

"No," said Frank, "I don't believe she would."

Rob hadn't believed it either. It was simply his way of getting at what he now fully intended doing.

He took another turn around the skating course. It was pleasant to be there, hard to think of turning one's back upon it. He was again at Frank's side.

"We've," he began, "seen how things are now. They say the boats won't go for an hour yet, and who wants to wait so long? It's early. What do you say?"

"I say yes," said Frank.

Skates were taken off, and the distance home soon left behind.

"What's that at the gate?" asked Rob, as they drew near.

A sleigh stood beside it, inside of which was a delightful mixture of furry wraps and bright faces. Strings of bells pealed out jerky chimes with every movement of the restless horses.

"Hello," cried voices, mingling with the bells. "We have come for you. Hurry up. We must get there before the regatta begins."

It was Uncle Harry's family, and within the house was an equally exciting condition of things. Hetty was being wrapped for the ride. She was to see it all.

"Why, boys, why are you back so soon?"

"We came to take Hetty out."

"Now, boys!" How her face beamed and shone as she heard it! "You really gave it up to come for me? Why, you dear, dear brothers, that'll be the very best part of it all."

It may be easily guessed that it was the best part of it for each of them. Surely, no one on that bright day could be more light-hearted than the boys who had been willing to give up their own pleasure to do a kindness.

"We should have been glad to do it even if it hadn't turned out so," said Rob, as they talked of it in the evening.

"Yes, dears," said mother "your self-

denial was as perfect as if it had not met with such quick reward."

"Pshaw!" said Frank, with a little swagger, walking around the room with his hands in his pockets. "It wasn't such a big thing to do."

"Perhaps not," said mother, "but you know that in our every day routine we are not often called on to do big things. It is the smallest kindnesses, given out of loving self-denial which make up the sweetness of home life!"—Herald and Presbyterian.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

"Children, obey your parents." The Bible is full of admonitions of obedience to parents. The best and wisest men of all ages have counseled this obedience. It is counted as one of the sweetest and most graceful attributes of childhood and youth, and yet there are those who are fearful that this virtue is on the decline and that the children of our day are far from being as obedient to those in authority over them as the children of other days have been.

There is reason for fearing that this is true. So many boys and girls are inclined to rebel against authority or discipline of any kind, not knowing that no one can ever hope to be free from discipline and authority.

The strongest and greatest and the wisest men in the world feel themselves to be under authority, and they yield a childlike obedience to all of the laws that contribute to their well-being. They recognize the value of discipline and are not impatient to be free from authority. We must all yield to authority of some kind. We must all recognize the existence and necessity of a law higher than our own will and desires.

Obedience to parents is something under which children should not chafe and rebel. It is a duty and a necessity, and when complied with cheerfully is sure to bring happiness. Do not be in any hurry to be free from the authority of your parents. They hold you in loving bonds, and the time will come when you will be glad that you obeyed father and mother. It is true that "No principle is more essential, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience."—Ex.