

just as Henri had told him—haggard, footsore, mud-stained. "I am a fugitive from France," he said, in a faint hoarse voice. "I am perishing with hunger, and knowing your kindness of heart, I cast myself upon it."

How could Bonstetton tell who the man was?—he might be a spy, he might be an enemy, he might get himself into trouble by harbouring him; but he never hesitated. He gave him clothes, food, all he needed, even put him to rest in his own bedchamber. And I hope Bonstetton might have said that night—

"I warmed, I clothed, I fed my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to : it;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden garden while I dreamed."

In the morning the stranger rose up refreshed and strengthened, and with grateful thanks went on his way.

Some years went by; the Reign of Terror passed away, and less terrible days, though still warlike ones, had dawned on France. One morning the governor received a letter from the French court, courteously inviting his attendance. Of course he went, and there speedily recognised in Carnot, Minister to Napoleon, then First Consul, the ragged fugitive whom he had once befriended. Carnot was high in power, with a name known throughout Europe, but he had not forgotten Bonstetton. His gratitude to him was unbounded, and every attention, both from him and Napoleon, was lavished upon the Swiss Governor till he chose to return across the Jura mountains to his post in the castle beside the lake.

And the story of the good Bonstetton's kindness is still told in the streets of Nyon.

It does not always follow that kind deeds will be acknowledged like this. We must not always expect that the tramp at our doors will turn out to be a minister or a prince. But we know for certain what our Lord Jesus says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We know that it is true that "whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple shall not lose his reward"—that is, not an earthly reward, but the love and favour of Him for whose sake it is given. The least act of kindness, the smallest deed of love, if done to Him who has done all for us, will bring the echo of His own word to our hearts, and who can want anything more?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

M. K. M.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

"**N**ow for a long, lonely afternoon and evening," thought Mary Carlyon, as she watched her little scholars hurrying out of school. It was their half-holiday, and they were glad enough to escape into the sunshine, and banish every thought of lessons. Their merry shouts came to the ear of their teacher

as they chased each other across the village green. If they thought of her at all, no doubt they imagined that she was as glad as they were that it was a half-holiday.

But if they could have read the mind of their teacher, they would not have approved of her sentiments. Mary Carlyon had sunk wearily on to a chair, and her pale, sad face seemed well suited to her sombre mourning dress, as she said to herself, "I wish there were no holidays. As long as I am busy teaching, the pain is not unbearable; but when I am left to realise my own loneliness and muse on the happy days that are for ever gone from me, I feel as if my heart must break." And as visions of the past rose before her mind, tears sprang to Mary's eyes, and would fall in spite of her efforts to check them.

The room in which she sat was bright and pleasant. The sun shone in at the daintily-curtained window, and sent a broad shaft of golden light through the open door. Pretty flowering plants stood on a table in front of the window. In a cage above warbled a canary, filling the room with his joyous trills. "Cheer up, cheer up," he seemed to sing; but his song had no power to cheer Mary's sorrowful heart. Many might have envied her possession of the pretty little cottage in which she dwelt in her capacity of village school-mistress; but Mary, though she was thankful for the shelter it afforded, could not help at times drawing a painful contrast between its limited and homely accommodation and the stately and beautiful home which she had formerly enjoyed.

Mary Carlyon had not long been the school-mistress at Huntley. She had not yet grown accustomed to her new position, nor become friendly with any of her neighbours in the country place. It seemed but a short time since nothing had been farther from her thoughts than that she should ever be a village school-mistress. She had looked forward to a very different future.

But misfortune had come suddenly upon her and her widowed mother. The bank in which her father had been a partner, and in which all their property was vested, came to a most disastrous failure. There were many sufferers by the crash besides the Carlyons; but their loss was utter and irretrievable. From circumstances of affluence they were at once reduced to the extreme of poverty. The shock of such trouble was more than Mrs. Carlyon, whose health had never been robust, could support. After a few days' illness she died, leaving her daughter alone in the world. In the midst of her bitter sorrow for the loss of her mother, Mary had been obliged to take thought for the future, and seek some means of gaining a livelihood. Thankful had she been when, through the kindness of an old friend of her father's, she was enabled to prepare herself for the teacher's vocation, and finally had been appointed to teach the little school at Huntley.

But the first weeks of her new life were very trying. She could not reconcile herself to the great change that had befallen her, nor refrain from looking back with sore regret at the happy past. The friendly