

be a trying day for him." A low tap at the door and a maid servant entered, followed by a huge mastiff.

"Miss Daisy, I have brought Leo for company ; I am sure you must be lonesome this wild night."

Daisy replied, "thank you, Carrie, it is all right; he will be company. Be sure and have something nice and hot ready the moment papa comes in."

The maid cast a wistful glance at her young mistress as she withdrew. Daisy put her arms around the neck of the noble animal as he stood beside her upon the rug. His looks seemed to say—"You are troubled." Stroking him, she asked, "what are you thinking, Leo? The same as myself—there is no place like home such a night as this—so lie down, good dog, before the fire while I think it all out." He stretched himself upon the rug and Daisy arose to her feet. She stood a few moments in deep thought, then drew a chair close to a small writing table her father had given her for her own special use. She opened a portfolio, and taking pencil and paper she traced a line down the centre of the paper. Speaking as if addressing some person—"Come, Daisy, let us look at both sides of the picture,—one for the world, the other for the Lord."

#### FOR THE LORD.

I must consecrate myself wholly to the Lord, to be purified by His Spirit from all selfishness, ready at all times to sacrifice my desires for the good of others, to