

"The Lord Chancellor will see you. Walk in, but first let me brush your clothes, for he can't abide dirt."

The old coat, waistcoat, and much-bedaubed trousers were cleansed. The fatigued curate climbed the stairs in the wake of the man servant, who threw open a door leading to the library, and the traveller was in the presence of Lord Eldon.

"You wish to see me. What is your business?"

"I have wished so much to see you that for three days I have travelled here on foot. Over one hundred miles have I walked, and am very tired.

"Pray be seated," said Eldon.

The business was explained. The austere Judge listened attentively. At length the applicant paused, more from physical exhaustion than lack of words. Eldon rose, rang the bell. The servant entered.

"Bring in some sherry and sandwiches."

The order was obeyed. "Please help yourself. You must need refreshment after your long tramp."

The curate accepted the offer and the much-needed food and drink gave him renewed hope.

"I much regret that I had not seen you some days since. Your late rector has been dead to my knowledge for more than eight weeks, and I regret to add that his successor has been appointed."

Thus the Lord Chancellor spoke. The visitor nearly broke down. All his hopes dashed to the ground, and the long, sad walk back—the shilling gone—the thought of the aching, yet longing, hearts at home, to whom he must carry this sad news unmanned him.

"Excuse me for one moment. I will be back directly," said his host.

A minute or two passed. The door opened. Eldon walked up to the grief-stricken man, and, laying one hand on his shoulder, with the other pressed into his hands a Bible. "Take this with you. Read carefully the page that I have marked. It may give you comfort."

A hurried adieu. The half-dazed man found himself in the street again. With bitterness in his heart, he looked at the sacred volume. "Of what use is the Bible to me? Do I not know it from Genesis to Revelation? Will this feed my children?" He muttered this to himself.

Looking around, he determined to give the Bible to the first being more wretched looking than himself that he should meet. Higher thoughts succeeded and conquered. Reverently he opened the Scriptures. One page was neatly turned back, and in its folds were bank notes for £200. It was the Book of Psalms, and carefully underlined were the words of the Psalmist, "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure."

The poor curate did not walk home, neither did he return empty-handed. For mother, for children, for all, some much-needed present. To his astonishment, the new rector retained his services as curate, at a much increased stipend. He was not asked to give up possession of the old house until a few months afterwards, when, upon the appointment of Lord Eldon, a richer living than the one he had sought was presented to him.

This curate was the Rev. F. Hewlett himself, and my informant of this fact was his own daughter.

John Scott, Lord Eldon, was called "austere," cold, cruel. He died in A. D. 1838. How little does the world know of the men and women around them. CECIL.



### The Mission of a Rose.

Only a rose-bud, kissed by the dew,  
Out in the garden fair it grew;  
Loved by the sunshine, wooed by the wind,  
Yet to be out in the world it pined.  
All its companions had passed away,  
Yet all alone it was doomed to stay.  
"Ah!" said the rose-bud, "could I go, too,  
Some loving work in the world to do!"

One summer morn came a maiden fair,  
Seeking a flower—a flower to wear;  
Spied out the bud, amid green leaves curled,  
Gathered and bore it out in the world.  
There in her simple dress it lay,  
Hearing her heart beat all the day.  
"Now," said the rose-bud, "let me break  
Into a rose for her sweet sake."

Yet, still a bud, it was given away;  
A sick child saw it from where she lay,  
It brought to her pale, sad face a smile,  
Pain was forgotten, just for a while.  
"Now," said the rose-bud, "let me bloom,"  
And its fragrance floated across the room.  
The bud was a rose at the dawn of day,  
But the soul of the child had passed away.

### Told by a Leaf.

The first thing I remember distinctly was opening my eyes one chilly morning last May, and hearing voices talking quite close to me. They were not pleasant voices; on the contrary, they were harsh and loud, and I tried to stop my ears to shut out the disagreeable noise. Like most other people, however, I was curious to know where I was and who my companions were; so, after a while, I glanced down, and there, resting on the same twig of the tree as the one on which I was born, I saw a couple of beautiful leaves. They were maple leaves, large and green, and they spread out their broad surfaces to catch the rays of the early sun. They took no notice whatever of me, and at first I was too shy to address them, for I felt very small in my yellow dress and thick brown coat. I seemed to have grown