

for the poor, she would do good as Jenny Lind had done. Then her flaming imagination conjured another picture. A weary, bowed, careworn, poverty-stricken throng returning home from the noise and dirt of the shops, to the noise and dirt of the tenement blocks. They ate a scanty supper, then returned to their work yet again, or lounged about the low streets, the men seeking the saloons, the women gossiping or going to the saloons, too.

They loved music, and music is uplifting. Poor hungry and thirsty lives, no wonder their faces harden and age early, the soul-expanding, tender influences are entirely lacking. A sweet ballad with uplifting words might purify a whole city, as the Marseillaise of France could inspire a whole army. Money had no need to influence her life, for she had excess of money.

'A song missionary.' Evangel started as if a voice had spoken to her. She raised her head as if to shut out the vision her soul was seeing, but she could not and she dropped her face upon her arms again. Finally arising she threw herself upon the bed and slept feverishly.

It was late when Evangel breakfasted the following morning, and too exhausted to vocalize or read or embroider, she sat by the fireplace in the music room lounging on a divan, looking very pretty among the red and gold pillows. She was in a most comfortable state of dreamy semi-consciousness, when some one asked admission by a quiet tap on the door. Thinking it to be the maid on her morning rounds about the house, she gave a sleepily affirmative to the question, without unclosing her eyes. The newcomer crossed the room and stood silently before the fire a moment.

'Pardon me, Miss Evangel, I should have known you would be too tired—'

'Oh, Mr. Marsdon, pardon me. I was nearly asleep and thought it was the housemaid,' Evangel exclaimed, rising. 'Oh, I am so glad to see you.' She placed a chair near the divan and resumed her seat.

'I was walking near the house and could not—or at least, did not—resist the temptation to come in, but I fear you are not anxious for visitors this morning.'

'Mr. Marsdon, you know you are always welcome, and this morning is no exception to the always. How have my mission boys done since I left them three years ago?'

'Some of them are doing well. Jim and Curley are clerking in a substantial shoe house, having worked up to good positions. George Curshmore is in the penitentiary and the other boys have become teamsters or day laborers in some manual line of work. They missed you for months and most of them left soon after you did, Miss Evangel.'

'They missed me. I am so glad. Did I really fill a place in the mission? Did you miss me, Mr. Marsdon?'

Evangel was busy wondering if she had ever been of even the most humble consequence to the world and did not notice Mr. Marsdon's silence, until he arose and walked the length of the room and returning stood before her.

'Why did you ask me that question, -Evangel? It brings surging to my lips all that I had determined to keep unsaid. Miss you! These three years have taught me something of what loneliness could mean.'

'I—I—I—did not mean—I do not'—Evangel stopped, looking up at him frightened, shrinking, astonished.

Insensibly Mr. Marsdon regained his usual poise.

'Pardon me, Miss Evangel, your life is predestined for you. Let me tell you a little fable. Years ago a prince loved a queen. He was good and noble, but she had almost a

world in her possession. She was queenly in character as in wealth and honor. There was nothing the world could give but was hers. The prince loved in silence; it would have been too much for him to ask of her to share his comparative poverty, to leave her conquests and her kingdom to become merely his wife.'

Mr. Marsdon held out his hand and took Evangel's cold, quivering hand in his. 'Your path is among the stars. My stars must shine on the other shore—I shall not be apt to find them in the slums,' he said, smiling seriously. 'When do you go back for your season in London, Miss Evangel?' he asked releasing the hand.

'I have not yet signed the contract, but it will be in about two months.'

'I am glad you stay yet a little. You will permit me to call?'

'Oh, yes, as of old.'

'I have a sick family to see this morning—'

'And you never asked me to go with you,' pouted Evangel.

'Oh, would you go?' The young minister's face lighted radiantly.

'I will be ready presently. What shall I take, roses or bread?'

'Plenty of bread,' was the reply.

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It was Sabbath afternoon, and in a little tenement house on Water street, among the wharves, a little company was gathering. In the centre of the room stood the open coffin, as bleak as the bare walls. A woman with a short, thin crepe veil over her face sat near it—the sole mourner. As the friends came in they shuffled awkwardly toward the box holding the silent sleeper, and after conversing in low tones, if they happened to be in couples or groups, they retired to a seat.

The clatter of heavy boots on the bare floor, and the buzz of half-restrained conversation annoyed Mr. Marsdon, who was finding his text in the Bible, as he stood with his back to the door ready to speak. At the sound of his voice the noise ceased, and the little company composed itself to listen to the man whose very name brought it a feeling of comfort.

But soon there was a movement of surprise among them, their eyes were turned to the door, and their heads met in couples as they whispered and looked. Almost involuntarily Mr. Marsdon glanced over his shoulder to see the cause of the unusual interest. He paused in the midst of a sentence and gazed a moment, forgetful of everything else save the presence of Evangel who hesitated in the door, then without stopping to see the dead face she seated herself, while Mr. Marsdon groped desperately but vainly for the sentence he had begun. It was only an instant before he gained his composure, though his heart behaved cruelly all through the remainder of his sermon.

There was no music, no flowers—nothing to soften the dreariness, the misery of the lonely woman whose sobs were repressed with iron Scotch resolution, although usually the mourners in this grade of civilization scream and cry without restraint.

With the closing sentence of the tender attempt to comfort, the undertaker, with coarse, creaking boots, and coarse, half-muffled voice came brusquely forward to place the coffin lid. With a regal poise of her patrician head Evangel arose, threw back her cape and stepped to the coffin, murmuring, 'Wait,' to the undertaker, who stepped aside. She unfastened from her bosom a cluster of luxurious roses and laid them softly in the rested hands, then looking at Mr. Marsdon her eyes filled with a new light

and she began Frances Havergal's noble hymn,

Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee,  
Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

She began bravely, but her lips trembled and the tears were near to falling, for it was the consecration hymn of her voice.

After singing the two verses Evangel turned and taking the suffering mother's hand in hers, began the sweet old Scotch hymn,

I am far fra me hame,  
An I'm weary aftenwhiles.

Art, self, were forgotten. This was the beginning of her song mission work. Like the monk Augustine of old, who sang the gospel to the pagans of Great Britain, she would give her life to singing Christ and salvation to this people, that perchance he might be sung into their lives.

When the song was ended, there was utter silence for a few heartbeats, then the Scotch woman lifted Evangel's hand almost reverently to her lips.

The funeral cortege passed from the room and down the dark stairs, the minister leading. It was sweet to breathe the free air again after the confinement in a small room with ill-kept bodies and clothes.

It was just a moment Evangel had to speak to the pastor of this life-beaten flock, but she whispered with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, 'Mr. Marsdon, sometimes a queen is willing to abdicate her throne for love.'

### The Day of Satisfaction.

When I shall wake on that fair morn of  
morns,  
After whose dawning never night returns,  
And with whose glory day eternal burns,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,  
When in Thine arms thou wilt Thy child  
embrace,  
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of  
grace,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have  
loved,  
Clasp in my eager arms the long-removed,  
And find at last how faithful Thou hast  
proved,  
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,  
Purged by Thy power from every taint and  
stain,  
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him  
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,  
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I call to mind the long, long past,  
With clouds and storms and shadows over-  
cast,  
And know that I am saved and blest at last,  
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,  
The unbelief, the darkness, and the fear,  
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe  
the tear,  
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,  
And all be real, all without decay,  
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,  
I shall be satisfied.

—Horatius Bonar.