

move we proceed to miscellaneous suggestions.

'What geese we all are,' broke in Mary Maynard, eagerly. 'Doesn't B stand for boiling and brewing and baking, and C for cooking and candy and catering and cake and cookies and chocolate, and don't we all know that Elsie is a born genius in all that kind of thing? Aren't her spreads always more magnificent than anybody's else, and doesn't she always make everything herself, and does anything eatable or drinkable ever dare to fall under her magic touch? And isn't she an authority on all such? Hear how the subject inspires me, girls! Elsie, be the college caterer, do! I'm sure there are plenty of spreads all through the year that the girls would be glad to be relieved of if the city caterers weren't so expensive.'

'Glorious!' 'Just the thing!' 'Bravo!' from everybody at once. 'How lucky you room alone, Elsie!' added Kitty. 'You can mess all you like, with nobody to smell, taste, touch, see, or hear.'

'Or weigh,' added Mary, mischievously. 'You know Professor Sears claims that for the sixth sense.'

'I should think Mrs. Banks might let you use her summer kitchen and gas stove,' said Mabel. 'That would be independent and convenient and economical and generally millennial.'

Elsie still looked doubtful. 'Do you really think I could make anything at it?' she said, hesitatingly. 'I know I can do all those things. It's my one gift; but there doesn't seem to be the usual "long-felt want."

'Oh, yes, there is,' said Mary, positively. 'I'm chairman of the refreshment committee for the freshman spread, and every single girl on that committee has privately groaned to me that she didn't see how she could find a minute to give it. I'll call that committee together to-morrow morning, and I'm sure it will be the greatest relief in the world to put the whole thing into your hands if you will take it.'

'It happens just right, too,' Mary hurried on, 'for we can make this your debut, Elsie dear, and I prophesy that orders will pour in upon you. Frances Cox has a little "At Home" the week after for those friends of hers that came this year, and you know she has loads of money and hates to work. And then there's the senior reception to the sophomores, and by and by the freshman reception to the classes that have entertained them, and any number of little ones coming along all the time. And think of commencement! Oh, yes, my dear! Your fortune is made. "The path of glory leads"—no, that isn't what I mean—'

'"Victory calls you; on, be ready!"' quoted Mabel.

'Yes, that's it. Anyhow, you'll go down to fame along with the boys and girls that have tutored and sewn and mended and sawed themselves through college. I see myself telling the tale of your prowess to my grandchildren, and adding, with humble pride, "I knew her!"'

'Five minutes to three, girls,' announced Kitty. 'Just time to get to our three o'clock classes. Good-bye, Elsie. I've got to scramble a lot of things together for my science report. By-by, girls. We'll all celebrate unconsciously on this great matter, and bring it through with flying colors.'

Elsie lay awake nights planning the freshman spread. It was a great success, though quite as simple as the college spreads usually were; but it was full of novelties and surprises, for Elsie was a born genius, as Mary had said. And the dainty courses succeeded each other like

clock-work, while the entertainers were fresh and unwearied for the real task of getting acquainted with the 'new girls.'

Elsie had furnished everything, had gone early and made the necessary arrangements in the private home that had been kindly offered for the evening, had instructed the house servant, and privately posted one or two friends in her secret how to keep the ball rolling, and was herself in the kitchen with her hand on the pulse of the party, although the party knew it not. Then, Chairman Mary, full of unselfish enthusiasm, told the girls all about it while they were congratulating her on her success, and Elsie's debut could not have been more auspicious.

She had asked five dollars for her services over and above the cost of her materials, and she paid her rent and coal bills with more real satisfaction than she had ever felt before in her life. Then, to her surprise and delight—for she had been incredulous—orders began to come. Many of them were small, for very few of the college girls were rich; but every little helped, and her father and mother, sympathizing with her brave efforts to help herself, managed to pay her tuition for the second half year.

Then one of the professors' wives engaged her help for a series of afternoon receptions, and one or two others did the same, for Elsie had been a great favorite, and the girls generously trumpeted her fame in season and out of season. By and by she found herself the fashion, and was as busy and happy and important as could be.

She began to enlarge her scale of work, arranged decorations and souvenirs, hired extra dishes, and, in short, troubled the hostess for nothing but the number of her guests. Mrs. Banks gave her the use of her summer kitchen and gas stove, as Mabel had suggested, and shared Elsie's prosperity, for she made delicious cake, and through Elsie's influence received many an order for it. And when Elsie engaged her little girl to run on errands and assist her generally, the good woman's joy over the addition to her scanty income was complete.

After commencement was over and the books were balanced, Elsie found that she had paid for her board, books, the dreaded 'sundries,' and a few clothes, and had needed to ask for very little help from home. Her class standing was not so high as it would otherwise have been, but she had gained ten pounds in weight, besides an incalculable amount of experience and a 'priceless pointer on her province,' as she elegantly put it, when, the night before they all parted, she entertained in her grandest style the girls who had taken counsel together in the Sparrow's Nest the October before.

Mary, as the happy originator of the plan, sat in the place of honor; and when Katie Banks, gorgeous to behold in cap and apron, had brought the coffee and finally disappeared, Elsie made her maiden speech.

'I can never thank you enough, girls,' she said. 'I couldn't have done it except for your help, both in starting it and supporting it; and now I want to tell you what it has led to, which is nothing more nor less than an entire change of my plans for the next year and the future. Mrs. Howard, who gave me my first catering outside of the class work, has been talking to me, and says I have a special gift for this sort of thing and I ought to cultivate it, and the small voice within me says she is right. My mind always misgave me about teaching, and I do feel myself absolute mistress of "vittles," as Ellen says. Only it

seemed so common I never thought of it before as my talent.

'But I am going to throw conventionality to the winds and follow Mrs. Howard's advice. I have been taking special work in the chemistry of food this semester, and I am going to work and study by myself all summer and take a course in one of the city cooking-schools, and next year I am to set sail for myself as caterer and decorator! Mrs. Howard has always lived in the city, and has a great many friends there, and says she knows there is an opening all ready for me.

'Of course I can come out here, too, and I shall hope to keep my patrons here. So there's my long-dreamed-of career cut and dried! Now wish me luck before we say good-bye, and be sure to remember me when you are preparing for your weddings and wakes!'

Success came none too quickly nor too easily, but it came. And perhaps the best success lay not in the career itself, but in the lesson it taught her, that if she couldn't do a thing in one way she could in another; that a special talent is too precious a sign of the niche we are meant to fill to be lightly disregarded; and that, in good old Herbert's words:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

The Mind Staid on Christ.

Let the mind be in Christ's keeping and under his control. Let all our thought be gathered up and brought into captivity to the obedience of him. Let the man be trained to think according to the eternal principles of love and truth and righteousness and purity which Jesus taught.

Let us learn to think Christ's thoughts and bring all our opinions to this test: What would Jesus think about it? Let this be the prayer: If my imagination pictures any impurity, O Lord, efface it instantly! If my thoughts are wayward, wandering from the path of right, Lord Jesus, bring them back! If they attempt to fly beyond their proper sphere, O, clip their wings! If they are bent on mischief, turn them aside! Hold them in complete subjection to thyself! May they be illumined by thy light, seasoned by thy grace, sweetened by thy love, and sanctified by thy Spirit!—Christian Intelligencer.

Love in the Heart Makes Home.

Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,
'A wonder,' we say, and the wonder grows,
Pressed round by a soft, plump breast,
With a leaf looped low 'gainst a rainy day—

So the bird has fashioned her nest,
As we study the curious thing,
'Twas love in the heart
That prompted the art,
And sped the untiring wing.

Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay,
But the future looks rosy and bright;
With a bit put by for a rainy day,
Love makes every burden light.
'A wonder,' we say, and the wonder grows,
Or sunshine or storms may come,
Though but twigs and moss
Are latticed across,

The love in the heart makes home.

—Julia M. Klinck, in 'New York Despatch.'

There are some people who think that sermon is the best which misses them and hits all their neighbors.—'Ram's Horn.'