

But May knew her ugly temper had something to do with the trials she was always meeting, and she did not try to be patient to-day. Presently Fred became angry with her teasing ways, and between them they managed to knock baby over. Her little head struck a chair and she wailed pitifully until Mrs. Miller came to the rescue.

"May, go upstairs until tea time," said her mother so sternly that the child dared not protest.

It took half an hour to quiet baby and get her to sleep; then Fred upset an ink bottle upon himself and the carpet, and another half hour was spent in getting the ink wiped up, washing Fred's face and hands, and changing his clothes; so the clock struck five before Mrs. Miller began the mending. Presently in bounded Jane, with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes. "Such a glorious time, mother," she began; then she stopped, her quick eye noting the inked carpet and the bruise on the forehead of the sleeping baby.

"Where's May?" she asked.

"Upstairs. Don't call her, but go and attend to supper before the men come in."

Janie stepped lightly to the closet, hung up cloak and cap, and went into the dining-room to set the table, for the one maid rarely accomplished work outside the kitchen. "May and Fred have been bad," she said to herself as she began her task, "and all that sewing is to be done. I know mother will sit up late to-night to finish it, and tomorrow she will be too tired to go to church."

Sure enough, next day Mrs. Miller had a sick headache; only Mr. Miller and the older boys attended service in the quaint, brick church, which had stood for so many years in the outskirts of the Linden forest, and still kept in good preservation its square walls, brick floor, high-backed pews, and tall pulpit. But in the afternoon Janie took May and Fred with her to Sunday-school, which was held in a little chapel of more modern date and appearance.

It was the last of the Epiphany Sundays, and the girls were already planning for the Lenten season.

"Oh, dear! there seems so little I can do," said Janie. "I'm so busy every day, Miss Kate, I can't see where I shall have time for extra work."

Miss Kate smiled into the earnest eyes. She was one who studied the character of each of her pupils and knew all about their home lives.

"It is the daily self-denial, dear, that counts most. God knows just what each one is able to give of money or time, and values the spirit of the giver as well as the gift. You remember the Epiphany hymn says:

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!"

"I know one thing to try for," exclaimed Sarah Marshall, smilingly. "I will prepare my Sunday-school lesson more carefully."

"And I will try to be on time every Sunday," said Jennie Day.

Janie said nothing, but there was a determined look in her gray eyes which Miss Kate knew meant more than words.

That night, after May was asleep in the bed the sisters shared, Janie marked this verse in her Bible: "Not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."

As Lent advanced, Miss Kate was glad to notice a more reverent manner

among her pupils. Sarah Marshall, who shared Janie's hymn book, seemed more attentive to the words and did not twist her head around to look at others while she sang, as she used to do, and there was more interest in the lesson than formerly. But even Miss Kate did not guess how much of the improvement was due to Janie's earnest manner; for the girl, who was older than her years, had a quiet influence over her more frivolous companions, many of whom were brighter in intellect and richer in this world's goods than she.

"I will not leave mother again on Saturdays," Janie had said at the beginning of Lent, and even Len could not make her break this resolution, though he often pleaded for her company on his half holiday, for during the week they were at school until late in the afternoon. Leonard was unlike most brothers in his preference for his sisters' company; he was devoted to Janie, who responded warmly to his affectionate appeals, except where she knew she was right to refuse him, as in this case.

Mrs. Miller never questioned the meaning of those afternoons at home; but every Saturday night, when the household was asleep, the mother dropped a five cent piece into Janie's mite-box; it was all the busy woman could spare from her own savings, and it was a real pleasure to her to think of Janie's surprise when the box should be opened.

On Easter Even, the children gathered around while their father opened each box and placed the contents in a separate envelope, marking the name of the owner and the amount given, ready to take to Sunday school on the morrow. "Why, father! you must have counted mine wrong!" exclaimed Janie. "I thought I had less than any of the others."

"Your fairy godmother's been round at night," whispered Leonard, nodding toward his mother, whose secrets he somehow managed always to share.

"Oh, mother, how sweet of you. My Janie earned all that I put in her box. Think of the hours she has helped me on Saturdays when she might have been at play with the others." And though Sarah Marshall and Jennie Kay had larger Easter offerings, their hearts could not be more full of gladness than was Janie's upon the Resurrection morning. And when, not many days later, there came among them the white-haired Bishop who had worshiped as a boy in that same dear old church, and had known their fathers and mothers before them, Janie was one of a large class who knelt for confirmation at the chancel rail. Beside her was Leonard, the fire of earnest boyhood glowing in his dark eyes; and on the other hand knelt Sarah and Jennie, her classmates

in Sunday school. God knew that the sweetest part of Janie's Easter offering was that she had helped to bring these others there to redeem their baptismal vows.

"Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

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Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me."

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

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Discipline.

"I don't understand it at all," says a young Christian, murmuring over her lot in life, which is not to her mind. "Why should disappointments come so early? Why should circumstances be so hard in the beginning? After one is older, one may expect them to be trying, but while one is young, why should things be so grievous?"

This Christian girl forgets what her name is and what it means. She has taken her Saviour's name upon her and is enrolled as His disciple. A disciple is a learner, and a learner must have lessons. He must not only be taught, but trained. Discipline is "treatment suited to a disciple, or

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learner." It is development, education, culture, correction.

When should the disciple be disciplined? Not till years have passed and the suppleness of youth is lost? Not till habits must be broken in order to be re-formed, and all life has taken its set? Are all students middle-aged or old? Surely not. Youth is the beginning-time for everything, and in its pliant years the disciple must be trained.

It is resistance that makes friction, and in the heat of youthful resentment the impetuous spirit cries out against the training.

"Be willing, and the work is half done." "This is the will of God concerning you, even your sanctification." Who does not wish it too?

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