

out their scheme, when she saw them coming back, still bearing the basket, heaped now with purple and white asters, and plumes of golden-rod. They went straight to Priscilla's grave.

"Let's make it like a bed—all flowers," said little Prill. "That would be nicest, don't you think so?"

"Yes—and hide all this yellow grass."

Touched almost to tears, moved and affected as she had seldom been in her life before, Miss Marcia watched as the fair little hands arranged one flower after another on the bare mound, clothing its uncomeliness with grace and bloom, ordering and smoothing all with tender and reverent touches. The wild flowers were heaped in a thick garland round the edges, little Prill running off now and then for another branch of asters or a little more golden rod, or reaching up to the boughs of a low tree for sprays of crimson leaves. With a delicate perception of taste, the choicest blossoms were reserved for the middle of the grave, white honeysuckle, mignonette, a few clusters of heliotrope, one or two late roses.

"There," said the elder, as the last flower was placed, "that looks a great, great deal better. It doesn't make me feel badly at all now."

"No, it's pretty now," declared her sister. "If anybody comes to look at it, as we come to Oliver, they'll be pleased, I think, don't you?"

"Now, Prilly, we ought to go, for it's getting near tea-time, and I want to tell mamma what we've done, awfully."

"So do I," and the little one gave a happy skip as she went off with the empty basket. Moved by an impulse which she could neither define nor contradict, Miss Marcia arose and followed.

"If I could just see their mother a moment, and tell her what they've done, and how pleased I am," she said to herself, hardly realizing that the sudden emotion awakened within her was leading her to the unaccustomed act of seeking out the home of a stranger. Step by step she followed, keeping the children in sight. The walk was a long one, but the idea of turning back never occurred to her mind.

The part of the town to which the little ones led was new to Miss Dennett. It had grown up within a few years, and her rare walks had never lain in that direction. They entered a small house, standing in a neat garden trimmed with flowers, and a minute later Miss Dennett rang at the same door.

The fair-haired Lilly opened it. She still wore her hat, and, while Miss Dennett hesitated, at a loss how to explain her errand, little Prilla dashed downstairs, crying, in a disappointed voice: "Mamma is not in her room. Do you suppose she's gone out, Lilly?"

At the sound of her call, a door in the farther end of the hall opened hastily, and a lady appeared. "Here I am, children," she said; then, realizing the

presence of a stranger, she advanced, blinking at the sudden light from the open door.

"What is it, Lilly?" she asked.

"It's a lady, mamma," began Lilly, then stopped amazed, for her mother, looking pale and strangely excited, had rushed forward. There was a cry: "Aunt, aunt, have you come to me at last?" Miss Marcia, pale as her niece, stood speechless for a moment, then, as if urged by an irresistible impulse, she slowly opened her arms, and, with a deep sob, closed them round Alice, who, with a burst of wild weeping, stroked the stern face, kissed it, and poured forth a torrent of rapid words.

"Oh, Aunt, that you should come to me now! Did you hear about it, aunt? About my boy, my darling little boy, my little Oliver? It is six months since he died, but it does not seem a week. Did you only just hear of it, Aunt? Was it that brought you?"

"No, it wasn't that. I didn't know that you had a boy, Alice, or that you had lost him. It was Priscilla brought me here, Priscilla and these children;" and she drew Lilly closely to her side, as though she could not let her go.

"How did they know it was you?" demanded the wondering Alice.

"They didn't. If they had I should never have come." Then the story was told, and Alice, with happy tears, kissed first one then the other of her darlings; Miss Marcia kissed them too.

"I am lonely and wretched," she confessed. "Since Priscilla died, it has seemed as if I could not endure my life any longer. She asked me to forgive you, Alice, when she was dying, and, if she knows about it, it will make her gladder yet, wherever she is. You must all come and live with me, you and these dear children; yes, and Wallace, too," answering the unspoken question in Alice's eyes. "There's plenty of room in the old house, and I haven't many years left, perhaps, in which to make up for my long harshness. I must have you all."

So a new day of peace and forgiveness dawned on the withered heart and the empty home; and Alice, as she bent that night over the sleep of her little girls, murmured, with a smile which was half tears: "My angels, my own darlings, if it had not been for your tender thought of a stranger's grave, this had never come to us. Blessed are the peacemakers. Ah! my little peacemakers, may you be blessed indeed."—*Boston Congregationalist*.

THE TRUE ROMANCE OF POCAHONTAS.

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort,