

Painted cards and—things. But you've come to a plain lunch, and to that you are very welcome. I'm going to make it ready now, and get dressed.'

'We'll help you,' Nathalie cried.

'It will be much more fun than finding everything ready,' supplemented Susie.

Priscilla despatched Nathalie to the delicatessen store, a few blocks away, to buy whatever she could find that was nice. By the time the four other guests arrived, the rooms were in order, the meal on the table, and Priscilla dressed, though looking a little red around her eyes.

The girls apparently enjoyed to the full their plain lunch, and were as merry as bees in clover. Not so Priscilla. Hours later, she pillowed her aching head on her mother's bosom and whispered in her ear the story of the day's event. And she added fervently:

'It was just dreadful, trying to smile and make believe things were as they should have been. Oh, mumsie, dear, Procrastinator Popham left your home forever to-day.'

Good Resolutions.

- To be neat.
- To do honest work.
- To be master of myself.
- To learn to love good books.
- To not even shade the truth.
- To be punctual in all things.
- To never spend more than I earn.
- To not acquire another bad habit.
- To not let my temper control me.
- To be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun.
- To read my Bible and pray every day.
- To be agreeable and companionable.
- To not become habitually suspicious.
- To do right though the heavens fall.
- To know well some honest business.
- To not write a letter when I am angry.
- To not overrate nor undervalue myself.
- To not be a whining, fault-finding pessimist.
- To neither work nor play half-heartedly.
- To be courteous to old people and to women.—'Morning Star.'

Why William Did Not Eat His Ranch.

(Elizabeth Price, in the 'Herald Presbyter'.)

'Mamma, Mrs. Beau asked me to go to the grocery store for her, so I did, and when I came back she gave me a nickel, and I bought some candy, and here's a piece for you,' and Billy held out a somewhat sticky hand with a fat chocolate peppermint in its palm.

Before mamma could speak, a voice from the hammock called out, 'Come here, old man.'

Billy jumped, then ran to burrow his head into a pair of outstretched arms, exclaiming delightedly, 'It's Uncle Billy, oh, goody! Why, who knew you were here?'

'I did. Arrived about thirty minutes ago. How goes it, Kiddy?'

'Firs' rate. Have a chocolate?'

'No, thank you. I want to preach a sermon to you with those same candies for a text. It'll be short, old man, but I want you to remember it, and if you are a very attentive listener, I may take you to see the baseball game this afternoon.'

'Once upon a time'—

'That's fairy stories, Uncle Billy—that ain't any more sermons than anything,' laughed the boy.

Uncle Billy smiled drolly. 'Is it possible!' he exclaimed? Well, since I have so discriminating an audience we'll call it a lecture, which gives one much more liberty.

'As I was going to remark, I once knew a boy about your age and size, and unless I have entirely forgotten he had also a curly head and black eyes. Then, too, his name would have been Billy if his mother hadn't insisted on making folks think it was William. This boy did an errand for a neighbor, who gave him a nickel. Thus far you and William are much alike, but later there is a difference.

'As old Mr. Dill handed William the

round, shining coin, he said, "Don't waste it, lad. Invest it and see how much you can make."

'William had intended to invest it as soon as possible, probably in peppermint lozenges,' which were fashionable in those days, but Mr. Dill's words put a new idea in his head. He trotted home to talk things over with mother, which is usually a pretty safe thing to do, and after solemn deliberation he went to the store and spent his money for—guess what?—a paper of radish seed. These he planted in a little bed that mother showed him how to prepare.

'Then he went on as usual, eating and sleeping, playing and studying, but the seeds were busy all the time.

'After the spring rains and sunshine had done their work, at last the crisp, red radishes were ready to pull, and fine ones they were, too. He sold his crop for fifty cents, with which he bought a pair of White Leghorn chickens from a farmer friend who didn't charge him fancy prices, and the pretty biddy laid him a fine egg the very next day.

Mother promised to buy all his eggs at market prices, and whenever he had delivered a dozen he collected his pay. He kept careful count, too.

'As fast as he got a quarter saved he bought another hen until he had six beauties, besides his handsome red-combed rooster, and of course the more hens he got the faster his egg money grew. He saved it till he had one dollar and twenty-five cents, with which he got a little spotted, curly-tailed pig. After that he had to buy some food for his squealer, though mother gave him table scraps and skim milk, which was a great help.

'It took a whole year to make that fellow what he ought to be, but when he had grown to be a big fat giant, William sold him, and put ten dollars in the bank. With part of this money he bought another little pig, and a year later had enough to buy a fine Jersey calf. This he raised on milk that the pig no longer needed because then there wasn't any pig. And in less than two years more he had a fine young cow with a Jersey calf of her own.

'Well, Kiddy, the last time I saw William—he's a man now—he owned a big ranch out West, with a fine herd of blooded cattle on it. He's got some good city property and some money in the bank, and on my honor as a gentleman, the whole lot grew out of that first nickel. No, indeed, this isn't any make-believe. Yes, sir, it's honest, truly.

'Now, what I want to ask is this. What would William own to-day if he'd spent that nickel for peppermint lozenges?'

'I don't know,' confessed Billy, twisting his candy bag up tight. Somehow his chocolates did not taste at all as they had at first.

'No, you don't know—neither do I. He might have gotten a start some other way, and he might not. But wouldn't it have been a pity to run the risk?'

'I guess it would,' assented Billy, gazing on a bed of weeds that could much better have been devoted to radishes if he'd only known sooner.

'Doesn't it look rather wasteful to spend a house, a ranch, a herd of cattle and a bank account, all for one dozen sweeties that you're better off without?'

Billy gasped. 'Oh, but nobody ever'—

'Yes,' insisted his uncle. 'That's what William would have done if he'd bought his lozenges, and it might be what you did fifteen minutes ago. Now, see here, Kiddy. Don't look solemn, for it isn't too late to

begin, even at your age. Pull every weed out of mother's flower beds and I'll give you a quarter to invest, and help you decide what to do with it.

'But don't let yourself be so foolish as to run the risk of packing a fortune down your throat by wasting your odd pennies for trash. Uncle Billy knows what he's talking about, Kiddy, because—well, he happened to be William himself.'

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm;
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would
slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't care; it's good enough;
Just do it anyhow!'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He let them find that Fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the land of Anyhow.

—Selected.

A Gentle Call.

Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Sabbath school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent 'experience' or marked change in the outward manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after the change has really taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God had indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in his service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of 16 years, lived in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular. She had read, on a Sabbath, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, 'That was a beautiful life.' And after a little thought, she added, 'And I should like to live such a life.' A few minutes later she knelt down and said, 'Lord, I will try from this time.' The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. 'May I see you across, ma'am?'

'Thank you, dear.'

Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings-bank for it, and

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