

that festival—suffice it to say that all the day was full of interest and novelty, and when evening came the two friends were too weary to walk about any more. So they mounted to the highest balcony of the hotel, and sat watching the torchlight processions, wandering musicians, and merry-making peasants in the valley. Unaware of an open window just around a rear angle, they chatted freely. Marion began:

'I have been sorry all day about that lady that you would not let into our car. She is in this hotel. I am sure she must have been disappointed in a room she had engaged from what I overheard. She was talking with the proprietor—I do not like his oily manner. She was very indignant at some change or what he called a misunderstanding. Why, Belle, what are you laughing at?'

'Oh, you old innocent! We have her room, and a fine one it is, too! She engaged it for one person at four marks, but when I told him to run another cot in, making it a double room at eight marks, of course it was not the single room that she engaged. She is, no doubt, just a decent Dutch 'frau,' and the dingy room will come cheaper for her.'

'She is English, I think, not German,' said Marion, quietly, 'and I am very, very sorry you did this.'

The discussion which followed brought out the real nature of each young woman strongly.

'I shall find the lady and offer to change places with her,' said Marion.

'Humph! Do you think she will come in with me—a perfect stranger? I shall make no change. It is kind, too, in you to accuse me of trickery when I was planning for your comfort.'

'I thank you for thinking of my comfort, and I accuse no one. I will tell her that I overheard her talk with the proprietor, and fancied that she had a claim to that room; then I will offer my half of it.'

Belle walked haughtily downstairs, but Marion, after some perplexity, found her way to the dismal room, which was just round the angle, near the balcony, and found the woman sitting by her window.

It was a full half hour before she joined her friend, saying: 'I found her, Belle, and she made no fuss whatever, although I know she suspected something was crooked somewhere. She prefers to stay where she is. We had quite a little visit. I think she may be a governess, but, at any rate, she is very intelligent, indeed. I have not talked to any one about myself as I talked to her. She was interested in our American schools, and I found myself telling her my hopes and plans for next year, as if I had known her always.'

Isabel was decidedly out of temper, and responded in monosyllables. The next day the 'English governess,' as Marion called her, made no attempt to avoid Isabel, but sought tactfully to make her acquaintance. Belle, quite at ease, again showed herself a fine conversationalist, and a capable, brilliant girl.

At the end of the festival Marion and Isabel went down the Rhine, round Holland, across to Paris, and in due course of time back to England.

At length, while in London, the day came for Isabel to meet the president of B— College. They were shown into a private parlor and greeted by a richly-dressed woman, who received them with gentle dignity. Isabel at first was conscious only of black satin and fine lace, but as the woman began to talk she recognized the face of

her 'decent Dutch frau,' and of Marion's 'governess.'

After talking of educational matters in general, she went on to speak of her correspondence with Isabel's friends in her behalf, and to enlarge on the qualifications necessary in a woman who was to be one of the college faculty; besides being thoroughly competent intellectually, she must be a lady, refined in word and deed.

The call was pleasant, but less satisfactory than Isabel expected; still, as she explained to Marion, nothing decisive was to be looked for under a fortnight. A few days later Marion was asked to call at the hotel. Marion did her best for her companion, although she was asked many personal questions during her call.

There were no developments until they had been at home a week. Then Marion Elsworth was proffered a position in B— College. A month after Isabel accepted a place in a public school—and she knew why.

The Housekeeper's Child.

(By Maud Pettit.)

It was a rather plain little face, yet a pleasant one—a little girl of ten on the piano stool. Only in stolen moments, when no one else tenanted the great stately drawing-room, did Mabel Ashley, the housekeeper's child, venture to the piano she so much loved. It was in one of those hours the music master of Miss Vera Thorburn, the young lady of the house, had come in, unnoticed by Mabel.

'Ah, wonderful, wonderful,' said he, as he listened. 'Miss Vera will never play like that, and such a voice! I will give this child a few lessons gratis.'

The old music teacher became interested in his protege, and the few lessons increased to many, until Miss Vera began to view her small rival with a jealousy nothing short of dislike.

In such a mood she entered the drawing-room to practise and found Mabel on the stool, so absorbed in the music as not even to notice her entrance. It was several minutes before Mabel, turning her head, caught sight of the flushed angry face, in its bed of light fluffy hair. She was tall for a girl of thirteen, and rather pretty in spite of her hot temper.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Vera. Did I keep you waiting?'

No reply. Not even a glance from the downcast eyes. Mabel was closing the door very slowly behind her, perhaps still hoping for a gracious word, when an angry thrust from behind slammed it quickly on one of her slender fingers. But no cry escaped the sweet lips as she ran upstairs to her little room over the kitchen.

Once the door was closed, however, the little figure lay upon the bed in a paroxysm of sobs. It was not the bruised and bleeding finger, but the cruel, cutting insult. The insult that was only one of many such. And she was only the housekeeper's child. She must bear it all at the hands of her fair-haired tyrant. Oh, it was bitter—bitter—bitter. Why could not she, too, have a piano of her own without depending on other people's charity. Why had she no papa and no home? No lovely home like Vera Thorburn's? Must she always be just something in the way in the grand houses where her mother made a livelihood? Oh, to be just for a little while again in the pretty white cottage where they lived before papa died, where she played on the green lawn and slept in her little white bed at night.

But her spirit of discontent did not last

long. It was not her nature. If He who had suffered so much for her let trials come, she would bear them—bear them in silence, that she should not add anything to her mother's burden. If she were in the way she would watch for opportunities to be useful. She would give kindness for slights and neglect.

The years passed on, seven, eight, nine, ten. The great Metropolitan Church was crowded that night, and the pastor sat down with bowed head after his sermon, while the girlish form of a young singer rose before the audience.

Why should I wait, when Jesus is calling?
Why should I wait when mercy is free?
List to Him now, so tenderly saying,
Come, my dear child, come now unto me.'

The silence deepened; not a breath to be heard; only a thrilled look on the faces of the people.

'Why should I wait,'

The words broke through the silence with the startling clearness of a trumpet call.

'Why should I wait,

Softly they came back, like the echo from a dream.

'Why should I wait,
Oh, why longer wait?'

A second invitation was given; there was a movement after the dead silence, and down the aisles people were coming to the altar, one, two, three, four, five. Just there in the third pew was a restless but handsome face, that we recognize as that of Vera Thorburn, whom we saw last a flushed and angry child by the drawing-room grate.

'Why should I wait, when troubled and weary?
Longing for rest the world cannot give?'

The beautiful face in the pew softened, and a moment later Miss Thorburn was kneeling at the feet of the housekeeper's child.

'Oh, Mabel,' she said, when all was over, 'do you remember what a little tyrant I used to be when you lived at our house? I used to be so jealous of your singing then, and yet it was something in your voice to-night that brought me to'—She hesitated a moment, for she was but a new-born disciple—to Jesus. Come home and spend the night with me.'

So Mabel Ashley, the talented and favorite soprano, slept that night as an honored guest under the roof of the Thorburn mansion, where she was snubbed ten years before as the housekeeper's child.—'Onward.'

Be Something.

Be something in this living age,
And prove your right to be
A light upon some darkened page,
A pilot on some sea.
Find out the place where you may stand,
Beneath some burden low;
Take up the task with willing hand;
Be something, somewhere, now!

Be something in this throbbing day
Of busy hands and feet,
A spring beside some dusky way,
A shadow from the heat.
Be found upon the workman's roll:
Go sow, go reap or plough;
Bend to some task with heart and soul;
Be something, somewhere, now!
—'Temperance Monthly.'