

THE STORY OF A DAY.

(Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.)

It was no wonder that Beatrice looked grave and sad for her years, she had seen so much in her short life, of all the misery which money troubles, brought on by wilful disregard of the laws of God and man, could cause, and all the irritation and bad temper which they, more than any, are likely to provoke.

"Well, my dear!" her father said, "I did not like to present myself at your uncle's mansion, but I could not leave England without saying good-bye. At last I have heard of something greatly to my advantage; a relation in Brazil has offered me a post as inspector of mines, and I am going out at once. Indeed my steamer sails this evening for Cork, and I go from there. If, as I expect, I shall make a fortune, you must come out and share it—eh, Bee?"

"If you make a fortune, father, you must try to pay off old debts," Beatrice said bravely. "There are so many, many tradespeople who suffered."

"Ah, my dear, the dead past must bury its dead," was the careless reply. "How like you are to your mother. I hope they are kind to you at your aunt's."

"Yes," Beatrice said, "but aunt Cecil is very much of an invalid, and can do very little."

"You surprise me; an active, jolly little thing, she used to be, very different from your dear mother, who was always a fragile creature. Well now, shall we take a stroll? See here," and Mr. Harcourt put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a handful of sovereigns. "Is there anything you fancy, Beatrice? If so, let me give it to you. You are dressed like a nun, I declare," he added, surveying the plain black dress with its white collar and cuffs, and wide black hat. "Come and let us choose a black satin for you. Satin is so much worn."

"Oh! no, no, father," Beatrice said, shrinking back. "I don't want anything, and if you are so rich, do please let some of the money go to that kind Mrs. Barton at Dover, who was so good about the rent when dear mother was ill."

"All in good time, my dear, when I have made my fortune, you know."

"Pray for him, and be patient," these words of her mother's seemed again to sound in her ears, and Beatrice only said:

"I will come out with you, father, but not to go to any shop, as I want nothing."

Father and daughter went out together, and their appearance was so striking as to attract attention even in the neighborhood of the Hotwells.

Mr. Harcourt was singularly handsome, and Beatrice had a certain stately grace about her, which was not lost on her father.

He talked pleasantly enough to Beatrice when they reached College Green. The bell was ringing for service in the Cathedral, and he asked her if she would like to go there, as she refused all his other offers.

"Oh, yes, father, so very much," was the earnest reply.

There is always something soothing in turning out of a busy thoroughfare and noisy street into the quiet of the house of God.

The Psalms for the fifth evening of the month seemed to speak peace, and no prayers were ever more earnest than those which the daughter sent up for the father from whom she was about to part.

"The Lord sitteth above the water-floods, yea, the Lord remaineth a King for ever. The Lord shall give strength unto His people, the Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace."

"You are a very good child, Beatrice," her father said, as they passed up and down

the College Green together. "If it will make you happier, I will give you a ten-pound note to send to Mrs. Barton at Dover. You can register the letter, you know," and Mr. Harcourt took out his pocket-book and carefully singled, from a thick bundle, three five-pound notes. "There, will that please you?" he asked. "I want to do something for which you will say 'Thank you,' and get a smile if I can."

Tears came instead of the smile, as Beatrice, clinging to his arm, said:

"Oh, thank you, father, I will send them all to Mrs. Barton, but"—she hardly liked

in her hand she put them in her purse, and, looking up at her father, said:

"I must go home now, father. Kiss me, and say good-bye."

So they parted, father and daughter, perhaps to meet no more on earth; but in some inexplicable way the heart of the father was touched, and there arose in him, awakened by his child's hand, a longing to lead a more honest and honorable life, serving God and man with sincerity of aim, and repenting for the past, make a fresh start in the future.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said, "you

CHAPTER IV.—EVENTIME.

Chap's Court, an abbreviation of Chapman's Court, was not precisely the place in which any one would choose to spend a long summer day. The heat there, shut in by closely-packed houses, was suffocating. The population of Chap's Court was about ten times as numerous as it ought to have been, and 'Kit' had done wisely to get up with the sun, and make his way to the Leigh woods. He was a sharp little person, prematurely wise in the ways of the world, his world of Chap's Court, and he thought he had taken "a rise" out of two or three of his small fellow-laborers in the water-cress trade, to depart to the Leigh woods, and keep his mission there to himself.

For Kit had heard a lady say to Mrs. Bull, who kept the small greengrocer's shop where he and other inhabitants of Chap's Court disposed of their water-cresses, that lilies of the valley grew in the woods on the other side of the river, and that she believed, though so much smaller than those which were cultivated, that they had a sweeter perfume.

Kit, as I have said, had sharp ears and sharp wits. So he had determined that instead of hunting in some little brooks in the Ashton fields for the water-cresses, he would get some lilies of the valley, and sell them to Mrs. Bull for a good price.

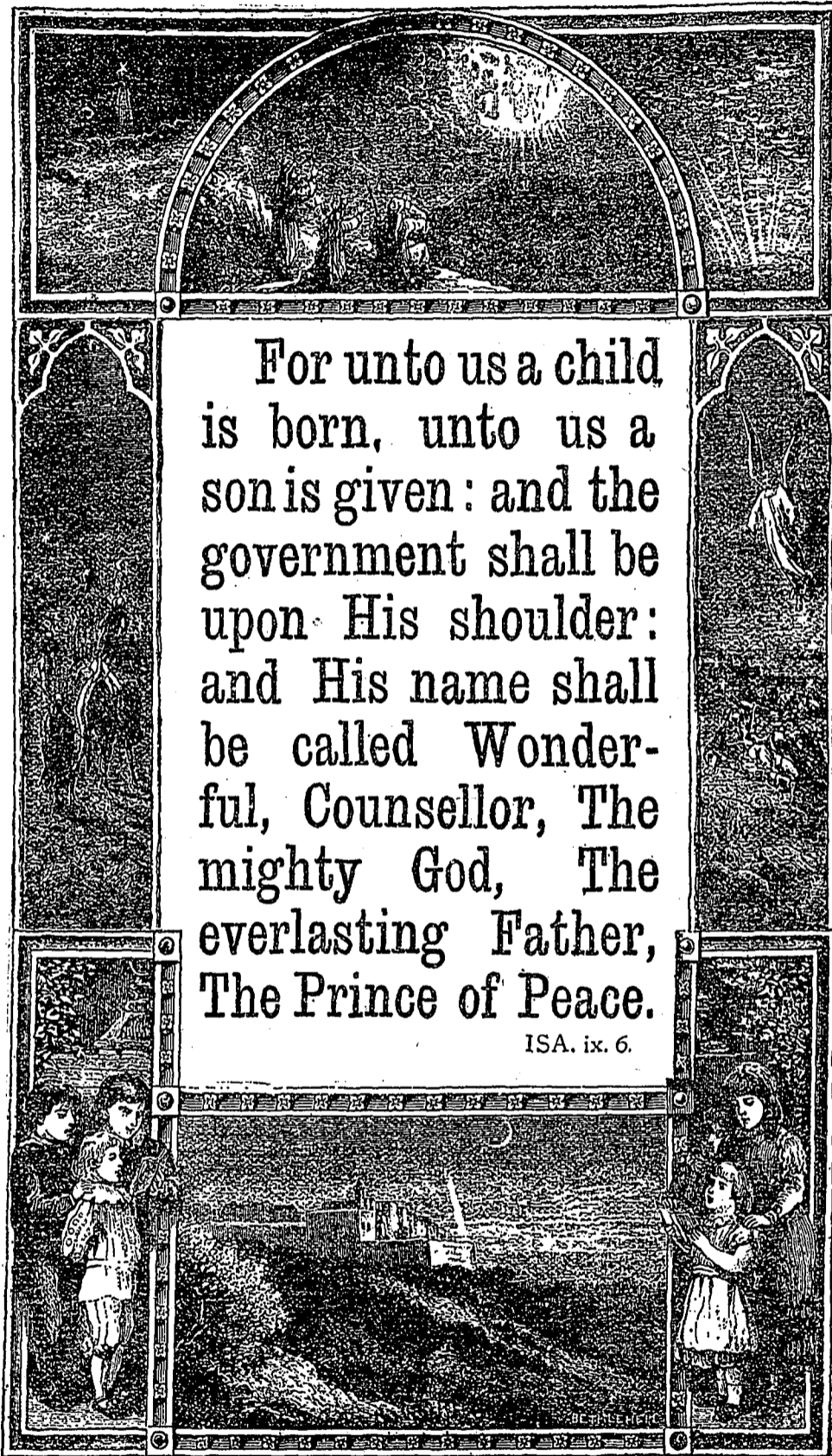
Once Kit had been successful, and had received what seemed to him at least a very large sum for his lilies. Twopence a bunch. It seemed too good to be true. And he had the shilling safely in his mouth, before the other little ragamuffins had arrived with their cresses at Mrs. Bull's shop.

That was a proud day to Kit, and the shilling was invested in a real "tuck in," such as in all his little life he had never known before. Old Grannie, who was no more his grannie than she was of a dozen other little fellows who, waifs and strays as they were, curled up in one of the cellars of Chap's Court, which she rented, and paid her odd pence from their earnings, whether from the sale of cresses, or the sweeping of crossings, old Grannie knew nothing of Kit's success, and, as a matter of course, she would have known nothing of his failure, had not the old basket been hers.

Kit had bidden the fact from her all day, for she had been out charing, but at four o'clock she was safe to return, and then she was as safe to ask for the basket and tell Kit to take it to Mrs. Bull's for three pennyworth of potatoes, and to the Sheep's Head for a noggin of gin, and to the fish stall by the Cut for two red herrings. For Kit was so far a favorite of old Grannie's that he was useful to her and trustworthy after a fashion. It is true that she beat him over the shoulders with an old broom-stick, and if in a great access of indignation, heightened by a noggin of gin, she did on occasion throw a cup or mug at his head, still had you asked her, she would have said, "Kit was not a bad sort, and she rather liked the brat, he was so uncommon sharp."

Poor, poor little Kit, that radiant summer-day had passed but slowly with him; he had gone to the wharves and back again several times in the hope of picking up, as he sometimes did, a few coppers by carrying goods to and from the ships for some heavily-laden passenger, or for one of the sailors. But all this hot day trade was slack, and Kit did nothing to speak of. At last, quite tired out, for an expedition to Leigh woods at dawn, and the want of any breakfast owing to the failure of his mission, was rather an exhausting business. Kit curled himself up under the shadow of some logs of timber which lay on the landing-stage, and gave himself up to dreams, day-dreams, but strangely clear, and so much less confused than dreams generally are.

(To be Continued.)



to cast any shadow over the evident pleasure in his face—"but, dear father, is the money yours?"

"What a little prude it is!" he said, laughing. "Mine, of course; is not possession nine-tenths of the law? I have to take a consignment of engineer's tools, and lots of other things out with me, and of course I could not do this without money."

"Have you paid for the things, father?"

"Paid, yes; or how could I get them on credit? That is, I have paid for most of them."

Ah, the old story, Beatrice thought; well she could do no more, and taking the note

will come to me if I make, as I hope, a home in a new world. And do not forget to do as your mother did all her life—pray for me, for I need it."

So they parted, Beatrice walking slowly up Park street, and not daring to turn her head to look at her father.

He watched her till the passers up and down that great thoroughfare of Bristol and Clifton hid her from his sight.

Then he brushed his hand across his eyes, and, with a deep sigh, went to the Sun Hotel to accomplish his preparations for departure.