

numberless struggles, not the less noble because unavailing, to overcome and feel things less keenly—his place was empty.

The congregation had done their work well; and if the grass were waving above one grave to-day, they would not be guiltless. But, in the Father's loving kindness, the heart so sorely bruised was not broken utterly. There was yet, in another sphere, service for the bright young life; a life made perhaps still more useful just because of the experience gained at who can realise the cost!

A failure? When I first knew him I was undecided in the matter of salvation; and, shortly after he left, the remembrance of some words, and an indefinable something about

the brave, mysteriously-chequered life were strong instruments used by the Lord to draw me to Himself.

I always remember the last words I heard that wistful voice say—

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally."

What a ring of triumph crept in at the third line, and grew stronger and stronger

with each succeeding line. A little while after he held my hand, and we looked into each other's eyes and said "good-night," a good-night which was to last for years, though we did not then know.

A failure? Nay—but in the Father's eyes a bright success. Spring and summer and autumn and winter have followed each other many times over since that good-night was said. The flowers he loved are near me as I write of him—the pure white lilies with their delicate subtle fragrance. As to the memory of the man whose life I regard as nobly beautiful, the man who was, and is my friend, I bring my tribute—the white lilies of remembrance.
ROSI MACLEOD.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART V.

WHAT IT IS TO BE RICH.

"Let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord" (Jer. ix. 23, 24).



TOUR last meeting, dear girls, we began our talk with the question, "What is it to be rich?" We sat a little longer than usual without answering the query, though I think we were all convinced that the mere possession of money does not constitute true riches. These must be of a more lasting character than houses and land, or gold and jewels.

We have all known instances enough of persons who have suddenly, and from unforeseen causes, lost all their worldly wealth. Have you ever thought that people may retain it and yet, from varying causes, be very poor?

I will repeat a little incident of my girlish days, told long ago, and doubtless forgotten by those who heard it. But the incident suits my purpose and will serve to illustrate my meaning.

As long back as memory will take me, I call to mind the figure of an old man, or at least one who always seemed old to me, for he was more than sixty when I was born, and always slender, pale and frail-looking. He was deemed a very rich man, and he took great pains to sustain his reputation by constantly boasting of his wealth. He might not have been credited with riches—for he gave nothing—and, though just in his dealings, he demanded as well as paid the uttermost farthing. It was his delight to be able to say that each night he went to bed knowing that he was richer than when he rose from it in the morning.

I do not mean to say that he denied himself the necessities of life. Indeed he had his carriage and a favourite pony for riding, though he seldom drove. These were signs of opulence, and he would not dispense with them as such.

In order that people might be convinced of

his riches, he used to carry documents in his pocket which proved this, and he often exhibited them with no little pride, especially to those who were comparatively poor.

How well I remember seeing the old man's face of triumph as he did this once in my own home. He was over four-score and I was but a girl, yet I noted the sarcastic grin on the withered, old face, as he alluded to the folly of a neighbour who had lost largely through his over-trustfulness, combined with a very kind heart.

"I trust nobody and nothing but what is legally secured and as sound as the Bank of England," said the old man, in an exultant tone, as he restored the precious papers to his pocket and buttoned his coat over them. Girl though I was, I was stirred by a feeling of mingled contempt and pity for this man whom everyone knew to be so hard and grasping. He was so old too, and, in a little while, people would be saying how much he had left and by what grasping and hoarding the wealth had been amassed which was no longer his.

I think my mother was a little afraid I should say something to displease her visitor, for she remarked that she had not seen him driving or riding out lately.

"I can do neither," he said. "If I do I get the cramp so horribly that I suffer torture the night through."

"I hope you sleep well after walking, at any rate."

"I wish I could. I feel drowsy, but the moment sleep comes, I am tormented with the most horrid dreams. Visions of things that never could have happened plague me so, that weariness and wakefulness are better than sleep with such company as it brings me."

The old man had risen to go, when I suddenly exclaimed, "How poor you must feel, though you have so much money, and how rich you have made me feel, though I have so little!"

"What do you mean?" he asked in an angry tone.

"I mean that I have youth and health, and bright spirits, and power to enjoy so many things that you may not value perhaps, but which no amount of money could buy. I can walk well, so I do not need a carriage; but if by chance I ride or drive, I have no cramped limbs afterwards. When I am tired I sleep soundly, and I am never disturbed by bad dreams. I am happy without having a lot of money—happier, I think, than some people who have a great deal—though for my mother's sake I might be glad to have more."

I should probably have said more, but the

old man turned, and with a profound bow, congratulated me on my possessions; bade my mother good day, and left the house.

My mother felt constrained to lecture me for my outburst, but all the time I am sure she agreed with me.

Not long afterwards people were wondering at the great sun left by this man, who had begun with nothing but a dogged determination to become rich.

That word *left* strikes one sadly, does it not? Surely those, who have set their affections on things on the earth, and have no treasure beyond it, are poorest of all!

Let us think now how rich we are in things which money cannot buy. Have we youth and health, or are we in mature age, with our minds clear and our senses unimpaired? Are not these things better than plenty of money; inasmuch as no money can purchase any one of them, if once lost?

Think what it would be to lose—hopelessly, sight or hearing, speech or the power of motion. To have wealth and to know that by spending every penny you cannot recover the priceless gift. Think what it is to have unclouded reason, and thank God for it, with a full heart. Have you a bright, hopeful temperament which, whilst it notes the clouds overhead, or the mist that hides the face of the sun, yet says, "The clouds will pass away. The sun is there. The mist will disperse. I will possess my soul in patience whilst thankfully remembering past mercies, and looking trustfully for a renewal of them."

Oh, the blessedness of being rich in health, in faith, in hope, in youth, or in a maturity which, looking back, is rich in sweet memories of which none can rob us.

People may retain their wealth and find out how powerless it is to buy what they most need. Let me ask each of you, "Have you loving friends around you, whom you love? Are you one of a bright home circle, each member of which enters into the joys and sorrows of all the rest?" If so, you are rich indeed, however little of this world's goods you may possess.

Doubtless you sometimes wish to be richer for the sake of the others who are so dear to you.

Indeed, money is a good gift, and to be rightly valued for the sake of the comforts it can buy, and its power to purchase ease of mind and alleviation of suffering in many cases. But there are so many in which it is powerless, and if we do not possess it, we do well to look round and to note these, in order that we may thank God more earnestly for the good things He has given us. Would you exchange the wealth of family affection, the bright, hopeful spirits, the power of enjoying