

expensive gifts, but I can send a pretty card or a letter with kind words and good wishes.'

And, as time passed on, few pages of the despised little diary lacked the name of somebody's birthday. Tom called it the 'Book of Preserved Dates,' or 'Miss Delight Partridge's Recipes for Happiness!' When Papa Partridge's birthday came it was ushered in by all the children marching into the dining-room, where he sat at table, and each one reciting a verse appropriate for the occasion—said verses having been laboriously composed by Tom and his sister Adele. And, though the metre may not have been perfect, the sentiments expressed therein were very gratifying.

With grandma's birthday came old Mrs. Dobbins from White's Corners. Delight had invited her to spend the day, knowing that she was one of grandma's earliest friends and one whom she had long yearned to see. There was an especially good dinner that day, and Delight felt well repaid for her efforts at seeing the two white-capped old ladies at the dinner table, chattering away like a couple of school-girls.

There were others besides relatives whose birthdays Delight remembered. Miss Sheard, the little tailoress at the Corners, never forgot the beautiful spring morning when Delight drove up with Old Major and called out so cheerily: 'I am going over to Jarvisville, Miss Tabby; don't you want to go along?' And, trembling with excitement, Miss Sheard dropped goose and pressboard, and, donning her blanket-shawl and hood, was soon hurrying along the road where the drifts were fast melting, the far-away willows hanging out their silvery-grey pussy-tails and, up on the hills, the crows were cawing over the increasing geniality of the sun. Will poor, faded-cheeked Miss Tabby ever forget that ride? How many times she has described it!

'Delight was just as kind! She went half-a-mile out of her way to drive into the cemetery and let me see the new tombstone Brother Hiram had put up over ma's grave last fall. I'd wanted to go before, but it was too far to walk and I couldn't afford a rig. And when I saw the stone so pure and white, with the morning sun shinin' on it, and some little crocuses and snowdrops that I'd planted over a year ago blossomin' on the grave, why, somehow, everything bein' so sweet an' peaceful all around, I couldn't help feeling as though ma herself wa'n't far away, and I was so happy that I cried, and Delight, she patted me on the back and said, "There! there! no tears on your birthday, dear Miss Tabby!" Howsoever that blessed girl found out that it was my birthday I'm sure I don't know!'

Then there was old Mrs. Deardon, who lived down in the 'Hollow' and earned her living by washing and scrubbing for other folks. A hard life had Mrs. Deardon, and not much to cheer her, unless it was the consciousness of doing her duty and being very patient. And after fifty-five years—the greatest part of which had been spent with mop and washboard just as Mrs. Deardon was beginning the first day of the fifty-sixth year, celebrating it by hanging out an unusually large washing, who should march in at the gate but Delight Partridge! In her arms she bore, wrapped up in newspapers, a beautiful primrose all abloom with ruffled pink flowers.

'I raised it myself, Mrs. Deardon, and it's been growing all the summer and fall, and is full of blossoms just in time for your birthday.'

'My stars!' exclaimed the washerwoman, as she took the brown pot in her moist arms, almost hugging it, 'I haven't had a

birthday present since my John was with me, fifteen years ago! John liked primroses so much! His mother was a German, and you know the Germans are so fond of flowers, and before he was taken sick my husband's garden hadn't an equal in the whole country!'

When the year came to its close Delight found that the cheap little diary had performed its mission very creditably. Scarcely a page was left blank; scores of them bore records, modestly written, of kind remembrances for others. 'And O, it's so much better, Delight said to herself, so much better that way, than to fill a big book with my own troubles, discontented feelings or sentimental musings, or—or "trying out lard."'

'Unto This Last.'

(By Mrs. Flower.)

In one of the back streets of a large town a most repulsive but too common exhibition might have been seen at the close of one dull winter day, that of a drunken woman propped up against the angle of a wall, making futile attempts to ward off the attacks of a band of young roughs who, in high delight, were baiting the wretched creature by tugging at ragged shawl and draggled skirts, knocking her scare-crow bonnet over her eyes, and aiming pellets of black mud at her already sufficiently blackened countenance, keeping up the while a running accompaniment of coarse jeers that roused the fiery temper of the victim to such a pitch that, suddenly stiffening her swaying form, she burst into a very hurricane of rage, and catching her nearest assailant by the collar, banged his head so viciously and repeatedly against the wall that in a moment it was streaming with blood.

Loud screams of wrath and pain from the lad brought a stolid policeman pretty quickly to the spot, at whose appearance the disreputable witnesses to the fray scuttled off like beetles at a flare of gaslight, leaving their unfortunate companion writhing in the virago's clutch until the officer strode up and calmly rescued him.

'You're in for three months this time, Moll,' was his composed remark when the boy's bleeding visage was exposed to sight; 'an' a good thing too, you old pest, for it's the shame o' the street you are! Now, just stop that howling, young 'un, an' come along this side o' me while I shuts her up, then we'll see where you live; you'll be wanted to show these beauty-marks at the court to-morrow, and give evidence, you know,' concluded the policeman with a grin, for he and Bob were old acquaintances.

A still more dismal howl greeted his words; the squirming young reprobate's previous appearances at the court had not been of a pleasurable kind, and a repetition of the same was not to be desired.

'I an't adone nuffin to her,' he protested, 'it's her as 'as nearly done for me; what's I to be took up for, then?'

'Who's a goin' to take you up this go, stupid? You've just got to show your broken head to the Bench, an' it'll cost her three months, for she's about the baddest lot as comes afore his worship. Shut up, will you!' he cried with an angry jerk of his prisoner's arm, rendered necessary by the violent struggle of the captive, who forthwith lost her balance, and spite of the man's detaining grasp, fell prostrate on the mud and mire of the unclean pavement, one of the saddest spectacles that angels or men beheld that night.

With some difficulty the officer set her upright once more, then duly locked her up;

as duly she received her sentence next morning of three months' imprisonment.

Three months in a clean cell might seem to some of us a happy exchange for the sort of life that this particular prisoner had led for the greater part of her threescore years, for to Mary Brown, familiarly known as Mother Moll, cleanliness and sobriety and decent speech were simply odious; to her utterly debased nature abstinence from the vices on which she had so long battenèd was intolerable, and during the first month of her sentence poor Moll knew something of the very pains of hell—that is, if rage, and hatred, and a maddening sense of helplessness to burst the bolts and bars which shut her out from the things she loved, may be accepted as the earthly symbols of that place of doom.

But an ancient singer of Israel once said: 'If I go down to hell, thou art there,' and even so this lost soul found it to be.

The female warder of that part of the prison which contained her cell was a good woman, who was ever on the look out to speak a word in season, and though debarred by its rules from all saving official intercourse with convicts, had yet the pleasure of placing within reach of them all a form of prayer and a hymn-book, a privilege which she had most faithfully used, notwithstanding the poverty of results hitherto, so far as she could judge. Many of those who came and went could not even read; of the rest few even opened the two sober-looking little volumes, and her efforts seemed as water spilled on the ground. Yet they did not cease, and Mary Brown found, as all others had done before her, the prayer and hymn-book on a shelf by the side of her bed. She scarcely glanced at them for some weeks, but when at length the violence of passion sank down into sullen endurance, and a sense of desperate weariness, she took down the hymn-book with a sardonic laugh at the idea of such a thing coming into her hands. The leaves, as she snatched it hastily from the shelf, fell open at the words—

'I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest,"'

and somehow they took strange hold of her hard heart.

Moll was no common sinner, and she never remembered having entered any place of worship in her life. But dim recollections of having heard a street preacher say something about One who had borne this name in some far-off time, when he went about doing good, until put to death by cruel hands, woke up within her more and more vividly as she read and re-read the several verses. Their pathos, their tender invitations, their promises of deliverance, of rest, touched her with strong emotion, and day by day she pondered over them until they were firmly impressed in her memory. Then the prayer-book was looked into, and at last, with great surprise and awe, Moll began to understand that she—even she—had a Father in Heaven.

She made no outward sign, however, and with a sigh the kind-hearted warder said good-bye to her at the close of her term of imprisonment, never dreaming of what had come to pass. Her dolorous duties weighed very heavily on her that day. No single grain of her feeble sowing ever seemed to bear fruit, and for a moment her treadings had well-nigh slipped. The old steadfast faith wavered, but it did not fail. 'I can but do what I can,' she reasoned, 'and maybe more good is effected than one sees.'

So with set purpose the accustomed plan was persevered with year after year, and Mary Brown had altogether faded out of