

ed her, saying in a desponding tone, 'What good times she seems to have. Nobody cares for me, knocked about as I have been.' But she was mistaken. Her teacher was at that moment asking that she might be Evelyn's helpful friend and be guided to the best course, and Agnes's thoughts were busy with her new charge. With what result will soon appear.

Coming into her mother's room where the baby was being arranged in his soft white slip for his night's rest, Agnes stopped in her frolic with the household pet to say: 'Mother, I'm going to ask something. Be sure to say yes.'

Mrs. Leigh smiled inquiringly, at the same time fastening baby's sock, which he seemed determined to pull off.

'Don't you want to invite to tea to-morrow a girl who hasn't many happy times? I mean Evelyn Green. She's a stranger, you know, and has such a lonely time at home.'

'Why, yes, Agnes, of course you may invite her. By the way, her father was one of your father's old college friends, and only yesterday papa was telling me about his life abroad. Wouldn't it be nice to invite Colonel Green, too? We must ask papa about it.'

The outcome of all this was a cordial invitation to the strangers. Such a pleasant evening as they spent! Mr. Leigh was a genial host, and the table talk was always bright and sunny. In fact, Mr. Leigh would not allow sorrowful tales nor worries nor faultfinding to be brought to meals.

'Why, children, we cannot afford to have dyspepsia,' he would say; 'besides it is the time when I see you all together, and I love to see happy faces.' So the rule was always kept, and if any croaker chanced to be there and introduced his usual conversation, the tide was quickly turned by the cheerful host and hostess.

Colonel Green had many entertaining anecdotes of foreign life, and Evelyn, in the sunny atmosphere, forgot to indulge in unkind remarks. Then the games and music later made the evening seem all too short. As Evelyn was putting on her wraps, she said:—

'O Agnes, what a lovely time we have had! I do not remember ever having had so nice a time.'

'I'm sure I hope you'll have many more in South Brinton,' was the reply.

'Well, perhaps it's my fault. But I've been such a "Topsy," and "lived around" while papa was abroad that I got in the way of thinking people were against me, don't you know? and not caring to be pleasant. I'm going to try to do better now. If only I had a mother like yours! Sometimes I wish papa would marry again, if he'd get somebody nice; but then a second mother couldn't be like your own. I do not even remember mine. She died when I was two years old.'

Agnes hesitated. 'Why, Evelyn, my dear mamma is a "second mother."'

'Agnes Leigh! You don't really mean it!' and Evelyn sank down in the nearest chair, astonished.

'Yes,' went on Agnes, 'I don't often speak of it; for she is so dear to me. My own real mother died when I was a baby, and this one came to the home when I was only six years old. She has always been so precious to me.'

It was a warm good-night that the girls gave each other. Mrs. Leigh's caress lingered with the motherless child. 'We must have them here again,' she said, and Mr. Leigh expressed his pleasure in reviving college days and hearing Henry Green's varied experience, while Agnes, in the quiet

of her own room, gave herself a little reproof.

'Think of my judging that poor lonely Evelyn! I'll try to make up by being a helper instead of standing off like a proud Pharisee.'

There was an air of expectancy in the sunny school room on Monday morning. Besides Miss Burgess on the platform sat a woman whose intelligent face attracted every scholar. Since the advent of the present principal, frequent had been the opportunities of seeing and hearing sterling men and women devoted to literary or religious work, and a glimpse through them of far-away Cathay, the islands of the sea, wonderful Alaska, or sunny South.

After the reverent, helpful opening service, Miss Burgess said:

'My dear young friends, on Saturday my heart was gladdened by the coming of a former schoolmate who was in one of the upper classes when I first met her at boarding-school. Many were the lessons of true womanhood she taught me by a silent influence the extent of which she scarcely realized. Always retaining her interest in the girls, she is now one of the directors of the Order of the King's Daughters. I have asked her to talk to us about this work, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce my friend, Miss Lombard.'

The visitor looked upon the fresh, eager faces before her, saying:—

'As your principal was speaking, there came to my mind a picture of a sweet young girl just arrived at boarding-school. Timid and alone she crept into my heart, and has stayed there ever since; and the one thing that stamped her personality was her perpetual spirit of charity, winning and holding her companions. She was a true friend. We may each be proud to claim her as such and strive to be such ourselves.'

Every girl was touched by this reference, stimulated to greater loyalty and effort.

'And that was carrying out the very spirit of our Order of the King's Daughters, whose aim is to follow the Lord Jesus, our King, being ever helpful to others. Only last week I met one of my young friends now attending the Normal School in her own city. Touching the little silver cross which peeped out from the folds of her waist, I said, "And what is your work, Lillian?"'

"O Miss Lombard, you know we busy school girls have not time for sewing or visiting the poor, so we resolved that we would try not to gossip. It's pretty hard sometimes, but I believe every one of our sixty members tries."

'Another school girl told me that the Ten to which she belonged chose as their work "to be cheerful."'

Then Miss Lombard briefly sketched the nature of the wide-spread Order, gave some touching incidents connected with its working, and in closing said:

'I should be so pleased to know there was a Circle here, if you feel inclined to adopt our motto, "In His Name."'

At recess there was not one dissenting voice. And when the time of organization came, Agnes Leigh made this little speech:

'Girls, don't you think it would be lovely to honor our dear Principal in this Circle? Of course she would not wish us to use her name, but just among ourselves we can resolve that our work shall be what hers was in her school days, taking the one word "Charity" as our special name, and, as our special motto, that of the monks of St. Bernard: 'Fideliter, Fortiter, Feliciter'—faithfully, bravely, happily.'

Agnes forgot all hesitancy in her wish to please the King, and a murmur of satisfaction followed her words.

After the meeting Evelyn whispered to Agnes: 'That is just what I need. I'm going to try hard.'

The pleasures and triumphs of the South Brinton Circle cannot be told. Faithfully, bravely, happily, each day its members sought to 'follow after Charity' that 'think-eth no evil.' Hard it often was, but the habit formed became second nature, and years after gracious womanhood was presenting living Christianity. The influence of that sweet teacher, now in Paradise, lived on in the hearts and deeds of her girls.

Ruth

(By Harriet Francene Crocker, in 'Union Signal.')

Ruth sat upstairs in her pretty blue and white room with her open Bible on her knee, dreamily looking out into the beauty and glory of the blossoming almond orchard. A smile hovered about her lips and sweet content lay in her blue eyes. How good life was to her. How sweet to be a living, breathing part of all this wonderful mystery of springtime! How joyous to have the consciousness of loving friends, a dear home, a happy heart and bounding health.

Ruth was mindful of her mercies, and was thankful. Surely she would do something—something to ease the load of life to others less fortunate than she—surely not a day should pass without some kind act done for some one! She had been reading her daily portion in her little Bible, and her soul was filled with high resolves to do and to be, to reflect naught but credit upon the society of young people to which she belonged, that care-free, laughing, happy company of young men and maidens, who were proud to call themselves 'Endeavorers.' Life meant scarcely more than a sunny day to any of them as yet; comfortable homes and loving friends left nothing to be desired in the way of material blessings, and as to the joy of friendship in Christ, they all knew that.

Ruth's dreamy eyes spied a figure coming up through the almond orchard, a heavy, poorly dressed figure of a young man. She leaned forward a little in her low rocker and studied him attentively. 'Now, what, I wonder, can I do for him?' she said to herself. 'Charity begins at home, and perhaps Joe is the very one I'm chosen to help. I might ask him to go to the C. E. meeting this evening, but I'm pretty sure he would not go. Those are all the clothes he has, poor fellow, and he might feel strange among the other boys. I guess I'll try to think of some other way to help Joe.'

There was something awkwardly pathetic about Joe as he came across the ploughed ground through the orchard. His arms hung loosely at his sides and he plodded along with downcast head. It seemed to him as if one dreadful memory would never leave him—the memory of those ten days he had served on the chain-gang in a town not far away.

Hoping to find work in California, and make a start in the world, he had left his poor home on the Dakota prairie where there were already too many mouths to feed; had made his way across the country in such ways as 'gentlemen of the road' are familiar with, riding on brake-beams at the risk of his life; walking when he could not ride; asking here and there for a bite to eat. When he reached the end of his long journey he was penniless, ragged, foot-sore and hungry—oh, more than all else he was hungry! And so he had asked the first person he had met for something to eat and had been promptly arrested. Then followed those ten disgraceful days on the chain-