

forms covered, when outside, with that ungraceful sheet. Miss Wright dressed Miss Dawson, the Indian teacher from Nebraska, in their costume. And, oh, Belle, the brides cannot go to their cushions at night, even if they get sleepy and fall over, until the father or mother-in-law gives permission,' cried eager Gladys.

'Then she told of the Christian women there, so happy as they rolled stones for their new church and plastered it with their hands after a hard day's work in the fields. And of their denying themselves food that they might have a jar of grain to bring in as their missionary offering.' Bess's voice shook a little.

'And, oh, Bess! that darling Moslem girl who took a beating rather than stay away from church; a beating every time she went! Why, she endured the prison and—everything! Tears glistened in Gladys' brown eyes.

'Now, just think, Belle, dear! Here we've been planning how to make our appointments nice and luxurious, never thinking of what we owe those our sisters in heathendom. Aren't we awfully selfish? I never imagined that I could so soon and so easily forget the resolves I made on hearing Miss Wright's address. And I profess to be a disciple of Christ too—so do you, Belle! I've always thought you so careless, Gladys, yet you have taught me my duty.'

'Well, now, girls,' said Belle, lightly, 'do you really think that we shouldn't make our room pleasant because some poor creatures away on the other side of creation have harder times than we? Doesn't God like to have us happy and comfortable here? Do you fancy He would be more pleased if we put the twenty-five dollars into the mission fund?'

'I believe this way, Belle. Whenever we have any money at our disposal our first thought must be for God's kingdom and its extension. I believe that Christians should practise self-denial. If I tithe my ten dollars which I proposed to spend, and then give five more as a thank-offering in consideration of my happy lot compared with that of my Armenian sisters, and spend the remainder in making our room pretty, I'm sure the Lord would be glorified more than if I spent all upon myself. I think both of you will be willing to do the same with the sums you have promised. Let us begin here and now to be self-denying Christians. Won't you begin, too, Gladys? Bess's voice trembled greatly. She had never before in all her life, Christ's disciple though she called herself, spoken such a direct word to her only sister.

'I will.' Gladys brushed away the tears. 'I won't fight against it any longer. And oh! I do wish the Lord would make me fit to go and help those poor women some day!'

'Well,' said Belle, wiping her pen, 'I'm a pretty poor Christian, but I'm going to try to be a better one, and if it will help me on any I'm willing to tithe and offer, and anything that's good. I never could get any missionary interest into my being; but if you are so enthusiastic I mustn't be behind you. You've a big work before you to keep me interested in missions.'

'We will, though, see if we don't!' laughed Gladys. 'And won't we have a lovely room after all! There are so many little inexpensive things we can make that will look as well as costlier things, and our gifts will brighten some of those sad, sorrowful Turkish homes.'

'Who would ever have thought, my stately Bess, that harum-scarum Gladys could teach you anything?' whispered Belle afterward. 'Or me either,' added she, smiling. 'I've learned a lesson too.'

'Oh, Belle!' Bess was grave, and her tone was painfully earnest. 'You know the text: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Supposing we gave a hundred times over what we've pledged to-day; how little, how little for Christ! Belle, we can't stop short of giving our whole selves!'

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

'Mrs. Allen Benson was in church this morning, Susie,' said the minister to his wife, as he passed her his cup for a second filling. It was Sabbath noon, and the pastor was still feeling the excitement of his morning's preaching, and was lingering over the dainty luncheon which was ready to greet him, when he came home. Susie, Mrs. Fairchild, had not been out. Three small children, one a six months' baby wailing with premonitions of teeth soon to prick their way through the gums, held her captive at home. Still, so far as the sermons were concerned, she knew a good deal, for Mr. Fairchild liked to talk them over with her, and many a bright thought and apt illustration were of her suggestion, and were cleverly woven in as he wrote in the little book-lined study just off the dining-room. But she did yearn sometimes for the privilege, comparatively seldom hers now, of sitting restfully in her own pew, of joining in the singing, of worshipping with the congregation of God's people, of walking to and from church with her husband. She gave a little sigh, when Tom told her of Mrs. Benson's having been in church, and as she cut for him a triangle of delicious lemon pie, she wondered much how Mrs. Benson had managed it. For she, too, had a baby six months old, and her twins were not yet past their third birthday.

'I wished so much that you had been there, Susie,' Mr. Fairchild went on. 'The service to-day was so harmonious and Miss Spalding sang "Consider the lilies" in a voice which was like the lark's soaring upward. Everybody would be so glad to see my wife, I, most of all, these summer Sunday mornings. Couldn't you next week give Elise her bath early, put her to sleep, and leave Fred and Charley with Katie in the kitchen?'

'Perhaps so, Tom! I'll think about it,' she answered gently, repressing a natural desire to say instead, 'No, Tom, the thing is out of the question.'

Tom went away to his books, for an hour's respite before Sunday-school, where he taught the young men's Bible class.

But Susie, having told Irish Katie, her faithful maid-of-all-work, that she was free for the afternoon, betook herself to the nursery and the company of her little flock.

Now, a mother may so love her little children that she will cheerfully lay down her life for them, may consider no duty a tax, may spend all her powers ungrudgingly for her darlings, and yet may sometimes, and no shame and no blame to her, grow tired of her children, and be thankful for a little while to be out of their sight. This was the case once and again with you and me, was it not? I ask the question of the older mothers, whose children have grown out of their arms, and are now in the world, making their own way, fighting their own Apollyons, knowing trials and troubles that mother's arms and mother's kisses can no longer soothe. It does not argue any lack of love that a young mother should be glad of a little freedom, a little change, going back to her home nest, the brighter for a brief respite.

Two or three of the church girls had been talking things over, as girls do, and looking about for some Christian work outside of their accustomed channels. As members of the Christian Endeavor Society, they felt a desire to make their lives tell for God, and it had occurred to one of them, Patty Marshall by name, that perhaps in searching for opportunities at the ends of the earth they were ignoring excellent loopholes for effort at their very doors.

'Suppose, girls,' said Patty with persuasion in her tone, 'we quietly organize ourselves into a trio of cup-bearers. One can carry a full cup with ease if it's only a few steps, but

if you have to cross the desert and the ocean some of the cold water may get spilled on the way.'

'What do you propose?' said Geraldine Smyth.

'Why, for one thing, we might do substitute duty sometimes on Sunday mornings by relieving young mothers like Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Benson and let them go to church for a change, while we take their places as child-tenders; of course, we would lose the uplift and help of the service, but it would be that they might gain it, and I'm in favor of making them the offer of our services.'

'Mrs. Fairchild hardly ever hears her husband preach,' said Alice Bell musingly.

'And young Mrs. Barnes hasn't been in church for a year and a half,' said Patty, thoughtfully, 'while Mrs. Allen Benson never gets there!'

'The Theodore Bensons could help her,' suggested Geraldine.

'They probably could, but they don't, you know,' said Patty.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

'But we will not spend our time criticizing other people. The question is, what can we ourselves do in the case?'

Their waiting angels, invisibly watching no doubt smiled to see the eager consultation of the three bright heads close bent together, and the outcome of the confab was pleasing to the angels and to men.

Its first fruits had been, though no one suspected it, for the girls did not sound a trumpet before them, and told nobody that there was a plan in what they were doing, preferring to have it look as if the proposal were by way of accident. Its very first fruits were seen when young Mrs. Benson went to church, leaving her baby with Geraldine.

During the week Patty found that she had an errand at the parsonage, partly to return a book Mrs. Fairchild had lent her, partly to carry that lady a bunch of roses. Talking with her minister's wife, she took the plump, cooing baby in her arms, and commented on her loveliness.

'You dear, sweet, wee midget!' she exclaimed. 'I wonder how long you'd be good with me. Mrs. Fairchild, if I should come here next Sunday morning, and stay with Elise and her little brothers, would you go to church? I'd love to sit here with the baby, and I'd amuse the boys, and wouldn't you find it a nice little rest? I wish, dear Mrs. Fairchild, I do wish you'd let me try my hand.'

'Are you quite in earnest, Patty, or are you only tempting me?' laughed Mrs. Fairchild.

'I mean it, every word,' Patty declared with emphasis.

'Well, then, I accept,' Mrs. Fairchild answered promptly. 'Why, child, you are offering me a cup of cold water, and I am thirsty enough to snatch it eagerly. Thank you for the kind thought.'

And next Sabbath morning, in her best black silk, and her pretty straw bonnet with the pink roses and the black feathers, Mrs. Susan Fairchild walked to church, side by side, with Tom, the minister.

'There go Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild together!' said Aunt Phebe Rand, looking from the window where she sat in her invalid chair. 'Some saint or other has relieved her this morning and taken charge of her babies! A good idea! Maybe her mother, or his, is visiting her. I must find out. A body never hears a thing, shut up with a lame knee.'

'Tom, dear,' said Susie, as they took luncheon when Patty had gone home, that Sunday, and she had nursed Elise and kissed the boys, 'Tom, I want to tell you that your preaching is better than it used to be. I did enjoy it this morning. You helped me very much, and I saw how every one listened.'

'My love,' said the minister, 'you are my dearest and my severest critic. I am always happier in the pulpit when you are in the pew.'—Margaret E. Sangster.

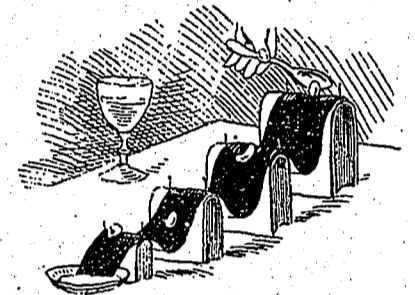
DROPS OF WATER.

A SIMPLE AND PRETTY LITTLE EXPERIMENT WHICH A BRIGHT CHILD CAN PERFORM.

All of you have noticed, perhaps, that the first drops of rain, when a shower comes up, falling upon the dust of a road, assume the form of little balls and rebound or roll about as if they were elastic. This is due to the fact that the water of which the drops are composed is not in sufficient quantity to penetrate the particles of dust and spread out so as to wet the earth. As the shower continues, however, the drops increase enough to touch each other, and they become a sheet of water, so to speak.

A drop of water on a hot iron plate takes the form of a ball, too, and that is because it is protected against the action of heat by the cushion of steam interposing between it and the plate. For this reason the ironer in the laundry may put her wet finger on a very hot iron without getting it burned.

This property that a drop of water has to retain its globular or spheroidal shape will enable you to make a very



pretty experiment. A drop of water on ordinary paper will spread out and wet the paper, but if you put a coating of lampblack or plumbago on the paper the drop will not spread.

Now, for your experiment get a strip of strong paper about six inches in breadth and three or four feet in length. Coat one side of it as we have suggested, and having placed upright on a table several books of decreasing size pin the strip of paper to their backs, leaving depressions between the books, as shown in the illustration. The depressions should decrease in depth toward the books of smaller size.

At the end where the paper falls over the largest book pour some water, drop after drop, and these drops will run down the first depression, one after the other, and having thus gained momentum they will continue their course over all the depressions until they roll into a plate at the end.

With a little practice you can make the experiment a very neat and pretty one.—Philadelphia 'Times.'

THE STRENGTH OF CHEERFULNESS.

Those who have a cheerful temperament have one of God's best gifts. It blesses him and it brings light and hope into the lives of others. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' The body is better, the mind is clearer, the whole life is stronger, if we only take what comes to us brightly, and try to make the best of it. With some natures it is a hard struggle to be cheerful, but this good thing will come if we strive after it steadily. St. Paul classed together faith, hope and charity, and we sometimes forget that hope is as necessary to a well-rounded Christian life as faith and love. Let the gloomy and despondent temperaments come to God for the gift of hope; let them ask for it daily, and confess their error when they see that they have been without it. Then their lives will grow steadily more buoyant. Blessed in their own souls, their influence will go out in blessing to others.—'Parish and Home.'

The man who is delighting in the Lord doesn't have to have his own way to be happy and it does not require an income of so much to keep him from backsliding.