

I ever saw. And there was nothing studied about it, either. Everything she did seemed to be prompted by a kind, loving heart. Her name was Winnie, and some of us thought her well-named. Need I tell you, grandma, that Winnie never rushed for one of those chairs? To be sure she would take one if she found it unoccupied, and even then she would insist on giving it up to the first elderly person who came along, if all the other chairs were in use. More than once, too, she gave up her seat to one of the girls who happened to be very tired, or was not feeling well. And yet Winnie was always comfortable and happy. You would really think when a girl gave in so much to others she would leave herself nothing to enjoy, but nobody had a better time right along than Winnie did. One day I heard an old gentleman say to a lady friend:

"Miss Winnie is veritably an ideal Christian. Her every-day life is like a beautiful sermon."

"Then there were other ways in which she showed what she really was. You know among so many different kinds of people as are usually found in a boarding place, one is apt to feel a little backward about keeping up certain religious duties, but Winnie went right on, simply and naturally doing what she believed to be right, without regard to what others thought of her."

"A beautiful character, truly," grandma remarked; "but tell me, in a whole household of people were there no others worthy of mention?"

"Oh, yes! there were a few others that I like to think about. I remember a dear twelve-year-old boy who was so considerate with the little boys that we could not help noticing him. He played with them, he amused them, he helped them out of difficulties, and when he went with boys of his own size, he nearly always had a little fellow in charge. "What should we do without Dick?" one of the mothers said of him.

"I remember, too, an old lady whom they called Mother Mason. She was always so pleasant and cheery. She never complained that the weather was too hot or too cool. She never complained of being tired, though sometimes I was sure she must have been. She was always satisfied at the table. She didn't wish, as some others were constantly doing, that there was something different for the meal. Then there was Kit, merry, fun-loving Kit, who enjoyed everything so thoroughly that I was surprised to find that she had gone when she had been there only a week.

"What, already!" I exclaimed, when I heard about her going.

"Yes," said the girl who had been her constant companion. "Kit was to stay for two weeks, but she found out that she could let a delicate friend have one of the weeks, so she has gone home to send her up. You see, Kit works in a store, and she has two weeks' vacation, but her friend could not get away from home, where there is a large family to do the housework for, so Kit has gone to spend her other week doing that housework for her friend while she gets a rest up here." Grandma, wasn't that noble of Kit?"

"It was, deary, and it makes me love her even without seeing her. Indeed, I feel as if I had made the acquaintance of

four noble persons—Winnie, with her sweet, loving manner; Dick, kindly, helpful, and considerate; cheery Mother Mason, and merry Kit, with her self-sacrificing devotion to her friend. Your after-thoughts have helped me, my child, just as I know they have helped you."

Freddie's Interests

Freddie had an idea. It glowed in his cheeks and sparkled in his eyes as he raced up the narrow street and burst into the little front room where his mother was sewing trousers for the tailor store.

"O mother!" he exclaimed with quivering eagerness, "why don't we put money in the bank, to draw interest? Willie Stevens's papa puts some money in the bank every week. Willie says that's the way to get rich."

Mrs. Goodwin stopped her work and regarded Freddie with a strange smile. She was a widow, and she had to work hard to support herself and her three small children. Freddie's proposition amused her, but she was not so much surprised by it as some mothers might have been. Freddie was constantly developing new ideas, and she was always prepared to hear him ask an odd question.

The little boy was greatly excited now. In his mind's eye he saw his mother dressed in silk. He pictured how it would be to move away from their shabby little house to a splendid big mansion like the Stevens's residence.

When they should be rich his mother would not sew for the tailors. She would then have time to take him and his two small sisters out to the park on pleasant summer days. And perhaps he might have a pony, like Willie Stevens, to ride.

The great change was all to be brought about by putting money in the bank to draw interest. So thought Freddie Goodwin.

"Interest is the greatest thing in the world, mother," he pursued with an eagerness that hardly permitted a breathing spell between his sentences. "Interest is the money that you get for lending to the bank. Interest keeps growing more and more all the time. Willie Stevens was telling me all about it. Let's put money in the bank right away, mother. 'I've got two cents!'"

It was painful for poor Mrs. Goodwin to upset Freddie's air-castle, but she felt obliged to tell him that the bank would not receive his two cents, nor any deposit less than five dollars, and also, that it would require a great many hundreds and thousands of dollars to yield enough interest to support a family.

Freddie listened attentively while his mother explained all this. He looked serious when he understood the facts, but he was not rendered inconsolable by his disappointment. He was naturally a happy boy, and he was disposed to look at the bright side of things. He set about now trying to find a bright side.

"Still, interest is a pretty good thing, isn't it, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, my dear," answered his mother; "interest is a very good thing for those who have money to lend."

"Does anyone ever pay interest for anything else than money?" Freddie asked thoughtfully.

Mrs. Goodwin had begun to sew one of

the long trouser seams. She rattled on to the end of it with her noisy machine, and then she stopped and looked at Freddie, who was standing beside her expectantly.

"Yes, Freddie," she answered; "there is another kind of interest."

"What kind? Who gives it, mother?" Freddie asked, becoming excited again.

"Every day we live, Freddie, my dear, we put something away to draw interest for ourselves," explained Mrs. Goodwin, "and just as the clerk in the bank, notes the amount of money that people bring to him, and marks it in the bank book, so are the things that we do taken account of by our Heavenly Father."

"Well, mother, if a person does a good thing, is the good of it growing more and more all the time, like the interest in a bank?" Freddie enquired, with a wondering look.

"Yes, my dear; one good act always brings forth other good acts. Good grows in the world in much the same way that interest accumulates in a bank."

Freddie was greatly interested in this idea.

"Interest is a splendid thing, mother. I'm so glad that there's another kind besides the interest of real money in a bank, I wish I could do something to put on interest!" he went on seriously. "I haven't any money to give away to poor people, and I don't know of any one poorer than ourselves."

Freddie looked a little troubled as he suddenly realized his deficiency. What could he do? He seemed to feel once more that he had nothing but two cents—too small a sum to offer.

"I don't believe I can do anything very good till I'm bigger, mother," he said rather doubtfully.

Mrs. Goodwin smiled, and drew Freddie to her side with a caress.

"My dear," she said, "don't think that you have nothing to give away. When you came in a while ago you gave me a smile that is making me happy yet."

"O mother!" answered Freddie, delightedly, "if you are happy, that's lots of interest for me, the interest of a smile."

And Freddie was happy, too. Somehow he felt that he was growing rich.—Jane Ellis Joy, in 'Canadian Churchman.'

Watching a Boy.

A boy was once walking along a dusty road. The sun was very warm and oppressive, but as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey. He heard a waggon coming, and when it had caught up with him the driver reined in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation he gladly accepted. When he was seated in the waggon the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee walking along briskly and so asked thee to ride, but if I had seen thee walking lazily I would not have done so by any means." —'Canadian Royal Templar.'

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