

admire them, while our souls thrill with awe. The Bible shows us his love, and calls for ours in return. We can love him, and his power and his strength are our safeguards. He cares for us."

Quince had ostensibly been unwinding his lines and getting the hooks in order. He was not sorry that he had something to do; it was always easier for him to stand or to walk about when he was troubled and felt bad.

Olive took her fishing-rod, and the small party straggled up and down the brook.

The sun had fallen quite low before voices sounded out one to another.

"I think we had better go now," ventured Quince.

"I have been thinking so for some time," answered Mr. Dibell; "but, like Merry, I wanted just that last beauty. I had no idea of our taking so many," looking into the well-filled basket. "You are more of a fisherman than I gave you credit for being," smiling radiantly as Olive returned his banter.

Giving her rod to Quince, the latter took a seat where the bank was a little sheltered by overhanging branches and let down her brown braids, smoothing them backward and still leaving a fringe of dainty rings to cling around the white temples.

"Have you seen anything of my hat?" she asked.

The wind had reddened her cheeks, while a half-amused smile parted her lips.

"I found a hat in close proximity to the water; I thought perhaps it might be needed to wear home," said the young minister, bringing the article as carefully as though it were some precious thing and placing it on the brown head.

"Thanks! I was thinking where and when I had seen it last," rising.

"I like that style of head-covering," he began. "It is suggestive of comfort, and has a pretty look to it. That is more than can be said of the conventional dress-hat."

"I did not give you credit for paying attention to the different styles," laughed Olive.

"Why not?" opening his eyes. "I have sometimes thought that the style of the hat had some connections with the sense of hearing. For instance, Mrs. Chorley's."

"It is a new theory, and possibly there is truth in it. I will certainly think of it when it again becomes necessary for me to make choice of a hat," returned Olive.

The stars were out before Quince found time to harness the horses for his drive with Mr. Dibell. The latter found inspiration in the night, and was surprised and considerably pleased to discover how thoroughly Quince had studied astronomy.

"Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge? Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness where is the place thereof? Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts, or who hath given understanding to the heart? There is but one answer—God. And this God is our God. You will not forget this Quince—our God. More: our Father."

There was a lingering tenderness in the word. Mr. Dibell's voice had the quality of sympathy; his own feeling called up feeling. It may be, and doubtless it was in many cases, evanescent; but for the time being feeling was stirred to its depths.

The day had been pleasant, and it was the last drive, perhaps, to the village—at least, the last with Mr. Dibell. The boy was going back to study and to work; possibly they might never meet again.

As Quince listened tears filled his eyes. He could not answer, much less could he tell Mr. Dibell of his trouble. The latter, mistaking the lad's silence for homesickness, continued speaking to him in the same strain of tender admonition:

"Never forget the 'all,' Quince: 'All things are yours'—positively yours; there is where trust comes in. All that surrounds our lives; all that affects our work, our health; all that fashions our characters; all that, and all that can be,—is of God, and cometh of God to us."

Slowly the lad turned his white face to his companion. He attempted to speak, but his lips were sealed.

"We are at home," exclaimed the minister as the horses stopped without the driver's seeming consciousness. "Good-bye,

Quince, good-bye!" shaking his hand warmly. "I trust to hear good things of you—I shall always trust to hear good things of you—and I shall think of you every day."

"Good-bye, Mr. Dibell. I shall try so to act that you may hear good things of me."

The horses' heads were turned; they were going home, and Quince was weeping as though his heart would break.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT SCHOOL ONCE MORE.

Quince had resolved to save money by walking back to Chelmsford, but Mrs. Chase had another plan for him. The night previous to his leaving she gave him the key to Robert's trunk and asked him to open it.

"It has not been opened since the week after the dear boy was buried," she said as the lid was raised; and, kneeling by the side of it, she lifted out a handsome suit of clothes.

"I think they will fit you, Quince. Try them on, and if they fit, put them on in the morning and pack yours in the trunk. And from there a stage will take you to Chelmsford."

A few minutes later Quince was standing before her with Robert's coat buttoned up to the chin.

"It is a good fit—quite as good as though it were made for you," smoothing the collar. "I went you to have it, Quince. The cloth is good and almost new; it will last you all winter."

"Does Mr. Chase know what a present you are making me?" turning his honest face full upon her. "He has already given me the entire amount of money bargained for, although I leave a week sooner than I expected to."

"Father knows; yes, and he is glad to do it. He knows how hard it is for a boy who has no parents to get along and pay his own school-bills," was the reply.

Once more turning to the trunk, Mrs. Chase continued:

"In the tray you will find some new shirts and plenty of nice socks and handkerchiefs; this is Olive's work, as well as mine. Do not feel obliged to thank us; we have no Robert to sew for. You need them, and you must feel that it is right to accept them."

Mrs. Chase spoke with a gentle insistence; she seemed to realize that Quince would feel under obligation, and she desired him to consider that it was a pleasure on her part—an act of kindness to another in memory of Robert and for his sake.

Before the packing was completed, various other articles were brought, together with books that had belonged to Robert. At last the trunk was locked and strapped and carried down to the lower hall."

"Every thing looks just as it did when Rob was going to school, don't it mother?" Merry asked.

Mrs. Chase was not a woman who could not speak of her dead, and the children thought of their brother and called him Rob. To them he was not hidden away in the grave, but they thought of him as a redeemed soul at home with God the Father, and with Jesus the precious Elder Brother.

Quince expressed his gratitude in few words. His voice trembled, but he strove not to break down.

Mr. Chase was in readiness to leave at an early hour.

"Good-byes are among the things we can hurry over," he said to Merry.

The small trunk was already in the wagon. Quince jumped in by the side of the driver; the horses started. The white house was far behind them before either spoke; then it was Mr. Chase who did so. He had several times taken his son over to Springvale:

"Robert had great admiration for Mr. Seago, and he was learning rapidly. He expected to go to college; do you expect to go, Quince?"

"I shall go, if I can," was the reply.

"If a boy wants to do a thing, he is pretty sure to bring it about by trying for it. We trouble with boys, and not unfrequently with men, is that they strive first for one thing and then for another. To succeed, one must bend his energies in a uniform direction. Just in the case of a river; with the water all in one bed, it is deep; but divert

the current and let the water flow in a dozen different channels, and each is shallow."

Mr. Chase was a practical man, and Quince felt that he had learned much from him during the summer.

When they arrived at Springvale, the stage was nearly ready to start.

"Are you not leaving earlier than formerly?" Mr. Chase asked of the driver after due recognition of old acquaintance.

"Yes; a full two hours earlier. Another boy?" looking intently into Quince's face.

"Something like Robert, I should say."

"Yes, something like him," without any other reference to Quince.

"You see, it's different now. We used to take plenty of time; now we have to hurry up and meet the cars at a certain time every day," resumed the driver.

"They made quick work of that road," said Mr. Chase in reference to the new route.

"Plenty of money; all of them solid men; put a big force on, and the thing was done. And a good road it is too—just sweeping in the money. You are one of the stockholders, I've been told?" returned the driver, with an insinuating smile.

"I have a little interest that way," said Mr. Chase dryly.

"I'll get that trunk of your boy's. It's not so very large; take it on top, I reckon."

Mr. Chase had cautioned Merry to make his "Good-bye" brief; with himself it seemed a difficult word to say. His eyes filled and his hand trembled.

Giving way to a youthful impulse, Quince flung his arms round Mr. Chase's neck and kissed him.

"That's right; that's the way I like to see a boy take leave of his father," said the driver with a smile.

The next moment he snapped his whip over the heads of his leaders, and the clumsy coach rolled away.

Quince had taken his seat inside, but at the first watering-place the driver called out to him to come on top:

"Most boys like the box; you will, I know. It's lonely when a boy first leaves home. I know just what it is, for I have been through the mill myself; I used to have a home, but it seems like a long time ago."

It was on Quince's tongue to say that he did not have a home, but he remembered that Mr. Chase had not seen fit to explain to the driver. It was not necessary for the man to know anything about his family connection. He would doubtless go back another vacation, and the driver would care very little about the position he occupied in Mr. Chase's family.

"Next week the boys will be coming to Mr. Seago's school. I expect you have grand good times there, so many bright chaps together," said the driver.

"Most of them go for study," answered Quince. "There is not a great deal of time for play, if one keeps up with his class."

"You do, I'll be bound, if you're a brother of Robert Chase."

"I am not a brother of Robert Chase. I keep up with my class, however."

"Not a brother! Well, now, really, I thought Chase was your father."

Mr. Chase has been very kind to me; I worked for him through vacation. Now I am going back to school."

It was out. Quince was not one to relish sailing under false colors. He was not a son of Mr. Chase; he was a poor farm-boy.

"Well, now! I know that trunk of your's; I could have sworn to it as the same trunk I have often taken for Robert."

"It is the same trunk."

"Well, now! They were real kind to you. No wonder you missed Mr. Chase. Beats me, though; I thought you was his son."

It was quite dark when the coach rattled up to Mr. Seago's door. As Quince got down he perceived that Gerty and her father were waiting for him.

"You are to live with us now, Quince; I am so glad!" exclaimed the child as she sprang forward to meet him. "You can't think how happy we are, now that mamma is well. She was sick, you know."

Quince had not been sure he was to live with Mr. Seago; the latter had merely alluded to such a possibility.

"Yes, Quince; I have decided that it is best for you to remain here. You can have just the same to do, and I can see to your recitations," Mr. Seago said.

"I shall be advised by you, Mr. Seago. I have come back to do whatever I find to do, and to study. I am something older,"

though he fully realized the struggle that was before him.

The small trunk was carried to the new room.

"And now come see mamma. She wants to see you, Quince," said Gerty.

(To be Continued.)

THERE ARE TWO WAYS of following after a leader of a new industrial enterprise. An expert in fish culture on our Atlantic coast was dilating one day, before a group of lazy fishermen, on a grand project for planting oyster-beds and giving every industrious man a chance to make money and supply himself with a superior quality of the article. The interest appeared to gather as he went on, till a crisis was reached by the test question, "My friends, will you cooperate in this enterprise?" "Yes," replied the leader of the crowd, "you stake out the beds, and grow the oysters, and we'll steal them when good enough to eat." A few people are chosen by Providence to do the best things, and the multitude everywhere have an old-time habit of letting them do the work and stealing the results. But, as the veteran journalist, E. D. Mansfield of Ohio, used quaintly to remark, "One-sixth the people in this world do the greater part of the world's work, but I don't remember that I ever envied the lot of the other five-sixths."—*Journal of Education.*

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who said "My brethren count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations" and what reason did he give for so doing?
2. Where were we commanded to "be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath"?
3. Where is the tongue compared to the helm of a ship, a fire, a wild beast, and called an unruly evil full of deadly poison?
4. On what occasion did Christ command "Swear not at all"?
5. Why were Daniel and his three companions cast into the fiery furnace?
6. By what king was Daniel and his three friends carried into captivity?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initials give a structure filled with gold and gems, yet unprotected by lock or bar; fitted to last for centuries, yet having neither walls nor windows, ceiling nor floor. No place of worship has ever been built on the pattern of it, and yet we know that the pattern was given by God Himself.

1. The only object in the sanctuary for which a counter part, though for a different purpose, is found in every Christian church.

2. The repository of God's laws.
3. The inspired artist of the desert.
4. The youngest of the three who went up Mount Hor, and of the two who came down.

5. That which became a token that its owner was God's chosen priest.

6. The first of two who were punished for offering "strange fire."

7. That which "sanctifieth the gift," not needed in the heavenly sanctuary.

8. He "who taketh away the sins of the world."

9. The aged high priest who died on hearing of the loss of the Ark of God.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

A SHORT PRAYER FROM THE PSALMS.

TURN US AGAIN, O LORD.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Ten | Matt. xxv. 1, 2 |
| 2. Uriah | 2 Sam. xl. 14-17. |
| 3. Reboam | 1 Kings xii. 6-13. |
| 4. No-omi | Ruth i. 17. |
| 5. Uai | Dan. viii. 2. |
| 6. Solomon | 1 Kings xi. 4. |
| 7. A-sahel | 2 Sam. ii. 18-23. |
| 8. G-ood | Matt. xix. 10. |
| 9. A-sag | 1 Sam. xv. 23. |
| 10. I-do | 2 Chron. ix. 29; xiii. 22. |
| 11. N-avy | 1 Kings ix. 22. |
| 12. O-rnan | 1 Chron. xxi. 25-23. |
| 13. Leviticus | |
| 14. O-badiah | |
| 15. Re-fuge | Psa. xli. 1. |
| 16. De-lliah | 1 Judges vi. 4-30. |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French.