

When she came up to the early dinner, she was quite hot and flushed with her exertions.

"You've been working Rosie over hard, Barclay," said Aunt Phemie wrathfully. "Rosie, ye mustn't mind your Uncle, he's a perfect slave-driver."

This wholesale battery of his character caused the easy-minded Barclay to lift his brows in astonishment, but he never contradicted Phemie, partly because it was useless, and partly because he never wanted to.

"She's been reddin' up, mistress," he said grimly. "She'll hae us baith on a shelf in a jiffy, wi' labels round our necks."

This harmless joke served to enliven the whole of the dinner half-hour, and Rosie began to enjoy the situation. The pair were so quaint and delightful, that life beside them was a very easy and pleasant thing. But what she saw of the waste and bad management in the shop filled her well-regulated mind with dismay. To tell how a miracle was gradually wrought in the "a' thing shop" would fill more space than is permitted to me here, though it would be full of instruction and amusement. Coming to pay a brief visit for her health's sake, Rosie so warmed herself into the affection of her uncle and aunt, and got to love them so dearly herself, that she never went away any more. She constituted herself the guardian of the two simple folks that had never grown up, took the books in hand, and even collected some of the bad debts, and converted the "a' thing shop" into a well-conducted flourishing concern. The passing of the old regime was regretted by one or two thrifless souls, who had felt themselves delightfully at home in it. But Barclay Fraser and his wife were not among them. They have never ceased to bless the day the vine came out of Egypt to spread beneficent branches over their family walls, and they are never tired of proudly pointing to the miracle that has been wrought.

AN INTERESTING GAME.

Here is a game that will prove interesting when the boys and girls who have come to your house for a good time are tired of the romping games, and are ready to sit down awhile with pencils and paper, and set their heads instead of their feet to work. Give each one who takes part a list of the following questions, each writing his name on the paper which contains his answers:—

1. What fish is found in every band?—Drum.
2. What fish is served with meats?—Jelly.
3. What fish is worn by officers in the army?—Sword.
4. What fish is a household pet?—Cat.
5. What fish forms a resting place for birds?—Perch.
6. What fish represents the earth?—Globe.
7. What fish is not on this planet?—Moon.
8. What fish is found among Royalty?—King.
9. What fish guides the ships?—Pilot.
10. What fish was once used as a military weapon?—Pike.
11. What fish is a man's solace?—Pipe.
12. What fish is a destroyer of ships?—Torpedo.
13. What fish is a good sailor?—Skipper.
14. What fish is a carpenter's tool?—Saw.
15. What fish is prominent in winter sports?—Skate.

God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition. — Dr. George Hodges.

AN INCIDENT.

On a railway train running on a branch road from a great city to the suburb, a little incident in complete contrast was noted by eyes quick to see what happened on the road. A woman, evidently a foreigner and very poor, was encumbered by a baby in her arms while two older children tugged at her skirt. In addition she had several nondescript bundles. When the brakeman announced her station she was bewildered and greatly impeded in her efforts to leave the car. She was not quite sure of the place, and she could not easily manage the babies and the bundles.

A tall young fellow, conspicuously well-dressed, had been sitting near, apparently lost in a book which he was studying. He tossed the book aside, seized the heavy bundles and gave a hand to one little brown-faced child, assisted the whole party out of the car, the first ascertaining that they were at the right point of their journey, lifted his hat to the mother as if she had been his own, and resumed his place and his book as if he had done nothing uncommon. This incident was chronicled in the memory of one whom it made happier for a whole long day.—Herald and Presbyter.

A VERY EXCEPTIONAL ESKIMO.

Shall I tell you a few of the things I know
Of a very exceptional Eskimo?
If you don't believe—but of course you will—
Strange things have happened and happen still:
And some of the strangest things ever known
Occur far up in the Arctic zone.

In the Arctic zone by the great north pole
Lives this Eskimo, in a scooped-out hole
In a great snow bank that is mountain high—
If you reached the top you could touch the sky!
And his clothes he views with a proper pride,
They are all white fur with the fur inside.

When he wishes his friends to come to dine
He calls them up on the polar line
And says, "Please come at the hour of two
And partake of a dish of sealskin stew,
With codfish oil and a water ice
And a blubber pudding that's very nice!"

When he goes to ride he can start his sleigh
And never stop for a whole long day—
Lickety whizz! Down a slope of white!
And a reindeer carries him back at night,
While the polar bears from his path he warns
By blowing one of the reindeer's horns!

When he goes to bed it is not enough
To hide his nose in a bearskin muff,
But his ears he wraps, if it's very cold,
In a feather bed, and I have been told
That he toasts his head—for it really seems,
If he didn't, the cold might freeze his dreams!

—St. Nicholas.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine cases out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving.—Garfield.

The noblest question in the world is: What good may I do in it?

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

Mrs. T. Osborn Norton Mills, of Vt., says:—"I have no hesitation in saying that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life and I cannot say enough in praise of this medicine. He was so weak and sickly that he took no notice of anything, and cried so much that I was worn out caring for him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change, and he is now a bright-eyed, laughing baby, the pride of our home." Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colic, destroy worms and keep little ones healthy and happy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"INTERRUPTED."

What a test it is of one's sweetness and patience to have a sharp interruption come to cherished plans!

A dear girl whose thoughts are more of others than of herself, and who holds the fruits of her talents as something to be lavishly shared with others, went down on the street car with us the other morning. She was in the brightest spirits. This was to be a happy holiday—luncheon with a friend in the city, and then they were going together to listen to a lecture on birds.

"I have to make my visit to the oculist first," she said, "but that won't take very much time."

It was about noon, while waiting for the return suburban car, that we were surprised to find this bright-faced girl in the small station evidently watching for the same car.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she was asked.

"You've changed your plans quite suddenly, haven't you?"

The girl laughed. "They've been changed for me," she said. "I hadn't been in Doctor Williams' office two minutes before he was ordering me home. Isn't it queer how quickly anything can develop? There wasn't a sign of this particular trouble when I was there a week ago, but now I've been ordered home to keep cracked ice on my eyes the greater part of the day, and to report to him again tomorrow morning, if I don't wish to have something more serious develop."

She ended with another little laugh, but there was a suspicious catch in her breath at the same time.

"It's such an interruption to all my plans," she said. "He says I positively mustn't use my eyes for any close work for two days at least, and I did so want to finish some little gifts for special friends. But they will have to take the will of the deed, this year, I can't do anything at all—only sing to keep up my courage."—Zion's Herald.

Vagueness vitiates the value of prayer. Definiteness insures acceptance of our petitions and of our praise. The recorded prayers of Jesus are very definite. They are not vague generalizations, but distinct statements of truth, or definite requests for others. His matchless intercessory prayer recorded by John is a marvel of definiteness and power. Prayer, whether private or public, must avoid vagueness if it is to have vital value.

Character is essentially the power of resisting temptation.