



EVERY-DAY WORK.

Great deeds are trumpeted; loud bells are rung. And men turn round to see: The high peaks echo to the pasans sung...

"JUST PETER."

It was a most every-day occurrence—a red automobile tearing by, a brown puppy uncertain of direction...

Geoff, after the first shock of surprise, went forward, wondering why Peter didn't return to him when he called.

His sturdy legs carried him to the spot, where the brown heap lay, and he said softly, "Pete, get up, you lazy dog."

Could he be hurt so bad, that he couldn't get up? He would see. Stooping over the silky brown body yet warm, Geoffrey slowly lifted one little leg, then another.

Geoff put down the head, and with a very frightened, white face, sat down in the dusty road by the side of Pete.

A great lump seemed growing inside of him, as slowly the feeling came over him that little Pete, his own puppy, had gone dead!

Geoff never had any mother that he could remember, and he had become used to thinking out things for himself, because Dad never had any time in the evenings.

This was the picture which met the eyes of the Reverend Malcolm Brown as he rode down the road on his baby horse.

"What's the matter, my boy? Peter hurt himself?" "Yes," came Geoff's voice, strangely quiet, the young man thought.

The bay horse waited; he never quite knew what his master would do, but there was trouble here, so he stood at attention.

There was a minute when the minister wished he were a woman, then he put his arm around the dusty figure.

"Don't," said the little boy passionately, "don't you see Pete's hurt? He can't walk, and I've 'sposed I'm goin' to leave him?"

"But Pete might get hurt again," said the minister. "See here, I'll carry Pete, and you take the bay over to the grass."

The strain of the last hour was beginning to tell on Geoff, and as the minister tenderly raised the little brown pup, Geoff struggled to his feet, and reaching up for the bridle, followed the minister to the grassy stretch, safe from red cars.

The boy's straw hat had been thrown down, and his agonized heart throbbed against the minister's vest, while scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

Geoff never had been like other children, and the minister began to wonder what would happen when the boy found his voice.

"It was that red car, I called to Peter, an' first he began to come, and then he started to run and—I called him, 'an' he wouldn't get up—and come, and I went over to him. . . ."

The minister just stroked the curly hair back, as he said: "I know, sonny, but you wouldn't have had Pete live, if he was hurt badly, and would suffer all the time, would you? You love hi' mtoo much for that!"

Geoff's eyes looked up quickly, his mind was traveling faster than that of the minister.

"If God take care of things when they die, has the pain stopped hurtin' Pete now?" he demanded.

"Surely," said the young man, sending theological discussions of a difficult character ahead.

"Don't you 'spose God had enough pups without taking mine from me?" again demanded Geoff, and "oh! I do want him back," and the child gave way to uncontrollable sobs.

There were rocks coming, the minister was sure, and still holding the sobbing child, he began telling him of the Indians, and how they believed in a God who would give them good hunting-grounds when they died and how they thought their animals would go with them, too.

The boy's sobs lessened as he listened to the young man's voice, then he spoke in broken tones:

"D'ye think if I'm very good that God'll let me see Pete again when I die?"

The minister hesitated for a second before he said, "Of course, we are none of us quite sure about anything in Heaven, but if you are a brave boy and try not to fret, maybe God will let you see Pete again!"

"Where does God keep the animals when they come up?"

The Reverend Malcolm Brown's imagination had always been strong, but this afternoon it was stronger than usual.

"I think, and the firm hand closing over the hot ones of the child, 'it's a lovely meadow, with trees, and most of the things the animals would like!'"

"An' nobody is unkind to them; they wouldn't take their ploythings from them? Pete has lots of things he plays with, an' he'd be lonesome without them!"

The minister's face wore a strange look, his theology was fast caring him to the religions of other worlds, but he said, softly wiping off the moist cheeks, "I don't think God would mind Pete taking his things with him; he'd be glad to have him happy!"

There was a long silence, and when, some minutes later the minister put the child down at the father's door, he had promised to assist at Pete's funeral that evening.

It was sunset when the young man holding a box, and the little boy with his arms full of different things, stopped at the big oak tree on the farther side of the fence.

The minister took off his coat and dug the narrow trench, while Geoff sat beside the boy and watched. The little brown head lay on Geoff's own cushion in the box, and Geoff was only waiting to put in the other things.

The minister ceased digging after a while, then replaced his coat. He moved aside when he saw Geoff stoop over the box, and the sound of an audible kiss made him swallow something hastily. Then turning, he said gently, "Are you ready Geoff?"

"In a minute," the little boy replied, picking up Pete's playthings and putting them into the box, round the form of the brown pup. First came an old mophead, then a much-chewed slippers, the remains of a wash-rag, and a broken rubber ball!

The young man stood with a queer tightening at his throat, as the articles were put in, one by one.

Then on the body of the still sleeping Pete, Geoff laid some bones. These would serve him for a long time, because he liked to bury them!

The minister knelt down, and, with eyes which saw but dimly, fitted on the lid of the box.

Together the two mourners replaced the earth, and when the last shovelful was in, and the sods packed down, Geoff knelt by the side, and the minister, putting his hat on the grass knelt too.

To his dying day he never forgot that funeral prayer as Geoff, with a heart not too full to put up a passionate plea for his pet, prayed:

"Dear God, this is my pup, Pete, who's coming to you, and do please be careful with him. He can't eat meat yet, it'll make his hair come out, an' don't take him up by the arms, it hurts him so, an' if you have a Morris chair, let him sit in back of you, he loves it—an' oh, won't you please keep him for me till I come?"

And the minister said, "Amen."—Our Dumb Animals.

"We are rich only through what we give, and poor only through what we refuse."

HOW NELLIE REPAIRED A MISTAKE.

"There she goes now." "Yes, and she is wearing that same old poke of a hat and that coat is at least three years old."

"Let's pretend we don't see her." Three girls, arm in arm, were walking along a wide sidewalk and they were referring to another young girl coming toward them on the opposite side of the street.

"Straight ahead now, don't let her think we see her." And right along the three companions went, keeping perfect step and looking neither to right nor left.

"There, that was very well done. If she will wear such dowdy things she must expect to be snubbed."

"Yes, Oh, do we drop you here, Nellie? Well, good-bye." "And be sure to come to the party to-morrow, Nellie."

With smiles and friendly words Jennie Reed and Ella Snow released the arms of Nellie Field as they came opposite the corner where the street led down to her home.

She had not spoken a word in the conversation relating to the girl they had passed unnoticed on the opposite side of the street, yet she felt just as guilty as if she had.

She felt flushed and very uncomfortable while replying to the chatter of the other two girls, and as they passed on she stole a look in the direction from which they had come, hoping to get a glimpse of the girl they had all slighted so cruelly.

But little Stella Gray in her last year's hat and coat, and other clothes, which were certainly out of style, though pretty and becoming, had passed beyond her sight and Nellie turned, with a sigh, down the home-ward street.

"I don't know what I shall do," she said to herself. "I did not say a word about Stella, but I was with the girls who did, and I looked straight ahead just as they told me, and—I can never, never look Stella in the face again!"

This dismal prospect, as a result of being weakly influenced by Jennie and Ella, made Nellie very unhappy. What would she not have given to be placed in the same position which she had occupied a half-hour before when she locked arms with Jennie and Ella and started down the walk with them.

When she entered her mother's sitting-room her face was full of trouble, and, of course, her mother was very quick to recognize it, only she did not know the cause.

She was soon informed, however. "Now, mother, what shall I do? Stella is the best girl I know, and we know why she cannot have new clothes."

"Yes; it is because her father cannot afford them, and is too honest to buy things he cannot afford. You certainly know just what is your duty, my dear. Stella is probably crying her eyes out this minute, grieving over the cruel snub you gave her."

"You mean that I ought to go and see her and apologize, don't you, mamma?"

"Yes. Wait a moment." Mrs. Field stepped out into her little flower garden and when she came in she brought a bouquet of sweet, old-fashioned flowers.

"Take these to Stella's mother from me, dear. They will help break the ice for you, or smooth the situation."

So without removing her hat Nellie turned around and retraced her steps.

"It is a rather delicate mission, but I think I can trust the child, and she must learn that yielding to wrong influence always brings a punishment of some sort."

So the mother, who had been careful to train her daughter's heart aright, waited calmly to know the result of her first trial of her strength.

"The other girls ought to go back with me," thought Nellie. "I have half a mind to go and ask them, but I guess I won't. They might spoil everything, and there has been enough harm done already. It will be the last time they ever get me into such a scrap; and I'll see if I can't make them see how much better mother's way is, sometimes when I have a good chance."

Thinking thus, Nellie soon found herself at the door of Stella's home.

"I want to see Stella, please," she said to the little boy who answered her knock.

He opened a door at one side of the hall and Nellie went into a plain little sitting-room and waited.

"Here are some flowers my mother sent to your mother, Stella," said Nellie, as Stella came in the door.

"And I came to ask your forgiveness," she added.

In spite of her brave resolution Nellie could not help the tremor in her voice.

"I did not mean it, Stella; I don't see whatever made me do it. I think you are the best and bravest little girl I know, and my mother thinks so, too."

That was all, and oh, how relieved Nellie felt. As for Stella, her eyes, already swollen from a good hard crying spell, filled up and ran over again. Then the two little girls cried together, then laughed together; and after a little talk Stella put on the "same old poke of a hat" and went a little way with Nellie toward her home.

When they separated each went dancing on her way, feeling happy and with no cloud between them.

Nellie's prompt act of love and humility had driven the cloud away.—Exchange.

ESTHER'S IRONING DAY.

"Always late to breakfast," said Esther, the maid, as she began to gather up the dishes from the breakfast table and found Katherine's plate still untouched.

It was ironing day, and Esther had a great deal to do; but she must keep the little girl's breakfast warm and stop her work afterwards to clear up the table.

This is the way it had been almost every morning since Katherine had come to stay with her Aunt Pauline, while her father and mother were away on a journey.

Esther liked children, and was very kind and patient with the extra work, but she often wished the little girl would eat her breakfast with the others, especially on days like this, when there was so much to do that she hardly knew where to turn.

This particular morning, however, things were to be different. Katherine had come sleepily into the dining room, and was slowly eating her oatmeal when Mattie Harris, the little girl next-door, came running in.

"Why-ee!" cried Mattie. "Haven't you had breakfast yet?"

"Just eating," laughed Katherine, pushing a plate of cookies toward Mattie. "Won't you have one?" she asked.

"No, thanks. But what does Esther say when you keep the table standing like this?" Mattie rattled on. "Our Mary wouldn't like it a bit. It would put back her work dreadfully."

Katherine stopped with a spoonful halfway to her rosy mouth and looked wonderingly at Mattie. "Why, I never thought of that," she said. "I don't think Esther minds."

"Maybe she doesn't say anything. But I just know she does," Mattie declared. "Why, it's ironing day, and that's the day Mary always wants the breakfast out of the way as quick as she can have it."

Katherine looked up at the kitchen clock swiftly ticking away the minutes. "We've always boarded," she said slowly. "I never thought it mattered if I was late. But I've got time to wash up these things myself," she added briskly, slipping from her chair.

"And I'll help," Mattie chimed in. When Esther came downstairs a little later the kitchen was all cleared up and the girls had run off to school. Esther's face brightened.

"The lassie means all right," she said as she wiped off the irons and put them over to heat. "She didn't think, that's all."

The next morning found Katherine in her place with the others. She looked bright and wide-awake. There was plenty of time for play before school, and lessons seemed to go better.

"I like getting up early," she told Mattie at recess. "I feel lots better, and I'm sure Esther was pleased from the way she smiled when she said, 'Good morning.' I never thought, you see, that it made any difference to her."

"Mamma says it is just not thinking that makes most of the troubles, anyhow," Mattie said, giving Katherine's hand a little squeeze. "But I think it's perfectly dear of you to try so hard, now that you know."—Weekly Welcome.

TRAINING THE MEMORY.

Concentrate your attention. Associate the thing to be remembered with something ever in your mind.

If you would remember permanently, it is necessary to keep your mind on the subject for some considerable time.

Acquire the habit of accuracy. If a thing remembered is wrong, you would better have a poor memory.

Review frequently. Seize the moment of excited curiosity for the acquisition of knowledge.

If you have learned a thing that will keep and will bear it, tell it to some one else as soon as possible.

When you wish to retain fine words, speak them as soon as possible yourself.

When you commit a passage to memory, quote the author, and class his name with others you cannot forget.

Never try to force memory when something seems to be forgotten. Turn to something else, and it will soon come up.

Never tax your memory when greatly fatigued.

When you make up an opinion on a certain subject, commit to memory all your reasons for doing so. If you change, you want to have the data, and why you changed.

Don't strive to perform memory work during or after a full meal.

Never suspect your memory. If you suspect it, you cannot trust it at all.

For catching up material for early use, the evening hours are best, but it must be something that is familiar. The early morning is the best time to commit new facts and principles.—Exchange.

THE THINGS TO MAKE YOU GLAD.

When the years have slipped by, and memory runs back over the path you have trod, you will be glad that you stopped to speak to every friend you met and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life, that you served the best you could in life's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way: "I know that I can trust him. He is as true as steel."

You will be glad that there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms, the fountains would dry up, the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors and life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped

long enough every day to read carefully and with a prayer in your heart some part of God's message to man. He loves.

You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evil things men said about one another, and tried the best you could to ward the words winged with poison.

You will be glad that you brought smiles to men and not sorrow.

You will be glad that you have met with a hearty handshake all the hard things which have come to you, never dodging out of them, but turning them all to the best possible account.—The Presbyterians.

WON BY A BIBLE.

An Indian clerk in a Madras railway office overheard the remark that the English Bible was the best book from which to learn English.

He procured a copy from a friend, giving in exchange a volume of Keenan, and set himself to study it in order to improve his knowledge of English.

Soon, however, the Book stopped his attention, and he read it through once, twice, thrice. At length, convinced that Christianity was the true faith, and that Christ was able to save him from his sins, he went to the missionary who relates the story and after a long conversation ascertained him that his knowledge was clear and experience definite. In the end, he joined the church, won "to walk after the Lord," through the reading of the Scriptures.—London Christian.

May our faith get into our hands and feet, into our tongues and tempers, so that the world may see how warm is our solicitude for Thy good name.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

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