

Sometimes it seems as though a person must be both conceited and ill-bred not to exercise care in this little but very important matter. It would seem as if they said, "I am such an important person, you must know who I am," or, "I cannot take the trouble to do what will save you time and annoyance."—*Christian Union*.

Threads of Gold.

WEAVING them into a work-a-day life,
Beautiful threads of gold;
A thread of joy, with a strand of strife,
And yet the hands that hold
May fashion them out into pattern rare,
Designs of beauty, new and fair,
Till the Master weaver finds them there,
Beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a patient hand,
Beautiful threads of gold;
Filling them in as the Artist planned
When he laid his sombre fold,
Weaving them in with the homeliest cares
Over some burden another bears,
Glad that the Master Weaver spares
Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weave them in with the hopes and fears,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Brighter the gold of the thread appears
As the web of life grows old,
Weaving them in with a smile and a song,
Wonderful threads so fine and strong;
Under the good and over the strong,
Weave beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a watchful eye,
Beautiful threads of gold;
To shine across where the shadows lie,
When the web is all unrolled,
Weaving them in, when the Master's call
Lets the bright thread break, and the shuttle fall,
And angels come down to gather them all,
Life's broken threads of gold.

THE NEW HIRED GIRL.

"You couldn't spare me a very little money, could you, father?" Janet leaned over him as he counted some bills.

"If it is for something positively necessary, my daughter."

"I can't say it is exactly that; but I never get a cent of pocket-money now, father."

He sighed heavily as he answered: "I know it, and I'm sorry; but the pressure seems harder and harder every year. Wants seem to increase faster than the means of supplying them. Hand this to your mother, Janet."

"Forgive me for worrying you, father. I ought to be making my own spending-money, but there are so few ways of doing that unless I go away from home."

"We can't let you do that. There's enough for all, if we are careful."

"Take it out to Bridget," said her mother, as Janet gave her the money from her father.

"Twelve dollars. Dear me!" said Janet to herself, rather fretfully, as she walked slowly to the kitchen. "Bridget has earned it, and I don't grudge it to her, but how I wish I could earn twelve dollars!"

"Wirra, wirra!" Bridget sat on the floor, holding an open letter and rocking herself backward and forward with dismal groans. Pots, pans, and kettles were lying around in their usual confusion. "It's meself that must be lavin' yez the day, Miss Janet."

Servants were hard to find, and Janet's face wore the accustomed expression of dismay with which such notices were always received, as she asked: "What's the matter, Bridget?"

"It's me sister's got the fever, bad, and it's

meself must be goin' to her. An' it's six weeks entirely I'll be sltayin' when it's so far to be goin'."

As Janet handed her the money, a sudden thought came to her.

"I'm sorry for you, Bridget. Of course you must go if you must. Perhaps we can get along without any one till you are ready to come back again."

"Mother," she said, returning to her, "Bridget's going away for a few weeks."

Mother's face grew as dismayed as Janet's had been, for she was not strong, and there were four boys.

"An' plase ye, ma'am, it's afther comin' to try to get the place I am."

"What do you mean, Janet?" said her mother, laughing as the young girl courtesied low. "You can't do it at all, Janet."

"What I can't do I'll hire. I want to do something, and I want to get a little money I can feel is my own, and that I have a right to spend if I want a new book, or a bit of music, or anything else. I can't get a school—there are forty applicants where there is one vacancy. I can't get more than one or two music scholars. I can't dispose of fancy work or painting, and if I could I might dabble over them for a month and not clear more than Bridget does in a week, there are so many waiting to do that kind of work. Kitchen work is the only work there appears to be plenty of for girls."

"You may try it, but I think you will get tired of it."

Janet spent a good share of her first week's wages in buying some gingham aprons, rubber gloves, and paying a stout woman to come for half a day to scrub and scour until the last traces of good-natured, slovenly Bridget's presence were removed. Then, with clean kitchen, clean utensils, and clean towels, Janet took hold of her work with a right good will.

"We'll all co-operate," said father, when he heard of her intention.

"We'll all co-operate!" cried the boys; and they kept their word well in bringing wood and water and sweeping the walks. And after the first morning, Janet found that Tom had made the fire and ground the coffee before she came down.

"There's great satisfaction in doing things thoroughly," said Janet to her mother, after the first day or two. "Before, when we have been without a girl, I have always hated it, because I tried how much I could shove out of the way. Now that I am making a business of it, I don't feel that way. And, mother, you would be astonished to see how little cleaning there is to be done when nobody makes any unnecessary dirt, or how much work can be saved by using your wits to save it."

She never told her mother how her back ached during those first days of muscular exercise. This wore off as she became accustomed to it. Every day she learned more and more to simplify her work. A few minutes in the kitchen just before bed-time she arranged things so exactly to her hand that there was no hurrying or crowding at the busy time in the morning. Careful handling of table-linen and other things made the wash smaller, so that the stout woman could do two weeks' wash in one. Janet found that there were few days in which she could not sit down when the dinner work was over. Other surprising things came to light.

"What's the matter that you don't burn any wood now-a-days?" said Tom; "I have so little splitting to do now."

Bridget, like so many of her sisterhood, had always seemed to consider it her bounden duty to keep up a roaring fire all day, regardless of whether there was need of it or not, and father always looked blank over the fuel bill. One-half the quantity was now found amply sufficient, and a difference was soon apparent in many other things. The food for one person is always noticeable in a small family where a rigid hand must be kept on expenses; besides which, Janet was not slow in perceiving how many things went farther than before. Odds and ends were utilized which had been thrown away or had counted for nothing, for no one was the least afraid of scraps done over by Janet's hand.

"We never were so comfortable before," said father.

"We never had such good things to eat," declared the boys, who had highly appreciated the dainty though plain cookery, as contrasted with Bridget's greasy preparation; for Janet, full of an honest determination to earn her wages, had given much attention to the getting up of palatable, inexpensive dishes, seeking a variety, where Bridget had moved in one groove.

"I almost dread having Bridget come back," said mother.

But the time came when she was hourly expected. Mother sighed as she took note of the spotless kitchen, in which it was now pleasant to come and lend a hand at cookery, or sit with her knitting, while Janet moved briskly about.

"It's time I was settling with you, Janet," said her mother: "six weeks—I owe you eighteen dollars."

"No; six off for hiring Mrs. Holt and a few other things."

"Not a bit off, dear; I've been looking over the bills for the month, and I find quite a difference—more than pays all your extras. Not only in meat and groceries and fuel, but I notice it in the wear and tear and breakage—dear me! I don't think five dollars a week covers the expense of Bridget's being here."

"You don't, mother, dear?" said Janet, in great delight; "then you are not tired of your new girl and anxious to have Bridget back?"

"No, indeed," replied mother, fervently.

"Then she isn't coming back. I've found my way of earning, and am going to stick to it for awhile. It isn't all pleasant, to be sure, but I don't know any kind of business that is. Only," she said, laughing, "I shall insist upon having my wages regularly paid as if I were Bridget. I shall clothe myself out of the money, and so be saving dear overworked father about five dollars a week, if you are right in your calculations, mother."

"What will you do with Bridget when she comes?"

"Mr. Whitcomb wants a girl, so she can go there. O mother, dear! it's a real comfort to feel as if I were supporting myself. And I wonder why I never thought before how pleasant a way it is, this doing kind and pleasant things for you all."

So, Janet worked on, feeling sure that she had found the best way of securing her pocket-money in thus expending her energies for those she loved. How many daughters, restless and fretful for some thing to do, might find this same way blessed to themselves and to others in homes made bright and sweet by their faithful ministrations.—*Selected*.

PRAYER is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.