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## CHILD OF DESTINY

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charge me a dollar for it when it wouldn't even stay down five minutes!"

The two women at once took in the situation. Matt, poor fellow, could not imagine what they were laughing at. The sound of their voices irritated him, and he stood for a moment gazing about in strange bewilderment. Then he turned away abruptly.

"Poor Matt! simple as he is, he has really a heart of gold," remarked Muriel.

"I am afraid we hurt his feelings," exclaimed Mrs. Hawkins. "He did look so pitiful when we laughed. It was positively rude, Muriel. I feel quite sorry for it all."

Just then a voice sounded from the garden—a thin, weak voice, tuned to some melody, tender and soothing. It was Matt's. He was busy at work amongst his flowers, in his little world that was filled with beauty. Presently a lonely thrush joined in the old man's song in sweet accompaniment.

"Matt is singing, auntie," whispered Muriel. "Listen! The poor soul seems to have forgotten the sting of our outburst of laughter."

It was a touching, plaintive strain, and the two women could not help listening to the pleading voices of man and bird, that floated over the fragrant rosebushes and the stately rows of tall hollyhocks.