

"I've been wrong, Minna, I confess it," he said rather humbly. "But I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

"I got so tired of the monotony of things, and you never seemed to care whether I was bored or not," she went on steadily. "If only you'd always be interesting, Harold, you would find me very different."

"To be always interesting is hardly possible, my dear," he answered lightly; "but at least I promise that I shall try to be a bore or a heavy weight, which you please. I forgot the difference in our ages, little girl."

"You looked quite young to-night, Harold, and after all, the difference is on the right side," she said, as if hating to hear him blame himself. Her tone warmed Edgar's heart. At that moment they came to the portico of their own house, and paused while Edgar fumbled for his latchkey. Her face looked so sweet in the pale moonlight that he stooped and kissed it with a sudden passion.

"I'll try, little woman, to be a better, a more understanding husband to you, Minna."

"Don't, Harold! It is I who have been foolish and tiresome! But, oh, I should like to know what has happened to alter it all, just like a story-book!"

He fitted his key in the lock, and just as they entered, he whispered in her ear.

"Jealousy—as cruel as the grave."—British Weekly.

CHARLIE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"Father, Willie Morris had his photograph taken. I do want to have mine. Please let me. Wouldn't you and mother like to have one of me, father?"

"But I have a lot of photographs of you, Charlie—in fact, I take one with me every day to town. I take a different one every day—sometimes they are very ugly; but they are always very like my little boy."

"O father! are you making fun? Why, I never had my photograph taken," said Charlie, his eyes staring wide with surprise.

"Ah, yes, you have; for I take one of you, though you don't know it, every morning when I go to town," said his father as he hung his hat on the peg in the hall, and sitting down in a chair, drew the perplexed little boy toward him. "This morning, when I started from home to go to my office, I took a photograph of you and put it in my pocket. I took it, not with a camera, but with my eyes, and the pocket I put it in was not my coat, but I put it in the pocket called memory, which I carry in my head, and I have kept it there all day."

"Shall I tell you what the photograph I have carried about with me all day was like—the one I took this morning of my little boy?" asked his father softly, as he drew himself closer to his knee.

"Please, father," Charlie whispered low.

"It was a dark, ugly photograph. There was a frown on his brow and an angry light in his eyes, and his mouth was shut up very tight indeed, so tight that he could not possibly open it to say 'good-bye' to father, and all because he wasn't allowed to go out to the garden to play ball before breakfast, because it was raining; so he let father go away to town with a very ugly photograph of Charlie, to look at all day, instead of the bright, pleasant one he might have had."

Charlie's head hung so low it seemed as if he never could look up again.

"I don't know what kind of a photograph mother took of you when you were going to school. I hope it was nicer than mine; and I know she wants a nice one left with her every day while you are at school, just as badly as I want one to take to town. Will Charlie try not to give us ugly ones any more?"

Charlie looked up now and whispered: "I will try, father."—Selected.

ROGERS NICE LONG BIRTHDAY PARTY.

(By Hilda Richmond.)

"Must I have a party, mama?" asked Roger, watching his mother as she tried to pick out the very prettiest invitations.

"Why, dear, don't you want a party?" asked his mama in surprise.

"Yes, but not the kind I always have," said Roger. "I'd like to have all the things and then not ask the boys and girls. I could have a nice long party all by myself that way, but now it's all over in one day."

"Would you really like to do that, Roger?"

"Indeed I would!" said the little boy. "Just think how long the candy and nice things would last."

Mrs. Milbank did not say anything more about what kind of a party it would be, but Roger noticed that she was very busy all the time until the birthday came. Once he asked her if she had invited the boys and girls, but she said she had not, and then told Roger to run away and play, as she was very busy.

On the morning of Roger's birthday he was very much surprised to find a table set just for him in the dining room instead of his usual place with his papa and mama. There were flowers and candies and oranges on the table and a great, splendid birthday cake with seven candles, and so many nice things that Roger could only open his eyes very wide and stare at them.

"You may have all these things for your own, Roger," said his mama. "You are to have a nice, long party all for your own, and eat them whenever you please."

Roger took a large slice of cake and an orange for his breakfast, and all morning he kept running to the table for candies or nice things when he felt hungry. At noon he did not care for very much dinner, and at supper time he had a headache and could not eat at all. During the afternoon several children came in to play, but Roger carefully closed the dining-room door for fear they might want some of the goodies, and he even forgot to offer any to his papa and mama and grandmother.

But a very strange thing happened next day. A lonely little boy begged to come back to his place at the table and have his bowl of bread and milk, for he said he was tired of having cake and candy and popcorn and oranges all the time. "Please may I ask the children to come this afternoon and have some of my birthday things?" he asked. "I am sorry I was so selfish."

So the boys and girls were glad to help dispose of things and they had a very merry afternoon. "No more long parties for me," said Roger, looking at the empty table. "This kind suits me best."

A POCKET OF SUNSHINE.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and old;
It fills the world with pleasure
In field, and lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life,
It gilds with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife."

One's religion mainly consists in trying. Not what he does, but what he would like to do.

CHOOSING A SCHOOL.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

In choosing a school to which I might send a son or daughter, away from home, I should first consider the spirit and traditions of the school. What has been its past history? What are the advantages of its situation? My preference would usually be for a school in a country village where there would be opportunity for outdoor enjoyment, athletic sports, and a simple life. In some circumstances, particularly for a daughter who did not wish to go to college, I might select a school near a large city on account of the larger opportunities for hearing good music, visiting museums, and consulting libraries. This would be in the case of a daughter nearly grown who was finishing her school education. I think for a boy that I should invariably choose the country, rather than the town, when deciding on a boarding-school. Then, too, if a college preparatory were thought of, I should consider which college the boy or girl would enter.

Questions of economy would, of course, be essential, particularly if there were other children in the family to educate; but I would try not to forget that it is better to be frugal elsewhere and spend as generously as possible on a child's preparation for the future. After all, I would place the emphasis on the character of the instructors, and on the influence of the principal of the school. What the growing youth needs most of all is to come into close contact with a strong, vital, loving personality.

BE TRUE TO YOUR IDEAL.

All noble-minded young people are in some sense dreamers, as Jacob and Joseph were. Mystic voices speak to them from the upper air, bidding them renounce the easy and the commonplace, and go forth in search of large tasks and in quest of noble attainments. This is the deep meaning that lies hidden in the heroic legends of Greece, and in those mediaeval stories of the Holy Grail which Tennyson has woven into immortal poetry. For you will notice that all these legendary heroes chose the great tasks to which they were to devote their lives while they were still young. Youth has, it is true, its unconquered selfishness; but it has also its lofty ambitions, its noble enthusiasms, its spirit of renunciation, its disposition to sacrifice self in the interest of a worthy cause or for the attainment of ideal ends. And this is as God means it to be. Those mystic voices in response to which the young man goes forth to cleanse the Augean stables or in search of the Holy Grail are divine voices. God speaks to young souls in their visions and dreams today as truly as he spoke to Jacob and Joseph in the morning of the world.—Selected.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Morocco, we learn from a consular report, has a choice climate, fine scenery, great wealth of earth and sea and sky, vast supplies of precious metals, and the soil has never been more than scratched by the crude wooden ploughs of the people—a soil that will give three crops a year. There are warm winds and sunshine for 300 of the 365 days in the year; 300,000 square miles of fertile farm land, or grazing land, broken by majestic mountains or swept by foot-hills, crossed by rivers, and bounded by the sea on two sides. There are vast forests and valuable shrubs, and the sea is generously supplied with millions of fish. Despite the many centuries of life, Morocco has not been developed—it is almost virgin territory.

No one will ever get lost on his way to heaven who takes a friend along.