

get such like on washin' an' ironin' two days in the week at seventy-five cents a day, an' sick in the bargain; let alone them Chinese. Ice-cream and oranges! H'm!"

She started up-stairs, but paused, arrested by a thought.

"Upon my word an' honour," she said, as if she were about to cry, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Judy ain't been at it again! An' me so good to her! Now if this is what it comes to, bein' good to people when you ain't got anything for yourself, I give up."

She closed her lips crossly, and went slowly up the staircase. A few seconds later a lean gray cat sprang down and sought refuge in flight.

That august body was in session which was known to Mrs. Scarrow as "the Board." The president, with an expression of severe disapproval on her face, was summing up an eloquent report. The secretary, treasurer and lady managers—with one exception—also wore expressions of severe disapproval, and paid strict attention.

The one exception was a young lady, who suggested, with a great deal of energy, the possibility of a mistake. She had recently been elected to fill her mother's place, and was at once the admiration and distraction of her associates.

Miss Erroll insisted upon investigating the reports of the district visitors, sometimes bringing to light impositions, but oftener making deserving cases known. Despite much opposition, she was gradually making the service of the Ladies' Charitable Organization efficient and far-reaching.

While she did not doubt Mrs. Scarrow in the least, she was quite sure there had been a mistake.

"Mrs. Bradley, ma'am," Mrs. Scarrow said to the president, "I served the Board in Miss Erroll's mother's time—I was appointed at its first meeting, and never before have I been accused of neglecting my duty, not to speak of misrepresenting facts. It's about time I was handing in my resignation."

"I hope, I'm sure, you'll find an honest woman to take my place; but this I'll say, if it's my very last word,—turkey—and potatoes—and gravy—and cranberries—and plum-pudding—and ice-cream—and oranges and things was what I heard."

"Yes, but did you see?" persisted Miss Erroll.

"My dear Miss Erroll!" chided the president.

Mrs. Scarrow put her handkerchief to her face and remained silent.—*The Youth's Companion.*

(To be concluded in next number.)

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

THE following may suggest to some mothers a pretty way of amusing children:—

After reading the "Three Golden Apples" by Hawthorne, to the little ones, they seemed so impressed with it that for many days they lived it over and over again.

One morning after a walk we came home with a quantity of soft, green moss, and some one suggested that we make a little garden indoors, for the weather was quite cool. We laid the moss upon a plate, smoothed and fitted it close. With an evergreen twig for a tree, some shells and ferns and pebbles, too, it was quite complete. And best of all, some one brought out a little piece of looking-glass, which we put away down in the bottom with the mossy banks built up around it so that it looked just like a little lake.

When it was completed some one said we should call it the "Garden of the Hesperides," for we had been talking all the morning of the hard time Hercules had in getting the three golden apples. It was a fine idea and we were all very glad to name it so. But we must have the apples of gold on our tree! So with a little clay brought from Kindergarten we rolled the three apples and with a thread fastened inside so that they could hang out a little for stems, we tied them on the tree. We also painted them yellow and dusted them with a little gold powder and they looked pretty enough for any king.

We cut out of paper a dragon and put it under the tree and made Hercules, also Atlas, with the world on his shoulders. The three fairies who told Hercules how to get Atlas to help him, and several other little things we added to make the story real.

The lovely garden lasted for a long time, and we watered it and told over it the wonderful story which we shall always remember.—*M. C. B. in The Kindergarten.*

THE WORLD AS WE MAKE IT.

"The world is even as we take it
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day,
Of what she heard her grandame say.
Years after, when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,
Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame;

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
She cleared her brow; and smiling, thought,
"Tis even as dear grandma taught!"

"And half my woes thus quickly cured.
And other half may be endured."
No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.
A little child in love and trust,
She took the world as—we too, must—

In happy mood; and lo! it grew—
Brighter and Brighter to her view!
She made of life—as we, too, should
A joy; and lo! all things were good.

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first He said, "Let there be light."
—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

THERE are very few men or women with character stalwart enough to endure continuous idleness, writes Dr. Talmage. I see a pool of water in the country and I say "Thou slimy, fetid thing—what does all this mean?" "Oh," says the pool of water, "I am just stopping here." I say: "Didn't you drop like a beautiful gem into a casket of other gems as you tumbled over the rock?" "Oh, yes, I sang all the way down from the cliffs to the meadow." I say again: "Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes, I used to earn my living." I say again: "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die, accursed of God because I have nothing to do." Sin is an old pirate that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping in the wind. Morning, noon and night, Sundays and week days, thank God for plenty to do.

To dare is great. To bear is greater. Bravery we share with the brutes; fortitude with saints.—*Charles F. Drew.*