

WHEN THE CAP FITTED.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging; there was a fierce light in his eyes and a low growl rumbled down in his throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. Oh, let's run!" she cried. "He's going to bite us."

"No, he won't, if we don't touch his bone."

Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. "I don't know what makes him act so," she said, as the two girls walked on.

"Is he always as cross as he has been since I came?" asked Ruth.

"He didn't used to be," returned Marian, sorrowfully. "But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time."

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother, Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clinched. "I am going straight to mamma, Miss!" he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. "We'll see if she let's you talk that way!"

"What way?" asked Marian, in surprise.

Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A few moments later mamma's sweet voice called "Marian, dear, I want to see you."

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing room and her face looked puzzled and sad. Paul sat by the window, and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to another.

"How is this, my daughter?" mamma began, "Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser all the time."

Marian started, then broke into a merry laugh, "Why, mamma, we were not talking about Paul at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser and crosser all the time."

"Oh," said mamma, and then she, too, laughed. "Run back to your play, dear," she said, cheerily. "It was only a mistake, it seems."

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them instead of anger. "I just heard them talking about being cross, and s'posed that meant me," he explained.

"It was a rather queer mistake, was it not?" mamma asked. And Paul made no answer.

"If your father had overheard that conversation," mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, "would he have thought the girls were talking about him?"

"Of course not," said Paul angrily.

"But why not?" persisted mamma.

"Because he isn't ever cross, and they could not have meant him." Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's meaning look.

"Exactly," said mamma, nodding her head. "And it was easy for you to make

the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see if it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to hear.

"A boy who tries his best to do right does not need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him."

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and, let us hope, a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke it was time for a change.—Selected.

WAYS PROVIDED.

"Neither will I offer—with the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."

The following extract from a private letter was read at Wesley Auxiliary, Yarmouth. The writer is the mother of a large family and lives in a country district somewhat shut out from Church privileges: "I will try to tell you my way of raising money for the work. Fourteen years ago I started saving all the eggs laid on Sunday and whatever I got for them put in the mission Box. I have a little iron safe for a box and I have kept up that ever since. It tells up quite a little in a year. Then my eldest girl got interested in the work when she was about thirteen years old. One night she was at a meeting when the minister spoke on Mission Work, telling different ways children could raise money. The next day there was a lamb found in the pasture. Its mother had forsaken it. She wanted to raise it for a Missionary lamb. She did and we have kept a missionary sheep ever since. So we have a lamb and a fleece of wool every year for missionary work.

Then four years ago, the same girl told me she had a call to go to Africa as a Missionary. Well, for a while it was a hard blow, although I had hoped the Lord would call one of the family. But I did not see how I could give her up as she was my right hand and a lot of time both hands; but I said Yes, Lord, and she went away to prepare herself for the work. But the Lord had something better for her and took her to heaven. But I felt as if I wanted her work to go on and as if the Lord wanted us to do more. So last Spring I spoke to our nearest society and between us we raised \$30. But still the Lord seemed to say it was not enough and that we, that is our family, could keep a native worker in my girl's place, so her work would go on. This spring I wrote to see how much it would take and the word came back \$60. It looked big but I knew the Lord is able to do big things through us if we let Him.

We had \$30.00 on hand and I sent that to pay for half a year, trusting the Lord to help us get the other \$30.00, and He has helped for we have more than half on hand. My other girl who teaches School sent \$5.00 and we have the lamb and wool yet to come. I knit a sweater out of the wool last year and sold it for \$7.00. That helped along and I will work it up this year to make the most of it. We sold some timber land this spring. The tenth of that will help us out for a few years. So I feel

that the Lord only wants us to be willing to do for Him and He will do the rest. Attempt small things and you can only do small things; attempt great things and you can do great things for God. If we think we want any thing for ourselves we generally get it, but few put out the same energy for the Lord's work as for their own. Oh if every one that the Lord has saved would be as anxious to get others saved as the Lord was to save them when He gave his life, a few little sacrifices would not bother. I have fixed over my hat every year for quite a few years and feel just as happy with it on this summer as if it was new and a lot better at the price they are now."

Surely the reading of this letter will help some to attempt greater things in the year ahead.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Missionary Society of the Reformed Baptist Church of Marysville on Feb. 15th. After opening with prayer by the pastor, the following interesting programme was read:

Song by Boys' Class.

Scripture reading by the President.

Duet, "Bringing in the Tithes."

Recitation by Mary Moore.

Exercise by three boys.

Reading by Ruth Boyce.

Quartette, "Christ Bearers."

Recitation by Daisy Rutledge.

Exercise by five girls.

Dialogue, "Harvest Time."

Duet, "Speak my Lord."

Recitation, by Ethel Mitchell.

Reading, "Without Spot," Mrs. N. Cochran.

Song, "Little Brothers and Sisters."

Recitation by Basil Moore.

Reading by Mrs. E. W. Lester.

Closing Song.

A good offering was taken during the evening, amounting to \$11.58. A great interest is taken by our young people in this phase of the work and we are looking for a better year than we have ever had before for missionary work. We are praying that God will bless us in the work and make us a blessing.

Signed on behalf of the missionary society.

MRS. E. W. LESER, Pres.

ALBERT STAFFORD, Secy.

Some habits get a man and grind him to powder. The giving habit gets a man and gives him a sight of things worth while—a vision of his own latent ability, a vision of his neighbor's need, a vision of the joy of helping another. When he goes with a man one mile he talks with him, and the conversation is so interesting that he goes with him two miles, and three, until he becomes the friend of the stranger, and makes the stranger the Lord's friend forevermore. It is not hard, but pleasant for him to do this. Before the first mile he hated to begin to walk. At the end of the second mile he was unwilling to stop. Get the giving habit, and it will put you face to face with a happiness that will enlarge your life and let you see beyond the hills.—Exchange.