

Young People's Department.

WHERE HOPE FOUND HEAVEN.

BY A. F. L.

"O dear! I wish --"

The wish at the moment found no further utterance, but the speaker, Hope Trenery, a girl of fourteen, stood tapping her fingers impatiently against the window pane, on the outside of which the drops of an April shower were thickly streaming.

"What do you wish?" asked a quiet voice, a little way off. It came from an old lady who sat, industriously knitting, in a large arm-chair in the middle of the small but luxurious room, which the genius of comfort seemed to have selected for her boudoir.

"I wish I were in heaven!" exclaimed Hope, turning from the window, impatiently. "I hate showers! I hate New York! There is nothing to live for--nothing!" And she flung herself fretfully into another arm-chair opposite the old lady, and drummed a peevish tattoo.

Mrs. Osborn gave her grandchild a compassionate glance—but she said nothing, only continued knitting the little woolen garment destined for some little child of the poor. Hope sat looking sulkily at her grandmother. The contemplation of anyone else's tranquility was anything but soothing to her in her present mood.

The young girl was the only child of wealthy parents who resided in an adjacent city. She was paying a visit to her grandmother, who lived almost alone, in a handsome suite of rooms within a stone's throw of Broadway. To say that Hope was the only child is to state much in little; for she was spoiled in almost every sense in which a girl of good parentage is susceptible of that disadvantage. Mrs. Osborn was one of those delightful old ladies who never have a second childhood, but always a second youth. This kept her in sympathy with the young, and she had therefore exerted herself to make Hope's visit brim with pleasure. Every legitimate enjoyment had been provided for the young girl. Every delightful sight and social charm to be found in the metropolis had been brought into play; and to crown all Mrs.

Osborn had issued invitations for a "pin" luncheon," at which no one who was not a "bud" was expected. Yet here was Hope, discontented and out of temper, because a shower had obviously prevented an afternoon drive through the Park.

Her tattoo had not ended when the rain suddenly ceased, and the sun looked for its likeness in the million mirrors into which the wet leaves were converted. Hope jumped up and clapped her hands.

"Now we can take our drive!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the old lady, laying aside her work. "We can certainly take a drive. The carriage will be here in a few moments." And she left the room, with her quick, quiet step, in order to get ready.

As they stepped into the carriage Hope did not observe the sign which her grandmother made to the coachman. A few moments served to convince her. However, that they were not moving in the direction of the park, and she mentioned the circumstance to Mrs. Osborn.

"No," answered the old lady, with a look which the young girl afterwards recollected. "You have seen the park. I thought that this afternoon I would show you something new."

"Something new? What can there be new? I have seen everything."

"Scarcely" responded her grandmother, with a quiet smile; "I fancy that even when you are as old as I, you will find there is something new to see."

The carriage rolled on into a neighborhood quite unfamiliar to Hope. She did not like it at all. The streets were made of long rows of tall brick buildings, many stories in height, and disfigured with an eccentric embossment of fire-escapes. At every corner was a liquor saloon. Dirty little children swarmed at every door, and played in every gutter. Every other woman held a baby in her arms as she stood chatting with a neighbor. The recent shower had not freshened the air or purified the mounds of garbage. On each side rickety wooden steps, into which pools of rain-water was soaking their way, led down to dark basements wherein glimpses might be caught of ragged, wasted, stunted, or repellent shapes. Now and then, in the midst of this crowded