

depending upon you. He who is without self will be patient in trouble, calm in trial, trusting in adversity, temperate in prosperity. His heart is ever open to the cry of the burdened, his hand ever ready to minister to the afflicted. No thought of himself, no care for his own advancement, is ever allowed to stand in the way of others. 'In honour preferring one another,' is the motto of his life, the guide to every act."

At this juncture the baby sister of Miss Woodby climbed upon a chair at the table to see what she was doing. The child was afflicted by the heat; she had no amusement, no company, and she climbed up to see what was going on. The white paper and moving pen interested her; more than that, they absorbed her very soul.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a paroxysm of excitement.

"What are you doing up here?" explosively cried Miss Woodby. "Get down from that table this instant, and take yourself out of sight."

The great round eyes filled with tears, and the lip of the girl baby trembled.

Miss Woodby could have cried with vexation.

"What, for pity's sake, can make me thinking of to let you come here to bother the life out of me? Go away this minute, or I'll slap you."

The child scrambled down and toddled away to find her mother, crying aloud with the pain of disappointment. The mother, being out on the front stoop to catch a breath of fresh air, heard the cry, and hurried to meet and comfort the child. In her wearied lap she took the baby, and listened to its story, and kissed it back to a quiet, broken only by occasional half-suppressed sobs from its quivering lips.

Miss Woodby, being left undisturbed, started her pen.

"No storm can reach him. He stands immovable before every onslaught from the world. True to himself, true to his God, true to every prompting of duty, his inner life is like the mountain lake in the sunshine of a midsummer day; reflecting within its pure, untroubled bosom, the bright heaven above."

This was a very fine passage, and Miss Woodby was nearly an hour perfecting it, including the operation of getting a light, as her mother was not present to do it for her. She was reading this paragraph over for the fourth time, with abounding satisfaction, when her brother, with a neighbouring boy,

came "trooping" in. He brought in the other boy to show him a book that had been given him. He approached the table with the enthusiasm peculiar to youth, and with noisy hospitality observed,—

"Bring up a chair, Bill, and look at the pictures."

"Charles!" exclaimed his sister, almost paralyzed by the audacity of this movement, "don't you see I'm writing?"

"What of that?" he surlily demanded.

"I ain't touching you, am I?"

"But you bother me, and I won't stand it. Now you just take your book away."

This was very pleasant for "Bill," who came in to spend the evening and improve his mind.

"I guess I'll show Bill this book if I want to," sputtered Charles.

"You won't show it here, I can tell you."

"But we won't make a bit of noise, will we, Bill?" cried Charles, to the great distress of Bill, who was quite overwhelmed by the reference to himself.

"I tell you I won't have you here, anyway," retorted his sister, growing white with passion. "Are you going to leave, or shall I help you?"

There was such an ominous expression to both voice and face, that "Bill" involuntarily shrank to the door, while the angered Charles, none the less impressed with the advisability of departing, threw the book with a slam on the table, requested his sister, with great feeling, to go to blazes, and escaped with his companion. A moment later she was restored to composure by the sublimity of her theme. She wrote:—

"True nobility is a life consecrated to the weal of others. There can come no true nobility without this consecration. And that, to be effective, must learn upon a higher power than aught of this earth. God must be in it to make it a power. Without His help it is impossible to overcome self. Set the mark as high as we may, human weakness will prevent its attainment. Only in Him and through Him can we rise to this nobility."

Hereupon, finding that it was getting late, Miss Woodby put up her writing, and retired to bed.

Immediately after eating her breakfast the next morning she hurried to her room and began again. Her mother told her she would want her help in clearing off the breakfast-table, but she felt she could not spare the time, and took advantage of her parent's absence from the table to get away. She wrote:—