

the room as she spoke, and dropping to the floor at last with her head against her mother's knee, "but I'm very glad you are; perhaps I'll feel a little better if I talk it out. You see, it's my awful temper; I've just been horrid to Jack, and he's so good to me, nearly always, dear boy! He upset my work-basket, quite by accident, but I was very tired with mending the carpet, and setting the closet to rights, and I went on as if he'd done it on purpose, and he kept picking things up, with a little smile on his face that made me feel perfectly raging, and at last he handed it to me with a bow and said, 'Let me congratulate you on your growth in grace!'"

"And what did you say then, my darling?" asked Mrs. Newman, tenderly stroking the hot forehead, as Helen paused.

"I burst out crying," she answered, "and begged him to forgive me, and I was trying to tell him that he mustn't think it was because I had joined the church—to make him understand that that made me feel, oh, so sorry and ashamed! Then he turned, and went right out of the room, without another word, and oh, mother, what can I do to make him believe it isn't that?"

"When I was a young girl," said Mrs. Newman, "I heard a lecture; I have forgotten what the subject was, and I imagine there was a good deal of commonplace in it, but one expression has remained in my mind, and done me active good ever since. I think the lecturer was speaking of the army of Leonidas, and he said these men were 'not conquered, but exhausted with conquering.' I am very sure we mistake the one for the other, sometimes, and I believe, dear, that you are doing so now. Tell me—if this had happened a year ago, would you have been so quickly sorry for your hasty speech, would you have apologized to Jack?"

"No," said Helen, slowly, "I am quite sure I should not. I should have stayed angry at him—very angry, until he did something to make up."

"Then it is as I said, my own dear little girl," said Mrs. Newman, speaking with a sort of joyful eagerness which seemed to Helen to fill the darkening room with sunshine, "and you must 'thank God and take courage!' He knows, far better than your nearest and dearest earthly friends can know, just how hard your battle is, and He will help you hold every inch of ground you gain."

The door opened softly as she paused, and a hesitating voice called "Nell?"

"I'm here, Jack—with mother,—did you want me?" and Helen tried to speak in her usual voice, but a little quiver escaped her control.

"Yes," he said, groping about till he found her, "I merely came to say that I was a perfect pig and that I implied a lie. There! I've been watching you lately—I couldn't help it—and Nell, I can't make a speech, but a girl who fights as you're fighting must know who and what it is she's fighting for, and to-night was a clincher, the idea of your apologizing to me! I'm not going to be a coward, a sort of nobody-on-the-fence any longer. I'm going to join!"—*Margaret Vandegrift, in Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### HIS OWN JUDGMENT.

"Oh, come on!"

"Well, I don't know," said Jim, "I want to, awful bad."

"Your father didn't say you couldn't, did he?"

Jim slapped his book strap against the gate post.

"No, he didn't. He said to use my best judgment. But he'd rather I wouldn't, I know. That's just the point. If father said right out I couldn't go I might growl about it. But it's forty times worse this way. He's just got the better of me every time! You see I don't want father to think my judgment doesn't amount to what he thinks it does. Besides, you know, if father really wants anything, why I'm bound he'll have it, and that's the end of it. So I don't see any way out of it. I'll have to not go!"

Dick nodded good naturedly. "It does look like that, doesn't it! Well! All right!"—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### A SHUT-THE-DOOR-EASY SOCIETY.

It was just a number of little girls about eight years old, who agreed that they would try not to annoy older people by slamming doors.

I think they might have called it the "Mouse Society," they went in and out so softly.

Mamma, with her tired nerves, Aunt Susie who had the headache, and papa writing in his study, were so thankful for the quiet in the house.

Don't you want to try it?—*Christian Observer.*

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