

HIS MOTHER'S MONUMENT.

"This is one of the finest designs we have, I think," said Mr. Carson, the proprietor of the marble works.

The gentleman with a fresh weed on his hat, who stood by his side in the small office, looked for a few moments at the design on the open page of the book which was spread out on the desk before him.

"I don't like anything so elaborate as this is," the gentleman said. "The design on the bottom of the page pleases me better."

"It is the same price, although it is not nearly as showy," the marble cutter replied.

"I do not object to the price," the gentleman rejoined. "It is a question of fitness. I like to have such a memorial correspond with the life and characteristics of the person for whom it is erected. My mother was a small, delicate woman, very quiet in her taste, ignoring anything that partook of display. These large, heavy designs would not be at all suitable. Yet I wish to have something costly, as I intend to put a large sum into the stone. It is the last thing we can do for our friends."

The marble cutter turned over the pages of the book, but nothing seemed to meet the customer's eye that exactly suited him. After a few moments of deliberation he closed the book.

"I cannot decide about the design to-day," he said. "I must think over the matter a little longer before I give my order."

He passed into the yard, the marble cutter following him, and calling his attention to the different varieties of material which were piled on both sides of the walk.

"Yes, I want a material that will be lasting," he said. "It must not be of a kind that will grow black with age, or get weather stained."

The north-east wind blew a gust just just then that made the man with the fresh weed on his hat shudder as he buttoned his overcoat up to his throat.

"There is no place on earth more chill-

ing than a marble yard," he thought, as he hastened into the street.

He had soon turned the corner, and was lost in the crowd of the busy city. He walked along in deep thought. It was very much harder than he supposed it would be to make a proper selection of a monument to his mother. Should it be the elaborate one, after all? It would show his love for his mother, and call attention to her memory: for people always linger about the large, striking monuments in a cemetery. Just then a woman jostled against him, and as he turned to look into her face, she fell at his feet. He stooped and lifted her up. She was a very old woman. He saw the locks of silver hair fall down over a face full of deep furrows; care, poverty and hard work were all stamped upon it. Before he had time to think what he should do, a crowd had gathered, an ambulance came rattling up to the sidewalk, and strong arms had lifted the woman in. "For the Charity Hospital," they said. And before he was aware of the action he had taken, he was following the ambulance.

"What if it had been my mother," he thought.

On, on he followed, up to the ward, and to the very cot where the poor old woman was placed.

"Do everything for the comfort and restoration of this woman," he said to the attendants. "I will pay all extra charge."

The woman opened her eyes as he spoke these words, and looked up into his face with an expression of gratitude and relief which he will carry with him as long as he lives. Then she put her thin, wrinkled hand on his coat sleeve, and whispered "God bless you, my son!"

It was pitiful that so many aged persons should have such a hard way at the close of the journey. Why did a living God permit such things? That was the question in the gentleman's mind as he went down the hospital steps. He was so thankful that his mother had had a beautiful sunset time; so glad he had been able to give her the comforts of his luxurious home. The earlier part of her jour-