

the master himself, and said, "I am as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor are my garments, how stained with travel. It is not easy at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink, and even if it is, I pray you bid him let me drink, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes, and said:—

"This is not a public fountain; you will find one in the next village."

"The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman and weak."

"Drive her away," said the rich man, and, as he spoke, the beggar turned; but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly rags fell to the ground—and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then with a gush of music and a flood of perfume she vanished.

The servant fell to the earth like one dead. The rich man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost instantly a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherbets, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire now experienced the torture of an ever unsatisfied longing; but through his misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Alms were given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung a cup ready for anyone who chose to use it. But the curse—if curse it were—was not lifted.

The rich man—young when the angel visited him—grew middle-aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And, at eighty years of age, bowed with years of infirmity, and weary of his life, he sat beside the fountain

weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar woman, hooded in black, and walking over the stones with bare feet. Slowly she came and paused beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked.

"There is none to forbid thee," said the old man trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink, and pray for one athirst. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her lips she presented it to those of the old man. "Drink then," she cried, "and thirst no more."

The old man took the cup and emptied it. Oh blessed draught! with it the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he praised Heaven. And lifting his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall in pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as if in blessing, and then, rising, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring gushes, and it has been given to the poor forever. Such is the story of the "Beggar's Fountain."—*The Little Crusader*.

#### HAPPINESS AT HOME.

PROBABLY nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a true home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn it to it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be

courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.—*British Messenger*.

#### Boys and Girls' Corner.

##### JUST FOR A GOOD TIME.

LUCILE GREGG was a pretty girl, merry, and fond of a good time. Whenever there was any fun or mischief afoot, Lucile was a leader. She liked to do things a little daring, just a bit "shocking," and enjoyed seeing some of her friends open their eyes, and hear them exclaim, "O Lucile, how can you?"

"I'm not a Miss Prim," she would reply. "I'm not too strait-laced to have a good time."

Lucile had many admirers with whom she had what she termed "summery flirtations." "There no harm in it," she said. "It's just for a good time."

Last summer Lucile went to a fashionable resort in the White Mountains. While there she made the acquaintance of George Martin, a young man of good family in New York. He showed Lucile attention, and sometimes she thought, with a little fluttering of her heart, that this might be more than a "summery flirtation."

One day George was joined by his mother and two sisters, and Lucile looked forward with mingled pleasure and anxiety to meeting them; but a whole day passed, and George did not offer to introduce her to his relatives. Lucile was somewhat annoyed at this omission, but did not suppose it was intentional until, just at dusk, she was sitting alone in the sheltered corner of the balcony, when she heard voices in one of the rooms.

In answer to some question, she heard George Martin say, "Oh, that's Lucile Gregg."

"Why, then, she must be Belle Merrill's cousin," responded a lady's voice. "You must introduce us. You know Miss Gregg, of course?"

"Yes, I know her," George answered, "but I don't believe you'll care to make her acquaintance."

Lucile ought to have left without hearing more; but the temptation to