

gave a thought to Sunday-school affairs, said he guessed the place was not fine enough for such folks as went to conventions, but, if she could get one, he thought the family could stand it for three days. He knew the table could be fairly well spread, and, after all, there was a certain elation of spirit even in the thought of entertaining a delegate.

It resulted in Sarah Lizzie's giving her father's name and address to the entertainment committee, not because she had been urged, or even requested, to do so, but because she really wanted to entertain one of these people.

On the morning of the convention, Mrs. Noel and her daughter were busy at the tubs, planning to have everything clean and the entire house in the best of order by evening, when, they were told, their expected guest would arrive. But the train from D— came in shortly after the noon hour, and Sarah Lizzie's delegate rapped at the little house long before the cleansing process had been completed. Poor Sarah Lizzie! All her anticipated enjoyment and rehearsed words of greeting fled when she found she must usher her longed-for guest into such unprepared quarters.

She was such a sweet-faced, tastily-dressed woman who had come to her home, that the girl was delighted even in the midst of her discomfiture. She was a woman of tact, too, and helped them in their confusion by saying: 'You didn't expect me so early,—did you? Now, if you will show me to my room, I'll rest up a bit, and then go to our afternoon meeting.'

It would not have helped Sarah Lizzie and her mother any had they seen the expression of dissatisfaction settling upon the face of Mrs. Dale when the door closed, shutting her in the stuffy little bedroom, evidently prepared for a guest, but so different from her own large comfortably furnished rooms at home. Her first thought was one of indignation at the committee for sending her to this down-town home, so wholly unattractive and unprepared to entertain any one. Then she planned how she might, without marked discourtesy, leave this place, and go to a hotel near the church in which the convention was to be held. But better thoughts prevailed as she dwelt on the probable shifting and sacrificing these people had made to entertain a perfect stranger. She recalled, too, the eager look in the young girl's earnest face, and she concluded not to run away, but stay, and, if possible, be a real compensation to them.

On her way to the street door she could not fail to see the satisfaction in Sarah Lizzie's eyes as she came forward with a questioning look, and she was glad she could say, 'Yes, I'm going to the meeting now, and will be back in time for tea.'

Almost as soon as she met her friends at the church she found that a mistake had been made by the entertainment committee in sending her down town. Again she was tempted to stay in the heart of the city, with congenial surroundings; but the unmistakably eager welcome underlying the constraint and confusion in Sarah Lizzie's manner came before her, and won the victory.

Conscious of having made the right decision, Mrs. Dale was at her best when the family gathered for the evening meal. She had brought a few choice roses for Mrs. Noel, some cards and picture-papers for the two little boys, and easily entertained Mr. Noel and his daughter as she talked of convention proceedings, church work in general, and Sunday-school work in particular.

It was not long before she found out how this family with but little interest in such things had come to entertain a delegate, and her heart went out towards Sarah Lizzie with a strong desire not to disappoint any of her expectations.

Her request that the girl might go with her to the evening session gave the family a pleasurable electric shock. Of course, she went, and the next day there were two in the little house to talk up the convention and Sunday-school interests. In her quiet, tactful way, Mrs. Dale learned that Mr. Noel carried his dinner to the shops, and, if she returned at noon, special preparations must necessarily be made. So, as she started out the next morning, she told them it would be for the day, as she would lunch at an up-town restaurant.

Sarah Lizzie talked about their guest and the convention so continually that her mother was persuaded to do something she had never done before in her life,—she took a few hours off in the afternoon to attend a Sunday-school convention. She slipped into a back seat in the church, and, before she had had courage to look about her, she fancied she heard a familiar voice, and, when she did look up, she saw Mrs. Dale, their guest, addressing that great company of people. It seemed as if a great horror had come to her house, and she was impatient to reach home, to tell her home folks all about it. It was not until the next day that Mrs. Dale understood why her reception at the little house that evening had seemed to imply added esteem and respect.

Again Sarah Lizzie went to the evening meeting, and, to her great surprise, she found her father waiting for them at the church door after the services. He did not hesitate to express surprise at the number and prominence of the men identified with the conventions. He had thought the Sunday-school was for young people, but these older folks seemed to him as much interested and as hard at work in it as men usually were in politics and business. Then Sarah Lizzie told of a class of men in their school, a fact she had not before thought of mentioning at home; and Mrs. Dale told of many such classes, and of their interest and profit to grown people, until Mr. Noel quietly resolved to look up the men's class on the next Sunday.

But a three days' convention is soon over, and Mrs. Dale took her departure. As the train sped on, her thoughts went back, not so much to convention happenings, but rather to the little down-town home of the Noels. As she gratefully recalled her host's parting words, 'I'm sorry your time's up; somehow you've changed things here,' and his daughter's whispered 'I shall always be better for having known you,' she knew she too had been helped, and that, as Sarah Lizzie's delegate, she had learned some needed lessons on the duties and privileges of delegates to a Sunday-school convention.

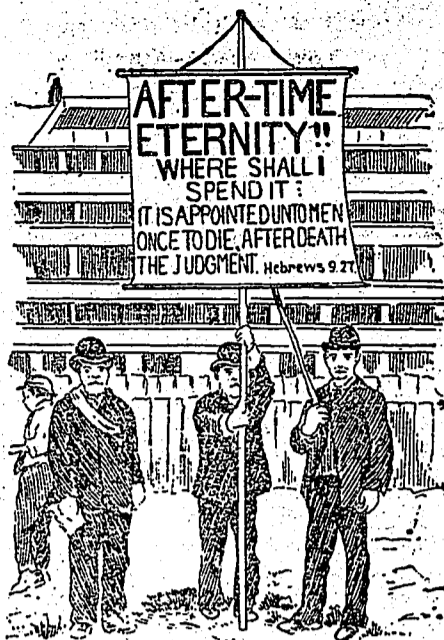
### Polish and Dark Side.

'Look on the bright side,' said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy.

'But there is no bright side,' was his doleful reply.

'Very well, then polish up the dark one,' said the young man.

Are you ever despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to 'polish up the dark side' is to work—work hard, and trust in God's promises. —'Everybody's Magazine.'



THE GOSPEL BANNER AT EPSOM.

### That Baby Boy.

(By George H. Hepworth, in 'Observer'.)

Don't say you've lost your baby, Mary Snow,  
When God takes somethin'; 't isn't lost, you know.  
You only had him as a temp'ry loan;  
But you mistook, and thought he was your own.  
Now think a bit, and see how plain it is,  
Hain't God a right to send for what is his?

What! laid your Johnny where the daisies grow?  
Well, no, I guess you didn't, Mrs. Snow.  
There ain't no graveyard, and no sexton's spade,  
Can cover up a child that God has made.  
Say, would you dare to call him back 'f you could?  
If God has done it, ain't it done for good?

There's nothin' that kin skal sorer's tears,  
To knock the underpinnin' from our fears,  
In ornery times we're only ornery folk;  
But Heaven comes closest when our hearts are broke.

As fur's I know, the only thing to do  
'S to stick to God, when troubles stick to you.  
The weakest link's the vally of the chain,  
And faith's wuth nothin' that won't stand a strain.  
Religion isn't eighteen carat gold  
That's like the chills and fever—hot, then cold.

It ain't exactly square if, when you pray,  
You ask the Lord to do his will—your way;  
You ought t' agree with him through dark and light,  
For askin' him t' agree with you ain't right.

You saw that curus smile, just 'fore he went?  
Well, so did I, and wondered what it meant.  
I won't be sartin, but it seemed to me  
Some one was standin' there we couldn't see.

Angels are weavin' at the looms above,  
And wrap and woof of what they weave is love.  
They've wove your hearts together, mother 'n' son.  
And death can't break a single thread—not one.

The years are rushin' like a forest stream,  
And life at longest 's nothin' but a dream,  
Bimeby you'll enter the eternal joy,  
And then the first to greet you'll be that boy.

Come, Mary, put your trembin' hand in His;  
I tell you, things is right just as they is.  
—'Observer.'