

and we will have a quiet talk before service to-night.'

'At any rate, I am glad to live near you,' said Blanche, as she left her friend and walked up the path to the house.

A fretful voice greeted her: 'Do come to dinner, Blanche, we are all waiting, and the children must be in Sunday-school by two o'clock.'

'Mother, are you always busy?' said Blanche when the little ones had gone, and she and her mother were alone. 'Have you no time in the day for yourself?'

'How can I when there are eight of you for me to care for,' sighed Mrs. Rivers; 'but now I shall have a little rest. Oh, Blanche! no one knows how I have longed to have you, my eldest born, at home.'

'Then I am glad to be here, mother, and I will try and help you all I possibly can,' and the young girl kissed her mother's worn, thin face.

Mrs. Rivers glanced up into her daughter's face with a look of grateful love, as she said, 'I don't forget what a change it is to you, my child, to leave your school friends and come back to the busy home life; but love will make everything easier, and we will try and bear each other's burdens.'

'And so fulfil the law of Christ,' added Blanche in a low voice. 'I do want to do it, mother dear, and you will help me, for it will be hard sometimes.'

'Home life needs much patience, dear,' said Mrs. Rivers; 'but the secret is ever looking unto Jesus. "Even Christ pleased not himself."'

'You look a different girl, Blanche, since this morning,' said Ida, as they sat in the pleasant rectory parlor, 'why is it?'

'Oh, Ida, mother and I have had such a nice talk this afternoon. I was wrong to say what I did this morning; I forgot the long years mother has been everything to us, and how often she must have missed dear father; and you don't know what good resolutions I have made to be a real, good, helpful daughter to her.'

'Bravo, young lady,' said the Rector, who had come in to hear the end of Blanche's long sentence. 'A good resolution made in God's name will have a lasting effect,' and he laid his hand lovingly on the girl's head.

'It was your sermon, Mr. Fisher, that helped me to do it. Will you pray that I may not fail?' The three knelt together while the Rector prayed for his young parishioner, and then they walked up the yew-decked paths to the old parish church.—'Our Darlings.'

### Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

(Concluded.)

'You know what he wears, don't you?' said Trevor.

'Oh, I say, that's too bad!' remonstrated Alonzo Brown.

'I am poor myself,' said Trevor, 'but I am not silly enough to be as poor as Macon is. It takes too much time and labor. If he couldn't help it, I should feel sorry for him; I'd be glad to do it. But as it is, it makes me mad. It is so mortally uncomfortable and unnecessary!'

'He will go in for the debate, won't he?'

'He will; he must. Oh, yes, he will! There isn't any money in it, only glory. Glory is respectable.'

'Perhaps he is a little daft on this one subject,' suggested Jerry.

'I never saw anyone less daft on every other,' answered Trevor, gloomily.

'It is so peculiar,' said Alonzo Brown, 'and Macon is so pig-headed about it (he'll not even try for an essay prize if it is in cash) that sometimes,' Alonzo hesitated and looked diffidently round the group as though ashamed to put his idea into words, 'I wonder whether, if we knew his reason, we might not take off our hats and go softly before it, it would be so fine and high up. Macon doesn't strike one as little.'

The night of the debate was a night of triumph to Richard. Friend and foe alike were agreed that the honors of the occasion were his. All the college went wild in jubilation. For several years past they had suffered defeat, which, it must be confessed, they had not borne patiently. Victory they understood much better. They made the most of it; and Richard was at its heart.

When at last the red fires had burned out and the shouts and songs had ceased, and the crowds were gone, Richard stood at his window, looking over the moonlit campus. A jumble of pleasant thoughts was in his mind; he did not try to disentangle them. But as he turned away into his plain, little room, he murmured, half aloud:—

'I owe my education entirely to father. He has paid for everything. He has earned it all. Father is doing better.'

Yes, even Luther Macon's neighbors had awakened to the fact that he was doing better. Lew Emmett had known it for months. Mr. Macon's own belief in it came slowly and was full of tremors and uncertainty. To-night he had counted up his chances, as he had often done of late.

'There's my work. It must be done. If it isn't, I break my promise to Mary. Poor Mary, it is the only promise I ever made her that has not been broken yet! Then there is Lew. The boy stands by me. He has held me back many a time when I was ready to give up, and he has pulled me together again after I did give up, and when I thought that it was all over with me at last forever. And there is Richard. Who am I to have such a son? It was always wonderful after his mother died that he should be what he was. Now—' Mr. Macon slipped his hand into his pocket and touched the letter that was there.

It was the shortest of all Richard's letters. It was kept apart from all the others. On more than one black day, when Lew's influence was nothing and work was set aside and Mary was forgotten, the words of this letter yet robbed the Eagle Tavern of its customer.

'Sometimes,' said Luther Macon, his lined face brightening wistfully, 'sometimes I can hope, I can even feel almost sure that Richard and Lew's mother are right, that, better than every other chance, there is—God.'

Upon a lovely spring afternoon, Trevor Gale asked Richard to go for a walk. He had failed to find Alonzo or Jerry or any of his usual companions, and finally he had thought of Richard.

'I'll try him for the sake of research,' he had decided. 'It would be interesting to discover the explanation of him.'

But he soon forgot to be analytical. Richard was not only elated by Trevor's invitation, but he felt in other ways that things were going well with him, very well, indeed, and his light-heartedness overflowed. Lew Emmett knew him to be capable of such moods. Trevor Gale, in his heart, had grudgingly suspected that he was.

It was growing late when they came back. When they reached the campus gates, a little crowd of students and street boys were col-

lected about a man whose high, husky tones dominated their questions and laughter.

'Who is this merry gentleman?' said Trevor. 'He is as drunk as a lord!'

The casual words were hardly spoken when a startled instinct drew his gaze to Richard's face. It was white to the lips; but his eyes were level and his head was high.

'He is my father!' said Richard, in a voice that carried to the rollicking circle about Luther Macon and stopped their mirth instantly. The drunken man's babblings filled their silence.

Richard walked through the path that the crowd made for him. He put his arm about the abject figure.

'Come, father,' he said, quietly.

Boys and students dispersed in haste. Trevor was left alone. An intuition came to him.

'It has been to pump manhood into that poor wreck that Macon has lived so meanly! He would not spoil the appeal that his need of support made to his father by adding a penny of his own to it. And I have dared to criticise him!'

Trevor remembered the guess that Alonzo Brown had one day hazarded as to the possible nature of Richard's 'reason.' Smiling a little, albeit gravely, he took his hat off and went bareheaded down the walk by which Richard and his father had disappeared.

'The fellow is a prince!' said Trevor to himself, 'Just now he was superb!'

The next day was Sunday. Richard went to chapel; he did not like to stay in his room, as though he watched his father. Seeing him in his place, Trevor Gale turned away from the chapel door and went to Richard's room. In Richard's absence, he introduced himself to Mr. Macon and stopped with him for perhaps five minutes. Then he hurried back to the service, slipping into his pew as the clergyman began the Scripture lesson.

'One can say a good deal in five minutes,' Trevor reflected, complacently. 'It occurred to me that it might cheer the old man up a little to hear how Macon stands in college, and how persistently he harps on his indebtedness to him.'

When, after chapel, Richard opened the door of his room, his father rose to meet him.

'Richard, my son,' said Luther Macon, 'your mother would be very proud of you. Please God, the day is coming yet when neither Mary nor you need be ashamed of me.'

It was on this same Sunday that Lew Emmett said to his mother:

'If you and father are still willing, I should like to go to college in the fall.'

'But,' questioned Mrs. Emmett, anxiously, 'do you think that you could possibly get ready?'

'I am ready,' said Lew.

His mother was bewildered. How could this beautiful thing be true?

'I don't understand,' she murmured. 'How have you learned? Who has taught you?'

'Mr. Macon,' answered Lew.

### Cheerfulness.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,

Wherever our fortunes call;

With a friendly glance and an open hand,

And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,

Where toil is the portion of man,

We all should endeavor, while passing along,

To make it as smooth as we can.

—Selected.