

have no servant; and Joan shall be free to carry out a plan of her own.

'Yes, father, you must let us help. I've only got one talent, I am afraid, but I can trim hats and bonnets to perfection, and I am going to solicit orders from all our friends, and have a milliner's window, if you will let me, in our new abode.'

Mr. Fawley's pride said no to both plans for a moment, as he looked at the eager faces before him. His girls had never needed to soil their hands with work—could he let them begin now? And Stella had been paler than usual since young West's abrupt visit, and no word had come from him since that evening.

Something in her pleading look answered his thought, as he remembered that there is no cure for trouble like hard work, and plenty of it, and so he promised to let them have their way. A tiny house in a cheaper neighborhood was taken, and furnished with their plainest belongings; and though it was hard for Mr. Fawley to begin life again, at least there was no dishonor attaching to his name.

Summer-day friends left them severely alone, but others respected their efforts, and soon Joan's clever fingers had as much work as they could do. 'It is very strange that one's own earnings seem to go so much further than the cheques you used to give us, father,' said Joan, saucily, when six busy, happy months had gone by.

'And I never imagined that so many good dinners could be carved from one small joint,' Stella added with a merry smile. 'And I find a blacklead brush is quite as good as a tennis racquet for exercise.'

It was quite true. The little house was bright and pleasant as a home could be, and in keeping it so, health and strength had come to Stella, and she was stronger than in all her life before. Mr. Grey had not entirely wrecked the firm, and gradually confidence and prosperity came back. Through all the dark days Fred Neville had been Mr. Fawley's right hand, and by his rare business capacity and tact had done more than anyone to get things right once more.

So three years went by, and then the Fawleys moved back to their old home, though Joan refused to give up her shop. 'I will keep it till Stella goes away from us,' she said, 'for I can earn money and do good, and I could not bear to be idle again.'

In the old sunny room they often sing, 'Oh, rest in the Lord'; and Fred Neville, as he takes his rightful place at Stella's side, thanks God for giving him his heart's desire. The chastening of loss and the discipline of hard work courageously done have wrought nothing but good for the father and his girls.

And their charity will be larger and their sympathy more tender to all in need because they have known the burden and the difficulty of a workaday life.

Wise Sacrifice.

(James Buckham, in 'S. S. Herald'.)

'What do you intend to be when you are a man?' asked an eminent surgeon of a boy in whom he was interested.

'I want to be a surgeon, like you, sir,' was the quick reply.

The surgeon took the boy's hand and spread it out beside his own. 'You enjoy playing baseball,' he said.

'Oh, yes!' cried the boy. 'I enjoy it better than anything else. I play it almost all the time when, I am out of school.'

'I thought so,' said the surgeon. 'Look at your hands. See how thick the fingers are getting. They feel hard and stiff, too. Before you know it, they will be twisted out

of shape. A surgeon needs the most flexible hand in the world, as sensitive as a woman's. If you keep on playing ball in the extravagant fashion you are doing now, until you are twenty-one, your hands will be spoiled for a surgeon's. Now I am going to put you a hard question: Would you be willing to give up baseball for the sake of being a better surgeon than you otherwise could be?'

The boy's face grew sober for a minute. Then he looked up and cried eagerly, 'Yes, sir, I would! I would give up anything for the sake of my best.'

The famous surgeon laid his hand approvingly on the boy's shoulder. 'You will do,' he said, with a smile. 'Yours is the spirit that makes success sure. But you need not give up baseball—only extravagant indulgence in it.'

Willingness to sacrifice the lower to the higher good is one of the surest tests of character. It is something we are all called upon to do. Every life is full of cross-currents of opportunity. Nine times out of ten, the question is not: 'Are both of these opportunities good?' But, 'Which is the better opportunity?' Each is almost sure to conflict with some other and we are absolutely obliged to make a choice.

Wise, and happy, too, in the end, is the boy or girl who, while the opportunities of life are fresh and abundant, has the strength and courage to seize those which are best, and let those which conflict with the best go. Happiest and wisest of all is the young person who seizes the grandest of all opportunities, the opportunity of lifelong consecration and service, at whatever cost of pleasure, or indulgence, or freedom from responsibility.

In A Far Country.

(By Emma Herrick Weed, in 'Onward'.)

When he came to himself he said, I will arise!

About are the parched plains, above the leaden skies,

While his heart, like a caged bird, beats its bars with homesick cries.

Last night he dreamed that she came, that she gave him a mother's kiss;

That her soft hand smoothed his brow with its touch of balm and bliss,

And swept away from his brain its awful remembrances.

He dreamed that she led him forth, back, back over moor and fell;

He heard the drip of the stream, in the cool of his native dell;

And he saw the sunrise break on the hills he loved so well.

He stirs in his sleep—he wakes—and with him wakes Despair!

And Hunger, and Thirst, and Death, and the snarling swine are there!

And the swineherd's reeking garb—O God! must he longer wear?

Why, the hired servants at home, on his father's bounty dine!

They have bread enough and to spare—the fruit of the field and vine—

While no man giveth leave to share the husks with the swine!

Then I know not how, but I know in that hour of mightiest stress,

A hope leaps up in his heart, like a spring in the wilderness:

The boy has come to himself! 'I will arise!' he says.

The message is thine, O boy! Afar from thy home and kin,

The blossom dead on the bough, and bitter the wages of sin!

Return! There's a path across—and Father will let thee in!

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