

## PEARL'S SACRIFICE.

(Continued from page 510.)

a grant of two hundred dollars a year towards the education of your daughter, provided you are able to answer the questions on the enclosed form satisfactorily, and enclose a good medical certificate. If Mrs. Davis will send us measurements, the ladies of Sussex Deanery W.A. will be pleased to make her an outfit. Believe me, Yours sincerely, Mildred Hawley, Convener of Education, Cornwall Diocese."

"Oh Mother, Mother, just what I have been praying for," and Pearl hid her face in her hands with a sob. "Now I can board with Mrs. Boyle in Edmonton and go to High School, and won't I work!"

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Davis, turning over a page, here's a post-script.

"We understand that you have sent in appeals for grants for two daughters. Our ladies would prefer to take your daughter Hazel, aged eleven, as they consider that the younger the child is the more benefit will she derive from the judicious use of this fund. However, should you see any special reason why your elder daughter should be the beneficiary, we will make no objection to it.—M.H."

A long silence fell upon the little party. Pearl could not look up. Mr. Davis and his wife exchanged understanding glances. Bert formed his lips into a whistle, then recollected himself, and with an "scuse me,"

under his breath, pushed back his chair and left the room.

The silence continued. "The mail goes to-morrow," said Mr. Davis at last.

"We must think it over," said Mrs. Davis, faintly. "It has come suddenly, and there is a great deal to consider."

"Pearl must decide," said her father firmly. "The chance she has been longing for has come, and it is for her to say whether she will take it—or pass it on to her sister. Think over it and pray over it, Pearl. Don't decide hastily. Bring me your decision in the morning, and remember, daughter, there are things to be said on both sides—on both sides," he added emphatically. "Of course, if you want advice your mother or I will give it, but I think you had better fight it out alone."

"Yes father," said Pearl in a low voice. "May I go now and please may I be excused prayers. I have too little time to—to decide."

"Yes, my child, and God help you to decide rightly."

So Pearl left, and the husband and wife looked sadly at one another.

"It would be the saving of Hazel," said the wife, "and the ending of Pearl."

"Not of her, only her career," said her husband quickly.

Meantime, Pearl rushed away out of sight and hearing of home and school—for the moment how she hated both—where she had spent the short sixteen years of her life. Such stunted, meagre years, full of hopes,

and needs, and longings, which were never realized. They were not so out of the way, after all, only to get the really good education at least in High School, which is easily within reach of nearly every Canadian girl, so that she might earn her living with her head instead of with her hands. And then, perhaps, go on. Well there were infinite possibilities in Normal School and special University courses, and always books, and, perhaps, lectures, and picture galleries, and concerts, touches of a life she had never known, open to her if she could get away from this narrow, ignorant life into a place where she could learn, and oh how she would learn, how she would work, how she would slave till she had acquired all that was possible! And then to be a teacher, to have her own school, perhaps, but still to go on working. Then a better school, perhaps, even in a city, and oh the joy of writing home with money to bring her mother to the city for a week and show her again the things she had so often talked to them about—parks, pictures, shops. After that, for Pearl's ambition went a long way, perhaps, when she had really made good in a school and had arrived at the awful age of twenty-two, she might be accepted as a foreign missionary, and go to Japan or China, to do her little part in the teaching of all nations the wonderful Gospel message. For the Red Indian she had no love; perhaps they had been too much associated with her bare, hard childhood, or she had seen too much of her parents' toil and disappointment over them, too much also of the failures, which, to her young mind, over-balanced the successes, but to be a foreign missionary—that was really worth living for.

But Hazel. She ought not to stay in her present surroundings longer. Companionship with the Indian children had not hurt her, she thought. She had been less with them, with two little ones at home, or they had been more amenable to discipline, but Hazel was always learning nasty ways and words, and how could they keep a high-spirited child of eleven away from the games and comradeship of her school? Would it not be misunderstood and resented by the parents, moreover? Yes, Hazel ought to go to Edmonton and live with Mrs. Boyle, whose little girl was just that age. Then they could go to a good school, by and by High School, and Hazel would have her chance.

But could she give it to her? A fierce battle waged in the girl's heart between what she wanted with the intense agonized longing of a repressed nature, and what she felt she ought to do, and for over an hour the issue was doubtful, as Pearl rocked to and fro on her little rocker, with hands clasped tight over her eyes—thinking—thinking.

When she looked up, the last glint of daylight just caught the glass on a little framed text upon the wall, and the words behind it flashed through Pearl's mind: "Christ pleased not Himself."

After that there was a calm. Pearl knelt and gave up her will to the One Who had left an example that we should follow in His steps. Who had so emphatically told His people that they who lost their lives for His sake should find and keep them unto life eternal.

Pearl knew quite well what she was giving up. She knew this wonderful opportunity would not come again, but she realized, too, that there was something better than a full, varied life of knowledge and activity, even a life of missionary service, if it was the life chosen for her by the wisdom that cannot err, and surely it would be said of the poor little prairie girl, who voluntarily laid at her Saviour's feet all the

(Continued on page 516.)

## How Coca-Cola Resembles Tea

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J1

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