

of all, 'the old black skillet,' as Mary called it, which she always so despised to wash.

'Seems like there's everything to wash to-night, mamma,' she complained, bitterly, as she put away her books and wraps. 'I never will get through; never in this world!'

Mrs. Johnson laughed aloud. "Where there's a will, there's a way," she said, with cheerful briskness. 'I wouldn't let a few dishes and a greasy skillet put me to rout. I'd fall upon them and put them to flight in a jiff.'

The brightness in her mother's manner put heart into Mary. She actually laughed a little as she tied on her apron. 'You are so funny, mamma,' she said. 'I believe you think people can do anything.'

"Patience and perseverance accomplish all things," again repeated Mrs. Johnson. 'Just have enough patience and perseverance and you'll conquer every time.'

'I'm just going to see how quick I can do them,' said Mary, to herself, as she attacked the pile of dishes. How the little hands made the cups and saucers and plates dance in the hot suds, and with what speed they were dipped into the hot rinse water and dried! With what vigor she fell upon the sticky pots and pans and scraped and washed! 'You just needn't act as if it was impossible to get you clean,' she said to them, quite savagely. 'I'm going to persevere until you shine, now!'

As soon as the lamp was lighted Mary gathered pencil and paper and began operations. Her composition was entitled, 'Perseverance,' and was really a very amusing and entertaining description of her dishwashing experience. It wound up with: 'I do believe there isn't much of anything a girl or boy can't do if they try real hard and have plenty of patience and lots of perseverance. I was just as sure as I could be that I could never in the world write a composition, and that pile of dishes seemed as if they never would get washed—especially that miserable old black skillet! But perseverance led me on, and perseverance conquered, and I feel sure now that if I take for my motto, as I mean to, "Patience and perseverance accomplish all things," I shall become a good scholar, a good housekeeper and, I do hope, nearly as good a woman as my mother when I am as old as she.'

A great round of applause met this little effort of Mary's, and the teacher was so pleased that she commended it very highly, and presented Mary with a beautiful little booklet containing Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'—'Boys and Girls.'

Derelicts.

Here is one of the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman's stories:

On a recent journey to Porto Rico, while facing a terrific storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas and who was master of the ship. I said to him, 'Do you fear the storm?' 'Not in the least,' he said, 'for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has ever swept across the mighty deep.' Then said I, 'Do you fear the fog?' and he said, 'Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas.' 'What then,' I said to him, 'do you fear the most?' and he said, 'We are the most afraid of derelicts. A derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing in no harbor, a ship without a compass, without a crew, and without a captain.'

As he spoke, it occurred to me that there were a vast number of derelicts to-day all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbor, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives, of no use to themselves and incapable of serving others. Some of these derelicts were once in the Church, but, unfaithful to their duties, they have slipped away; some of them, never having known Christ, have become genuinely indifferent to the claims of God. It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is One who waits to board every drifting vessel, to make useful that which has been useless, to strengthen that which has been weak, and that one is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation.—The 'Presbyterian'

A Good Time.

'I wonder if I can borrow two or three children for a day or two!' called a familiar voice at the door.

'Oh! oh! it's Uncle Gerald!' cried three eager voices, and three pairs of feet hurried into the hall. Then Uncle Gerald was hugged and kissed, until he cried for mercy.

'Do somebody help, or I shall be strangled! Call the police!'

'Ask your mamma if you may go home with me and stay till to-morrow afternoon,' he

as soon as we have played a little while.'

'We will,' said Phil. 'Dolly always gets sleepy by seven, and we would all better go then, so we may have all the more time in the morning. O, grandma, how good your muffins do smell!'

After this hint grandma asked them all to taste her muffins, and after supper the children played a few games, and then went to bed to rise with the sun.

The next morning well muffled in warm clothing, the seven merry cousins started, with the long sled, for 'Pine Hill.' But



OLD DAN.

said, 'Pine Hill is smooth and hard. It's fine coasting, and the "double ripper" hasn't had a slide this year.'

'I'm almost afraid to have them go,' said the mother, doubtfully, in answer to the children's eager entreaties. 'They might get hurt coasting, or take cold.'

'There isn't the slightest danger,' cried this funny uncle. 'Haven't they a grandmother and two or three aunts, ready to rub them in sweet oil, roll them in cotton batting, and bake them in the oven, if they even dare to sneeze, and it will be the last good sliding this year?'

'Well, then, if you will promise to bring them home "safe and sound," they may go, but—'

The excited children did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, but hurried away to find clean aprons, coat, cloaks, and hats, and very soon after they were seated beside their uncle in the sleigh, behind the big gray horses.

The snow was smooth, and there was enough crispness in the air to make their cheeks rosy; but the sun shone bright and warm, and Uncle Gerald told funny stories, and it seemed but a very short time before the city was left in the distance, and they drove up to the farmhouse door; and there were Grandpa and Grandma Avery, and Aunt Grace, and Aunt Jessie, and their four little cousins from across the way, to welcome them.

'We are going to have such fun to-morrow,' cried Leon and Roy. 'Mamma says we must all go to bed early; so we must go home just

Grandpa came out from the stable with 'Old Dan' harnessed.

'See here, children,' said he, 'you will get pretty tired walking up that long hill, and if you will be very careful, and let him take his own time, you may hitch on Old Dan to draw you up.'

Was there ever such fun before? The gentle old horse easily drew them to the top of the hill; then he was unhitched, and trotted down again, while the children went swiftly down on the 'double ripper,' for almost half a mile.

How they laughed, and sang, and shouted! They never thought of being cold; and the morning was so short! But they were quite ready for grandma's delicious dinner.

After dinner Uncle Gerald brought the sleigh and horses to the door, and Phil, and Clare, and little Dolly, were wrapped up warmly, and kissed and tucked in.

'We thank you all very much for the good times we've had,' said Phil. 'I never had so good a time before in all my life, but we always do have nice times when we come here—the very nicest times.'

'We ought to thank Old Dan, too,' said Clare. 'Oh! wasn't it such fun?'

'You must come and see us just as often as you can,' said grandma, tucking a bag of walnuts under the sleigh seat.

Grandpa brought out a basket of red apples, and Aunt Grace a bag of pop-corn, and then Uncle Gerald started the horses and said, laughing, that if he stopped any longer there would not be a thing left in the house.—'Our Dumb Animals.'