

happy life of the busy people around, becomes tiresome and tasteless to them. Their days are long and dreary. They live more and more with the heroes and heroines who keep living their lives between the covers of a book, no matter whether they die on the last page or not. If the tide of life, rising, does not wake them, they will dream away their years to the end.

There are other girls who after a sigh or a tear for the bright, undiscovered country, turn their hands to baking bread, dusting rooms, and making beds. They learn to shop down-town with Mamma and to guide the ways of a household. After the well-directed work of the day is over, they pay calls, or walk with a companion or perhaps there is a missionary meeting, a sewing circle, or some poor people to visit, or an afternoon tea or a drive. At night they play a little and sing a few sweet songs or perhaps there is an "At Home," a dance or a concert. Coming down stairs, she looks so pretty that Mamma smiles and kisses her a little wistfully. Merry, happy girls, honest, loving girls, the girls who leave school to learn lessons at home.

Everywhere about us are girls who, with simple, courageous hearts, graduate from the school of their childhood to enter the school of life. Whether training in a hospital to be nurses, or bending mind and heart and hand to be artists or musicians; whether sewing, selling, working in the kitchen, attending the University, learning to be doctors, or teaching little children, they all belong to the honorable company of workers. The truest wisdom is learned in the great School of Life. Don't try to escape its lessons, don't shirk its tasks. We are not living if we are not learning. There is no one too dull to learn in the great School of Life

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It has been my lot, at one time and another, to see much of my outside world from a window. That sounds dreary. Well, it is not so. The world passes on its way without a thought of the quiet spectator overhead and wears its heart on its sleeve sometimes, thinking there is no one to see. Nature, if one may speak of Nature in a city, is more generous to the attic than she is to the street below. In the morning, we see the sun first. In the evening, its beams linger on the roofs and in the tree-tops. We see and hear the birds better. Yesterday a company of blackbirds visited us on their way to the South. To-day they are gone. Sometimes still, a robin will remember the song he sang in the Springtime. On all the trees the leaves are turning. There is a soft, ripe bloom on the rowan berries. A dead leaf drifts and flutters past my window on its way to the ground.

A little girl is swinging on a gate across the street. She is lame, I know. A queer, elfin child who has fits of rage lasting an hour and days of pathetic longing for a little love. She turns her head with the quick movement of one who answers a call. Clambering down, she runs out into the road and shading her eyes with a thin, unchildlike hand, gazes up the street. She is looking for a street car. The thin, mis-shapen little figure is covered with a warm crimson coat which makes a glowing spot of color in my landscape. A lady comes hastily down the steps buttoning her gloves. "The car is here, Mamma," the child cries limping quickly to open the gate. Her mother has on a velvet cloak and the child strokes it admiringly. She would lay her cheek against the soft pile but her mother draws the cloak away. The car stops. "Goodbye, Mamma." "Goodbye Jennie." Without a glance behind, the lady gathers up her dress, steps into the car and sits down inside. The child who has climbed on the gate again, watches her out of sight, waving a little hand and crying again, "Goodbye Mamma, Goodbye Mamma, Goodbye!"

If this were a story Jennie would be hurt and the mother would sob out her sorrow and love by the child's bedside. But since it is only what I see looking from my window, Jennie swings on the gate and her mother rides down town in a street car. There has been many a Jennie since the world began, many a little aching heart and many an unnoticed tear. Sometimes Jennie is made all the more loving by it, but sometimes carelessly sown seed brings forth a bitter harvest. What a curious chance it is in mothers' hearts that to one the lame child is the darling while to the other the fairest and strongest is first.

A couple of young people have built their first nest a little way from Jennie's home. They have come from a foreign country I think. The lady has large black eyes, raven tress, and graceful foreign ways. Keeping house is an enchanting never-ending comedy to her. She waves "Goodbye" from the steps after breakfast and he turns with a smile to throw a kiss. She goes out on important business during the morning and flutters back about noon with her arms full of parcels. Her gloves are off and diamonds sparkle on the impatient little fingers. Late in the afternoon, she goes to meet him and they saunter home together. After tea they sit on the steps in an open foreign way and watch the people passing. He has a newspaper and she has another, although she hardly reads at all but looks at the people and speaks about them, pointing with a pretty finger. After dusk I hear a glorious voice singing as if at heaven's gates and I know my sweet lady-bird is pouring forth her heart in song.

The tide of life ebbs and flows beneath my window and I with smiles and tears echo its joy and sorrow.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

INEXPENSIVE LIVING.

A SUBJECT very much agitated just now, is the problem, how to live within one's income. "How to make ends meet" is a pressing question. Appearances must be kept up, people think, and to do this, life is made a burden. If we would put "appearances" aside, and substitute *comfort* for *show*, convenience for fashion, how much happier we would be!

It is not necessary in order to live cheaply that one must live meanly. To be sure, we have to do without a great many pretty and expensive trifles which wealthy people have, but we can be just as happy without them. So much love, sincerity and kindness can be put into the simple home, that its members will scarcely miss the showy adornments. The true comforts of life cost little money. Where one has taste, and refinement, the simplest home may show the impress of these, and people may be much happier in small cosy apartments, than their richer neighbors are in their handsome establishments.

It is well to begin low down. Those who start at the top of the ladder sometimes tumble off, while those who are content to begin at the foot, generally acquire strength and courage as they proceed. Let us be brave enough to set a fashion of simplicity, neatness and inexpensiveness, and many will be glad to follow and thank us for setting the example.

O! the world's running over with blessing and beauty;
And we, as we pass along,
Will find in the dim old path called Duty,
Sunshine and flowers and song.

Though clouds may marshal themselves together
With thunder and rain and blast,
Surely will follow the glad, bright weather,
Sunshine will conquer at last!