

career. The lark rose up carolling from the field, twittering her morning lay over the coffin, and presently perched upon it, picking with her beak at the straw covering, as though she would tear it up. The lark rose up again, singing gaily, and I withdrew behind the red morning clouds.'

#### ELEVENTH EVENING.

'I will give you a picture of Pompeii,' said the Moon. 'I was in the suburb in the Street of Tombs, as they call it, where the fair monuments stand, in the spot where, ages ago, the merry youths, their temples bound with rosy wreaths, danced with the fair sisters of Laïs. Now, the stillness of death reigned around. German mercenaries, in the Neapolitan service, kept guard, played cards, and dined; and a troop of strangers from beyond the mountains came into the town, accompanied by a sentry. They wanted to see the city that had risen from the grave illumined by my beams; and I showed them the wheel-ruts in the streets paved with broad lava slabs; I showed them the names on the doors, and the signs that hung there yet: they saw in the little courtyard the basins of the fountains, ornamented with shells; but no jet of water gushed upwards, no songs sounded forth from the richly-painted chambers, where the bronze dog kept the door.

(To be Continued.)

### The Sentry's Lesson.

(Cottager and Artisan.)

A general, after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all round the camp as usual.

One of his sentinels, as he went to his station, grumbled to himself, and said: 'Why could not the General let us have a quiet night's rest for once after beating the enemy? I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of.'

The man then went to his station and stood for some time looking about him. It was a bright summer's night with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said:

'I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree.' So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that some one had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him.

The next minute a bullet whizzed past his ear, and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark green coats, who sprang up from the ground, where they had been silently creeping onward, and rushed towards him.

Fortunately, the bullet had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved; and the soldier said: 'I shall never forget as long as I live that when one is at war, one must watch.'

The Christian's life, too, is a constant warfare, and our Lord says to us, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.'

### Margaret's Fortune.

(Marion Brier, in the 'American Messenger.')

Such a crowd as it was: one hundred tired mothers and pale-faced children crowded beside the track waiting for the car that was to take them to the country for a long, beautiful day.

Margaret Byrnes watched their thin, eager faces with a sympathetic happiness tugging at her heart. Then she turned to watch Eleanor Willis almost enviously as she passed swiftly among them, distributing tickets and seeing that nothing had been forgotten in the great baskets of lunch that she had provided. It must be beautiful to be able to do a thing like that. But not many had the money to do it with.

The car rolled in and the happy throng swarmed up the steps as if afraid some mischance might make them miss the delights of the day at the last minute. Margaret stood and watched them until the last mother and her four little ones were safely aboard and

the car had disappeared around the corner on its way toward the fields and flowers and fresh air.

All day she could not keep the thought of that happy carload out of her mind, and even the next day, when she had returned to her own home in a smaller city, the thought of it was still with her. She gave her mother an enthusiastic account of it all and then ended slowly, 'I am almost sorry I made this visit to Eleanor; it makes me feel so useless since I came home. I never envied Eleanor her money before. She has a big, beautiful house, but I am just as contented in our cozy little home, and the dresses you make me suit me just as well as Eleanor's elegant clothes do her. But yesterday I did envy her the chance to make so many people happy so easily. I wish you could have seen those faces, mamma. Just think what money can do.'

Mrs. Byrnes smiled quietly as she said, 'Did you ever read a verse that said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee"?''

The next day Margaret harnessed Brownie to drive to the other end of town on an errand. Brownie was the one luxury they had brought with them from the old home and that they felt that they could not do without. It would have seemed almost like selling one of the family to sell Brownie. It was a beautiful day. Margaret's mind was still dwelling on the thin, tired faces she had seen in the city. How she wished she could send them all to the country for that day.

Just as she was starting Grandma Davis, as she was called by every one in the neighborhood, came slowly down the walk. The little brown house where she lived was less than a block away, but it was quite a long journey for the feeble steps. A sudden impulse made Margaret guide Brownie up to the walk and stop her. 'Oh, Grandma Davis, don't you want to take a ride with me?' she asked. 'I will have to go all alone if you don't and I want some one to talk to.'

The sweet, wrinkled face lighted up. 'I would like to go, dearie, if I can get into the buggy. I am not quite as spry as I used to be.'

'Oh, we can manage that all right,' Margaret assured her. 'You see this buggy is low and easy to get into.' She sprang out and carefully helped the little old lady in.

'It's the first ride I have had in five years. The last time was when I moved over here five years ago the tenth of last month,' Grandma Davis said presently as Brownie trotted up the street under the drooping branches of the great elms whose tops almost met overhead.

'And you have wanted to go! Why didn't you tell me?' Margaret spoke in quick contrition. 'Brownie and I could have taken you any day. Why didn't I ever think of it?'

'New don't go to blaming yourself like that, dearie. I didn't mean to complain. Everybody is so kind to me I would be an ungrateful woman if I did. But I have thought so many times that I would like to see how the old place looks. You know we used to live over on Vine Street. My husband built that house more than fifty years ago. That was the summer before we were married and he used to come over to our place every evening to tell me how much he had got done and to discuss new improvements. I know every board and nail in that house. We went there right after the wedding and we lived there more than forty-five years. It seemed as if I couldn't bear it when I had to sell the place and move away after my husband died, and many is the day I have been so homesick for a sight of it that it seemed as if I couldn't stand it. Do you suppose we could go by there to-day? Would it be too much out of your way?' Her voice trembled a little with eagerness.

'Of course we will go by it,' Margaret assured her. 'I can't forgive myself for never finding out before that you wanted to go.'

'You mustn't feel that way about it, dearie. How could you know?' and a slender, wrinkled hand patted Margaret's arm. After that she grew quite excited, the dim eyes looking eagerly ahead watching for the first familiar landmark as they drew near Vine Street.

They drove by the house very slowly. 'See, the lilacs are in blossom,' the eager voice went on. 'We planted those bushes the first spring we lived here. And see how the vine

over the porch has grown! It has run up and almost covered that window.'

'Just hold Brownie a minute, please. She will stand all right,' Margaret said, handing Grandma Davis the lines. She sprang out of the buggy and went up the walk to the door of the house. When she came back, her hands were full of lilacs from the bush about which so many memories clustered for Grandma Davis. She laid them in the little old lady's lap.

Half an hour later, when Margaret had carefully helped her out at her own door, Grandma Davis looked smilingly over this same armful of lilacs. 'You don't know how thankful I am to you, dearie,' she said. 'You have given me the greatest pleasure that you could give me.'

'Did you hear that, Brownie?' Margaret said softly as she unharnessed the pretty pony who pricked up her ears so understandingly. 'Do you suppose there is any one else who had been wanting a ride? We can't send a whole carload of poor people to the country, but we can give one person at a time a ride and we are going to see if we can find any one else who wants one.'

The 'some one else' the next day proved to be little crippled Harry Grey. Margaret had seen the child's pale face at the window almost every time she went down the street and had always felt sorry for the tiny boy, whose life was bounded by what he could see from that window; but it had never occurred to her that she could widen the horizon for him.

The little fellow drew a long breath when Brownie at last stopped once more in front of the house where the old rocking chair stood waiting for him by the window. 'It's been the nicest time I ever had,' he said. 'And I don't believe the days will ever seem so long again, because, you see, I'll have all the things I saw to-day to think about. I can make up stories about them.'

'Of course, you can,' Margaret agreed as she carried him into the house. 'And there will be more things to see too; for we are going again.'

There were many others after that. Sometimes it was a tired mother with a cross baby. And Margaret would be fascinated in watching the tired lines smooth out of the mother's face and the baby's face break into ripples of laughter. Sometimes it was the dressmaker who lived in the next block and who sewed from early morning until late at night, or the music teacher who came to give Myrtle lessons and who confessed that she was so homesick, she was almost ready to give up and go home. There was never any lack of some one to go. Sometimes it was one of the busy ones who only had time for a quick ride around two or three blocks, just enough to put a bit of brightness into the work; sometimes it was one of the lonely ones, and the ride stretched away out into the country and included a picnic lunch and the picking of great handfuls of wild flowers.

'Eleanor has sent another carload of poor mothers and children out into the country for a day. Isn't it lovely?' Margaret said, looking up from the letter that she was reading one day late in the summer.

It happened that Grandma Davis had just come in for a little visit and she looked up quickly. 'Yes,' she said, nodding her head, 'that is lovely. But I know something else that has been lovely this summer too. In fact I think it is even more lovely than what your friend has done; though that is a beautiful thing. But money couldn't buy the pleasure you and Brownie have given to a lot of us this summer, for you have given yourself to us. Money can supply tickets and lunches, but it can't supply sympathy and interest, and those go farther than the other. You and Brownie have done more good this summer and made more lives a little happier than you have any idea of, dearie.'

'Why, Grandma Davis, it was such a little thing,' Margaret protested. 'But I have often thought that if I had as much money as Eleanor, I would like to do just as she does. I think it is a beautiful way to spend it.'

Grandma Davis smiled. 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give I unto thee,' she said softly.

As men go towards culture, they go towards lowliness and humbleness of mind and heart.—Malcolm J. McLeod.