

But she had underrated Lena's stolidity and the habitual reticence of the workmen towards old Wolf, especially concerning his own affairs. Lena admitted her half reluctantly, but that was evidently their attitude towards all comers.

Dorothea took a seat beside the fragile, quaintly foreign old woman, whose twenty years of America had apparently made no impression upon her.

"It is sure, quite sure, that you can go to Germany with your husband," she said eagerly, seizing both the small, hard-worked hands in hers. "The money will be provided and all comforts."

Old Mrs. Aaronson turned a darkly scowling face upon Dorothea's radiant one and snatched her hands angrily away.

"Nein! nein! Who is it that says I will with Wolf go? I will stay by myself—I and Lena, and we will ourselves rest from the so great troublesomeness of a man. Mein man bring me vort from home; it is as if I myself go—and petter. Vat is it we haf to you done that you mettelt mit us?"

"You—you don't want to go?" faltered Dorothea. "I—I thought the separation would be so hard for you. I am sorry if I have been meddlesome."

"Oh, it makes all right if you go away and let us alone now, aretzy," said the old woman with a look of relief and eagerness.

Lena's implacable attitude had slowly softened. There was a perception that was almost sympathy upon her dough-like face.

"You mean all so good, but Chermans wamans like mein aunt are different," she said soothingly, as one speaks to a child. "She two so great feather beds has, she could not to take them; so she stay by them."

With more stammering apologies Dorothea took herself away. Old Mrs. Aaronson's relief made her almost cordial.

Dorothea had a sense of humor, but it seemed now to be buried under an avalanche of subscription lists and the steamer-rugs, soft shawls, and knitted earcaps that the girls were making for old Mrs. Aaronson.

Peter had never mentioned the subscription lists to her; she thought it just possible that he had not heard of them; but now she would be a laughing-stock and Peter would have to know.

When Peter was strongly moved he did sometimes say things. Nevertheless the only comfort now seemed to be to make a clean breast of it to Peter. But as she entered her own door there came to her ears from her husband's study the sound of a loud, angry voice, a German voice. "While I for twenty years a hard-working, well-respect man been, I haf never need nor been offert shartit! If mein Katrina wish to go home mit me, we haf plenty and enough that she go. Dose wamans mettelt mit us, and I been so outrage and angert in mein mind."

Peter had heard her step, and he softly closed the study door.

It was a bad quarter of an hour in which Dorothea waited, walking the living-room floor. Peter did so hate such a scene.

It was evident that Peter had only partially placated the old man, for when he went away he was still muttering.

"Peter, I am an abject idiot," declared Dorothea, with her head bowed upon the study-table.

"O no, dear; only a kind of sublimated one," said Peter cheerfully.

But after that, and when she told him what she had overheard on the telephone, he said only nice things, and he did not laugh. The worst of all was when Peter laughed. He said he would manage about the subscriptions and she need not worry; and humiliating though it was, it was nevertheless a relief.

But greater comfort was to come. That very night she received a note from Mr. Presby.

As Aaronson had declined, in behalf of his wife, the proposed subscription, the mill-men had voted to turn it over to the fund for mothers' and children's excursions, which Mrs. Gay had suggested. He added his "sincere and earnest thanks for the interest that Mrs. Gay had taken in the mill-hands and their families, and his appreciation of her helpful spirit

towards all good works in Scutazy."

"And he isn't making fun, is he, Peter?" Dorothea demanded wistfully.

More balm to her wounded spirit was on the way. Peter counselled delay about the other subscriptions; he said every one must have become acquainted with the Aaronsons' attitude, and it was for the signers to decide what should be done. Such sums as had been paid in would better be returned. But when Dorothea essayed to return the money she was requested to devote it to some of the good works in which she was interested.

The requests were made with so comforting cordiality, too. They really, really believed in her and thought she had done some good in Scutazy!

One day Evelyn Bruce came upon the piazza where Dorothea was sitting, with graceful apologies for her informality.

"I could not wait to tell you of the pleasant thing that has come of the girls' work for old Mrs. Aaronson," she said eagerly. "I got the story, bit by bit, out of Lena. They went and carried her the nice comfortable things they had made, and they actually warmed her heart with them. I fancy she greatly prizes comfortable things, as she does her feather beds. The result is that she is coming out of her shell and getting quite friendly and neighborly. And that is doing a world of good to poor, shy Lena, whose homesickness is the chief thing that makes her queer."

Then the psychology professor's wife turned suddenly a wistful face upon Dorothea.

"I so envy your faculty for easily doing beautiful things!" she said. "It makes me feel so useless! I have wished to come and tell you so, but your time seemed so precious."

"Oh, if you only knew how foolish—!" began Dorothea; but the confession was never finished, for at that moment Mrs. Bruce's great dog made overtures to Dorothea's kitten, which Buff declined to regard as playful; and a scrimmage ensued which called for foreign intervention.

"Yes, Diana is a beautiful creature," said the dog's mistress in response to Dorothea's expression of admiration. "I feared I was going to lose her a few weeks ago; we gave her only remaining puppy away to some friends who were going for a long cruise in their own yacht; and she pined so that we feared she would die. I think she is one of the sensitive kind that die of a broken heart."

Dorothea started; she had heard those very words in that very voice before.

"There wasn't a thing we could do about it until we discovered that at the last moment the puppy had proved too troublesome to be taken; and Mr. Bruce went to New York, and brought him safely back to Diana."

Evelyn Bruce went away directly after that; for the dog, who had listened with shining eyes and wagging tail, began to be uneasy, as if she thought it best to get back to her puppy.

If she had only known that day at the telephone, thought Dorothea, that it was Diana's broken heart that needed to be healed.

She fancied that she heard a sound of smothered laughter from the study, whose open windows gave the scene upon the piazza.

But when she entered the room Peter was bending over his papers, and raised an absorbed face to hers.

Peter had, unquestionably, some very agreeable ways.—Christian Endeavor World.

MOTHER AND SONS.

Always I was conscious that I must keep my boys close to me. I knew the time would come when my authority could not be enforced. Then only love could bend them to my wishes and judgment. So I sought for nearness and mutual understanding. From the first they knew I would tell them the truth and never refuse to answer a direct inquiry. When they brought me the physiological questions which are bound to enter the life of the growing child I answered them simply and clearly. I made nothing common or unclean. Life was pure and sacred, and if there was anything they did not comprehend

they must turn to me for the clean truth, secure that they would get it.

It was not only seriousness we shared. Fun of all sorts, outings, socializations for birthdays and holidays, vacations in the open, all these we had together, and I learned much of games and sports which had been a sealed book to me even in my youth. But a familiar story it had to become to me if my boys and I were to be truly "intimate friends."—Jane Calhoun, in Harper's Bazaar.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Jonathan Edwards.

Resolved, to live with all my might while I do live;

Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another;

Resolved, never to do anything out of revenge;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

STANLEY AND HIS BIBLE.

Before I met Henry M. Stanley I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him was more or less appalling. He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleas of others or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses, or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet—stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, Cromwellian.

"I cannot say we loved him," one of his lieutenants said to me. "We were all afraid of him, but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in his hand, he had his Bible. No matter where our camp was, or how long and distressing our march had been, he never missed his bath and shave in the morning."—William H. Ridding, in McClure's.

HELPLESS LITTLE BABIES.

Ask any mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets and she will tell you they are the best thing in the world for curing stomach and bowel troubles and making teething easy. This is the highest praise a medicine can get. And we give you the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. No other medicine intended for young children give mothers such a guarantee. Mrs. Robt. Mieth, Hotham, Ont., says:—"I cannot tell you how much good Baby's Own Tablets have done my baby. I am sorry I did not know about them earlier." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One of our exchanges reports that the Yale Divinity School plans to give its students the choice of one of four groups of studies. The fourth, or social service group, will include the following studies, hitherto not much associated with preparation for the ministry: Public hygiene, elementary law, modern labor movements, economic doctrines, socialism, pauperism and crime, immigration and domestic relations, and the law of persons. The purpose of the new department is to combine theological with scientific training."