

Her husband put his hand in his pocket mechanically and turned to face her. "I was thinking," he said, slowly, "I dunno's I care very much about goin' to meetin' this morning. Somehow I don't feel to home"—He stopped, swallowed hard and cleared his throat.

"'Taint in natur' we should, livin' all our lives in the country," assented the woman, "and I do s'pose it comes harder on you than me. Home is home to wimmen folks wherever 'tis, and you've always been so stirrin', but if I didn't go to meetin' I sh'd feel as if I'd got into a treadmill, and was jest goin' round an' round forever. I thought the singin' was real upliftin' last Sunday."

"Did ye? Well sometimes I'm reely afraid I've fell from grace, the things that gits to goin' through my mind right in meeting. And las' Sunday I couldn't think of a blessed thing but that there piece Ducey Simmons spoke to the sociable. Kind of silly I thought it was then, and not any ways suitable for church doin's, but it just run in my head till I didn't da'st to jine in the doxology, fear I should sing

"Le's go a-visitin', back to Griggsby Station."

He laughed and looked at his wife in a shamefaced fashion, then he wiped his eyes on his clean bandanna handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously. The good woman laughed also, but she had her back towards him, taking her best bonnet from the top drawer of the bureau, and she only said: "What a memory you have got for verses, father. That piece ain't exactly pious, but I dunno as they's any harm in it, and it is real touchin'."

They went down the narrow, dark stairs and out upon the street, and nothing more was said for some time. But when they were walking through the park—they always went that way to see the sparrows flutter like drifts of brown leaves about the gravel walks and smoky evergreens—the wife said, gently: "I tell ye, father, how I do. I just make b'lieve to myself I've come here a-visitin', and don't call'te to stay long. And if things don't suit, I say, 'Well, I can make it do till I go home,' and so I don't settle down to feelin's if I wa'n't goin' back. I don't s'pose a man could do that way—but you know Paul kep' up his sperrits by sayin' he was jest a sojourner, without any continoo'in' city."

It was an unfashionably early hour when they reached the church and slipped quietly into a pew near the door. The janitor glanced critically at them as he came into their neighborhood to get the box of flowers sent by the florist for the pulpit decorations. A tall, beautiful girl in black took the flowers at the altar and rapidly arranged them in two slender vases, and, as she lifted them from their safe covering, the whole church was filled with a rich rose odor. She looked from time to time at the strangers, especially at the woman, whose eager eyes followed every

motion of her fingers, and when her work was completed she came rapidly down the aisle with the empty box and one pale pink rose in her hand. Opposite the pew she hesitated an instant, then her face flushed and she went on.

"What a lonesome-looking old couple," she thought, stopping at the door to look back upon them. "I wish I dared"—and then she *did* dare. She went back to the pew again, and said gently, "I think you are strangers. Would you not like to come further to the front—away from the draught of the door? I should like to take you to our pew."

The old couple, quite accustomed to sit in the place of honor through all the years of that blessed country life, followed her without protest to one of the chief seats in the synagogue. The hassock was arranged for the tired feet, the hymn-book with large print selected for the eyes that had lost their keenness of vision, and the lovely rose laid gently upon it.

It was a very little cup of cold water, but its refreshment was like a spring in the desert to soul and body.

"First time I've reely enjoyed service," said the man, as they went back through the park. "Don't it seem to you, mother, that young woman sort of favors Clarice Eastman—or is it Della Price?"

"She couldn't very well favor 'em both," said his wife, peeping into the folds of her handkerchief to see if her rose was safe, "seein' one's light and the other's dark completed. I guess it's jest 'cause she seemed like your own folks, 'down to Griggsby Station'."

He looked at his wife in mild astonishment that she should show a frivolous spirit on Sunday, and then a responsive twinkle came into his own eyes.

"She's the fust one at's 'peered to reelize she was any kin to us," he said with a whimsical sadness.—*E. H. M. in Congregationalist.*

LIVE A DAY AT A TIME.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or those of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. O, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us—we who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, rest, and home.—*Philips Brooks.*