

A True Dignity

SYDNEY DAYRE, IN THE STANDARD.

"She is such a careless little thing."
 "And such a hopeless rattle-brain."
 "And yet I can't help loving her; she is so frank and outspoken," said Hester Burr. "I think there is something very taking in her way of letting out exactly what she feels, no matter what the consequences may be, or what the people may think of her."
 "I can't say I feel that way," said Margaret Maynard, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "I don't fancy people who tramp around without ever stopping to care whose toes they step upon."

"But she has never presumed to tread upon yours, Maggie. Even Dorothy knows better than to assault such dignity as yours."

The remark might have borne a tinge of criticism coming from some quarters, but Margaret and Hester were too close friends for any offence to be intended or taken. "But, dignity or no dignity, is there no way of reaching her?"

"Not through any of our ways, I am afraid," was the sober response.

"She hasn't been in the Bible class for several weeks." "No, she told me that as long as they kept to the regular business of studying the Bible, she didn't mind going, as all the other girls went, and it was lively and pleasant. But since 'things have got so serious and long-faced,' as she expresses it, she keeps away."

There was a pause in the talk. Half a dozen girls of the school had lately, through the efforts of a Bible class teacher, been led further than the business routine of Bible study. And having first learned their need of a Saviour, and then been blessed with the peace which belongs with full acceptance of His grace and consecration to His service, the natural consequence followed, of anxiety for those who stood outside, still refusing the gracious call.

"There she is," as a laugh and a merry shout proclaimed Dorothy's approach.

"Stop," said Hester, seizing her hand as she would have passed. "Wasn't there some kind of a promise made to me that you would come back into class yesterday?"

"Well, only half a promise," said Dorothy, laughing. "When I make a real out and out promise I always keep it, for all," she added, with a saucy nod of her head, "I'm not one of your goody-goody kind."

"But I felt hurt at your not coming," said Hester, affectionately.

"Did you, dear? Well, now, I hate to hurt you. I'm not worth your feeling hurt about."

"I guess you're right there," said one of a number of girls who were gathering near our friends. "You'll say so when you know where she was yesterday, Hester. How did you enjoy the steamboat excursion, Dory?"

"See," said another, pointing to Dorothy's face, "she didn't wait us to know. She thought none of us would hear of it. Our nurse girl went, worse for me, for I had to tug with the children all day."

The deep flush which arose to Dorothy's face gave evidence that she would have preferred that her companions should not know of her manner of spending Sabbath. At the certainly annoying allusion to the nurse girl, a flash of anger came to keep company with the embarrassment.

"It is nobody's business how I spend Sabbath," she declared, hotly. "You needn't look at me as if you thought I was a heathen. I don't think it is the worst thing in the world to go on a 'Sunday' excursion. I shall go again if I want to."

Stung by a little look of contempt which she perceived on Margaret's face, she addressed herself particularly to her.

"Nobody said it was, I think," said Margaret quietly.

"But you looked it," said Dorothy. "None of you are under any obligation to look after my morals."

"I don't think it merely a question of morals," said Margaret, in a voice which showed a slight stir of excitement.

It was so unusual a thing to see Margaret aroused to retort that the girls crowded closer in a little hush of expectation. She was evidently a little nettled by Dorothy's defiance.

"We are so used to hearing of such things and so used to knowing that there is a larger class of people who have no respect for the sacredness of the day," she went on with the calm manner which always gave her words weight, "that it does not surprise us. But I think that even people who are not at all religious think it an offense against propriety and good taste to do such things on Sabbath."

A color had come to her own face with the feeling she

* * * The Story Page. * * *

had had been led into saying more than she had intended and that she was saying it very awkwardly.

"That's just like your narrow-minded set," said Dorothy, in a paroxysm of anger. "Everything is a sin but what they do their own sweet selves. Dear me! Do you suppose such high toned goodness is catching? I must be careful."

Gathering up her skirts in ludicrous mock fear, she flounced away.

Hester and Margaret walked down a garden path in silence.

"You said exactly the right thing," said Hester. "She needed a pretty keen thrust."

"I don't think so," said Margaret, after another short period of silence. "I said too much."

"Not a word too much," said Hester in a decided tone. "Any one might talk to Dorothy all day about the duty of keeping the Sabbath day holy, and she would politely snap her fingers at you. But when you come to an offense against good taste and the proprieties, you set a pin in her tender spot. Whew—didn't she get into a little fury?"

"I made a mistake," said Margaret, declining to join in Hester's light view of the matter. "I was angry, and when we allow ourselves to get angry we are sure to do harm instead of good."

"I'm sure you kept your dignity all the time," said Hester. "Any one else would have broken out at her when she was so snippy and saucy."

"My dignity!" Margaret spoke in deep self-condemnation. "Your self-control, then, dear, if you like that better. Your avoidance of saying angry things when you feel angry. The most of us," she added, with a sigh, "will need a good deal more grace before we can get to that."

"But you see, Hester, I did say the very thing which provoked her most," said Margaret. "And just when we were wondering how we could reach her and bring her to where we stand. Why, don't you see that I may have done the very thing to set her against everything we hold so precious?"

"Don't take it so hard," said Hester moved by her friend's distress. "Dorothy never stays angry long."

"I must go and apologize to her," said Margaret.

"You don't mean it," Hester gazed at her in surprise. "You wouldn't let yourself down to apologize to such a girl as Dorry."

"Let myself down to the giving of offence; I shall surely get no lower in trying to make amends for it."

"I wouldn't do it," persisted Hester.

"Are you here? May I come in?" Margaret tapped on Dorothy's door, and then slightly opened it.

"Certainly," said Dorothy. She arose and politely got a chair for her visitor, but remained standing, still with a reserve of anger on her face.

"I have come to say," said Margaret, "that I am sorry for having said what I did. I don't wonder you were angry—any one would have been. I hope you will forgive me, and that you will believe—that I know I spoke as a Christian never should speak."

She would have said more, but the words had come with difficulty. It had been a much harder fight between her pride and her conscientious determination to honor the faith she so dearly prized than even Hester had dreamed in making her protest against it.

Dorothy gazed at her for a moment in amazed silence, then, with her usual impetuosity threw her arms about her neck.

"You saying that to me, you dear thing! You, of all the girls in the world. O, Margaret—then there must be something in it."

"Something in what?" asked Margaret.

"Why, in this that's taking you all so hard lately. Your religion, you know. I always thought that it was a nice, namby-pamby way of girls letting on that they're good and sweet, and all that—trying to be interesting, you know? But—"

"Dorothy," said Margaret, breaking in, "try it a little for yourself, dear."

"I'm not one of that kind," said Dorothy, soberly. "I don't take to those things. But, Margaret, if I ever do, it will be because of you."

* * * *

"My mither sent me to see if you wad gie her a calendar like the aye ye gied to Mrs. Mackay," said a little boy to the grocer.

"But, my boy, your mother doesn't get her groceries here."

"No, but she borrows them from Mrs. Mackay, and Mrs. Mackay gets them from you."—Household Words.

A Cheap Price.

"Oh Dick, Dick Morris!" called Tom Folsom across the street, "don't you want to go out to Cousin Jim's with me? Father said I can have the horse this afternoon."

Of course Dick wanted to go. What boy would decline a five mile drive on a superb September afternoon, especially when there was a prospective good time at the end of it. "I have never been to your Cousin Jim's; where does he live?" asked Dick as they walked.

"On the plank road, about a mile beyond the toll-gate."

"Then I must be getting some toll ready; four cents each way; isn't it?"

"Yes, and it's too much for such a little way. I'll tell you what, let's run the toll-gate; it will be prime fun."

Dick hesitated a little, but Tom was the elder and leading spirit of the two, and when they drew up at the little white house, in front of which was raised the long wooden bar, Tom drew out a ten-dollar bill that he had taken from his father's desk before starting, because, as he told Dick, it looked large to have the money to show, and assured the man in charge that they had nothing less. "But we are coming back this way in two or three hours, and we may get the bill broken by that time; at any rate we will settle with you then." The old keeper looked a little doubtful, but small change happened to be low that afternoon, and he decided to trust the word of the two bright, pleasant-faced lads.

"It wouldn't do to run past now," chuckled Tom, "because we must go back this way, but just wait till then!"

An enjoyable afternoon followed, what the boys called the best kind of a time, and dusk was gathering when the old toll-gate keeper, looking up the road, saw the gray horse and boyish drivers. Very leisurely they trotted along, and the old man took a step or two nearer so as to be ready for them as they came opposite. Tom, who was driving, made a motion as if to stop, and put his fingers to his vest pocket, when Dick struck the nervous gray with the whip, and away they went before the old man had time to drop the gate, the swift-falling hoofs and derisive laughter growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Once at home a half-conscious feeling kept Dick silent in regard to the exploit. Tom, however, was troubled with no such scruples, and not long after when in at Dick's one evening, he referred to the "good joke" they played on the old toll-gate keeper.

"What joke?" asked Dick's sister Floy.

"Why, when we ran the toll-gate; didn't Dick tell you?" and he gaily recounted the story, adding with a laugh, "You ought to have seen the old man with his mouth and eyes both open as he stood looking after us."

Dick's father had paused in his reading to listen.

"Did you tell your father of this?" he asked when Tom had finished.

"Why, yes."

"And what did he say?"

"O, he laughed, that was all."

"Well," said Mr. Morris, gravely, "I think that you sold yourselves pretty cheap. Dick, I supposed that my son rated his word and his honor at a higher price than eight cents. I certainly hope that he will in the future."

Dick hung his head in the light of his father's words. The act seemed so pitifully small that he wondered how he ever could have thought it funny. And Tom, though he laughed it off, soon made an excuse for leaving.

"I do not think I care to have Tom as an especial friend of Dick's," said Mr. Morris to his wife that night when they were left alone. "A boy whose sense of honor and honesty is no higher, is not a boy whose influence and companionship I desire for mine."

Twelve years had gone by, and Dick and Tom, grown to be young men, were each holding a position of trust and responsibility. It was another September morning and the Morris family had gathered for breakfast. Mrs. Morris was glancing over the morning paper that had just been brought in, when she gave a startled exclamation.

"What is it?" asked Dick, who had just entered.

"Why, Tom Folger has disappeared, and an examination shows him to be a defaulter to a large amount. Dick's boy friend who used to be here so much! Such a bright and pleasant boy; I am so sorry, and so surprised!"

"I am sorry," answered her husband, "but I am not surprised. Do you remember the little incident of Tom and Dick's running the toll-gate? After that I checked their intimacy, and from that day to this I have been afraid for Tom. I saw in that act that he lacked a high sense of honesty, and when he said that his father laughed at it, I also saw that his home training and influence was never going to make it higher. And when a boy has a low perception of truth and honor, and puts but a light value on his word, there is grave reason to fear for his future."—Christian Intelligencer.

When I see, as calls unsuccessful adorned with suffering, sympathy meek yet defiant, of the sorrows despise, enduring panishment of though it be a and not a treasure I am ready to

Blessed are the striven and nobly has set his heart Whether he secure But he who "love though he "live himself is sure. his hopes and baffle work together for rise again. Every amity shall drop do shall minister to en row he shall press

O, men and women to know the Lord, who are troubled, struggling; whose a days, worn bare of behind your aspiration by the ghosts of your shining hill your feet work with dumb, a protest, I bid you go Gail Hamilton.

The B. Y. P. U. of time to all who come must come and as like to see every Unit ment will be provided

Central A Our next annual Chester. A platform secretary is endeavoring who have received st as soon as possible. delegate. In a church is entitled to send one will be made next wee

C A very interesting day evening, May 29th was Women's Work in readings bearing upon ber of the members, younger members. Or gramme was the reading Newcombe of India, te from Mrs. B. F. Jacques band, are doing mission of the Chapel cars. On gave a very interesting North West. At the cl taken for the work, wh tor, Rev. E. L. Steeves, an enthusiastic worker, movement.

Chattanooga C The official route from B. Y. P. U. A. Conven 15th to 18th is via I. C. way to Detroit, thence v Cincinnati, Chicago and Louisville and Nashville Chattanooga Chattanooga. Tickets will b Halifax to Chattanooga Chattanooga and return, and return, \$37.60; New turn, \$40.40; Charlotte \$41.15; Moncton to Chatta John to Chattanooga and July 12th and 13th, good Further information will John M. Lyons, G. P. A., E. Wall, transportation lea