

said the book of instructions would show me the rest. I looked in that box and thought those—fixin's!—were to replace broken parts. I never bothered my head to read up. What are they all for?"

"Hemming, tucking, ruffling, shirring, quilting—everything. I'll show you how. There! Just watch those tucks run off, Katie—did!"

"Katie—didn't, you mean. Well, serves me right for not being more investigating. Let me do some of your Battenberg. I understand that at any rate, and it will rest me."

As the work progressed tongues flew and confidences were exchanged.

"I wish I could take life as you do, Julia," said Katharine wistfully, the frown and sigh coming back.

"Why, dear?"

"Oh, everything gets so humdrum, and you are all shine and sparkle and loveliness."

"Hush! don't praise me, dear. Only tell me what I can do to help you."

"I don't know—I can't prescribe for myself. Everyone is good to me, but somehow nothing goes right. Husband says I work too hard and get nervous. I know better. Why, it is like that work on Tad's dress—it ought to be easy, and it's hard. I wonder—" Her voice broke off in a wistful sigh.

"What do you wonder, dear?" asked her friend gently.

"I was wondering if there is not a "tucker" somewhere that would make the work easier."

Julia left the machine and ran to her friend's side with outstretched hands and glowing face. "Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed in a voice vibrating with emotion, "you have said it exactly. There is a "tucker somewhere." You are a dear, faithful, patient, splendid little woman, but—but you have never read your Book of Instructions."

Katharine flushed. "You mean—?"

"I mean the Bible, dear. You try to do all the work in your own strength—try to get the complicated tucking and shirring even and smooth without help. Instead of pleasure following your feet as they tread in duty's path, it is all hard. Katharine! Katy—did! You are a Christian theoretically—be one practically. Take Christ for your all. Read the Book of Instructions. Then, why then, what beautiful work this machine, this wonderful body he has given you, will turn out. You will revel in the beauty of holiness. Tad's dress can be made exquisite in half the time you would take over a very simple affair indeed. And when Christ is your teacher all the humdrum will be changed to delight."

"I will think about it," said Katharine, quietly.

And she did. On her knees she studied the Christian's Guide-Book. There she found the secret of the beauty of life, the joy, the peace, the sunshine, the ease of doing complicated things well, the secret of overcoming accomplishment.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

A Lady of Leisure.

(By Anna Burnham Bryant, in 'Wellspring'.)

Nan hung up the dishpan, put the cup towels to dry, took off her blue work apron, and came into the sitting room where the rest of us were finishing up odds and ends of work. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and time for crocheting and embroidery, if you ever had time to do such things.

"I don't see why I have to keep drudging away all the time!" she muttered, discontentedly. "There isn't time for a single thing in a day but just horrid old dishes or beds or lamps or something!"

"Too bad!" we all murmured, sympathetically. All but Aunt 'Ria. She did not speak. She looked up at Nan keenly for an instant, looked at the clock, opened her lips as if she were going to say something, then went on sewing again without saying a word.

"Well, what is it?" snapped Nan.

Aunt 'Ria laughed. "What is what?" she said, pleasantly.

"What you were thinking about," said Nan, shrewdly. "I know you had an "idea," as you call it."

"My "idea" is that you needn't drudge half so much or not at all; and if I were you, I wouldn't."

"I'd like to know how you make that out."

"By a little sum in arithmetic. And 'tisn't you alone, Nan—it's all you girls! I've had my eye on you!" Aunt 'Ria spoke merrily, but all saw she was in earnest.

"Why, what do we do?" they asked.

"You dawdle. You play at work. You don't try to see how much can be got out of an hour, or put into it, which amounts to the same thing."

"Housework takes just about all the time there is," said Nan, discontentedly.

"It depends. Any kind of work will take about all the time you'll give to it. You young people are millionnaires of time. But for all that you can't afford to be spend-thrifts. Minutes and hours come to an end, as well as dollars."

"Do you mean to say that there's a way for me ever to get a few minutes to be a lady of leisure?"

"As far as the housework goes."

"And me?" said Sade, who rarely was able to steal a half-hour from her lessons.

"As far as the lessons go."

"And me?" echoed school-teacher Kate, who was more burdened than any of them, with her long "papers" to be corrected after school hours.

"As far as your school work goes," replied Aunt 'Ria confidently. "It is the way you work, — or don't work. Take less time, and do more in it. Look your door mentally. Don't work and talk, or work and play, or work and munch bonbons. Just work. Bless you, no! I don't mean hurry. That spoils work. But some people's half-hours are worth more than the hours of other people."

Aunt 'Ria fell to sewing again with renewed energy. She was not given to overmuch advice. Perhaps that was why the girls respected it when it broke bounds and overflowed on them.

"Aunt 'Ria! You've kept up your six hours' German all this summer vacation, haven't you?"

"So far. I want to go back to Chicago and take that next grade the school board offered me. Professor Muller says there will be no trouble if I keep it up till September."

"And you've had time to play croquet or tennis every day, too!"

"After four o'clock. Nothing to hinder after working hours."

"And the novels you've read. The travels and stories!"

"And the games in the evenings!"

"The music!"

"Even the sewing and embroidery!"

"Not much of that," said Aunt 'Ria. "But all those things you mentioned came in easily before and after the real day's work. They were planned for."

"Aunt 'Ria, tell us your secret."

"Nothing, dears, but the thing I'm telling you. Work, woman-fashion, while you are at it. Keep at it, without break or interruption, till your time for work is up. Then play with all your heart, just as you have been working. You can't dream, you can't talk, you can't dawdle, during working-time. When that is over you can do any earthly thing you please, and that is the whole secret, as far as I know it, of being, for a part of the time every day, a "lady of leisure."

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King Leopold at Home—By Mary Spencer Warren, in 'Daily Mail', London.
The Cuban Peril—The Nation, New York.
The Trade Depression in Germany—From a Correspondent to the Manchester 'Guardian'.
The Proposed Boycott of English Ships—Translated for 'World Wide', from 'Journal des Debats', Paris.
Collapse of the Shipping 'Boycott'—Reuter's Telegram.
Captain Mahan on British Prestige.
The Love Affairs of Frances Cromwell—By Charlotte Fell Smith, in 'Longman's Magazine'.
The Strange Case of Mrs. Piper—By Andrew Lang, in 'The Pilot', London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Address on Architecture—By H. Heathcote Statham, in 'The Builder', London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Valley of Silence—Poem by Fiona Macleod, in the 'Fortnightly Review'.
December—Poem by Nora Chesson, in 'Westminster Budget'.
Baton Kép—Poem by Alice Fleming, in 'Longman's Magazine'.
The Port on of Labor—By W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph', London.
The Wild Governess—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News', London.
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