

doorstone in the soft October sunshine, and she could not but think a little regretfully of a meeting the girls were to have that afternoon, to which she had been asked, to form a circle, the "Opportunity Seekers" of the King's Daughters.

Patty sighed softly with the thought, it must be so delightful to have time to be always seeking opportunities to do good. She had hoped to get around to hear their plans, in the hope she might get some hint, though of course it was very little she would have either ability or time to do. But it was too late now, and then there was supper to get, and the week's mending basket was not yet empty, and she had promised the boys to go for the cows, so that they might work the later.

Presently Grandpa Bennett came and sat down in the doorway. "How good them apples do look," he remarked, as his eyes went across the yard to the orchard beyond, bending under its weight of ripening fruit. "I told the boys in the spring I reckoned we'd have some; don't often fail two seasons running. If I wasn't so lame to-day," he added after a moment, "I'd go and get a few; seem's if some warm apple-sauce for supper would taste real realishin'."

"Would it? Then I'll go and get some apples for you." And suiting the action to the word, Patty sprang up, with a light step crossed the yard, and so down the orchard aisle, between the rows of gnarled and mossy trees, where laden branches met in arches over her head, while their fruity fragrance filled all the warm air.

It was an old orchard, and all the trees, with one exception, bore the signs of years, the weight of many burdens, the twisting stress of wind and storm.

This exception was a straight-limbed young tree, with smooth and shining bark, its glossy, green leaves scattered with a few golden pippins. Patty gathered the "Maiden Blushes" she had come for in her apron, paused a moment, then passing on picked

up one of the yellow spheres that had fallen in the grass, and, with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes, laid her cheek with a caressing touch against the smooth and satiny bark. For the tree was one that had been planted by an older brother, who had died soon after, leaving a vacant place in the home and Patty's heart that the four years had not yet filled.

Where it stood was almost at the fence on the further side of the orchard, and over the field that lay beyond, rising from its surrounding trees, could be seen the roof and gables of a house, that of Mr. Lane, owner of the large iron-foundry in the near-by town.

A young man was crossing this wide meadow with hasty strides.

(To be continued.)

#### DO YOUR BEST.

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock, and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No; but the shop needs cleaning up, and I think he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead; but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if you begin working overtime that way you'll have to keep it up;" and the speaker, a lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the work-bench for a noon-tide nap.

"All right," good naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself then; for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon." So saying, he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned up.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now.

The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not especially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, and is barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessities of life.

The other boy lost nothing by his willingness and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things and to take a personal interest in their employer's business? It is the boys who do this who climb to the top in every line of business, while the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down towards the bottom of the ladder.—*Selected.*

#### TOSSED ON STORMY SEAS.

Irene Oakley sat with her brother Ted on the clean, white sand of a pleasant New England beach, watching the great rollers as they came tumbling in, breaking, almost at their feet, into white curls of foam. Irene's eyes were fixed upon a tiny cork, which was being buffeted by the waves, now hurled up on to the beach, now caught by the hurrying waters and swept back into the sea, there to be tossed wildly up and down.

The thought came to Irene that she was being tossed about in very much the same way. It was only a short time since she had left school, but it seemed to her that the few weeks had been crowded with trouble and worry. There had been sickness and fin-