

love, it must be more than this. When you say the Creed, remember what it means.

"Out of this will grow (Miss Brainard gave a shame-faced little laugh) a thoroughly active mind in either spiritual or secular matters." A quiet laugh ran round the tables; the girls had heard that before. "But really, children, I am not thinking of a 'world according to school mistress.' The great fact that the Lord has been here works both ways. If he designed to use the wondrous organism of a man as the instrument for the salvation of the race, can we do less than our very best with our own human powers? And, on the other side, any great or beautiful work of man's, fitly brings the thought of the worth of the world, the dignity of the race that the Elder Brother came to redeem and save. My dear girls, think of your opportunities, your abilities, the many paths to work and service open to your feet to-day, and then recognize that *your presentation* to the Master means making the best of yourselves now, as He gives the means and opportunity, that the Christian woman of to-day is one of the last persons who ought to tolerate shallowness or inefficiency, where they may be hindered."

"You want her to go to college, don't you, Miss Brainard?" Number thirteen as usual, asked the question.

"That is just as individual a matter for her as it is for her brother, Serena," returned Miss Brainard. "I know that she is to train herself, help her neighbor, present her Lord, be doing well whatever work God puts in her hands, by using faithfully all opportunities His providence provided. I am sure of this, that the ladder of learning is best stayed on the foundation of the Apostles' Creed: I am also sure no saint ever sat lazily down three rungs from the bottom and announced that religion forbade his going any further; that it would not be spiritual to do so."

"But religion is not learning."

"No, dear; and book-keeping is not quadratic equations, nor a holiday treat, ordinary bread and butter. You may pursue study selfishly, and I think that the good woman of to-day, with her quick perceptions, her good mental training, her strong and high principles, honors and sets forth her Master well, when her quiet clear-sightedness pierces the bubble of some catchpenny oratory, and shows it for the frothy delusion that it is.

"To believe that her Lord came into the world; to count her own value, to fashion her own service after the light given, the pattern shown, in the Incarnation; surely, with these outlines right, all minor details will be in drawing; and the picture will be," (the lady rose, and the girls rose with her), "The Presentation of the Lord Jesus Christ before the Father, and before men."—*The Churchman, N. Y.*

LADY BETTY.

BY MARIÉ DEACON HANSON.

ELIZABETH Stansfield Merton was certainly a stately name for a mite of pink and white humanity to bear. Judge Henry Barton declared it was absurd to christen his grandchild such a name. And, as the latter grew and developed into a laughing, dimpled lassie, the judge assumed his most judicial aspect one day, and announced that henceforth she should be known by the name of Betty, affirming that it suited her from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. As no one had the courage or the heart to oppose the judge, his word became law in the matter.

There were those in the pretty village of Churchtown who nodded their heads sagely when a babe was born one morning in the house on the hill, where Judge Barton and his daughter and her husband lived—nodded their heads and wagged their tongues, informing each other, with many a wise look, that the child was "sure to be spoiled by her grandfather." It was a well-known fact among the townsfolk that, though Judge Barton on the bench was severe and dignified, Judge Barton at home was affable and sociable, ever betraying an intense love for his only child that the busybodies predicted would extend and embrace with added fervor his daughter's daughter.

But Betty had left babyhood behind and was enjoying girlhood, and still, to the outward eye, gave no signs of having "been spoiled." One could scour the hills for miles around to find a sweeter, rosier face, a more generous, loving disposition than were Betty's. To her mother and grandfather, she was all in all. To her father? Well, "Lady Betty," as Mr. Merton loved to call his blue-eyed daughter, was precious above and beyond all estimating.

Across the road from Judge Barton's, and a little further down the street, stood a low, rambling house whose ancient walls resounded to the tramp of boyish feet and the ring of merry young voices day in and day out. The Carleton boys made life sweet and burdensome alternately to their invalid mother and to the other inmates of their home. But to Betty they were never wearisome. She commanded, she entreated them. She scolded and commended them. She was their queen, they her loyal subjects. Never queen had more faithful ones. Whether in her most imperious or most gentle mood, she was alike charming, wholly irresistible to these sturdy boys, who had never possessed, yet always longed for a sister of their own.

"I couldn't come in, could I?"

It was Betty who uttered these words, one cold January morning, as she appeared at the