

Helen Parsons, meeting Pauline on the street the next week. 'Miss Carter is sick, but she asked that the meeting be held, anyway. Very important, she said, so be sure to come.'

'Girls,' said Rose Porter, when the class met that evening, 'I'm going to tell you the business of the hour in a very few words. It seems to be the opinion of the class that the Happy Workers' Mission has grown to such proportions that we cannot longer look after it. Miss Carter thinks we will have to give it up, and so do I.'

'I'm sorry,' said Georgia, 'but if the rest think so, why maybe it would be well to—' She broke off abruptly and then went on, 'Honestly, girls, it's almost impossible for me to take my turn at the mission.'

Pauline's lip curled slightly as she remembered how little any of the girls had been doing, but she said, calmly, 'What about the poor children? If we close the school they will be sadly disappointed.'

'Close the school?' cried three voices at once, unable to hold in any longer. 'Who said close the school? We are going to give it into the hands of a paid teacher who can give all her time to the work, or rather Mrs. Fields is, for she is going to pay a salary. Isn't that a good plan?'

'Very,' said Pauline, faintly. 'I had not heard your plans.'

'And you are to be the teacher,' fairly screamed the excited girls. 'We were sure you'd suspect when we kept finding excuses to send you down there in our places. Mrs. Fields wants to take up the work in memory of her little girl who died long ago, and is willing to give you forty dollars a month to have classes all the time down there. Isn't that lovely?'

For answer Pauline laid her head on Georgia's shoulder and wept bitterly. 'Girls, I've been thinking the meanest things about you all,' she sobbed, 'and I don't deserve the place. All the time I've been going down there I thought you were imposing upon me and—'

'Well, we were, but Mrs. Fields suggested it,' interrupted Georgia. 'I have been very much ashamed of myself time and again for giving you my day, but she wanted to see if you had the right amount of patience and long-suffering to undertake the work. Pauline, I congratulate you, for Mrs. Fields is very peculiar about some things, and you have won her heart completely.'

'Is it too late for the meeting?' asked Rose Lane, coming in at that moment. 'Girls, I find it's impossible for me to go to the mission to-morrow, and I must find someone in my place. Where's Pauline? I wonder if she could go? She's so lovely about obliging her friends always that we really impose upon her but—'

'Miss Lane, let me present to you the new teacher of the Happy Workers' Mission,' said Georgia, leading Pauline forward. 'Every day will be hers at the sewing school from now on, thanks to Mrs. Fields.'

'Oh, it's all over, is it?' asked Rose, with a hearty kiss. 'I had to stay away from the meeting until now, girls, to invent an excuse for not going down there to-morrow, and at the last minute Aunt Betty came to visit. You'll let us help you once in a while, won't you, Pauline?'

'If you'll all forgive me,' said Pauline, with smiles and tears mingled on her face. 'I want my day at the mission to be a complete success, and I cannot do that alone. You precious deceivers, you can't know what independence will mean to me, especially when it comes along with my cherished work. I can't understand why such a great blessing should come to an ungrateful girl like me.'

'It isn't necessary that you should, my dear child,' said Helen, with a grown up air. 'Dear me! Won't the Happy Workers have a celebration when they hear the news?'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

What I'll Do.

Though I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where growing age may call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
And show no scorn nor rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return their railing?
Since I best avenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll strive to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me;
While I'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
Though neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humors and my passion
And to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell,
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

—Old Poem.

William and His Perfect Pictures.

(Willard Aldrich, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

James and William, cousins about fourteen years of age, had been out all the day before taking pictures, and had just come from developing their films. James had secured a good number of pictures while William had not taken one. William felt very badly about his poor luck, and as usual in such cases went to his grandmother for consolation.

'Well, William,' said grandmother, 'what is the trouble now?' your face looks as though you had lost all your friends, and yesterday you looked so pleasant and happy as you started out with your fine new camera. Didn't it work to suit you?'

'The camera worked all right. It took whatever it was pointed at.'

'Well, what gives you that disgusted look? If the camera worked all right, you ought to have secured a fine lot of pictures.'

'That is just what makes me disgusted with myself. I ought to have taken a fine lot, but I didn't get one.'

'How did this happen?' said grandmother, shrewdly leading him on to tell the story.

'What makes me the most disgusted is that James got some fine ones, and I had as good a chance as he and a better camera, and I got none. I'll sell the old thing for a song, if I get a chance.'

'I thought you said the camera took whatever it was pointed at, and yet you want to sell the "old thing."'

'Yes, I know it is my fault, grandmother, it must be, but I can't see where the fault is.'

'Tell me all about it, and maybe I can put some spectacles on your eyes that will help you to see a little clearer.'

'The first thing we saw was a fine bluejay. He was so close to us that we could see every feather and every marking of his body. I wanted to get a good view of his crest and the black markings of his neck. When I could see

his neck well his crest did not show, so I waited for a good view of both, and he flew away before I could get that, so I didn't get any picture at all. James got two good ones of him.'

'How was it with the partridge? I heard you talking about how you crept up to him.'

'He was a beauty, the finest one I ever saw, and we worked over a half hour to get near to him. Every marking was so perfect on him, and he held his head up so proudly. It was a treat to watch him as he got ready to drum. His tail feathers and neck were richly marked. I waited to get a picture that would show them both. Several times he almost gave me what I wanted, but he never got into a position to give me a perfect picture. James got three nice ones, but none of them are absolutely perfect. I forgot about being quiet and made a little movement with my arm, and before you could think he was off through the woods with a loud b-r-r-r-r, and my chance to get a picture was gone. It is horribly mean to have such poor luck.'

'Is it all luck, William? Think it over a little.'

'I know you think it is not all luck, but you have always told me that "whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well," and "to always strive for the very best." I tried to get the very best kind of a picture, and I I didn't get any for the reason that the birds did not give me a chance to get a perfect picture. I think it was all luck.'

'I am glad for once that you misunderstood two proverbs, that are all right in a general sense, but cannot be applied to cases like yours. It gives us a chance to talk over some other truths that you need very much to understand. When you start out to do a thing, keep what you intend to do in your mind, and make it your whole business to do that particular thing. When you are after a picture, get it, and do not let even a perfect picture sidetrack you. The picture that you started out to get yesterday was there; your cousin James got it, but you did not. Something must have caused your failure; it was not just luck. You would be satisfied with as good pictures as James got, would you not?'

'Yes, his are fine.'

'Now, why didn't you get as good ones? I think the reason is in what you said a few minutes ago. You wanted to get the very best kind of a picture, and didn't get any for the reason that the birds did not give you a chance to get a perfect picture. You went where you probably could get only fair pictures, and then were not satisfied with the chance to get a good one, but tried to get absolute perfection, and of course you failed. Had you been satisfied with fair ones you would have gotten as many as James.'

'I don't see why I could not, for I can take a better picture of a house or a tree than he can.'

'Now, here is your lesson. When you are dealing with things over which you have no control, be satisfied with a good result. When you are using materials over which you have control, then "strive for the very best," and remember that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." When you are developing a film or printing a picture, make your work the very best. Be painstaking and careful in every detail and get perfect pictures. But when you are taking pictures of birds, be satisfied with a fair picture. When you are dealing with other people, or with things you cannot control, then be satisfied with fair results.'

'You make it so clear. I begin to see now why I didn't get any pictures yesterday.'

'I hope you will always remember what I have said, William, and apply it to your life work, for I am talking about your own faults to-day. And remember something else. Educate your judgment so that you can tell quickly what is a fair result, then be quick to take advantage of it. Many failures in life are because men have not educated their judgment, do not know exactly what a good result is, and are all the time hesitating. While they are debating whether or not a thing is good, some other man takes advantage of it and their opportunity is gone, just as James got the pictures yesterday. While they are wondering whether any money can be made out of it, some other man has made the money and gone on to something else. Successful men educate themselves so that they can quickly form good judgments, and then are