

pipe. Now blow your bubbles, and see how much you can remember of what I have told you about them," concluded Mr. Will, smiling.

"Oh, Mr. Will, won't you tell us, please, about the meaning of colors now; you said the other night you would sometime?" Alice White was the questioner,—her liquid, dreamy eyes sought the hidden things, the mysteries of the invisible.

"These little ones will be tired with another lecture," said Mr. Will, for the first time remembering Bell and her prophetic "preach as usual." He glanced toward the sofa. She was still there, but so occupied with her book, he need not have feared her overhearing the "discourse." The younger ones were content to blow their bubbles quietly by themselves. So Mr. Will, with the two older boys, and Edna and Alice sat down in another window for a little more talking together.

"I told you the other evening," he began in a low tone, "that everything had a meaning. Perhaps nothing has so much of this silent language as color. We take stones—the diamond, looking into it, we read power, value, purity; the pearl whispers faintly of tears, and so on—many of these are imaginary; but colors have real significations. We will begin with the violet, which is the most delicate of all the colors. To give you an idea of its delicacy, its tiny hair-like waves are almost twice as fine as the red. There are 57,000 waves in one inch of the violet light to 39,000 of the red. It symbolizes suffering. The indigo, coming next, seeming almost a blending of the bright blue and violet, has its type in patience. The clear sapphire blue expresses heaven, truth and constancy. The emerald green is the sweet emblem of hope. Yellow or gold signifies richness, purity, endurance. A dirty, muddy yellow implies jealousy and deceit. Orange, to the eye, is the golden tint softening or growing into the red. Between the two it lies, a glorious strength, a higher tinge of innocence, wrought from endurance and reaching out to the intense glowing fire of purification through faith. Grey is the color of ashes, and the type of penance. Black signifies darkness and death. From the earliest knowledge we have of colors, we find them used in their mystic sense. The early painters were very particular in their use of colors. The red skirt and blue mantle typify heavenly love and truth. These are the colors of the garments they give to Christ and the Virgin, before the crucifixion. After that, Christ's robe is usually white; a few artists have given him, however, the pale violet, which after that time becomes also the Virgin's color. Penitence is always clothed in violet and blue, the symbols of sorrow and constancy. Blending the red and blue, we have the gorgeous royal purple, which, in some of the schools of art is used for the robes of our Saviour. I have some books on *Legendary Art* I will gladly lend, if any of you care to follow the subject out more thoroughly, but now I have given your imaginations enough for one day."

They thanked him for all he had told them, and made arrangements to begin reading the book aloud on the following day.

The rain cloud was past; the sun had been shining a long time, and after the children had gone, Mr. Marshall stood watching the varying hues playing softly over the fleecy clouds, wearing a bright fancy, a soap bubble if you will. A book falling on the floor shattered his reverie. He walked across the room to Bell, for it was her book that had fallen.

"Have I wearied you beyond endurance?" he asked gently; "it was more of a lecture than I meant to give. I hoped you were asleep some of the time, were you?"

"No," she laid her hand in his with a smile; "I was interested in all you said. I know I am cross and good-for-nothing, but I can thank people sometimes when they have given me pleasure. May I thank you as the children did?"

"I do not deserve thanks from you, Miss Bell; if you have been interested, I am more than gratified."

"Would you mind telling me what you were thinking of, there by the window, after they had gone? You were looking up at the sky, and—"

"And what? do not be afraid to say it."

"You looked very happy," she added softly.

"You would like to know what I found there to make me look happy?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes, please."

"I saw the glorious sunlight, with all the prismatic colors that I had been telling the children about, stretching out over the sky in great bands of love and strength, girding the world, as it were, for the life work. I watched the flitting, colored shadows, and saw the suffering, blending tribulation with submission, softening into patience, merging through resignation into truths, and on to knowledge that shades again with experience into hope; so, in the blending of colors, I climb the heights to faith and joy. We have them all, these guardian bands, wrought around our separate worlds. Carefully, tenderly are we guided over the prismatic ladder, from weakness