

THE STORY OF A DAY.

(Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER V.

At last a carriage came swiftly up the road, drawn by a pair of spirited horses. It was full of people, and Lena and Hilda Mansfield were in it, their friends at Westbury having brought them home after their tennis party.

A gentleman was driving, and a young man was on the box.

The horses pranced and curveted and seemed to dislike to take the turn into the gates of Mentone, past the heap of stones.

"Open the gate wider, you boy, will you?" the gentleman called, "and look sharp."

Kit stumbled down from his stones, leaving the basket behind him, but grasping the purse in his hand.

The gates of Mentone were ornamental iron gates, opening in the middle, and one division had blown back a little, and Kit was to push it to its place.

"Look sharp," the gentleman called again, and then before he could control the horses they had bolted on, into the drive, and alas! knocked down poor little Kit, while a wheel passed over him.

The screams of the girls in the carriage brought out the servants, and Mr. Mansfield, and the boys.

"Who is hurt?"

"Nobody," the gentleman who was driving called out. "Mansfield, you should have your gate fastened back securely."

But now another voice was heard; it was Beatrice's. She had been retracing her steps in the hope of recovering her lost purse, and, returning after a fruitless errand, arrived just as the carriage had turned in at the gates.

"Somebody is hurt," she said, "it is my poor little boy. Hilda—Hilda, come and look at him."

"It is the poor little scarecrow," Hilda said. "Is he dead? How dreadful!" They had all gathered to the place now, and the young man, who had been on the box of the carriage, was bending over Kit. He was a doctor, with a large, tender heart, and poor Kit was at that moment of as much interest to him as if he had been a prince.

"Where shall I take him?" he asked, lifting the poor little insensible form in his strong arms.

"To the hospital," Mr. Mansfield said.

"Have you no room here? I should like to examine him first. He is very seriously injured."

"Well, really, I don't know." "Oh, Uncle Henry," Beatrice said, "there is an empty room over the stables."

"Show me the way then," said the young doctor in a peremptory voice; "there is no time to lose." The servants were kind and helpful, and soon Kit was laid, at the coachman's desire, in his bed.

He opened his eyes then, and the little clenched hand unloosed its hold of the purse.

When he saw Beatrice's face leaning over him he said:

"It's yours; I found it; I was watching for you to come. I knew you'd come. Ain't it good, though, that you've got it all right." Then Beatrice exclaimed,—

"Yes, it is my purse. I have been all the way back to Clifton to find it. Thank you, dear Kit."

A smile of satisfied desire passed over Kit's face, and then he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The kind young doctor stayed with him, and did all that he could do. But Kit was beyond earthly help.

"He would have died on the way had I removed him to the hospital," he said. "The wheel has passed over his spine, and he cannot live long."

About ten o'clock, when the nightingales were beginning to sing their best and sweetest, one of the servants brought in the old basket and the gathered lilies.

Hilda, too, came timidly in, and looked down at Kit.

The doctor and Mr. Mansfield's niece had

taken off all the rags, and washed the little grimy face and hands, and clothed Kit in one of Paul's night-gowns. The Kit of Chap's Court seemed to have vanished, and a very different Kit come in his place.

He did not suffer, they thought, but on his face was the unmistakable shadow of death.

Beatrice sat by, his hand in hers, and she sang to him the hymn he loved. The hymn of which fragments only had remained in the poor little waif's head.

Only fragments, but the Friend of little children was near Kit.

There was another interval of consciousness, and then Kit said,

"Is He here?"

"Who do you mean?" Beatrice asked.

"Who do you mean, Kit?"

"The Friend you told me of, the Friend of little children."

"Yes, dear," Beatrice said. "He won't forget you, Kit."

"That's good," was the answer.

It was as if his dream, as he slept under the timbers, had come back—the white, pure

day!—oh, wondrous thought!—with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

The story closes here, the little story of little lives slightly touched with varied colors. But on the whole, perhaps, true to the likeness of days that have been, or days that shall be, in the salient points of each one of us in the lesser details.

Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, children of rich and poor—the loved and the loving, the cared for and the neglected—as each day goes by, remember it was yours to use, a gift from God, and that it can never be won back.

Surely that thought is a grave one for us all in our

"Trivial round, and common task;"

and we may all try to take each day as it comes from God, and wreathing it about with the fair flowers of patience, purity, and love, lay up for ourselves treasure in the heavens, when the Eternal Dayspring has dawned, and sorrow and sighing have fled!

THE END.



THE PURSE HAS FOUND ITS OWNER.

dress which his poor little hand unconsciously stroked, the lilies which Beatrice had laid near him.

"I hear music," he whispered. "Hark!" "The nightingales are singing their hymns to God," Beatrice said.

But Kit heard singing sweeter than the nightingales. The face of the poor tired little child of poverty grew bright as they looked at it, with the light "that is never on land and sea." And before midnight had struck out from the church towers of the city, where the feet of Kit would never more pursue their weary way, Kit was at home—in the home for little children, made ready for them by the hand of Infinite Love.

So the day closed, and left behind it, as every day leaves, its own story in the narrow circle of an individual life, or the wider field of nations and peoples.

Day unto day uttereth speech; let us all listen for the lesson and try to learn it.

One day, with all its rainbow hues of joy, its clouds of sorrow, its stings of earthly care, its wounds of deeper meaning. One

THE PLUMBER AND THE VOICE.

When a young man Mr. Spurgeon was invited to preach in the Crystal Palace. He was afraid that his voice might not be equal to that vast space. He went down one day that he might try his voice and see if he could fill the audience-room. While he stood upon the platform he said to himself, "What verse shall I repeat from the Bible?" This one occurred to him, and he gave it with great force: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He was at once convinced that he would not be required to use so much voice and that he could easily make himself heard. He repeated the verse once more in lower tone and retired.

Years passed away, more than a quarter of a century of wonderful accomplishment and toil. One day the brother of Spurgeon, who is also a clergyman, was called to the bedside of a dying mechanic. He had not long to live. He was asked if he was ready to die. "Oh, yes," he replied with confi-

dence. "Will you give your experience?" "Why," said the poor fellow, his face bright with peace, "I am a plumber by trade. Years ago I was in the dome of the Crystal Palace at my work. I supposed I was alone. I was a godless man. Suddenly, as a voice from heaven, I heard the words, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I was convicted of my sins, I saw Christ as my Saviour, I accepted him then and there. I have served him all these years."

Surely the promise is verified, "My word shall not return unto me void." Mr. Spurgeon related this fact to the Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A. We had it from his lips.

The secret of power is with them that fear Him. The power behind Spurgeon is God himself. He communes with the Eternal and his message comes from the King.—*American Messenger.*

RUNNING TO CATCH THE TRAIN.

Think of the vast number of railway stations, constantly emptied to be filled with a new set of travellers! Now, quite a portion of the population as a whole, and a larger proportion of those who make up the travelling public, are in a condition that makes it unsafe for them to become excited, to act suddenly, or to put forth unwonted exertions. Their hearts are enlarged and dilated; or have undergone fatty, or other form of degeneration; or there is a dangerous aneurism of the aorta.

With care and the habit of rigid self-control, such may enjoy comfortable health for many years, or even to old age; but a single violent act may result in instant death.

Many of these are wholly unaware of any serious heart-trouble. Yet every day and everywhere may be seen persons perhaps with heavy satchels, or other incumbrance, hurrying for the train, to save themselves from being left.

Says the *Medical Reporter*, "If a record of all such cases could be made, it would probably be found that deaths or serious injuries occasioned by lightning or hydrophobia, so much spoken of and dreaded, would bear but a small proportion to those resulting from the daily, incessant, desperate efforts to catch the train."

The editor adds the case of a friend, fat but remarkably healthy, never having had any sickness, who, finding himself late, started into a rapid run.

On reaching the station, he sat down, but rose in a moment, wiped the sweat from his face with his handkerchief, saying "he would not like to run that way again," instantly fell down and was dead.

Of course it is annoying to find oneself left, especially where important business is involved. Yet

it is never necessary either to run or to hurry. All we have to do is to start in season,—to form the habit of being on time,—leaving a good margin for possible delays and the possible variation of the watch from the standard time. The habit will be worth in other directions, moral as well as physical, all it would cost. Form it, and there will be no occasion to hurry to catch the train.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN ENGLISH PAPER says:—Temperance workers should consider how far they can consistently deal with grocers who hold liquor licences. If the grocers do not at present see that their sale of intoxicating liquors is an exciting cause in the spread of female intemperance, possibly they will make the discovery when they find that respectable householders transfer their orders for groceries to tradesmen who have no part or lot in the manufacture of drunkards.

SPEAKING of drinking, it may be observed that the man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it.