



MRS. HOPE'S CHILDREN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

I.

“**Y**OUR father wishes me to start to-morrow,” said Mrs. Hope to her daughter just entering on her fourteenth year, “and I must not disappoint him, for he will be at the railway station to meet me. I have nothing fit to travel in except that brown dress, which is only just cut out. I don’t know how I am to get it finished, unless I go over right away to your aunt Jennie and run it on the machine. It will take me hard work to get it finished and be home by 10 o’clock to-night. So, dearie, you will have to mind the house and get dinner ready; and when the boys return in the afternoon to school, you must put on your things and take the street-car down to Sarder Place, with this bill to Mr. Jones. Say you were told to await an answer; and make yourself as neat as you can.”

So saying, and with a momentary uplifting of the heart to Him who feeds the sparrows, and to the Help of Christians, placing the bill in Clara’s hand, she tenderly kissed her daughter, and began to tie up her parcel and otherwise make ready for a day at aunt Jennie’s.

Mrs. Hope was one of those quiet little women who meddled with nobody, but busied themselves with their duties. Her children, one girl and two boys, were the delight of