

about fire-works, but night closed in and no Rex appeared.

What a night that was! Maud will never forget it, however long she may live. Nobody went to bed. The terrible anxiety about Hugh was added to by the disappearance of Rex. Maud thought it right to tell what she knew about the matter, and why she believed her brother had been afraid to come home.

'Oh, foolish, foolish boy!' sighed his aunt. 'He has acted wrongly from beginning to end. He has made bad worse all through, and added fault to fault.'

Little Hugh was pronounced out of danger by noon the next day, but the suspense about Rex lasted another twenty-four hours. Then he was brought home, ill, and thoroughly exhausted, in the bottom of a cart, and had to be put to bed at once.

From that bed he did not rise until after weeks of suffering. Sleeping in a damp shed near a bad smell, he had contracted typhoid fever, and instead of walking to London, and throwing himself on the generosity of his grandfather there, he was brought back to the relatives whom he believed that his carelessness had so deeply injured, for their tenderness and care to heap coals of fire upon his humiliated head.

Rex was so meek and penitent, and so grateful for all that was done for him, that even his uncle never mentioned to him the episode of that memorable Saturday in May. He had learned the lesson, and brought upon himself a sufficiently severe punishment for his error, and that, everyone felt, was enough.—'Children's Friend.'

Millicent's Milestone.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Advocate.')

'Thanksgiving Day used to mean something to me years and years ago,' said Millicent Hayes, drearily, as she went on with her weary, dreary work in the waning November afternoon. If it is not weary, dreary work to go through the drawers of your desk, reading old letters and tearing them into tiny bits, because it is not clear whether you will have a place to hold either desk or letters much longer, then I don't know what it is. If it is not weary, dreary work, to take out of a house, room by room, piece by piece the dear things you may dare to keep, dropping tears the mean time upon the dear things you know you must part with, then, too, I don't know what it is. If it is not weary work to look out of the window and say good-bye as your own, to the fields you've loved for forty years, to the pond you sailed the little ships on when you were a child, to the church spire that has pointed you heavenward since first you began to think of heaven, to your mother's grave on the hill-side by the church, then I know nothing of weary work.

But Millicent had something harder to do than this. The home must go. The associations of a life-time must be swept away in a moment. She, whose local attachment was almost a passion, must find a home henceforward, either with strangers or with kindred, whose bread would not be less bitter; possibly more so, for it would lack the salt of independence. Probably it would be earned but it would be regarded as charity, and Millicent felt that she would prefer being a servant to being a dependent.

The hard thing was to take Fred, blind, helpless brother Fred, and leave him at Lizzie's. How would he ever find his way about the big, strange house? How would he endure the children, always squabbling or else always romping? noisy, ill-bred, horrid

children, their Aunt Millicent called them in the privacy of her chamber. How would he live without Millicent's music in the twilight, Millicent's company in the afternoons, Millicent's Bible reading whenever he hungered for the Word?

It almost made the poor woman beside herself to realize it all, and to think that it had all happened through the breaking of the bank, and the bank wouldn't have broken had not the cashier been dishonest, and what had the directors and the president been thinking of to let all, yes, positively all, that blind Fred Hayes and his sister Millicent, had in the world, be stolen away in an hour?

With weary iteration Millicent thought of it over and over and over. Yet her capable hands did not pause in their work; the dismantling went resolutely on.

By and by she descended, and for an hour before tea played the old favorites to her listening brother.

'Will you read, dear?' he said, later on in the evening. 'To-morrow will be Thanksgiving, you know. I would like our mother's psalm.'

'Oh, Fred!' she exclaimed, 'how can you say, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! and forget not all his benefits," when the Lord has forgotten us; cast us out of his favor; robbed us of everything that made life worth having?'

'Hush, sister!' replied the blind man, a pained look crossing his patient face. 'The Lord has given us this happy home for many years. Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also? And who can know that it is evil? I feel sure always that there is a core of sweetness in the heart of every bitter morsel that comes to me from my Lord's hand.'

Millicent did not answer. In her eyes her brother was a saint, but he was also, she considered, lacking in practical common sense.

'If he can extract any sweetness out of Lizzie's Angeline, I shall be heartily thankful,' she said to herself. 'One thing to be thankful for hereafter, I'm likely to be thankful for the impossible.'

'In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God,' said the blind brother, with a lingering emphasis on the everything. Then he prayed, and they knelt as they had knelt together for years, after which they said good-night.

A few days passed, and the leave-taking came. It was an aggravation to Millicent, in her state of mind, that they could not spend Thanksgiving in their home for the last time, but Lizzie's husband had business in the neighborhood, and could make it convenient to escort Fred to Philadelphia three days earlier, in time to 'let the children get better acquainted with their uncle,' he said, 'before the holiday dinner.' He urged Millicent to go too, but there are black moods in which it is a pleasure to us to chastise ourselves with scorpions, and Millicent was in one of these.

Since she was to go among strangers, she would go at once.

An aunt in New York had sent her an invitation to spend the winter under her roof, and the home, an ample old-fashioned house, with only two old people in it, and the servants who had spent the years of a generation there, trained, methodical, soft-footed and gentle-voiced, was very much what Millicent approved and loved. But she had a grievance. Aunt Margaret might have offered this refuge to Fred. She might have cushioned his existence with ease, and made his infirmity a reason for taking him into

the harbor of a peaceful household. This she had not done, and Millicent called her selfish and narrow, leaving out of the account that Aunt Margaret's husband, Uncle Nathan, had had his word to say in the matter.

She wrote a curt refusal to Aunt Margaret, and went up the hill a little way to be housekeeper to the new people who had built them a mansion just where the south windows overlooked the gables that were hers no longer.

The arrangement had been hastily made. She had not thought of it when packing on that mournful afternoon, but when it had been proposed to her, she had accepted it with feverish avidity.

It was a crucifixion of her pride, which, alas! gave her a perverse satisfaction to go in and out of church and among her old neighbors, no longer Miss Hayes, of Cliffside Farm, but Miss Hayes, an obscure attache of the Scroggs family, who could buy and sell the town and the country side if they wished.

How much of our trouble in this life is what we make for ourselves! How resolute we are to be unhappy!

Millicent tormented herself from night to morning, and from morning to night, with the fancy that Lizzie's children were killing Fred.

If she could have peeped into Lizzie's household she would have seen that it was far otherwise. The healthy boys and girls, who had never found a warm welcome at Cliffside, because Aunt Millicent hated noise and wanted to be in peace, were toning down as they grew older. Their gentle uncle appealed to what was best in them, and Angeline, the most wayward and impetuous of them all, constituted herself companion, guide and defender of 'poor Uncle Fred,' and grew daily sweeter for her ministry.

Lizzie wrote: 'Don't distress yourself about Fred, Millicent dear. He has brought us a blessing. I don't see how we ever lived without him.'

'What a grim, stony sort of person that housekeeper is,' said Emma Scroggs to her mother. 'I wish you'd send her away. She goes about as if we had cheated her out of her home. I think it's fearful to have such a petrification walking around our halls and rooms.'

'Dear me, child,' said Mrs. Scroggs, 'don't be fanciful. Miss Hayes is a perfect housekeeper, and it was a lucky thing for us that she had to employ her talents in that direction. She doesn't interfere with you, Eunice.' And Mrs. Scroggs returned to her novel, sure that her dinner table would be daintily set and her viands delicious.

Millicent still went through the form of reading her bible and praying every day, but the spirit was out of it. She was in rebellion against God—wilful, open rebellion—and, as she was God's child, his dealings with her were not over.

As the captive Jew in Babylon knelt with his face turned towards distant Jerusalem and its holy hill, so the poor, angry, sorrowful-hearted woman, knelt night and morning with her face to Cliffside Farm.

It's chimney was not cold. The man who had come into possession of the place had moved in, and gossip said that roistering and wine-bibbing went on under the old roof. 'An awful come-down for Miss Hayes,' one would say to another.

Yet, with a strange fascination, the poor lady sought the glimmer of light in the pane, the smoke-wreath curling up from the old hearth!

One night there were shouts and cries which echoed through the village. 'Fire! Fire!' the alarm was borne across the silent