

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Beatrice Harcourt, who had nursed and ministered to her own mother for so long under the most trying circumstances, was at first surprised beyond all words to see the indifference her cousins showed to the comfort of theirs.

Hilda was abundantly demonstrative; would call her mother "darling," and "sweet mother," and Lena would also at times be very effusive; but these girls knew nothing of heart service, nor of the love which shows itself by sacrifice, after the great type of sacrifice, which should be ever present as a motive power in Christian hearts.

Beatrice found, to her surprise also, that her aunt did not like any disparaging or doubtful remark to be made about her children by others. If she suffered, she suffered in silence; and it is a question whether Mrs. Mansfield really traced her illness to the true cause. She was a little querulous and irritable, as invalids are apt to be. No one perhaps knew how, when the bell rang for breakfast, she longed to spring up, and dress and hasten down to take her place at the table. Nor how often the repeated calls for "Hilda" and "Lena," and the boys' vociferous cries for more hot milk or toast, with assertions that they should be late for school, smote painfully on the mother's ear.

It did not occur, as it might have done, to Mrs. Mansfield, that, loving and tender mother as she had been, she had failed in teaching her children to forget themselves for others, for their parents especially.

Some, I may say many, in these days crave for wider spheres, as they call them, for hospital nursing or for the hundred and one schemes for the employment of women which abound in these times—all good in their way, all useful in providing work for the unoccupied, and acting as a safety-valve in the pent-up energy of more ardent natures. But I fear the maidens of our time are not the home-loving daughters which are as a crown of rejoicing to their parents. Their chief interests do not centre at home, their brightest side is not turned there. Girls sit absorbed in books by the fire in winter, or go forth daily, bat in hand, to lawn-tennis in the summer, and the ministry to fathers returning tired from business, mothers burdened with social and family claims, brothers wanting sympathy and kindly interest in the work or play, is forgotten, and in many homes lost sight of. Then the mothers, like Mrs. Mansfield, break down, and the father grows moody and dissatisfied, and the boys—ah! the boys—the turbulent and often troublesome brothers, they go astray, and clouds gather in the once clear, bright eye of boyhood, and sad indeed is the sequel. Might not the sisters often do much to help the brothers in the right way, and do they not often fail?

When Beatrice knocked at her aunt's door that morning the "come in" was more than usually feeble.

Mrs. Mansfield's breakfast had scarcely been tasted, and she had evidently been crying.

"Oh, Beatrice, is that you? I want you to write some letters for me, and will you set the girls free to go to Westbury to the Dorringtons' and take Douglas and Paul a walk, and—"

"Aunt Cecil," Beatrice said, "I came to tell you that I want very much to go to Bristol. I have had a letter from my father; he is—"

Beatrice's voice failed, and the tears fell upon the envelope she held in her hand.

With a quiet, short sob she recovered herself, and said:

"He is going to sail from Bristol this evening, and he wants to see me first."

"You cannot go into Bristol alone, Beatrice, and the girls want to start at twelve o'clock. They are asked to luncheon at the Dorringtons', and—"

"Aunt Cecil, please, I must go. I promised my mother that if ever I could do anything for my father I would do it, and I must keep my promise."

"He broke your dear mother's heart," Mrs. Mansfield said; "and he was a perpetual cause of grief and trouble."

"I know it, Aunt Cecil, but he is my father, and I cannot desert him."

"Well, really, Beatrice, I am too weak to contend the point. I shall never, never be any better. Dr. Greene wants me to go to Bournemouth, but how can I do it? I think the effort would be more than I could bear."

"Perhaps, Aunt Cecil, the change would be useful; but I know how hard it must be to rouse yourself, and—"

"Ah, Beatrice, I did not want rousing, and I had plenty of energy when I had health. But about your going to Bristol. How long will it take? If the girls go out to luncheon, there will be no one to keep order, and the boys don't like the little ones to be there. Douglas and Paul must dine in the nursery, I suppose."

"I will wait till after luncheon, if you think it better, Aunt Cecil."

"Thank you, dear. And could you write these letters, and see that this book Mrs.

lame to-day of all days. If papa had been in a good temper, I would have asked him for the brougham, but he was so fearfully cross."

"You made him cross," said little Paul, "cause you were so late."

"Paul, go on with your copy," Beatrice said, as Lena exclaimed:

"You ought to be sent to bed for your impertinence, but you are a spoiled baby."

"I am not a baby." Paul began wrinkling up his face for an outburst of crying, which Beatrice could hardly stop.

It was rather hard to have so many interruptions in the school room, and it was a relief when the two sisters departed to get ready for their hot walk over the Down.

Hilda, however, returned to kiss Beatrice, and say—

"I know you have had some bad news, and I am so sorry. We are horribly selfish to think only of our own pleasure; but I am going to turn over a new leaf, and teach

from other parts of the world, were coming up in quick succession; fiery little tugs, as their avant-couriers, clearing the way for the larger craft, and showing the superiority of mind over matter; little steamers effecting so much in a small space, and guiding vessels of heavier bulk as they willed, unresisting, to the docks.

Beatrice went on towards the landing-stage, where every one was busy and active. No one had time to think of the heat of the sun, which was now scarcely past its meridian, and lay with unclouded radiance on the roofs and towers of the city of Bristol. At the wharves the vessels were unloading their freight of various kinds.

Beatrice looked round on all this busy scene with thoughtful eyes. Under what a different aspect had the day begun for her in Leigh woods, and for the hot struggling throng on which she was looking—and yet for her that day was full of significance.

It was a year since she had seen her father, and she dreaded the meeting inexpressibly. He was connected in her mind with the saddest memories, and she would have shrunk from contact with him had not her mother left him to her as a legacy.

"If ever your father wishes to see you, or if ever you can help him, promise that you will do it for my sake." Beatrice had promised, and now, as she made her way to the Lion Hotel in the Hotwell road, she was going to fulfil her promise, but with a sinking heart. Her father! Always so self-complacent, always on the eve of some great achievement, spending money or rather the ghost of money, unmoved in debt and difficulty, continually changing houses, and dragging his patient wife about the world with no special reason, free in his way of living, careless and godless, the memories which gathered round him as his figure rose up before his young daughter's eyes filled them with tears.

"Pity him, and pray for him," her poor suffering mother had often said, and when she had received her sister's promise that she would give her child a home, she had still left her husband, as it were, to Beatrice.

"If ever you can help him, do it for my sake."

As Beatrice inquired in the hall of the hotel for Mr. Harcourt, these words sounded in her ear.

"Yes, for your sake, dear mother, I will do all I can; for your sake I have come here to-day."

"Mr. Harcourt!" said the sharp, smart, little barmaid; "first floor, number nine. You can walk up, miss."

Beatrice did as she was told, and ascending the dirty, well-worn staircase, stopped before the door with a large, white figure IX painted on it.

Beatrice had to rally all her courage before she could tap at the door, but at last the gentle knock was given, and a voice—ah! how familiar it was—said, "Come in."

"My dear child, is that you?" was her greeting. "I really wondered whether you would come."

Mr. Harcourt was very handsome and gentleman-like in appearance, and few who looked at him could have imagined how much suffering and sorrow he had caused in his home. He had squandered his own and his wife's fortune in speculation, every one more unsuccessful than the last.

Then he speculated on borrowed capital, and got deeper and deeper into the sea of debt and difficulty. I cannot say that he suffered in his own person, he always continued to keep himself in all he needed, but Beatrice could recall many times in her young life when she and her wretched mother were almost starving.

From place to place they wandered, and the dreadful weight of debts everywhere preyed on Mrs. Harcourt, and hastened her end.

It is, I am afraid, a too common story in these days, when the mania of speculation and gambling (for it is nothing less) with stocks and shares ever gets hold of a man, it is like a disease which resists all the remedies of skilful physicians.

(To be Continued.)

ONE PROMISE without reserve, and only one, because it includes all and remains—the promise of the Holy Spirit to them who ask it.—Macdonald.

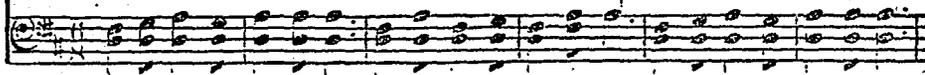
Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

LOWELL MASON.

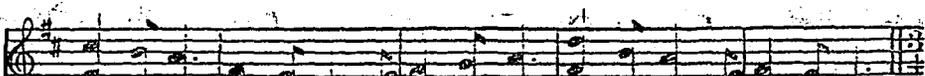
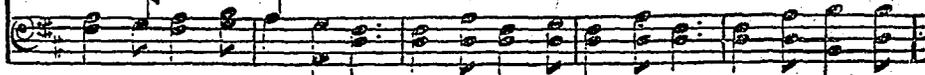
SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.



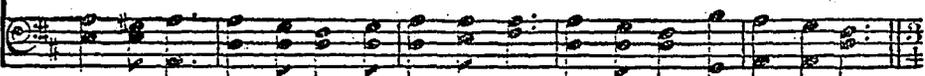
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain height
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Trav'ler, bless-ed-ness and light,
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,



See that glo-ry beaming star; Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope and
Peace and truth, its course portends. Watchman, will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that
Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease, Hie thee to thy



joy fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
gave them birth, Trav'ler, a- ges are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
qui-et home, Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace. Lo! the Son of God is come.



Chorus for First and Second Verses.

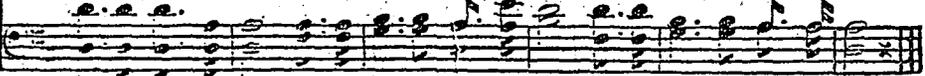
Chorus for Third Verse.



Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav'ler, a- ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. Trav'ler,



lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is come.



Henderson lent Hilda is returned—the child is so careless!"

Beatrice gathered up her letters, and went to the schoolroom, where she taught the little boys in the morning. Both Lena and Hilda professed to help her to do this, but it generally ended in profession. To-day they were much too occupied with their preparations for tennis, and discussions about their dress;—for a luncheon-party at the Dorringtons' was quite a different matter to an every-day tennis-party!

"I wish I had not gone out before breakfast," Hilda said, yawning; "and Lena will never be ready by twelve o'clock, and we ought not to be a minute later, or we shall get to Hillside in such a furious heat."

"It is a shame that we cannot have the pony-carriage. That the pony should be

Douglas and Paul all next week, and give you a holiday."

Beatrice returned Hilda's kiss warmly, and said:

"I hope you will enjoy your tennis-party, Hilda, and we will have another walk to-morrow."

CHAPTER III.—AFTERNOON.

When Beatrice Harcourt had crossed the Suspension Bridge which spans the river Avon, just below the observatory hill, she turned to the left, and went down a steep path known as the Zig-Zag, which led her to the road which runs along the river-side to the Bristol wharves and docks.

On this lovely summer day, with the tide at its height, the river wore its brightest aspect; and steamers from Ireland and ships