

it hard, we shall know what to do in all cases; he says we may not find out at once, but if we just keep on, the Spirit of God will teach us, through the Word."

"Yes, Letitia, only you might think you had made yourself believe what you wanted to believe. We are made so queer in our inside minds, Letitia. If I don't want to come in from the pasture, and mother comes out and calls 'Sa-a-m-my,' I can most make myself hear her saying 'Pa-a-tty!' And then when I think how I am that way, and mother comes out and calls 'Pa-a-tty!' just as clear as day, I tell myself I am hearing wrong on purpose, and down I come to the house. Now when I am up in the field working, or out in the garden weeding, I think of these things. There's a big sumac bush up in the lot, and in the fall it is all as red as fire. I think it looks like the bush where God was, and I go stand before it, and wonder how Moses felt. Of course I do not play I am Moses, that would be wicked, but I think how contented Moses must have been to know. Then there's a rock in the pasture, a flat side rock, and I think it is like the rock Moses smote for water to come out, and he must have been so glad to know he was doing just what God wanted, and had found just the right rock. When I sit on this porch at evening I think how happy Abraham must have felt in his tent-door, when he didn't know but any time when he lifted up his eyes he might see God coming to talk with him. And sometimes you know he did."

"It must have been very grand and beautiful," said Letitia.

"And, Letitia, sometimes it makes me feel lonesome and discouraged to think I must go through all my life, and get to be as old as Uncle Barum, and not see God at all."

"Of course we can't expect such things nowadays," said Letitia, who was without experiences.

Letitia did not know that in early childhood, the child who is taught about God, looking into the blue heavens, or wrapped in the solemn stillness of field or forest, or in the curtains of night, feels God just as closely near as Abraham or Moses did. Then youth, jocund and alert, full of curiosities and ambition, leaves this glory and clear faith of life's morning-land. Middle age, vexed with turmoils and cares, chilled by doubts, expects but faint and far-off murmurs of the voice of God, and never counts on glimpses of his face. The dusty highway of life draws the soul from the Divine Companionship that is its heritage. But as calmer years come on and experiences grow deeper, and the gates that open into eternity draw near and yet more near, then, indeed comes personally close to us One more faithful than any brother; the voice is heard clearly, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and the promise is fulfilled even to hoar hairs, "I will carry you." Then God is not afar off and silent, but near and speaks clearly.

Samuel was silent for awhile, silent and quiet, watching the thin white clouds in the sky and absorbed in his visions. Letitia looked at him, wondering what this restless, busy, fluent little fellow would be. Suddenly, with a child's vivacious incontinuity, he changed the subject of conversation. A colt, ambling up the road by the side of its mother, had diverted his speculations.

"Letitia, Kill said you were going to earn some money next summer and help him buy two colts, and when he had grown them up he would be able to buy some more land and work for himself."

Poor Letitia! she suddenly felt as the milkmaid did when her basket of eggs fell to the ground, or as Almaschar when he kicked over his basket of glass.

"O Samuel! I forgot that last night. When I am at Uncle Barum's I cannot do that; he will want me to stay there all the time and not go away for a vacation school. How disappointed Achilles will be!"

Samuel sighed. His brother was alike his ideal and his idol; if he wanted colts, why should he not have colts?

"Couldn't you earn money some way?" he asked, "sewing, or buttonholes?" He had often assisted the family councils as to ways and means.

"No, I couldn't," said Letitia. "If I am to graduate with a good standing, and be able to teach, I must work hard at my studies and not do things to interfere with

them. I cannot study well unless I am well, and I must not take up work that would wear out my eyes or keep me up late at night. I am sure to keep Uncle Barum's house neat will take all the time I have to spare from my school work."

"I wish I could do it," said Samuel dolefully, "but when I have got this mountain all picked clean of berries, nuts, sassafras, and blood-root, I shan't have more than four dollars, and, Tish, it just seems as if I should die if I could not buy one book—one history book. There's a time, Tish, when I don't know what's right. If some one would call out, 'You're a selfish boy, give Kill that money for colts,' why I would. I'd give it all, cap, boots, book."

"And all of it would do Kill very little good, and not go far toward buying colts," said Letitia. "You must buy the cap, and the boots, and book, Samuel, surely, and I shall pick up a little money by Christmas and buy you another book, so you'll have two whole new ones of your own."

Achilles had not been a poor tutor of Samuel in athletic sports. Samuel, at the idea of two books, turned hand-springs all the way to the gate and back without stopping.

Uncle Barum had said that he should not move to Ladbury for four weeks, and that Letitia was not to come to him until his house was settled. He came up the mountain for another visit before he moved. He assumed a proprietorship in Letitia and seemed very cheerful.

"Oh, you'll find you don't lose by doing your duty by me, Letitia," he said. "Sacy Terhune says to me, 'You won't need to hire any one to help you move, now you've got that girl of Stanhope's.' I says to her, 'Sacy, didn't you hire help to move, although you've got that girl you call Madge?' No, Letitia, Sacy Terhune needn't think you're going to have things harder than Madge."

"I expect to work harder than Madge, uncle," said Letitia. "I have been brought up to it, and I expect to earn my living. She is with her own father and mother, and that is different. Mother told you I couldn't wash and iron, she thought that would be too hard, but I can do all the rest. I don't want you to speak as if I went to you because I expect to make anything by it. I go because you are our uncle, and were good to mother, and you ought not to live alone, and as I must live somewhere it is better to help you."

"Oh, that's right, Letitia," said Uncle Barum, "and I'll do well by you. That saucy chit, Madge, shan't lord it over you. Don't you worry over getting clothes. We'll see what Madge has, and I'll get you just as good as she has. I know them. I heard Sacy Terhune say to Madge once, 'Don't be so saucy,' she says, 'to your Uncle Barum, or he won't leave you a cent'; and I heard her say the other day, 'Now your Uncle Barum's gone and taken up with Letitia Stanhope, when he might have set store on you if you hadn't been so saucy about his grammar and his clothes,' she says."

"Uncle Barum," said Letitia, "I wish you wouldn't vex yourself about what Madge Terhune says about me. I don't mind. I don't want to be dressed as Madge is. Her father has money and gets a good salary, and Madge has much nicer clothes than I ought to wear. I don't want to be dressed fine while my mother and the rest of them must be so plain and poor. They are comfortable, and that is all I want to be. If I can be tidy and have whole shoes and a neat print dress for warm weather, and a good dark woollen for winter I don't want anything else better, until I earn it by teaching, and then whatever I buy for myself I'll buy for my mother."

"Well now, Letitia," said Uncle Barum, "you take your own way, you've got a level head. I wonder that scoundrel could have had a daughter with so much sense. And don't you knuckle down to Madge Terhune!"

"I think she is a real nice, bright, pretty girl, uncle," said Letitia, "and if she wants to be friends with me, I'm ready; if she don't, I don't think it will harm me any."

"Her brother," said Uncle Barum, "is made of very different timber. I never saw a nicer chap than Philip. After one year more where he is, he is going to set up a stock farm for himself over on my place. He's going to lease the place of me and pay

me rent. I don't go for giving up my property while I'm alive; but after I'm dead—which I don't reckon'll be very soon, for I come of long-lived stock—Philip is to have that place. I promised Sacy Terhune that when she let me have Philip when he was a little fellow. You ran away and left me and the place, Mercy."

"I know I did, uncle. You are quite right to dispose of it just as you choose," said Mercy quietly; but perhaps her fingers flew a little faster over her work, and perhaps she had been hoping that now Uncle Barum was again friendly, and had seen what nice boys she had, he would have left one of them that dear old farm. But then she had forfeited all claim upon Uncle Barum, and hating Thomas Stanhope as vigorously as he did, was it likely that he would leave property to one of Thomas Stanhope's children?

No doubt Mercy was secretly disappointed; she had thought what a nice little property that Titus farm would be for Achilles or Samuel. Uncle Barum seemed grimly fond of Samuel. As for Philip Terhune, Mercy only remembered him as a plump, yellow-headed little boy, who was always on hand when apple-turnovers or ginger-cookies were under way.

Uncle Barum looked closely at Mercy and Letitia when he spoke of the destination of the Titus farm. Mercy, trained by long adversity, concealed her thoughts. Letitia had nothing to conceal. Uncle Barum's property had not been a factor in her future. Uncle Barum hugged himself and chuckled, "You'll be all right, Letitia, you'll be all right if you don't have any nonsense about you."

Finally the day came when Letitia was to go to Uncle Barum. Achilles borrowed Mr. Canfield's carry-all, and the whole family accompanied Letitia and a little chintz-covered box which contained her meagre wardrobe.

Uncle Barum made festa to greet them. He had engaged the woman who had settled and cleaned his house to prepare a good dinner of roast beef, vegetables, and pie. He led all the Stanhopes to the sunniest room in the house, which, though small, was fresh and pretty in a new paper and new paint. This was to be Letitia's room, and tears filled Mercy's eyes as she noted that the single bed, the splint-bottomed chairs, the rugs, the tidies, the work-bags and basket, the little toilette-table were all those which she had used, made, and adorned while she lived with Uncle Barum. Uncle Barum had, however, added an ingrain carpet and a cretonne window-curtain, also a set of hanging-shelves.

"Do you like it?" asked the old man eagerly.

"Oh, very much indeed?" cried Letitia; "thank you, uncle."

"Sacy Terhune said it was plenty good, but Sacy's no rule. If you want anything more, speak out, you shall have it!"

"It is enough, and good enough," said Letitia. "You bought that wash-stand set from Friend Amos, didn't you? I liked it so much when it came to the store."

"He told me you did," said Uncle Barum. "Now, Letitia, there is a closet for your clothes. Let your mother help you to get settled, and then come down to dinner. I don't want you to run away from this room. When you get married, I want it to be in the parlour downstairs to a man I'll pick out for you."

"You are looking almost too far ahead, uncle," said Letitia.

When Uncle Barum and the boys went down-stairs, Mercy sat in the little old rocking-chair and cried. These simple furnishings so recalled the past. What bright dreams she had dreamed among them, dreams of Thomas Stanhope, who had seemed to her all that was noble and attractive. How little she had foreseen the bitter sorrows through which she must pass, and how these insensate furnishings should be witness of her worse than widowed tears when Thomas was serving out a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary.

On that day when she had forsaken Uncle Barum's honest home for Thomas, that sin of Thomas' life appeared only as a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, but it had swiftly enlarged until it had covered all her horizon and deluged her life with tears.

Letitia seemed to understand her mother's tears. She did not interfere with her, but quietly put away her clothing and pushed

the chintz-covered box before the window for a seat. Then she said:

"Come, mamsey, bathe your face, and let us go down and do honour to Uncle Barum's dinner. Seems to me Uncle Barum is much more liberal than I supposed he was from what you had said."

"He is more liberal than he used to be, I think," said Mercy.

On the whole, that was a very pleasant day at Uncle Barum's. Samuel's mouth was kept so full of goodies that he could not deafen the family with talking. Achilles observed Uncle Barum closely, and being a long-headed youth and given to planning, he divined Uncle Barum's plans afar off. But he concluded that it would be best to say nothing about them.

After dinner Uncle Barum presented Mercy, Letitia, and Patience each with a new dress, and gave each boy a silver dollar.

"Let's keep 'em to start the colts!" cried Samuel.

Then Uncle Barum inquired into matters, and heard from Samuel the story of the desired colts.

"Oh, ho!" he said, "colts, eh, and more land? Well, it ain't well to get on too fast; folks gets too high-strung sometimes."

Before the family party broke up, Uncle Barum took down his big Bible and had prayers. He did not realize why worship seemed to him more sweet and hearty than it had for years. It was because the bitterness cherished against Mercy was all gone, and for the time his bitterness against Thomas was forgotten.

After Letitia was gone, Mercy missed a confidant in her plans for the future when Thomas should be free. Only five years and a half more now, and how would life go then? She took Samuel into her confidence.

"Of course father must live here, right with us, and we'll be real good to him, and he'll be good to us," said Samuel.

"Achilles would never hear to it," said the mother.

"I'll pray God every day to make Kill all right," replied Samuel.

(To be continued.)

BE THOROUGH.

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote her article, and practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and so aptly other forgot the truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Not have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough. —Christian at Work.

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.

A STORY which is told of the late Charles Jamrach, the naturalist, and dealer in wild animals, who died in England last summer, is so well vouched for that it may be accepted as worthy of belief.

Mr. Jamrach was married more than once, and the story is to the effect that when a friend consoled with him on the loss of his second wife, the naturalist answered with a heavy sigh:

"Yes, yes; as you say, she was a good wife. But," he added, as if he felt compelled to speak the whole truth, "she never took kindly to the animals. Why, even in winter, she wouldn't let the snakes sleep under the bed."