but it was clear she had not quite finished. Her fair face wore a look of determination.

"She works awfully hard, Maggie Maria does. Her mother's dead, and she takes such nice care of the baby and of her old grandmother. And she never gets cross, even when her father's drunk. I dont want to have her name dropped. I think she ought to belong to the class as much as anybody."

Pauline was on her feet almost as soon as Sophie's speech was finished. "Miss Dickie, may not I go straight over and get Maggie Maria? If anything's the matter with the baby or anybody, I'll stay in her place. She'd have such a good time here for once. And she don't know what a real good time is."

The teacher's smile was answer enough, and Pauline was out of the building like a flash. She darted across the street, dodging the teams, and made her way between the tall, gloomy buildings instead of going to the corner. She clattered up the four flights of stairs that Maggie Maria climbed every day, and flung open the door, quite forgetting to knock. The baby sat crowing in the middle of the floor, and the grandmother knit in the corner. Maggie Maria was just hanging up her dish-pan.

"Can't you come just for a little while?" cried Pauline. "It's anniversary day of our class, and you belong as much as any of us. We're to have cake and ice-cream and music and just the nicest time!"

The grandmother nodded her head.

"I don't look fit," Maggie faltered, hanging back. But Pauline said, "It isn't Sunday school—it's just to a meeting of the class. Come on! They all want you and are waiting!"

There was no mistake about the girls wanting her. Maggie Maria found herself quite the centre of interest. But the welcome given was so evidently sincere that she could but accept it. And how it cheered and rested her!

That afternoon was the happiest one of her life. As they were separating, Maggie Maria said in her old, hopeful way: "P'raps I can come next Sunday if the baby ain't sick nor nothing else happens."

"But you belong, Maggie Maria, whether you can come or not," the teacher said, slipping her arm about the girl. "We know you are at work in the same good work even when you are not here, and count you in."

HOME MANNERS.

Some boys and girls think that home manners mean no manners. "What a nice boy" said the Sunday School teacher to the mother when the boy had left the room "what nice manners he has, quite a little gentleman." But when the teacher had gone away, the nice boy showed very different manners to his little sister and even I am sorry to say to his mother. "I like my home," said a man to his friend "because there I can sit without my coat when the weather is hot." But that man did not take off his manners when he took off his coat, nor must you little boys and girls. "Mary" called mother, and Mary answered "yes," instead of "yes mother." How do you answer when mother calls you? Perhaps you answer rudely, for it is only mother, and you love mother so much that you think it does not matter how you speak to her. Yes, it does matter, for to speak rudely or bluntly even to mother is bad manners. A little girl (I won't tell you her name, it might be yours) used to speak rudely to her mother; she neither said "please" nor "thank you;" she never ran at once when called, but waited until she felt inclined; at last she went beyond bad manners and got into bad ways. Would you believe it, she even struck her mother and that before strangers! so be careful about your manners at home, lest you should grow up like that naughty child.

"What a sad story," you say, "I should never think of treating my mother like that; it wouldn't have mattered if it had been a brother or a sister." Do you really think so? but why should brothers and sisters be treated rudely or teased beyond endurance? John and James are obliged to stay indoors this wet afternoon. It is dreadfdlly dull to be staying indoors instead of playing cricket on the common with the boys at the village school. So, to pass away the time the two boys begin to tease their little sister Jane. Jane is a sweet child and very fond of her big brothers, but she is not a boy and doesn't like hard knocks and having her hair pulled till the ribbon comes off. John and James are soon in high spirits and the more Jane cries or runs away, the more they enjoy it, until at last mother has to take Jane away and give the boys a good scolding.

"But mother," they exclaim "it was such fun."

"It might be fun to you, but pain it was to me," sobbed poor little Jane as she rubbed her arm, red with John's pinches.

Why do brothers (and sometimes sisters) speak to each other so rudely? If John and James ask Tommy Lane in to play, they talk to him very nicely, and Tommy enjoys his visit; but you should hear John and James speak to each other. No wonder that sometimes a fight takes place, and that when father comes home from work he has to be asked to correct his boys, when be would so much rather have one of his nice talks with them about all sorts of things—and this just because John and James are so rude to each other that they can't help quarrelling.

I knew a man who lived alone in a small cottage. He had to cook, wash-up, to sweep, to do everything himself. But whenever I visited him the cottage was clean. Sometime ago he married. His wife used to come to church in the morning as well as in the evening. "How can you manage that?" asked Mrs. Simmons, "Because my husband cooks the dinner," was the reply. Do you know how it was that Jim (as we called him) could do the work of the house so well? When he was a boy he helped his mother. If mother was nursing the baby or making the beds, little Jim would peel the potatoes, or wash the tea-cups, or sweep the floor. He could not bear to see mother busy and do nothing to help her.

Do you help at home? Mrs. Sharp told Mrs. Lane that John was a good boy at helping, but James was too selfish. James wanted to read his library book, or to spin his new top, or to paint the pictures in the Boys' and Girls' Companion; he never cared to help mother. Was that good manners? But, when James was sent on a message to his aunt, who lived two miles away, and he had to wait for an hour till uncle came home, he was most useful, and did all kinds of things for auntie, who was busy washing, but I wish he had done such things at home, don't you.

What are your manners at table? Do you only think about your own dinner and forget that mother wants the salt, and that brother has no water in his glass, and that baby sister would like you to cut up her hard pieces of pudding. It is nice to see children behaving well at dinner. Some children only care about themselves; they are too hungry to think about anyone else, and if mother didn't look round nobody would get what they wanted. How dreadful greedy manners are. Johnny had greedy manners. Listen to what he said to Tommy Black, "When mother has friends to tea she puts out the jam and makes different kinds of cakes, and I always have some of each; father calls it sampling." What do you call it my young reader? I call it bad manners to eat some of everything. Jane's mother has what she calls "a back;" she gets so tired after walking and likes to sit in the large arm-chair and rest her poor body. But Jane likes that chair too, and every time mother comes home there is Jane curled up in the comfortable chair. "Of course," you say, "she jumps up and offers it to mother." No, she doesn't. She never moves until mother says, "Jane, I want to sit in my chair." Well, boys and girls, I believe in Home manners.