thirty dollars."

"Well then, dear, this is the proposal. For one month you will leave home altogether, and stay with Aunt Lauissa Paxton. You will go to school as usual, but you are not even to enter these doors, to sit with us in church, or to have anything to do with us whatever. You are to be Aunt Lauissa's companion, to dress and behave as she wishes, and to be in everything devoted to her. For these services she will pay you the sum she intends giving the young lady who is coming from Europe to be her companion, but who cannot get here until this time next month."

horrid"; but when it came to leaving it, she had many misgivings. She felt a little ill-used, and several times, while packing her satchel, she had half a mind to stay at home, and let the money go.

"You will feed Chico, mamma, and water my flowers?" she said, as she stepped into Aunt Lauissa's old-fashioned coach.

"I will feed Chico, darling, and attend to your plants," said mamma.

Aunt Lauissa received her grand-niece graciously, extending to her the tips of her fingers, and bidding her put her hat and satchel away. They presently had tea, a very formal meal, after which Pearl was allowed to prepare her lessons for the next day in the old lady's presence. At nine o'clock she was dismissed to bed, and a maid was sent to light her candle and take it away. Gas was not burned in Aunt Lauissa's bed-rooms.

As Pearl sank into a fluffy feather-bed, and looked at the solemn four-poster on