

It was poor little Elsie, who had slipped away as soon as all was over to sob out her grief alone. Walter felt so sorry for her, for he knew she had idolized Philip.

"Don't cry so, Elsie; Philip is much happier," he said. "I'll try to be a brother to you." Then he stooped and kissed the little brow; and from henceforth he felt as though Elsie were his peculiar charge.

The sky was brightening in the east as Walter turned his steps homeward. Some way he could not feel sad; he could only think of his friend's happiness.

When he reached home, he went up stairs. He found his mother in her little sewing room reading.

"How is he?" were her first words.

"He has gone home," said Walter. Then he went to the window, and his mother, knowing he could not trust himself to say more, quietly left the room.

Walter spent a very quiet New Year's. That evening he was alone with his mother in the library, and then he told her of Philip's last hours, and opened to her his heart, telling her his difficulties, his temptations, and his desire and purpose to live wholly for Christ.

He is altered somewhat since a year ago; on his face is the look of manhood, and through it shines the light of an earnest, solemn purpose; for the thoughts and acts of the past year have left their impress on him. At the