

looking at things. We have drifted apart."

At her words, his heart leaped with a great guilty bound.

"Couldn't we drift together again?" he suggested lamely.

"I hardly think so," she returned.

"You are not going to throw me over, Flora?" he demanded in response to an insistent conscience-pricking.

"Call it that, if you like," she answered dully.

His first conscious sensation was relief—relief unspeakable. He struggled scrupulously. It had come from Flora herself—the split. He was not to blame; and, after all, she had been right. Her native good sense had dictated her line of conduct. He travelled back post-haste to Mudbury. He wanted back to Diana. In her society he forgot Flora. He pursued her with the same red-hot ardor with which he had pursued his career. He ignored the glaring fact that, being a thorough woman of the world, she would be no spiritual helpmate. The thought of her was like a consuming fever. She weakened his work, atrophied his powers, crippled his energies. She represented the whole unexpressed longing of his being. The fierce desire to marry her pushed every other consideration out of sight. Once united—he lulled his protesting conscience—things would all come right. If he refused to lower his standard, she would come in time to recognize it—probably even to frame her life in accordance with it. Passionately he appealed to that Higher Power "that shapes our ends," but with no real will-surrender, abating the while no whit of his persistent importuning of God—of his obstinate determination to wrest this thing from Him whether He would or not.

One day he asked Diana to marry him, and she said, "Yes." Exalted above measure he wrote the news to his mother, and Widow Maclean was as excited as he. On the head of it the old craving for a confidante attacked her. After a moment's hesitation she put the old white card in the window. Flora had always been so understanding. Would it be too much to expect that she would understand this? But when Flora had been and gone again, she repented of her impulse. The girl was strangely quiet under the news, but there was a stricken look in the brown eyes, that somehow reminded the Widow of a wounded deer it had once been her mishap to see.

When his marriage was over the Minister settled down to his work. Of late he had been upborne by a sort of feverish excitement. The double strain of work and emotion had left its mark. He reflected with relief that now, having secured his wife, he could devote himself wholeheartedly to the real business of life. But by and by a strange sinister influence fell on his life like a pall or a blight. He had got the woman his heart desired, but she was out of tune with his work. He had no power to put her in tune, as he had at one time thought he might. In social matters she was all that could be wished. She spoke the modern social shibboleths, but spiritually, she eluded him and went her way.

If the packed pews in St. Andrew's were a criterion, then the Minister's popularity was in no wise on the wane; but, after all, packed pews were no test of winning souls—no test of the spiritual condition of his own. And alas! A secret enervating influence was at work. His earnestness, his religious zeal were being undermined—his very life sapped. The process was slow, but sure.

Turning this way and that in pained and puzzled enquiry as to the cause, of a sudden, one day, the words flashed to his mind—vivid, lurid—branding themselves on his brain: "And He gave them their request, but sent leanness in their souls."

Character, as God sees it, gives its quality to prayer, and they who are nearest akin to God in holiness get the most frequent answers to the requests.—William M. Taylor.

FAREWELL, SUMMER!

(The Wild Aster is known in some localities as "Farewell Summer.")

In the meadows near the mill,
By the wayside, on the hill;
In the fields that wander down
To the edges of the town,
And beside the farm house door,
"Farewell summer" blooms once more.

Little asters blue and white,
Many as the stars at night;
Summer's flowers have blown away;
Now you come to make us gay
When the fields are growing brown,
And the leaves come fluttering down.

How I love to gather you,
Purple flowers and white and blue,
On the cloudy afternoons
When the wind makes pleasant tunes
In the orchard grasses dry,
Where the ripened apples lie.

Dear to me are days of spring,
And the summer makes me sing;
Winter has its time of cheer,
But the best days of the year
Come when, close beside our door,
"Farewell summer" blooms once more.
—Cecil Cavendish, in October Saint Nicholas.

TEACHING CHILDREN SELF CONTROL.

Little Margaret, of ten, was a girl of unusual brightness, but her quick, sharp tongue brought her many troubles. Whippings she accepted as her natural birthright, but they left her no nearer self-control. At last the mother was taken ill, and a nurse of wide experience came into the home.

The nurse studied Margaret, and she found a point of vantage. Margaret had a wonderful love of stories, and was never so happy as when listening to the recital of one. A story was promised to Margaret every night at bedtime, provided she had not given way to her temper during the day, and the rule was strictly adhered to. At first, of course, there were many nights of no story-telling. But with the help of the wise nurse little Margaret guarded her tongue more and more, until after a few months she seldom missed a story, and was herself proud of the victory.—C. L., in Harper's Bazar.

KNOWING HOW.

I've sometimes heard my grandpa tell
That folks who know just how to smell
Can get the summer from one rose
Or from a little breeze that blows.

And father says, no matter where
You live, if you just take care
And make the best of your two eyes
You'll see so much you'll grow real wise.

And then, my mother's often heard
One little pleasant-spoken word
That's made somebody smile and smile,
And feel cheered up for quite a while.

They say it doesn't matter much
Whether a child has such and such;
It's how she'll learn to "make things do";
And p'raps it's so with grown folks too.

A SCHOOL FOR DOGS.

There has been opened in Paris a school where pet dogs are taught politeness. The schoolroom is furnished with chairs, tables and rugs in order that the pupils may have suitable surroundings. The dogs are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up cordially, wagging the tail and giving a low bark of pleasure. When a caller is about to leave a dog goes to the door with him and bows farewell by bending the head gracefully. The dogs are taught also that they must pick up gloves or handkerchief, or anything else which a visitor may drop, and return it to its owner. And such pupil is trained to walk with "proud and prancing step" when he goes out walking with his mistress.

DELICATE BABIES NEED

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

For the baby who is delicate, who suffers from constipation, stomach and bowel troubles, worms or difficult teething, nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are a positive cure for all the little ills of childhood and can be given to the new born baby with perfect safety. They are sold under an absolute guarantee of a Government analyst to contain no harmful drug. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. Mrs. Geo. A. Windver, Rockport, Ont., writes: "I would not be without Baby's Own Tablets. My baby was small and delicate and never grew till I began giving her the tablets. She is nine months old now and thanks to the Tablets is well, fat and rosy. I will certainly recommend them whenever I get the opportunity." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A MINISTER'S HELPMATE.

Alexander MacLaren, the English Baptist, whose death has already been commented upon, once protested that no account of his own achievements could be made up which omitted the most important factor, his wife. In a private letter, written to Robertus Nicholl, in his old age, long after she had passed on he paid her this beautiful tribute:

"In 1856 Marion MacLaren became my wife. God allowed us to be together till the dark December of 1884. Others could speak of her charm, her beauty, her gifts and goodness. Most of what she was to me is forever locked in my heart. But I would find that, in any stories of what I am, or have been able to do, it should be told that best part of it all came and comes from her. We read and thought together, and her clear, bright intellect illumined obscurities and rejoiced in the truth. We worked and bore together, and her courage and deftness made all easy and charmed away difficulties. She lived a life of nobleness, of strenuous effort, of aspiration, of sympathy, self-forgetfulness and love. She was my guide, my inspirer, my corrector, my reward. Of all human formative influences on my character and life hers is the strongest and the best. To write of me and not to name her is to present a fragment."—Exchange.

"I JUST KEEP STILL."

"How is it, Rob?" asked one boy of another, "that you never get into scraps like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie, promptly. "When a boys says a hard thing to me, I just keep still."

Many a man whose life has had in it a great deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered that of "keeping still." If a hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue can not be restrained, nobody knows what the result will be. It doesn't matter so much what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine times out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had "freed your mind" in return.

"Just keeping still" is one of the things that save time, trouble, wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find it again and again that the way to "keep out of scraps" is to keep still.—M. H. N., in the Christian.

Many explanations of a wasted life could be given. One which may often include all the truth is, "He did not take God at his word."