

need friends when I was older, and when I see women with their school friendships keeping them young, it makes my lonely heart ache."

"If I could be a girl again," said somebody whose face I couldn't see, "I would read only the best books."

"I would study and read the Bible more," somebody said in reply. "I would take it as real and alive, and meant for me, and grow up on it."

"(I wish I could. I will ask somebody how to do it.)

"And then quite a young lady said the sweetest thing: 'If I could be a girl again, I wouldn't grow old so fast. I would stay as fresh and young as I could, not live ahead of my age, but just be a girl-flower, and bloom as God gave sunshine and rain.'"—*Forward.*

## A STORY RETOLD.

*Founded on Facts.*

The cottage stood back from the road, shadowed by the overspreading boughs of an old elm. It was old and weather-beaten. The neatly kept borders of boxwood on either side of the little path leading up to the door served as a boundary line to keep back the riotous growth of hollyhocks, ragged sailors, bouncing Bett, and great bunches of old-fashioned clove pinks. It was a wee bit of a house. There was a tiny front room with an alcove, where stood an old-fashioned four-post bedstead, with its knitted counterpane of spotless white, and puffy pillows trimmed with dainty frills of dimity ruffling, ironed until faultlessly smooth. Opening out of this was a small kitchen, neat, but sparsely furnished. These two rooms and a little lean-to woodshed comprised the whole of the unpretentious cottage.

Within the modest domicile its occupant moved reflectively about, as if taking a mental inventory of the contents of the rooms. A little, silver-haired old lady, her kindly eye lighted up a face whose lines told of a life, narrowed, it might be by circumstances, hampered, as one could see, by poverty, whose motive power was sweet and true. She opened her closet door with a look on her face which would have been eagerness had it not been overshadowed by the certainty of disappointment. The few plain, worn garments which hung in neat array, the wrap, the bonnet, all needed but a hasty glance to show that they were barely sufficient to meet the necessities of their wearer.

"I can't part with my Sunday frock," she said, talking aloud to herself, as she had a habit of doing; "it's the best I have, and if I gave that away I should have to stay home, from meeting. I do not think the Lord would want me to do that, and anyway, it wouldn't do those boys and girls any good. Even if I could spare it, it wouldn't wear no time at all made over; besides it wouldn't be suitable. I wish I could think of something."

She closed the door dejectedly as she did so, glancing half unconsciously toward the alcove, and as her eye rested on the bed, the gentle face settled into an unconscious complacency of innocent pride, as she noted its careful arrangement and inviting freshness. Suddenly she said eagerly, "I know now what I can do! I always like my bed to look nice, but a lone woman like me needs to use but one pillow—yes, I will give one of my pillows. I can fill the muslin case with bits of crushed paper so it will stand out like feathers and no one will be the wiser. My bed will look just as nice as ever, and maybe the Lord will let the other pillow do somebody some good,"

and the old face grew radiant at the sudden happy solution of the problem which had been troubling her all the morning.

A half hour later the circle of ladies who had gathered at the parsonage to pack the articles which had been made with much care and pleasure, for a large industrial mission school among the Pueblo Indians, were not a little surprised upon opening the door, in response to a knock, to see the little old lady come in, with a carefully wrapped bundle in her arm.

"Is the box all packed?" she said, with tremulous eagerness. "It isn't fall, is it? Oh! I do hope you have a little room left. I've something to put in."

"What is it, Aunt Hetty?" said Mrs. Green, the clergyman's wife. "The barrel is almost full, but there is a little space left, and we were just wishing we had something more, though I think the bundle you have there will more than fill it."

"Oh! it will squeeze down nicely, it won't take up as much room as it looks. It is only one of my pillows. I am real sorry I could not spare them both," said the old lady, apologetically, "but I don't see how I really could, though I wanted to. Somehow, I can't sleep good if my head is too low down, so I had to keep the other."

"One of your pillows! Why you oughtn't to give that. Indeed you ought not!" cried the others, in a chorus of exhortation; "we could not think of putting that in."

The old lady's face fell. "Not put it in?" she said.

"Oh! don't say that! I have had it a long time, I know, but the feathers are as light and soft and sweet as if they were new. I've been real particular to air my pillows every sunny day. Besides, this one hasn't been slept on as much as the other. I've kind of kept it for best. It is a down pillow, you know, real live geese; every feather of it plucked from under the wing. You see this is the way I came by the feathers. Squire Brown's wife used to have a big flock of geese, and she wanted the feathers picked. She didn't like to do it herself, so she told me if I picked them for her she would give me enough for a pair of pillows. You can't think how comfortable they are! Last Sunday, when our pastor spoke of our sending the barrel you remember he said one could give and bring no blessing and get no blessing, but that if each of us gave for real love to Jesus, he would make use of the gift, not only to clothe those children we've been working for, but it might be to help save their souls. I've been asking the dear Lord what I could send, and all at once it came to me, almost as if 'twas a voice said, 'Aunt Hetty, you send that pillow!'"

"But, Aunt Hetty, you may be sick yourself, and you will want both the pillows then. Indeed you ought not to spare it; we can think of something else with which to fill up the barrel," said one of the ladies, and she was about to add, "you are too poor to give anything at all," when Mrs. Green, discerning the dismay and disappointment which began to spread over Aunt Hetty's face, hastily interposed, saying: "Your pillow shall go, Aunt Hetty. I am sure the dear Lord has some use for it, or he would not have led you to bring it." And so, by dint of patting and coaxing it was crowded in, the cover fastened down, and the barrel started on its long journey.

Now it so happened that a great misfortune befell that Indian Mission School while the barrel was on its way. Early one morning the startled cry of "Fire?" roused the inmates, who had barely time to escape with a few belongings before the structure was in ashes. Fortunately, in the rear of the grounds were one or two large