

they battled with the wind, for they had been taught to hush reverently in the garden of the dead. They stood beneath the friends, that they might rest a little and recover their breath.

"Ugh!" said the younger child, looking up; "there's the ugly old thing; he's always trying to get away from church and never can."

"And there's my beautiful bishop," said the older child.

"I can't think why he stays so near ugly old open-mouth," said the other.

"Perhaps the same hand placed them both here," the elder child said, looking up at them.

"Let us go on—good-by, old ugly face!" laughed the little one.

"Good-by, dear bishop," said her sister; and they went away.

"Did you hear her?" cried the gargoyle. "That's always the way! Ugly is the best word they can find for me."

"Yes, I heard her," said the statue, "it is a beautiful thought."

"No doubt you think so, since they always call you sweet and good," growled the gargoyle.

"I didn't mean that, friend," the other replied. "She is such a little, young thing, she didn't consider how her words might give pain. No, it was what the other child said that struck me."

"I didn't notice anything particular; what was it?"

"She said perhaps we were placed here by the same hand. It is a wonderful and comforting thought."

"For you, perhaps; I don't see what comfort it can be to me," said the gargoyle, but his tone was softer.

"O yes, I think you must," said the other. "You see, if we are where and what we were meant to be, doubtless the wise master-carver had a purpose in his mind when he fashioned us so differently."

"But why should he have made me so ugly that nobody likes to look at me?" asked the gargoyle.

"Ah, friend, that I cannot tell—but all people don't dislike you. Don't you remember how they said the little sick child laughed for the first time when they carried her out to look at you?"

"I remember; but it was my very ugliness that amused her," said the gargoyle. Then he said, almost humbly, "But surely it is better to be good-looking and liked than ugly and shunned?"

"Yes," said the statue, "but I was not thinking of ourselves so much as of him

who made us; he must have wished us to be as we are."

"I suppose so," the gargoyle assented, rather unwillingly; "but I should like to know why he made me like this."

"And we must just be content with the fact as it is without knowing why—but see! we have more visitors."

Two people were approaching. One was an elderly gray-haired man, with calm eyes and a steadfast face; his companion was a youth, who wore a weary, discontented expression, and walked listlessly.

"The wind has dropped a little; let us rest awhile in this sheltered corner," said the older man. "You look tired, Everard."

"I am sick and tired of everything, I think," the youth replied.

"Poor Everard, the world looks dark to you to-day," said the other; "but you are not the first who has seemed to make a failure of the early part of life."

"Seemed!" flashed the youth. "I meant to have done so much, to have helped others, but now—"

"Now you are going to help them through your very failure and disappointment," said the older man, calmly.

"What do you mean? I am just a wreck and failure, only likely to hinder others," said the youth, bitterly.

"Hard words for yourself, Everard; yet you can make my words true. Why did you wish to help others?"

"Why? I hardly know," faltered Everard.

"Yet, my dear lad, if you really wish to help others for love of them and of One far nigher, you may be content to help them to the best success through your own failure."

"That is a strange way of looking at it; it is new to me, yet I think I like it," said the youth after a pause.

"It is a thought that has been much in my mind of late, though it is not easy to put it clearly into words," said the other.

"When we see how in small ways others, even quite good people, fret and vex those they love, we may learn from their mistakes to avoid doing as they have done. And so with larger things; surely our dear ones in Paradise, seeing things with 'other eyes than ours,' can rejoice when through their failures we learn what is for our souls' health."

There was a little silence; then the youth turned with a more restful look on his face, and as he did so he caught sight of the stone friends. He smiled and pointed to them: "Perhaps we may see the same

lesson there, though I cannot read it very plainly," he said, brightly. "No one can admire the gargoyle for its beauty, yet it may have as much to teach as the statue."

"Very true," said the older man, quietly.

"I will think of the gargoyle when I begin to get despairing again," said Everard, rising briskly. "Good-by for the present, my ugly friend; you and I may, perhaps, help each other in being kind of spiritual scarecrows. Maybe you don't care about it more than I do, but let us try to be glad to serve others at our own expense. I shall come and let you preach to me sometimes."

There was a long silence after the two had gone; the wind rose again, a cloud came over the sun, and heavy rain fell.

"Did you hear what he said?" asked the gargoyle. The rain was all over him, a watery gleam of sunshine touched his shining surface.

"I heard; I am very glad for you," said the statue.

"I won't mind being ugly if my ugliness will be a help to people," said the gargoyle.

"We didn't make ourselves, and we each have our office to fulfil," said the statue; "you through your grotesqueness, I through my—"

"Beauty," put in the other, as he paused for a word.

"Yes, since it is in no sense my own," said the statue.

"Some day I shall learn to be glad for my ugliness," said the gargoyle; "but I haven't come to that yet, I am only beginning to try."

Silence settled down on them with the gathering darkness. In the village below the elder traveller sat alone by the fire; his steadfast eyes had saddened a little, and he sighed more than once. Presently he roused himself and drew a worn little book from his pocket. It was the "Imitation of Christ." And this is part of what he read:

"It cannot be anything but good whatsoever Thou shalt do with me. . . . Thou knowest what is fit to be given to every one, but why this man hath less and that man more is not for us to judge, but for Thee who dost know exactly what is meet for every one."*

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* Book III., chapter xxvii.

MONEY.—"An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except to heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."