

misery in the country as in great cities; and it's the country that builds up the towns with human lives, so it will be beginning at the right end.'

'Yes, sir,' assented Joey tersely. 'An' I'll 'list along with you.'

The earnest resolutions formed on Tony's sick-bed have been carried out. The young squire joined the army of Christian soldiers. When he began his work of reforming the lives of his poorer neighbors he had to run the gauntlet of many a sneer and jibe. But a soldier's part is to 'endure hardness.' As time went on, and Tony's valorous efforts flooded with 'sweetness and light' lives that had been sorry and sad enough, people forgot their sarcasms in their predictions that, by-and-by, when the squire stands for the county in Parliament, his influence for good will be still wider-reaching. This Christian warrior, like Saul, 'a choice young man,' will shine out a true hero.

'In the world's broad field of battle,' as one of Christ's army, if not the King's. And where the squire leads, his shadow, Joey Wilks, now promoted to be his personal attendant, steadfastly follows.

'Ah!' the village wags its head wisely. 'It 'tworn't such a bad thing for we when the young squire lost his leg. What with the new cottages, and the new comforts, and the squire's beautiful new cork leg, wny-a, what was his loss is gain to we.'

Just so! And perhaps, when all things earthly are summed up, by and by, Tony's loss may turn out Tony's gain, instead for himself also.—'Leisure Hour.'

What Have We Done To-day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak a word of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?
We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?
We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask—
'What have we done to-day?'
—Nixon Waterman.

Marriage Markets in Russia.

'Where is your daughter, Piotr Ivanovitch?'
'Gone to the marriage-market at Salnykoi, your honor.'

'Ah, I see; well, Olga is a pretty girl, and I suppose she'll do fairly well'

That, said Wolf Von Schierbrand, in an article in 'Harper's Weekly,' on 'Marriages in Russia,' is a sample of conversation between the owner of a Russian estate and an elderly peasant in the neighboring village, who wants to dispose of his daughter through the marriage-market, an institution which still exists in certain Russian districts. The best known of these markets is that which takes place annually at Klui, near Moscow, during Epiphany week. All of the young women who

wish to get married in the course of the year are mustered in a long row, in the principal street of the town, wearing as much finery and adornment as they own. After undergoing for hours the scrutiny of would-be benedicts, the girls march off in procession to the church, and are accosted on the way by the men whose fancy they have struck. If any two of the young people think they suit each other, the matter is concluded on a strictly business basis.—'Morning Star.'

'Kiss Your Mother.'

A lady tells of a visit she made at one time in a beautiful home where lived a dear old lady, Aunt Abby. Seeing her sitting in her rocking-chair by the window one day, and looking a bit lonely, as she passed by she put her arm around her and kissed her cheek. The old lady flushed with pleasure, and said: 'Thank you, dear Thank you.' 'Why, Aunt Abby,' said the lady, 'I am surprised that you should seem to care so much. 'My dear,' she said earnestly, 'kiss your mother; kiss her often. You don't know how much good it will do her. Ah! we kissed them so much when they were little ones, the darlings; but now they have so much to do, and so many cares, it is not strange that they seem to forget. They are so kind and good. They want us to have everything, and more than we need. It is only that they are always so busy. Don't forget, dear, to kiss your mother every day. It will make her very happy, and—when she is gone the memory will be all the sweeter.'—Selected.

Found Out.

(Louise J. Strong, in the 'Classmate.')

I am sorry, Miss Dilsey, but the boy is too small. He could not do the work required to fill the place.' The doctor spoke kindly, but decidedly.

Miss Dilsey rose, her pinched little face pale and worn, and her voice trembling somewhat, as she replied: 'Harry is older than he looks, and is quite stout. But if he could not do the work there is no more to be said. I had hoped to get something for him to do, for now that school is out he is on the street so much, and that isn't good for him.'

'No, that isn't good for him,' the doctor echoed, 'and I'm sorry that I cannot take him.' He politely escorted Miss Dilsey to the door.

When he re-entered his office his nephew Lucian stood by the table with a red, indignant face.

'Well, so you've got back, have you?' the doctor remarked, cheerily.

'Uncle Spencer, I wouldn't have believed it of you!' the boy burst out.

The doctor stared in apparent astonishment, evidently awaiting an explanation.

'I was in the other room all the time—and I couldn't help hearing!'

'You're welcome to hear anything that's said in this office. But you look as if you'd heard something that has shocked you,' his uncle bantered.

'I did—and that made me ashamed of you, too. Oh, I beg your pardon, Uncle Spencer, I oughtn't to've said that; but that poor little woman's story was so pitiful, and she'll lose her home if she can't make the payment. I think you might have helped her a little, and tried the boy. But you were so cold and unfeeling; I wouldn't have believed it!' The boy's eyes flashed with indignant excitement.

The doctor smiled composedly, saying, 'I suppose you think I should have advanced her the money, and been badgered by that harum-scarum boy, who would have bothered me far more than he could have possibly helped me.'

'I thought you were good to the poor—'

'I dose 'em at half price,' his uncle interjected; then, with a sarcastic smile, added: 'I can't carry all of them; don't expect that of me, do you? And I'm not the only fellow in this town with an income—nor in this room, either! Come, now, how sorry are you for Miss Dilsey; how many dollars' worth of pity have you for her?'

'That's different,' Lucian muttered, going over to the window.

Uncle Spencer winked at the back turned to him, and began to enumerate from an account book: "'Saddle horse;'" "Span ponies;'" "Club expenses;'" "Camping expedition;'" and "Lakes"—father'll have to add a few hundred to a certain boy's allowance, or he'll have to retrench; and Miss Dilsey won't be the better for it, either.' The doctor spoke musingly to the book, but Lucian turned defiantly.

'I don't spend a bit more than I need to! Father tells me to use all I want; and I don't see what that has to do with Miss Dilsey, anyway.'

'Oh, don't you!' the doctor ejaculated. 'Well, I think you're as responsible for her as I am. You've got lots the most money, you know.'

Then Uncle Spencer laughed aloud in seeming enjoyment, as Lucian flung himself out and banged the door. 'Nothing so easy as spending other people's money, my boy,' he commented, with a sigh.

An hour later, having made sure that the coast was clear, Dr. Spencer knocked at Miss Dilsey's door.

'I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face,' he said the moment the door closed behind him. 'I don't know what you thought of my unfeeling treatment of you and your troubles, but I was making an experiment. You know I have my sister's son with me for the year, while his parents are abroad; his father is very wealthy, and the boy is indulged in every way. He has altogether too much money to spend for his own good. He thinks of no one but himself, and gives little, and that grudgingly. He is kindhearted, and I think generous, if he could be brought to see the good he might do with his means and consider the needs of others. I thought an illustration of selfishness might help him to see—knew he was in the next room. This explains my conduct. Now, Miss Dilsey, I will try and find something for Harry, and you shall have all the help you need on your payment; only do not let Lucian know, and if he should come to you, as I hope, let him have his way.'

He left her in grateful tears of relief, pledged to keep his secret.

'I think the boy will ring true; I think he's the right sort of stuff,' the doctor reflected, watching Lucian wistfully.

Lucian did not 'ring' anything for a few days. He sulked, and scarcely spoke to his uncle more than civility demanded.

Then for a week or so he was away most of the time, saying nothing of his doings or whereabouts, and his uncle grew anxious. It was evident that his experiment had failed, and he had gained the ill-will of the boy in vain. It was a great relief when Lucian suddenly recovered his spirits and went whistling about, his old self.

One day when the doctor was at leisure Lucian came to him with a request. 'Uncle Spencer,' he said, 'I wish you would ride a few blocks with me if you have time. I've a notion to make an investment in real estate, and want you to see it and advise me.'

'In real estate!' the doctor exclaimed, astonished.

Lucian smiled mysteriously, but would not explain until he drew up before a neat little house with an acre of ground attached at the edge of the town.