

"Oh, that is something I can do, I love knitting, and I suppose visiting sick people or amusing a crippled child might be counted in too!"

"Most certainly! but I think our talk must come to an end now for I have to attend our 'Girl's Mission Band' this afternoon. By the way Eleanor that is another idea for you. Suppose you have (with your mother's permission) an 'at home' every month, and ask your girl friends to each bring some small and useful article of clothing to make; one of you could read aloud, and then after an hour or an hour and a half you could have afternoon tea and finish up with music or talk! which ever you young ladies appreciate most! You might interest quite a number in real missionary work in that way, for, of course, you would work for some definite missionary!"

"I think that is a lovely plan, Auntie, and I will try and carry it out when I go home. Dear me what a blessing Aunties are, I should never have thought of it without you."

"So 'old maids' are useful sometimes, are they not, Eleanor? I hope indeed, dear child, that your life will always be truly lived for Christ, and then you will know in its fullest sense what your 'tithe' should be."

Eleanor lived to carry out her plans and many more. Dear girl reader, how much of your tithe are you giving to Christ? Remember He himself asks you this question.

DO YOUR BEST.

SOME time ago we happened to go into a store early in the morning. A clever-looking lad was sweeping the floor. We spoke to him and said: "Glad you have this place, and hope you will soon get something better." His answer disappointed us. He replied sullenly: "There is nothing in this." We have a friend who is a millionaire. He began his career in business by sweeping out a store, and we had him in mind when we spoke to this young man. He has often told us that he tried to sweep the floor with as much pains as if he were the head clerk, and had charge of everything. In other words, he did his best as a floor-sweeper, and he soon got something better. The boy who says "There is nothing in this," will likely strike nothing better. Employers have keen eyes. Sometimes a boy is given such a job to see what there is in him. If he is efficient, bright, alert, and displays good qualities in his lowly place, he is apt to find an opening just above him. Do your best, whether it is sweeping the floor, blacking shoes, selling papers, shovelling in coal, running an engine, planning a campaign, or ruling an empire. Always and

everywhere do your level best. Make a habit of it. It will be worth more than the gold of Klondyke. If you despise the day of small things, there will never come a day of large things."—*The Era*.

JACK AND THE ANGEL.

ELMER, Maurice and Jack stood by while their father took the cover off the big box the expressman had left in the hall. It bore various labels on its sides, proclaiming the fact that it had travelled all the way from Rome, kingdom of Italy.

"A picture from aunt Bella," cried Jack, catching a glimpse of the interior. "Another Madonna, or Holy Family, I'll bet." Mr. Keniston lifted out of the box a picture framed in antique oak, and placed it where the family could have a good view of it. An upraised arm holding a sword, with one foot placed upon a prostrate object, conveying the idea of great strength and furious motion, burst upon the vision of the three boys, who gazed at it in silence.

"Guido's Archangel Michael," exclaimed their mother, who came and looked over Jack's shoulder. "Bella knew that I always admired that picture. Truly, it is one's very idea of the first of the angelic order—Michael, who excels in strength."

"What is that he has his foot upon?" asked Elmer.

"It is Lucifer the prince of darkness," replied his mother. "See how the light strikes full upon St. Michael, scarcely touching the figure of Satan beneath. The contrast between the angel and the fallen one is very fine. Let us hang the picture in the sitting-room where you can see it every day; it will serve to remind you of the difference between the powers of good and evil. You need reminding of it, once in a while, I am afraid, boys."

So the angel was hung in the place of honor on the sitting-room wall, where the morning light fell upon him as he stood clothed in the divine power given him at his creation. The boys, going in and out, often glanced at his radiant face and uplifted sword, as he regarded the downfall of the power of evil lying at his feet; and as they looked an unspoken desire sometimes arose in their hearts to do something as grand and heroic as did this conquering angel.

But it seemed as if, in their every-day lives there was very little chance for heroism, or deeds of prowess. The Keniston boys, though full of fun and life of other boys are, were neither very good or very bad, and managed