

Into the sunbeam never crept
 If above hark and sad,
 If its glister never shone
 Above there ever was glad,
 If it scattered not its beams
 Over hearts by sorrow filled,
 Would its sunshine die? Will it
 Would its mission be fulfilled?

If the roses never bloomed
 Save for gladness eyes alone,
 If their beauty and their grace
 Were for any other than
 If they never brought a smile
 To the weary passer-by,
 Would the roses do so vainly
 While the hours of summer fly?

If the birds sang their songs
 Far from every listening ear,
 If they poured their notes alone
 To glad hearts that were near,
 Would the 'larks' work be done
 Ere the autumn leaves fall?
 Ere the birds of summer were
 Over the grave of summer fall?

If the sunshine of our smiles
 Have we scattered not round?
 If our roses—kindly—decide—
 Have we scattered them to the lowly?
 If our words of hope and cheer
 Never fall to hearts and cheer,
 Have we scattered them to the lowly?
 Have we wrought our mission here?

Kenneth Malcolm was destined to see a "pretty little girl," of whom Lady Durward neglected no opportunity to joke, since his unfortunate remark, sooner or later he was to have thought.
 He was walking down Regent street, on errand for Lady Durward, a few days after the foregoing conversation, when, as he was passing a large book-store, he was attracted by the number and the fairness on his eyes had ever looked upon came forth and tripped along the street in front of him.
 She caught a glimpse of a pure, clear complexion, many whiteness, with deep blue eyes—whether blue or black he did not discover in their quick glance, but he saw the curve of a cheek, and the slender line of a chin, and he was attracted into a French curl, and fastened with a golden comb, from which a glossy, graceful curl floated down over her sharply shouder; like lips, of a sweetest coral, and just parted to reveal a row of little white teeth beneath a white, firm, arched lip, and slender, and possessed of a pair of chestnut hair, of which Cinderella might have boasted, and which she was so carefully brushed in a pair of the prettiest French boots imaginable; while the hands, in their perfectly fitting gloves, clasped lightly a small pocket-book, which she had just purchased. She was clad in a suit of all-wool, of a deep blue, and the skirt was straight and in the junty hat, to give a spring to the otherwise quiet elegance of her costume.
 She depended from her arm by its golden ring in a beautiful little purse of Russian leather, with golden clasp.
 Instantly aware of what she was doing, and fully forgetting that he was bent on his errand, he turned round, and saw the girl, with that charming vision on her face, with such irresistible force, and in the midst of wondering who the lovely girl might be, with such stately form, and delicate face, with its soft moonlight complexion, she halted in front of a large picture gallery, where there were displayed the choice new paintings and engravings.
 Kenneth Malcolm halted also, and slipped into the shadow of a door-way, where he would gaze upon the sweet face, and follow its constantly varying expressions, as he passed.
 There was not many people in sight at that moment, and while he was looking on, with bated breath and a quivering heart, his attention was attracted by the peculiar movement of a little ragamuffin who had just passed the street.
 He was a boy about twelve or thirteen years of age, and, thinking himself unobserved, came creeping slowly up behind the girl, with a glass, an open knife in his hand.
 At the next instant, and before Kenneth could fully comprehend his purpose, he sprung to her side, seared with one of his knife the chain of the little purse which hung from her arm, and, as he half flew, half ran, fell upon the ground.
 The urchin's course lay past the door, where Kenneth stood. He had no time to him, nor dreamed that an avenger so near to swoop down upon him and bring him to sudden justice.
 There was a corral-looking face of amaze and anger contempled which he had turned up to the young man, as he stood over him, and he saw the young man, with a heavy hand upon him, stopping short in his mad career.
 "Let me go!" he yelled, as he stuffed his purse hastily into his pocket, and struggled to free himself from Kenneth's grasp.
 "Liliputian might as well have struggled to free itself from the embrace of a giant," said the young man's one strong hand held fast with a grip of iron.
 "You're a fine young sinner, aren't you?" said, grimly.
 "I haven't done nothing—let me go! I tell you!" and he struggled more violently in before.
 "What were you doing to the young girl with that knife?" demanded Kenneth.
 "This question evidently gave the boy courage, for he began to think that the other had not witnessed the whole transaction after all—perhaps had not seen him take the purse.
 "Swear to me, that you, that I wanted to off just the latest look of 'one of them' is to remember her by," he said, and he looked of beseeching innocence while he said, and his dirty face was delighted to hold.
 "You little rat!" exclaimed Kenneth, catching in spite of himself at the ludicrous idea, and at the same time giving him an impatient shake.
 "I tell you, mister, she is a beauty, and with an art an eye on see," the urchin said, somewhat reassured by the laughter, and slyly unbuttoning his coat, preparatory to grilling himself.
 "Give me the lady's purse," Kenneth said, sternly.
 "Hain't got none, mister!" he whined, putting on a look of well-assumed despair.
 The urchin twisted his hand over his shoulder, and threw his blindfold, and, giving him a shake that made his hair rattle on his head, he lifted him off his feet, and laid him suspended in mid-air, as a child would a kitten.

"It's out with it, youster, if ye know th' good for yerself," he said.

This seemed to bring the boy to his senses, and he sullenly pulled the purse from his pocket and held it toward his tormentor.

Kenneth took it, gave the boy a throw which sent him spinning to the middle of the street, and then turned toward what had become of the beautiful stranger.

She had withdrawn from the sidewalk, and was standing in the very door-way from which Kenneth had witnessed the theft.

He found her leaning against the framework of a parlour and faint, and trying to staunch the blood, while she drew down a woe-wound in her wrist, with her handkerchief.

"I uttered a cry while in the act of lifting his hat to salute her."

"Did the young rascal wound you?" he asked, bending to look at it, and forgetting that he was addressing an utter stranger.

"No," replied the sweetest, richest voice he had ever heard. "The point of his knife just entered my wrist, and then I think the chain of your purse must have been drawn through the wound as he snatched it from my arm."

She held it up for him to see—a writ delicate and taper, white as a snow-flake—and saw, and wrote as a knowledge, that the edge was ragged and torn, as if by the chain had, so she said, been dragged roughly through it.

"The villain, he shall pay dearly for this!" he exclaimed, sternly.

"It will not amount to anything, for it will quickly heal; but the fright—which he gave me has unnerved me more than the wound," she tried to smile, though he could see she was trembling.

He drew forth his own fine handkerchief and tore a strip from it.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you have only one hand to work with! Will you let me bind it up for you?"

The beautiful girl raised her clear eyes—no day were deeper blue than those—and gave him an earnest, questioning look.

She saw a noble, manly face, full of respectful interest and sympathy, calm, grave eyes, that were like mirrors reflecting truth, and unhesitatingly she laid her wrist in his palm.

"Thank you," she said, frankly, "if you will be so kind."

An electric thrill stole through all his frame, as the light little hand, with its graceful outline, fell so trustfully into his.

The thought came to him that he would like to rest there forever; he trembled at the touch of it, and his pulse leaped under the weight of a glow that had never seen before in any one; the sweet breath, which came a little irregularly just now from the fright she had had; the faint odor of heliotrope which lingered in the folds of her dress, all charmed and fascinated him with a wonderful spell.

He found himself repeating Ralph's words, "Fair and stately as a princess;" and he said, trying to assume an aspect of that they applied to one and the same person.

A sudden intoxication had seized him, so that his heart beat with the strangest emotions, and his hands trembled as they gently bound the strip of linen about the ugly wound, a woman's cold and carefully made, and then pulling down the silken sleeve to cover it.

He glanced up at her as he did so.

"You are very kind," she breathed, sweetly and graciously, while for a moment the rich color sprang into her creamy cheeks.

The girl looked like fire into his eyes as they met hers—a look such as Adam might have bestowed upon beautiful Eve when he first beheld her in fair Eden's bowers. It lingered upon her, drinking in all her wonderful loveliness, and taking in every item of her elegant, tasteful dress.

There was a vision that he carried in his life-forever, and loved to dwell upon all his life-long. It filled him with a sense of delight; it was something pleasant to look back upon, even when in the future he had lost all that earth held of brightness for him, and he believed life must be one long, dreary blank to him.

"I might have saved you this," he said, regretfully, as he dropped, with a sigh, beneath her feet, the offending ring.

"How so?" she asked, in surprise.

"It was standing just where you stand now, and saw the little rascal coming to ward you with the open knife in his hand. I had not a thought of this object, however, until he sprang forward and severed the purse from your arm."

"It was a very daring sort for a boy to presume on brand daylight, was it not?" she asked.

"It was, indeed," Kenneth replied, smiling as he recalled the boy's explanation of his deed. "However, he did not succeed, for I seized him just as he was escaping with his booty, and which I now gladly surrender to its owner."

To give the little purse into her hands, looking at her as he noticed two tiny initials engraved upon one of the golden plates. There were N. L., but even then no good fairy whispered any suspicion of the names they represented.

"I am so glad not to have lost it," she said, eagerly, and then he noticed that he had grown pale again, and was still trem bling, although the stroke to control it, and appear as calm as usual, had passed over him. He had not yet recovered from your fright. Have you far to go? Shall I not call a carriage for you?" he asked anxiously.

"I believe I am a little nervous yet, and I would like a carriage, if you will be so kind," she answered, lifting her luminous eyes to his, and smiling at her own weakness.

He sprang to do her bidding, and in less than three minutes was back again with the desired carriage.

With the utmost deference he assisted her to enter, then, lifting his hat, and bowing low, he saw her borne away, and knew not who she was, nor whether he should ever see her again.

He only knew that for the last ten months the earth had seemed like Paradise, and that for the next ten months it was still shining brightly; it seemed as if a sudden cloud had settled down upon him, and with a sigh of regret, he turned to retrace his steps.

As he walked slowly along, he went over and over again each detail of the singular adventure.

Again he saw the high-bred, refined face and stately figure, as it came tripping out of the bookstore; the graceful carriage and gilt seats, as she unconsciously walked past him; the rich, becoming attire, dainty boots and gloves. He remembered her searching look as he asked to bind up her wound, the frank, trustful way in which she had yielded to him. Again he felt the throbbing of his

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By Taking
three bottles of this medicine, have been
entirely cured. My sight has been re-
stored, and there is no sign of inflamma-
tion, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal
T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

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