must longer is life ?" Nursie: "God only knows."

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Years and years for some people, but only days and aays for a cripple, proved true in Lauchie's case, and so one day he was put into a dainty carket and brought to the parlor, where they strewed the white roses around the fairest flower of them all. Lauchie's first visit to the parler, and he came in state too. Pride had kept him out before; but no little dead boy can walk, and Lauchie, with twisted feet under buds and blossoms, was no longer singular in his demother bent over him alone, he was this link, and thank God for it. Lauchie still to them; only-they loved him now-" dear Lauchie!"

Lauchie, with his wings, had at last found their hearts, as he, while in the flesh, hoped he might.

murmuring. "No use at all; my life is each telling his story in his turn.

marble:

"OUR LAUCHIE,"

very much to two who came therewho came and went so lonely.

Months passed; a year; two years went by. Lauchie's father and mother had become estranged-had broken the vow, "until death us do part;" and without law, remained no longer as man and wife. Friends besought them, tried their best to reunite them-tried and failed. The

unmistakably they were two. They shared nothing in common; but, though they owned it not, their hearts ached, and they were unhappy.

Somehow, on the anniversary of his death, the boy had come most forcibly to the minds of each—come, as he said he would, and stirred their hearts. The tired, weary man, in his wretched home, reaches out longingly towards his boy. The restless, lonely woman, paces her | yard. room, and whispers, "Lauchie,' dear Lauchie," with quivering lips.

He from the east, and she from the west, father and mother, go searching for love, comfort, some sort of consolation, at the grave of Lauchie.

softly approaching. "My Lauchie," murmurs the mother, creeping slowly onward.

He from the east and she from the west, both absorbed in themselves and their grief, reverently approach the white marble column. For months past everything has been my and mine. Now, raising their eyes, through which their hungry souls look forward eagerly. Our Lauchie greets the glance of each, and startled, as the word corrects their utterances, they encounter one another. There they stand, "my" on the lips of

each, and, through tears, each reading, still saw nothing but the black, wet Years and years, I hope," said "Our Lauchie." Like a messenger night. He cried more bitterly than befrom God, that monument spoke to the fore. He cried as if his heart would Years and years for those that are proud, unyielding hearts, and melted break—"I wish—I wish I were at good for something," said Lauchie, them in one. And Lauchie himself home!" dreamily; "but days and days only, I seemed to be there, going from one to

formity. He was as any other dead boy ours forever. In these days of easy dito outsiders; still, as the father and vorces and hasty separations, remember

STORY, TELLING.

More than thirty years ago there was a little boy in Glasgow who was very The little flowers Lauchie's hands fond of stories. He was accustomed to clasped so tightly were all showered over go in the afternoon to a neighbour's with tears-real sorrow tears; and all house where stories were told all round through the lovely golden curls the by boys like himself. There were stories shining drops lay glistening. Yes, told about robbers, and stories about Lauchie was loved at last; but to what ghosts—foolish stories! And stories purpose had he spent even days and about poor boys who went to rich Londays in the world? Of what earthly use don and became great men; and stories had Lauchie the cripple, been to the about sailor boys who had been shipfather and mother who mourned him wrecked and cast on desert islands in now? Lauchie had breathed the ques- the midst of the tumbling sea-fine tion to himself many times, and had stories! It was a very pleasant sight mournfully answered it as many, by to see the fire blazing on the hearth, shaking his gold-crowned head and and the boys all seated within its light,

The boy I speak of would have been Days passed. How lonely the house entirely happy at the fireside but for was; no nursery now; Lauchie and one little fear. In the street where he Nursie both gone. No little voice rang lived there was a grave-yard. His fadown the stairs, or went upward in ther's house was on one side, and the childish song. All was hushed and still house were the stories were told was on in that elegant mansion; but out where the other. To go back to his father's the monuments grew over buried hopes, house he had to pass this grave-yard was a little mound and a shaft of white and he was afraid to pass that way after dark; so he had to leave every evening before the stories were ended. Some and that was all it said; but it meant times in the midst of a very good story he would be seen turning his eyes to the window, and watching the darkening sky, as if he would keep the night from

coming on. One day the boys happened to be alone in the house. The stories were all fine, and the fire was warm, and they all forgot that the hours were passing away. The sun went down; the sky grew dark; nothing was to be seen at minister and his Church ditto; it availed the window but blackness. But just as they had reached the middle of a story They loved, but they were proud, and there came a flash of lightning from neither would make the advance toward | the sky, and after that a peal of thunreconciliation. They were one no longer, der, and then rain, thick and heavy, dashed against the panes.

My little friend remembered the grave-yard in a moment, and wished he were home. He went to the door; Poor little Lauchie! Two years but the light of the fire, as it fell across passed since God made him whole. the street, made the darkness seem more dark.

"I wish I were at home," he said. He was a timid little boy, and began to weep. He was afraid of the dar

night and the rolling thunder, but e pecially he was afraid of the grav

After a long while he got courage say, "Keep the door open and cry aft me till I am out of hearing, and I wi not be afraid." The other boys agree and opened the door to let him ou But just at that moment there can "My Lauchie," murmurs the father, another flash of lightning, and another roll of thunder, and he and they ra back and cowered beside the fire.

"Come with me, some of you," next said, "Come two of you: I a afraid to go alone." But the other boys were very little older than hin self. And now they also were afrai and they began to cry.

Eight o'clock! Nine! "O, I wish I were at home!" Ten! and still he is afraid to go. Half-past ten! eleven! "I wish-I wish I were at home." He went to the door a third time. I

While he was sobbing out these words hope, for little boys that can only sit the other, drawing them nearer and he saw a star of light twinkling through still and think. I might better be an nearer together. I don't know who was the gloom. It came nearer and nearer. angel, for then I could sit and look at the first to reach out the hand, who was and grew bigger the nearer it came. the first to make the advance; but I Joy! It was light from his father's "Nursie," said Lauchie, another day know that Lauchie was the link which house! His brother, carrying a lantern. "there's noone but you to love me here; bound them together, and that, as the had come to fetch him home. It was you carried me into your heart, didn't sun went down that night, its rays fell as if daylight had come back again. His you? I couldn't get into theirs; I was in glory on two, who, with arms intercrying was at an end; his tears were you? I couldn't get into the far of to lift twined and faces radiant, had been again me in. When I get to be an angel Nursie, I can fly there myself. God two, who, with arms intertwined and faces radiant, had been again made one—made so through the little crying was at an end; his tears were dried up. He became bold as a lion. The fear of the graveyard went away, and he stepped out into the darkness vain, but who, after all, had accomplish with a smile on his face. His brother was by his side, and the light of his brother's lantern would light him home!

> Now Christ does for his dying brothers and sisters just what this boy's brother did for him. He comes for them with light from their Father's house, and takes them by the hand to lead them home.

> Our life upon the earth is like the story telling of these boys. We are all es telling our stories to each

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ACCOMMODATION TRAINS. Will leave Moncton for Miramichi, Campbellton and Way Stations at 12.15 p.m. and Cambellton for Moncton at 6.20 a.m., connecting with trains to and from Halifax and St. John.

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