

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

The boy fastened his eyes on Hilda's face and his mood changed; the puckers and wrinkles ended this time in tears, and, evidently much hurt in his feelings, he wriggled away from Beatrice's grasp, whose hand was still on his shoulder.

"Tell me your name," Beatrice said; "if ever I come to Chap's Court, who shall I ask for?"

"Kit," was the reply; "old Grannie Green's Kit," and then the final wriggle was accomplished, and the little ragged figure was lost to sight.

"Well," Hilda said, "he was not worth the trouble we took about him; it will take me an hour to mend my dress. Just look here." And she held up a yard at least of torn flounce from the bottom of her pretty pink cotton dress.

"An ugly little scarecrow like that was not worth this, I'm sure. Now, in a story he would have been a pretty little fellow, rather brown, and dirty perhaps, but with liquid brown eyes, and a dimpled chin, and masses of hair like yours, Bee. But, Bee, it is strange to think of all the different things which happen to different people in one day. Just fancy a circle drawn round Bristol and Clifton, extending as far as Abbots Leigh on one side and Westbury on the other, including you and I, Beatrice, and every one in the house, mamma, and Kit the scarecrow. Did you ever think what an immense history might be made out of the single day? Some glad, some sorry, some ill, and others well; some starving, and others with more to eat than is good for them; some making money and some losing it, and some with a large rent to mend, and all for helping a little ugly scarecrow to climb up the rock. I daresay it was all a lie, and that he had no basket to lose."

"I think I believed him," Beatrice said; "but, Hilda, what you say about the day is what I have often thought about. When we were in the thick of our worst troubles, I remember I used to try and picture to myself the happiness the same day brought to some people, the very day which brought sorrow to me. These sharp contrasts of life, of daily life, would be too terrible if we did not know that we only see a part, a tiny part, of the great whole, and that our dear Lord's love makes it all one great harmony, and brings good out of evil. That at last the beauty will not be spoiled by any dark shadows or ugly spots, but all will be perfectly lovely, and all complete in Him."

Hilda put her arm within her cousin's, and so they walked through the wood towards home. It was eight o'clock now, and the first beauty of the early day was passed. The blue mist had all rolled away, and the great St. Vincent Rock stood out sharp and clear in blazing sunshine. The birds had sung their matins, and were silent. The dew was all dried up, and the gossamer spider's web was no longer like a string of tiny sparkling diamonds. The dream of the morning was giving place to the reality of the day, when man must work and labor, each in his appointed task. Amongst them the old postman, who was turning into "Mentone" as the girls approached the gate. Hilda sprang forward.

"I will take the letters," she said. "One for me, one for mother, a lot of stupid ones for papa, and one for you, Beatrice. How cross Lena will be that there is not one for her. Yours has the Bristol postmark, Bee. Who is it from?" But Beatrice was gone!

CHAPTER II.—NOONTIDE.

"Where is Beatrice?" Mr. Mansfield asked, as he glanced round the boys and girls who were assembled for prayers. "And Lena?" he said more sharply.

"In bed and dreaming," was the reply of a boy of fifteen.

Mr. Mansfield fitted his glasses on his nose, and read a psalm, and then a prayer. The whole service did not occupy five minutes, and then the servants went out of the room and Beatrice passed them as she came in. Two collegeschoolboys were hastily swallowing buttered toast and coffee. Hilda was leisurely tapping an egg, and two small boys who had at present lessons at home from Beatrice and Lena, were consuming porridge with great appetite.

The place before the urn was still vacant, and when Beatrice came in, and went through the usual ceremony of kissing the top of her uncle's bald forehead, he looked up from his letters and said:

"It is not often you are late, Beatrice; take Lena's place, and give me my coffee." A second quick glance at Beatrice's face, and Mr. Mansfield saw traces of tears upon it—recent tears. "This really is intolerable," he said, "that Lena should never come down at the right time. If you have a headache, my dear, let Hilda pour out the coffee."

means daunted by this, and insisted on finishing the rhyme.

"Papa! I wonder you allow the boys to behave to me like this! How can I have any authority over them?"

"Authority," said Bernard, the eldest brother, "I should rather think you hadn't; better not try it on with me," he murmured as he left the room.

"People who lie late in bed are always cross," Hilda said, as she vacated her place, carrying her father his large breakfast-cup of hot coffee. "Aren't they, dad? Now Beatrice and I were out by seven o'clock: it was so delicious, and we had such fun with a little scarecrow of a child called Kit. Father, I suppose we may go to Westbury to luncheon, and play tennis this afternoon at the Dorringtons'. It is no use bothering mother about it."

"No, no; don't carry any discussion into your mother's room, she has had a very poor night," and Mr. Mansfield sighed. He might well sigh, the wife and mother had literally broken down from unshared burdens and heavy responsibilities. The usual symptoms of these "break-downs" were

girls loved their mother; they would have indignantly denied that they failed in affection as daughters; and when the collapse came, the weight thrown on them by their mother's withdrawal from her home duties was proportionably heavy.

(To be Continued.)

FOR HIS SAKE.

There are two services in life, and unto one or the other do we all devote ourselves. Perhaps a large number of young people go on without stopping at all to think whether their governing motive is to please God, or to please themselves; to do the thing that is right, because it is right, or the thing that is pleasant, because it is pleasant.

This thought was the key-note of the sermon to which Ellen Grey listened. Perhaps she was the only one in the whole congregation to whom, in all its force, the thought went home. But if among the shining hosts of heaven there is joy over one sinner that repenteth, surely that preacher need not feel a sermon lost to which even one hearer listens with the heart.

"Which," the preacher said at the end, "which, then, will you do: please yourselves, or strive to please Him? Which is best worth your while? And if you would serve Him who has called you, there is no time to lose, for soon the night cometh. It must be now that you begin, and not to-morrow."

"What, oh what, is there for me to do?" thought the girl, her soul in tumult within her.

And as if the preacher had read her unspoken thought, he answered it:

"You must not wait for the great opportunities; you might die before they came. It is not the greatness of the deed, but the singleness and devotion of the motive, that counts in the Celestial reckoning. The lowest service rendered for His sake is higher than the mightiest struggle for mere self-advancement."

Ellen Grey bowed her head, and, in a whisper that surely God heard, she breathed, "For His sake!"

"Walk home with us, Ellen," said a gay voice, when church was over, and Ellen was turning to go, and then she remembered that her father was out of town, and that her mother, cumbered with much serving, had not come to church, and if she ran away with her friend, it would mean leaving her grandmother to walk home alone.

"For His sake," she whispered again to herself, and then called cheerfully to her friend, "Not to-day, thank you," and drew her grandmother's old hand through her strong young arm.

At home she found her mother overworked and tired; but when Ellen offered to help, Mrs. Grey answered, "No, I'll do it all; you have on your Sunday frock."

"For His sake," whispered the girl softly to herself; and in five minutes she was down stairs again, the Sunday gown put away and ready to help.

Ellen Grey hardly knew, at first, what had been in that morning hour the silent office of God's spirit in her heart; or how thoroughly the whole course and current of her life were to be changed. She only knew that of two services she would fain choose the worthiest, and that she was called on to choose then or never. From that day she lived her life "For His sake."

"My religion," she said, "is now expressed in one word, Obedience. It makes my life happy here; it brings to me spiritual light, and the past, present and future are all beautiful to me."

It proved the beginning of a life whose good influence has reached many hearts.—*Youth's Companion.*

I have only a penny to give,
But I give it "for Jesus' sake,"
Who will bless me, his little child,
And my poor small offering take.



"TELL ME YOUR NAME."

Hilda, who was deep in her letter, awoke to the consciousness now of being wanted to fill Lena's place, instead of Beatrice. She was by no means unwilling to have the honor, and had just established herself behind the cups, when Lena came in.

"What are you doing, Hilda?" she said sharply, with a very cursory good-morning to her father. "Look how you have spilled the milk; do go away."

"Lazy-bones and rolling stones
Gather no moss, and end in groans,"

Walter, the youngest of the College boys, sang in an undertone, while Mr. Mansfield said in an irritable voice—

"This habit of yours, Lena, is a very unfortunate one, and I do beg you will endeavor to be down in decent time. With your mother in such delicate health, and enforced absence from the family circle at meals you, as the eldest daughter, ought to try to fill her place." Lena's lip curled.

"Beatrice or Hilda are much more competent to do so it seems."

"Douglas," to one of the little boys, "if you say another word I shall punish you."

Little Douglas, who was heard to murmur "Cross patch, draw the latch," was by no

manifest—sleepless nights, loss of strength and appetite, and a general decay of power. Up to the last, Mrs. Mansfield had held her place in the household, always ready at the breakfast-table, always full of interest in her children's joys and troubles. The boys' scrapes at school, impositions and accidents at football or cricket, housekeeping cares, servants' delinquencies, tradesmen's books, social duties, calls, visits, and correspondence—all had fallen to one person, and that one person was the mother.

When Beatrice Harcourt, the child of her only sister, came to "Mentone" a year ago, she was perfectly amazed at what she saw of her cousins' daily life. It never seemed to occur to Lena at nineteen, or Hilda at sixteen, to spare their mother. They had a sharp and not too respectful manner to her; "they never even ask Aunt Cecil if she is tired," Beatrice thought. "To spare her by running upstairs for a book, or a mislaid letter, never seems to enter their heads."

If Mrs. Mansfield did ask Lena to write a note, or see a servant, or do some shopping, so much discussion was often the result, that a weary "I would rather do it myself!" was the frequent end of it. And yet these two