

the music and the upturned faces came a rush of feeling so strong that she almost forgot her part. She saw, as never before, the contrast between Mother's life, written so pathetically on her gentle face, and her own, filled to overflow with all the joy and enthusiasm of youth. Her whole heart was in the close of her song, for she sang to her mother as she had never sung before. A burst of applause greeted the close.

The next morning was full of stir, for in the afternoon the young people were to separate, some to return, others to take up a new life. Emily was to travel a short part of the distance with her mother, then to change cars and continue her journey with her friend, leaving her mother to go home alone. All that morning Emily was in wild spirits.

"I'm going to have good times, Mother. Such good, good times." Not one word of regret at the prospect of being separated from her again, not a thought, apparently, of the little ones who mourned because sister Emily was not coming. Mother really began to wonder if her daughter was growing absolutely selfish.

When the time came to change cars, Emily was on her feet, still laughing and chatting.

"Aren't you going to wish me good-by, dear?" said Mother, as Emily followed her friend to the door of the car. She turned with a merry laugh.

"Good-by, Mother. It won't be long before I see you again."

The door closed on her. Mother sank back into the corner of her seat with a sob, while out on the platform the merry voices still kept on. How light hearted those girls were, and how thoughtless of all beside their own desires and pursuits. She never would have believed Emily could be so.

"You're making the mistake of your life, Em."

"No, I think not."

"It isn't too late yet to change your mind. Come, Emmy, you rush down there and change your trunk check while I buy you a ticket."

"Thank you, dear; but my mind is not subject to change."

"You'll regret it when it is too late."

"If I do you may be sure I'll tell you so. You must write and tell me of all the good things you hear. Now—time for you to go—good-by—good-by."

Farewell shouts echoed back and forth as the other train moved away; but Mother, who had not heeded the light talk, did not look up until a

pair of arms held her in a close embrace, and she looked up into Emily's face.

"Did you think I could leave you, Mother, darling? It has been my little joke all the morning—to get this little surprise on you. Oh, Mother, do you think me the most selfish, undutiful daughter in all the world?"

"How you talk, my dearie!"

"Because if you don't you and I have a disagreement. Well, Mother—I seemed, somehow, to come to my senses all at once, and last night I fought it out with myself, with the result that here I am, going to the dearest home with the dearest mother in the world; and to stay—not to leave you when the summer is over."

"But, Emily—you are giving up so much. You said these next few years were going to be so important to you—"

"I said so, and I may say so still. But I don't think the next few years can be better spent than in doing what I can at home. You see, I am looking at the other side of things. There are plenty of girls—poor things!—who have no home. I will let them do the struggling and the tugging, because they have to. But there is one girl who is not going to throw away the blessing which belongs to her. Now for the precious little ones, and the dear home life!"

"But, my child, you are giving up a great deal. Have you considered it well?"

"I know I am," said Emily, with a serious look on her face. "But I have thought it all out, Mother, and believe I am keeping more than I give up."—SYDNEY DAYRE, in *Forward*.

### A DELUSION OF GIRLS.

"The most subtle and deceitful hope which ever existed, and one which wrecks the happiness of many a young girl's life," writes Dwight L. Moody, "is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blinded to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have fallen and innocent lives have been wrecked because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them, result in any thing but sadness and disaster."

If we have nothing to give but sympathy, we have the best possible gift this side of heaven.