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when buying furniture. But the celery glasses—and the grand piano! Really, something must be done. Should I rush out to the nearest post-office and wire to Elizabeth: "Mother dying. Come at once.—Clara?" The post-office was three-quarters of a mile away—phew! And the curtains were just beginning.

No; I must stay by Elizabeth. That was my place.

There was one pair of curtains—real lace—against which Elizabeth had written thirty-five shillings. And there was another bidder, a lady, who had written her outside figure (she must have read "Secrets of Success" too). And there was the auctioneer.

I fancy that auctioneer knew all about a woman's intuition. (Perhaps he had been married several times.) At five guineas he paused and smiled encouragingly at Elizabeth. Then he raised his little ivory hammer menacingly. But, of course, he did not mean to let that pair of curtains go for five guineas. In the depths of his soul he had said, "At seven guineas I shall part with them. It will be a hard struggle, but—" Elizabeth was the lucky bidder. Real lace, too!

After this the spell of the auction room quite possessed Elizabeth. From room to room she—followed the auctioneer, now bidding for packets of stair rods, now a footbath, now a set of carvers. At half-past four I suggested lunch.

"There's nothing to prevent you from going out," said Elizabeth coldly, "as I expect I shall be pretty busy for the next half-hour. There are one or two mixed lots—" Of course it was absurd

our dining-room. Lots one to twenty consist mainly of bedroom furniture; thirty-seven is a pair of Worcester vases; ninety-two-three and four are real lace curtains. Later on a grand piano will be offered. And Elizabeth—

Remembering God

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'm not a Christian at all," the boy said doggedly. "I thought I was when I joined the church, but I don't seem to have the same interest, somehow. It isn't easy for me to remember God—to think about Him a hundred times a day as I feel sure a Christian ought to do."

"You weren't at prayer meeting last night," the minister observed, looking kindly into the troubled young face.

"No, I wasn't. We had company at the house, and I guess I never thought of the meeting until I heard the bell ring." The lad flushed a little. "I'm afraid it isn't the first time."

"I am thinking about the time your father was away from home so long—on that business trip in the West." The minister spoke slowly, looking away toward the blue hills. "There was nearly a year you didn't see him, I think. Was it hard for you to remember him?"

"Not a bit." There was no uncertainty in the frank reply. "I don't suppose I thought of him as often as I do when he's in and out every few hours in the day—that is, after the first, when we all missed him so much. But we had letters every week, and of course we talked about him



A forest of shells—a common sight in England to-day.

to leave Elizabeth to wrestle with those mixed lots unaided.

Now, a mixed lot is a birdcage, a length of Brussels carpet, and a cracked water-jug. In theory, one purchases the three for the price of the birdcage, and has the carpet and the water-jug presented as consolation prizes. In practice, Elizabeth bought a really good all-wool hearthrug for two and a half guineas, and left a 1905 calendar and a clothes-horse in the van that brought our bargains home.

At half-past six Elizabeth began to show signs of fatigue. For a barely appreciable fraction of a second the spell of the auction room left her. In a distant manner she remembered two or three friends with whom she had promised to take tea.

"Supposing," I suggested it as the merest possibility, "we were to miss the servant's bedroom."

"I think," said Elizabeth, "it would be more manly to admit you want your tea."

"Lunch," I corrected.

"Where were we at lunch?" Elizabeth inquired vaguely.

"Lot one-eight-three," I hazarded.

"Perhaps we'd better, then—if you're very keen."

At the door Elizabeth turned. The auctioneer was holding up a pair of Worcester vases. For a moment everything hung in the balance. I nerved myself for a big effort.

"Those vases are imitation," I said, speaking very quickly, "and the one on the left is cracked and—and I heard a dealer say—"

There is another sale in the neighborhood to-morrow. It is to take place in

—mother and the girls, and all of us—and kept looking forward to the time when he'd come home. No, there wasn't much chance to forget him."

"Suppose there had been no letters, Harry? Suppose your father's name had been dropped in conversation? Suppose—"

"It would have made a difference," the other broke in eagerly. "The house would have been there, though, and the things father had given us. They'd have kept him in mind—for a time, at least. I don't know how it would have been after he had been away years and years."

"We can't see God," the minister said, after a thoughtful pause. "He is very near us, but until we have keener eyes than we have now, we must take that on trust. It isn't to be wondered at that we forget God when so many other things that we can see and touch and feel crowd in upon us. No doubt our Heavenly Father took all that into account when He gave us His holy word—something like your father's weekly letters—and His house, where the members of His family could meet and talk about Him. I believe that's what the Bible and the church ought to mean to us, Harry."

"I didn't stay to communion the last time," the boy admitted, dropping his eyes. "I see what you mean, and it's right, too. We had two cousins visiting that day, and they—well, they weren't at all that sort. I've missed a good many other Sundays, too; and this summer's been such a rush that my Bible reading has gone by pretty often. A fellow needs all the reminders of God he can have in a world like this."

"He certainly does, Harry," the minister said, smiling. "I fancy you're on the right track."

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