

face went white as death. Without any premonition, without the least warning from within, she suddenly stooped, crouching close behind the counter.

"Dear Miss Eva, are you ill?" exclaimed the clerk alarmed.

"Hush! Don't look—don't—oh, hide me!"

Miss Mattie quickly stepped so as to entirely screen her from observation while she busied herself at the counter.

After a moment Eva's trembling voice asked, "Is there—a young man—at the door?"

"With a light derby?—yes; he's going by slowly, looking in. I think he went past a moment ago."

"When he is gone—he'll be sure to come again—but as soon as he has passed, you turn your face toward the back of the store. Let me get in front of you, then you walk close—very close behind me, and let me out into the alley."

"Anything in the world to accommodate you, Miss Eva—anything."

Months afterward, when the poor little clerk had been made warmly welcome at Eva's home, where she thankfully enjoyed many a good rest, Eva told her the secret of the episode in the store: "All that day mother's sweet presence haunted me, mother's earnest counsel had followed me, but I had resolutely kept shutting it all out. In the store I began to waver, and those insistence that I should look at those plaids was providential. Just as I caught a glimpse of Mr. Larcomb's face mothers words, 'Submit your will to that of your heavenly Father; ask him about everything,' came to me forcibly; and suddenly all desire to marry that man left me. I could not bear even the sight of him. You know the rest; but oh, you cannot realize what a good time I had with papa that night—he was so lovely to poor, wicked me. We came close to each other, indeed, and mother—my blessed mamma was so near—so dear. It has changed my life, Mattie; and I am so thankful, so happy."

SINCERITY.

Sincerity is just whole-heartedness. It means, literally, "without wax." You have seen figures put together with wax—they seem entire, uniform, all of a piece; artificial; put together. At first sight you may look at them long without detecting the imposture. If you wish to detect it at once apply heat to them; the fire will try every man's work, of what sort it is. Put heat to your wax figure, and it will go to pieces in a moment. The fire will not so much destroy it, as destroy its deception; it will send it back to its original elements—as to ashes, dust to dust. The fire of God does not destroy; it restores things to their normal state. The wax figure is the real destroyer. It breaks the harmony of nature; it takes things out of their place; it joins together what God has put asunder. And the fire breaks the false union. It annuls the marriage between a saintly aspect and a selfish soul. It forbids the bans between rest and selfishness. It burns the gorgeous raiment of the despairing heart, and tells it that it is despairing. It withers the leaves of the fig tree which deceive by false promise of maturity; it separates the beauty and the barrenness which have made their home together.—George Matheson.

"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee. Trust rests on knowledge. It is the superstructure, not the foundation; it is the flower, not the stem. The buttress must precede the bridge; the root the rose, the wall the tower. My faith is born of love, and my love is born of light, and my light is born of experience, and my experience is born of nearness. These are the golden steps on which I mount to thee."

THE LITTLE FOUR MARYS.

The little Four Marys, who always live in the same body, and seldom agree, were not pleased the other night. Their mother was going to prayer meeting and as she went out she said: "I want you to go to bed at half-past seven to-night, Mary; you were up late last evening."

"Now, that's too bad," said Mary Willful; "I'm not tired." "Nor I," "Nor I," cried Mary Lazy and Mary Selfish. They all expected Mary Loving would want to do as her mother said; but at first she was quiet. She had meant to crochet a little, after the lessons were done.

Soon some small words were whispered in her ear—"He pleased not himself, and you said you wanted to be like him."

"Let's go to bed; it's half-past seven now. We ought to mind mamma," she said.

"Now, I just won't," said Mary Willful.

"Mamma only wants to get us out of the way before she comes home," said Mary Selfish.

"She thinks I'm sleepy, and I ain't!" said Mary Lazy; but as she spoke her eyes drooped.

Now, it was hard for Mary Loving to insist on doing what she hated to do, but the little voice whispered, "I shall I take up my cross early." "I haven't had many crosses to-day," she thought. And then she spoke with all her heart: "Let's mind mamma; she's always right, and we ought to mind her anyway. I do begin to feel tired."

"Well, so do I, a little," said Mary Lazy.

Mary Willful and Mary Selfish did not mean to give up; but something was drawing veils over their eyes and their thoughts too; so they let Mary Loving lead them to bed. When all the rest were asleep, Mary Loving said: "Dear Christ, forgive this naughty girl who wanted to please herself, and help her—help her—" She was too sleepy for the rest, but He knew.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy fields of farmer folk,
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill, and across the
brook,

Where the minnows love to play;
Then past the mill with its water-wheel,
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village
store,
And the church, with its spire so
high.

You would never think that the country
road,
From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
And another boy to see.
You can never dream how short it is
From the farm to the frozen pond,
Nor how very much farther it always is
To the schoolhouse just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther
end

It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling
brook,
To the toiling, rushing town.
But, best of all, when you're tired and
sick
Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you
home
To the woods and fields again.

—St. Nicholas.

He who is always bearing and answering the call of life to be thoughtful, and brave and self-sacrificing—he alone can safely hear the other cry of life, tempting him to be happy and enjoy.—Phillips Brooks.

KEEP BABY WELL.

Ask any mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets and she will tell you there is no other medicine so good. We pledge you our word there is no other medicine so safe—we give you the guarantee of a Government analyst that Baby's Own Tablets contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets speedily relieve and cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children. Mrs. L. F. Kerr, Greenbush, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best all round medicine for babies and children I know of. I can strongly recommend them to mothers from my own experience." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MODERN SOCIALISM.

The new story entitled "The Balance of Power" gives some hard hits to modern Socialism, of which the following is one:

"It seemed that there was a certain Irishman at the shops, whose steady and efficient life had been jarred out of gear by fragments of socialistic doctrine. He had come to believe that all men who have money ought to divide equally with those who have not. And the quality of his work grew poorer as the quantity of his talk increased. Gilbert had called the man into his office that day, and their conversation, as Mr. Hardy detailed it, was somewhat as follows:

"'Michael, I'm going to give you a half-holiday.'

"'Thank ye, sorr.'

"'You own your house, don't you, Michael?'

"'I do sorr,' proudly.

"'And you have six hundred dollars in the bank?'

"'I have sorr,' with some surprise.

"'You know Pat Ryan well?'

"'That I do. He lives forinst me in Mrs. Flynn's boardin' house. He's woruked beside me for eight years, sorr, an' he owes me wan hundred dollars, bad cess to him. He thinks too hard, does Pat. His two byes woruk, an' it's all they can do to git along, the tree av them.'

"'Your daughter Mary is graduating from the high school this week?'

"'She is, sorr. She's at the head av the class, God spare her.'

"'And your two sons are both in school?'

"'They are, sorr, an' doin' fine.'

"'All right, Michael, You'd like to deed over half of your property to Pat, of course. Come here at noon with the papers, and I'll be witness for you. That's all Michael, and good luck to you.'

"'Michael, his eyes blinking his hands nervously twitching at his cap, goes out. Soon there is a knock at the door. Michael's head is pushed through the narrow opening.

"'I'll be blowed if I do, sorr,' and the door slams behind him."

Several specially good articles make attractive the May number of that always bright Review the Fortnightly (Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York). These are: England and Germany at Constantinople, by Sidney Whitman, F. R. G. S.; What Agricultural Education Means To-day, by Sir Francis Channing, M. P.; Some Letters of Giosue Carducci; The Peace Conference and the Navy; and Juvenal on Latter-day Problems, by Mrs. H. W. Nevison. The opening chapter of a short novel, The Old Room, are also presented. This is a translation from the Danish of Carl Ewald, whose writings are very charming.