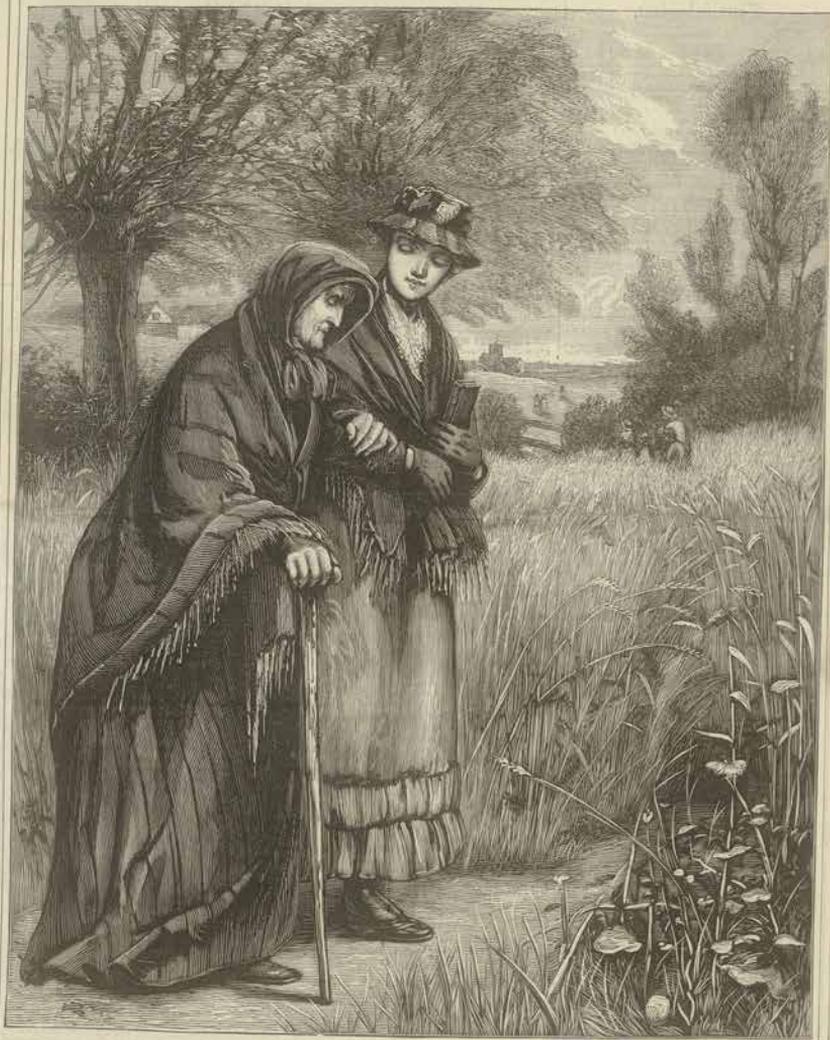


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



he must not lose sight of me." Well, little Nan, will you come now?"

"I'll go anywhere with you, you know that," says Nan slyly. "Oh, no, dear, how glad I am you have come at last." And then they talk all about the fetters, never bawling the time till the old clock on the wall, Dr. Gray's old clock, strikes eight.

"Why, Nan, how the time has flown! I've been here three hours, more or less. Good night, little Nan," says Bob, "but the same Nan I let when I went away, not a bit changed, eh?"

"Not a bit," says Nan, truthfully.

"Well, little woman, make your wedding dress at once. The tanna must be put up on Sunday," and then he wishes her good night, and leaves her, oh! so happy and contented. She had not trusted in vain.

"That day month there is a wedding in Birchen- dale. It is a child, November morning, dark and gloomy, but there is sunlight in the hearts of the bride and bridegroom. They have the good wishes of all; for now Bob has come home heart-whole to marry Nan, the village people change their tone, and are as ready to praise Bob for his constancy, as they had been to blame him for his fickleness.

Happy Bob! and happy Nan! Yes, they are surely that now, and may they be so throughout that as yet untried life that lies before them. Troubles still sorrow they may, they must have, for now can tread this earth without them, but with God's blessing they will be the means of making them cling more closely to Him—of leading them hand in hand to that Home above where they shall obtain the true gladiolus, and sorrow and sighing shall flow away."

MARIE SEWELL.

Little and Good; or, Manners Make the Man.

BY
EMMA MARSHALL,

Author of "Paying," "Linda Avenhall," &c. &c.

CHAPTER X. (continued.)

"ER, man," I said; "and I know how good you have been to me, and I hope you can't think me ungrateful. I would do anything to serve you, as you are an—anything. But I can't consent to believe."

"We will not argue this, Philip."

she said, "as I have served for your staydorn from the moment when he breathed his life, as I shall pay for each of his days, as I will give you darkness, and show the love and forgiveness of One at whose cross you must be humbly, if you would be happy. Now tell me of the little brother and of your work." Margaret tells me you are a great scholar now, read a great deal, as well as write at your trade. Shall I lend you some books? My Campbell and I have a large library, and now we are, please God, come to live at Graystone, we hope to make them useful to our people. There are some books of that talk to me and those one or two volumes."

"I did so willingly, and that, and made my boy, and was returning when Mr. Campbell said—"

"Come and shake hands with me, Philip. You are much grown, and look sterner than when we met first. Let me be little and good, Philip, and try to pay for light—the light of the Holy Spirit of God." (Gen. i. 3.)

"I took the beautiful little hand she so offered it to me, and bending over it kissed it, and so I left her."

I never saw her again!

CHAPTER XI.

FREDRICK ON SLAVES.

Two next two or three years we all down here. I cannot write of them in any sort of detail. I seldom went near the Lord, I was afraid to do

so I saw my little leather now and then, but the love which I had felt for him when a baby, or something still left me so moved, doubt—rather, this easy feeling, and I was held by the rabbin. I was looking up over it.

Edward was a very handsome child, and all his faculties were well developed, and he was joyful and bright, that he suffered less from infirmity than many would have done. My aunt began to be very proud of him, and I think would have been glad to make him her son, not only by adoption if that were possible.

She completely hid from him all the story of his father's life, and the miserable circumstances under which he had been born. To my surprise I heard Edward say one day to a person who was sitting at the dinner-table, "I am an orphan, father and mother are both dead."

"Yes, the dear child, he has only got me for father and mother, bless him!" said my aunt. She must have read the expression on my face, for she hastily changed the conversation.

"He will know he has got a father, sooner or later," I thought, "but I suppose it is no concern of mine, though less never served."

That was part of my own creed. Whatever did not answer, that is, tend to one's advancement in the world, must be avoided; and I knew honesty was the best policy. A great suspicion thus against falling.

In one of the back streets of London there was a man named Edgewood, the brother of certain men, who went about the country with free thinking and nihil opinions. Ernest Brown, a Unitarian, and several others, and he corresponded with one or two of the great (?) friends.

There was a deal of railing about Edgewood of all kinds—Refugee in Parliament, Refugee in Trade and Commerce. There were lectures about the fetters wherewith Englishmen were bound, and frantic appeals for young men to break the yoke and be strong. I was all for it, and talk, though it took mighty with some of us.

One Monday, Ernest Brown was to have lectured on "Immortality, Taxation and Protestantism," and he was seized with a bad cold, throat, and told me I must go instead of him—make his apology and read his lecture.

I had never stood up on a platform before, and I felt very nervous. A rule of the old shanty came over me, when a man placed a stool by the table covered with green baize cloth, and whispered to me I had better stand on it, or the people below would not be able to see me. I slipped, some water out of the tank, dirty glass at my side, and cleared my throat to begin, when a voice called—

"Brewer! Brewer! we want Brewer! he didn't pay to hear you."

Then I said my friend was ill, and had sent me in his place.

Manners don't make the man of assemblies, like this, and I heard mutterings of "Hup, o My Town," "Little Love," "I'll be the like." But the chairman, a pale-faced fellow-chance, called "Order," and rapped on the table till the glass and the water in it had got on and down.

At last a voice said, "I had not time to say."

"Hear! hear!" and then I began. Ernest Brown's notes were not very full, but I warmed him with my subject, and spoke after the fashion of some of my others and superiors. A silly stretch it was, I confess, and yet they applauded me, and there I stood with these eyes fixed on me. There I stood, and yet I felt a very much bigger person than before.

The chairman stepped on rather roughly and said I must go forward and bow. As I did so I became conscious that eyes were fixed on me, which was the world of pity and affection. Adam Lee stood on high above the other in the room, that I wondered I had not noticed him before. I was glad to see and bow, for I could never have got on with these eyes fixed on me. There I stood, the very picture of a splendid athletic-looking man, his head well held up, his large sinewy hands holding his feet fast before his eyes—those wonderful eyes—that on me. I suddenly sank down in my own velvet again, and was glad to hurry away to the back row, not caring for any debate on what I had said, which was sometimes the last act in the firm of these meetings. As I drove, when every one was of the same mind, and as there was no argument thence often fell that

I was bustle off up, to the step hill leading from the lecture room, when a hand was laid on my arm—

"Think how are you, my boy? It's a long time since you have looked in on us."

"I—I am working all day," I said, "and—"

"Speaking all night, eh? Well, those distress you have been preaching are poor labour for any woman. They don't make the poor man happier, depend upon it. Why, Phil, there are like a million of souls who are poor, wretched, and stomach-walk. When will you turn to the good wretched broad again?"

"I hope never," I said, "precisely." "If you prefer a bad slavery to less freedom, I don't," I may well contented as I am."

"Fudge, you don't look like it, Phil, nor do many of those fellows I see down, never listening to you. A parcel of lying, nagging-looking men, wive in their own conceits, and yet but look."

"I don't want to argue with you, Mr. Lee," I said, "I don't say any; but I only wish with me be the champion of the working man's liberties, and help him to break his bonds."

"Think care you and your friends don't foster those fighters," was the reply. "The King and Queen, is an old man from an old book, Phil; but it strikes me it is a better one than yours, which counts to be 'Pur-an' man, and honour yours. We part here—good night."

"Here is Mrs. Lee's," I looked, in parting.

"Bet poor. She had a little one three months ago, and God took it away from her, when it was never smooth old. Then Cheryl has been smiling, and not who do you remember her for several. Philip, you'll find us at the old place till Christmas, and then I am thinking of moving to the other side of Rochester, where my master has a large contract in hand for wiles and a new church, out Rhode way, and it putting one head man at work, with good wages, better than I ever expected."

"I'll come up to Gallows' Ace soon," I said.

"All they had to do on the corner house—'Share Road' and they are going to drain the water off the old quarry, and I'll spin for some. Good night, once more, and God bless you."

I stood where Adam left me, listening to the sounds of his own first-falls, as he walked away. He, at least, was a working man who seemed to have no grievances. Trials had come to him, but he was not grumbling and dissatisfied. He loved his work, as was shrewdly and I confess I felt the difference between him and Ernest Brewer when I reached home.

When he saw old Ernest never was a good temper, but when he was ill, he was irascible beyond telling.

"Well," he said, "a lanky scow, 'where was made a frightful hash of my lettuce? What did the chairman say?"

"Oh! it did very well," I said, "I got plenty of 'hear, hear!'"

"You did, you say. I damn you are as stark up as a cockney. I am frightfully ill, I feel as if I should be dead. I hope I am not going to die; run for a doctor."

He seemed so really ill and alarmed, that I was roused to get a doctor, when old Mrs. Brewer stopped me.

"Ernest is a pretty one to deal with, I don't go near him; but I've a long way to go, and I'll thrust, and he just showed it out, and threw it in my face. I don't know what to do with him."

"I am going to get a doctor," I said.

"Some porter! You don't get porter. That's very infaming."

"I don't," I shouted, banging the door in Mrs. Brewer's teeth.

We had a week of it. Ernest was very ill with a quincy. The terrible fear seemed to seize him with the thought of it. His friends used to look in for a few minutes, and then, after jerking out a few words, would only go to get away. The night of the crisis I was really very ill. I had to walk up and down the little bed-room, Ernest

lauding on me. It was the only way he could get his breath. His old grandmother sat by the fire crying, and I did not know what to do. Ernest could not speak, he seemed to me to give him a state which was used for our problems. He took the pencil with a trembling hand and feebly scribbled these words, "Try to God for me." Alas! I had said no prayer for so long. I felt dumb, and awe struck ten. I showed poor old Mrs. Brewer the slide, and wiping her eyes, she put on her spectacles and read what was written. Then her old quavering voice was heard raised in ecstasy.

"O God, the Father of heaven, have mercy on us, miserable sinners," and instinctively I caught up the old familiar words and repeated.

"O God, the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us, miserable sinners." Relief came before morning, and Ernest Brewer's life was spared.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

First Writing in the 22-32,
St. Matthew sin. 16-32.

IV.

THE subject of our last paper was Church as Peter's boat, and the lesson learnt by Peter, there. That event seemed to have taken place in A.D. 31, the first year of our Lord's ministry. The date of the story that appears to follow next in the narrative of St. Peter's life is A.D. 32. Peter, therefore, must have been at least some months with our Lord, and this time had told much on Peter's Christian life. He was growing. This is a very important matter, as St. Paul shows us in Hebrews 11:14. It does not do at all for a Christian to remain a "baby" always. In our earthly life it is a sad thing to see a child not growing. We feel at once there must be something wrong if there is no growth, and we do not wonder to see the child become weak, deformed, fading, in the Christian life, it is a great matter to begin, it is a great matter to have life at all, to be a "baby," but this life must go on and grow. Peter's life had grown. When with Christ in the boat, he had cried, "depart from me I am a sinful man, O Lord!" Now it seemed as if he had not lost that anything should keep him from his Lord. The story is a very interesting one. A great multitude had been fed by Christ, and when the wonderful feast was over, the Lord retired to a mountain to pray. The disciples pulling their boat over the lake had a hard time "tolling in" rowing" over a stormy sea. We find from St. Mark's account that Christ saw all this (St. Mark vi. 48). But though He saw His disciples' trouble He did not go to them at once. He tried first by waiting. It was in the fourth watch, some time between three and six o'clock—that darkest hour before the dawn

of day—that Christ went forth walking upon the sea. "The sea is His, and He made it" (Psalm cxv. 5.) He is the Creator of it, and the angry waves must be still under His feet (Isa. li, 8; and Psalm, cxlii, 3, 4). It is the greatest comfort for any one who loves Christ to feel in the time of trouble that He is near—near in the dark night—present upon the stormy sea. The first feeling of the disciples, however, when they saw the Lord walking upon the sea was *fear*, for "they supposed it had been a spirit." It is touching to notice that Christ would quiet their fear at once by the sound of His voice. St. Mark tells us that "compassionately He talked with them" (St. Mark vi. 50), and St. Matthew says "tenderly Jesus spake unto them" (chap. xiv. 27). Christ does not love to have His followers afraid of Him. It

Instead of *afraid*. When a Christian gets his eyes off Christ he begins to sink at once. "Lean on the rock and keep up," cries our Lord. "Remember, O remember, who was growing dizzy with the long ascent up the mountain side. If we are to follow Christ, it will not be without some of our own tribulation," and our Lord (St. John xxi. 25), but added, "he of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Peter, sinking, cried, "Lord save me." Three little words only; but they went to the heart of Christ, and He said, "I would have thee afraid of Me, but I will save thee from all tribulation, and thou shalt stand firm." Christ did not wish Peter for his want of faith, but not while he was sinking, not till He had caught him!—"Immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him." Peter was safe

then, and thus held up, he must be told how soon his faith had failed. "O thou of little faith, wherefore doubtest thou?" Christ bore very tenderly with weak faith, but it grieves Him, and it grieves Him, "thou doubt'st?" Christ bore very tenderly with weak faith, but it grieves Him, and it grieves Him, "thou doubt'st?" Christ bore very tenderly with weak faith, but it grieves Him, and it grieves Him, "thou doubt'st?"

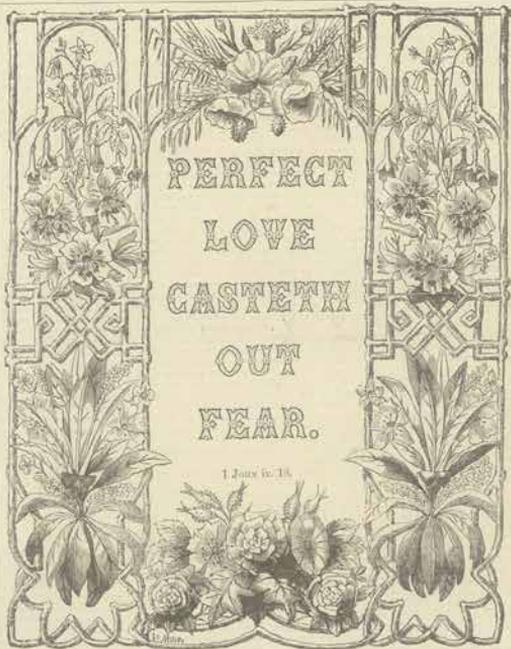
An earthly friend would be grieved if we did not believe in Him. "We do little honour to our friend if we don't trust him. Now trust will grow out of love. We need to try our friend first, and then we shall trust him. It is as with the soul and God. If we know Him—if we have tried Him—we shall be able to trust Him (Ps. xxiv. 8-10). Mr. Moody tells a story of seeing some boys played by a man on a high rail and jumping down into his arms. One boy, however, refused to jump.

"Upon inquiring the reason, the man said, 'that boy is not my son.' The boy was afraid to jump into the arms of one who was not his father. Have we not here the secret of real trust? Before we can trust God entirely, we must have a child's spirit; we must know Him as our Father."

When Christ entered into the boat, "the wind ceased." What a beautiful picture is this! When Christ comes into the heart there is a real peace until He does come there. With Christ far away there was a real peace until He does come there. With Christ in the boat there was a great calm on the sea, and for their hearts there was rest and joy.

May these hearts of ours be opened to let Christ in, and with Him will come a "peace that words, understanding." M. E.

THE POWER OF A SMILE—It shows the weary spirit. It kindles the thought of the heart. It acts on the human mind as a ray of bright sunshine. If you meet an acquaintance and only salute her with a bow, let it be accompanied with a smile. It does you and her good alike. It stirs in her heart pleasant thoughts about you and takes off all appearance of stiffness and distrust. The power to smile is one of God's good gifts to his creatures. Show your smiles broadcast on the aged, in cheer their path; on youth, it leads to its gladden; and on sinners, it leads to their little ones—it acts as magic, and wins their hearts and makes them glad. S.



would have a loving parent if he thought his child was afraid of him. "Perfect love casteth out fear" (John iv. 18). The only thing that need make us afraid is unbelief, unrepentant sin.

Peter, now knowing his Lord, cried, "I will come to Thee." This impulse on the part of Peter was so like his character. He loved his master, and love made him brave. He felt he could go through any difficulty—he could even walk on the waves of the sea to reach his Lord. It was a great thing that Peter asked—it was a miracle. But his faith was strong at that moment, and he was not afraid to ask it. Faith can ask great things from a great God. Christ had Peter "come," and Peter was able actually to walk on the sea. But only for a little while. What stopped him? Ah! It was his own fear. He saw the wind and the waves; he looked down

"Is the Part pantethy after the Water-brooks."

It was a glorious day, that May-day, in the little Swiss village some forty or fifty miles from the Lake of Geneva, and from its important city of the same name.

On that May-day, in the first half of the sixteenth century, Geneva was of infinitely more importance to men's minds than it is now, for it was the chosen abiding place of a wonderful man, equally remarkable for his own character, and for the cause with which he was identified—the cause of light and life. The world had been doing in darkness, but it could sleep no longer; for brilliant rays of brightness had been flung into its eyes by Huss and Jerome of Prague, by the German monk, Martin Luther, and by the austere Calvin, of Geneva. Men were awake now, and it was by their own choice if they continued to abide in darkness.

At least, such was the case in the towns and cities of Europe, where news circulated freely, and men's minds were roused to sufficient intelligence to take it in. But, in this one of the very little villages, things were different. Here the simple peasants tended their flocks and cattle on the mountains in the summer time, and in the winter, they spun fax and knitted stockings. They heard no news but of the chamois hunter, and whether the horns of goats had thriven, and what had been or were the cheese-making prospects of the year. And for light and teaching they were wholly dependent on the old priest, who knew scarcely more than themselves, and whose aspirations were very little higher. He cared much more for the quantity of golden honey in his hive, than about the rumours of new fangled theories, which occasionally floated in his ears.

And so that May-day came, meaning in this instance the 24th, a day venerated in Roman Catholic countries as "the Virgin Mary's Day." The whole month is called her month, but one day in particular is set apart as a special holiday in her honour, and these happy Swiss maidens had done their anney new full steeled bodices, and their hats new trimmed with the Virgin's colour—ribbons of deep blue.

Men and women, youths and maidens, and white frocked little children from that village, and many another, were joyously wending their way to the little white chapel high up on the mountain tops where the party and the dance were to be celebrated. Most pretty and picturesque was the whole scene. The deep blue sky, the glittering snow-dappled mountains, the little wooden chalets and cottages with their broad, low-hanging eaves and fragrant-looking balconies, dotted here, there, and everywhere, on spots that looked, to stranger's

eyes, as though they must have been chosen on purpose because it was utterly impossible that the owners, or any one else, should get at them. And then, issuing from open doors, and sprinkled about the valley and along mountain paths, hosts of people, conspicuous in their costumes of mingled scarlet, white, black, and blue, and with their light burdens of dinner baskets, baskets of leaves and flowers, and various little votive offerings, some of them grotesque enough, according to the unrefined taste of the poor Geneva, who thought that nothing could be more fitting than to hang up a wax knee, or a woollen thumb, in the little chapel, in sign of gratitude for being able again to use their own hands, or their own feet, after an accident or an attack of rheumatism.

But while the village rove thus emptied of all their inhabitants who could by any possibility leave their homes, there was one owner of a tiny cottage, in the little village with which we are chiefly

and they hung up their votive offerings, and they prayed and chanted their Ave Marias, and they clasped their hands in fervent earnestness as they retreated.—

"Mother of Mercy, pray for us!"
And in the shadow of the forest trees, near a silver clear stream of pure running water, sat their transient company with their heads bowed on the moss and spring-like blossoms, and his hands around his knees, as he murmured yet again.

"There is but one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

Wilhelm Conrad had spent the past winter in Geneva. He was a skilful workman, and a wealthy citizen had given him some months' employment in his home, paying him well, and with generous good humour, insisting on his taking a certain portion of leisure and exercise every day.

"That you may not," as the rich merchant said, "be too soon afflicted with your usual pains, for want of wonted freedom and fresh air."

But Wilhelm Conrad had not used the time given up to his own pleasure quite in the expected way. The circumstances of a certain evening had led him to join one of the assemblies where the blessings of a free Bible, and the doctrines of a pure Gospel, were being taught, and although Conrad was a young man, and full of activity and vigor, from that evening forth spent many an hour in listening to the new teachings, and in studying them for himself. When he returned to the sequestered little village nestled beneath the Alps, he had one of the translated true Bibles, printed in his own language, hidden away in the folds of his back, and none of its poisonous truths of his heart, ready to bring forth thirty-fold, sixty-fold, perhaps a hundred-fold in good season.

As matters in the sight of the little chapel where he had worshipped solemnly though dimly since his infancy, whose his relations and friends still worshipped, and above all, whose sweet young Marie Vacher still so often, and so fervently, as he himself, as though for him also, as he had not well guessed, probed a heavy conflict in his heart. He was as yet only a recent burner of the fruit, and the old teaching was at war with the new. Moreover, the old teaching was beset with the weight of years and custom. Besides, in those days any one who would profess himself a follower of the new-fangled truth must accept persecution for peace, enemies for friends, and the possibility of an agonizing death.

And on the two or three following evenings Conrad's return home went by, and his neighbors rarely indignantly resented the young man's extra gravity as a proof that his city visit had spoiled him, unless him think himself too free for his simple home-keeping old friends. As for lovely young Marie, she secretly hid wept on her eyes over the changed manner of her lover, considered it surely as a transfer of affection to some city dame, and, and



"FOR SOME TIME THE STARS STOOD THERE DRINKING."—See page 54.

concerned, whose steps were not bent towards the mountain chapel—one who went not "with the multitude to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that look holy."

This seemingly unobscured and unobscured focal-point of his neighbors, and his chapel, was making his way with long, swift strides down into the valley towards the shelter of the great, solitary, tranquil wood. And he walked with his eyes bent on the ground, and his face very thoughtful, and as he walked he murmured in low tones that sounded as though they had a question in them for some unseen one.

"There is but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

"But one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus!"
And the people went on up to the little chapel, and they stowed it with their leaves and flowers,

in prayer, not only for herself, but for him also, as he had not well guessed, probed a heavy conflict in his heart. He was as yet only a recent burner of the fruit, and the old teaching was at war with the new. Moreover, the old teaching was beset with the weight of years and custom. Besides, in those days any one who would profess himself a follower of the new-fangled truth must accept persecution for peace, enemies for friends, and the possibility of an agonizing death.

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morning" of "good evening, Miss Joan," with a "One day he said to her,

"The father least not to give me so much as a word. You needn't fear that I shall speak again as I did that day, Miss Joan."

And then the girl thought, "it was only in passing fancy after all. He had not really cared for her, and she was forgetful." But she was not so sure. She felt she could not help noticing that the serious blue eyes were more than serious now, they were impossibly melancholy. He did not speak or move as he passed the garden, but the next afternoon he returned from his day's work, and Hatty said with a sigh—

"I wish Mr. Gray was like to be used to be. He doesn't let me hear any fun with him now."

And at the time went on, till a letter came from John Hammond, with the news that he had arrived in England, and would visit Port Abraham in a few days. Joan felt it a little more like her joyous self as she walked to church with that letter in her pocket, for it had come at the evening post on Saturday.

The night of a pale and face, which looked almost as white as marble among the congregation of bearded women, happened her light-heartedness. "This little white-washed child, with no architectural features, was a heaven of comfort for many a storm-beaten soul. Men and boys accustomed from childhood to the perils of the ocean, would have been often wrecked in the sea of life, without the spiritual tonic they drank in her voice. Women and maidens, too, came away with hearts comforted and souls healed, ready to bear with cheerfulness the petty cares and trials of the next week's routine."

The vicar of Port Abraham dined with his tolling bell, and he strove to praise in their night what he preached. The few earnest people who he spoke to his people, from the pulpit on Sundays, were eagerly listened to, and in many cases taken down and digested. Joan had found them especially helpful to her (sister), and she often thought she could not have been her sorrow without their aid. To-day the parson's text was—

"And he that taketh not his cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me."

"Dear children," he said, "we all have a cross to bear. Those of us who try to leave it behind us as we go through life, so that it will not be a burden, are not worthy of Him who bore the burden of our salvation up that terrible hill of Calvary. We who know the agony He suffered for us, and yet cannot bear our burdens when they begin to weigh heavily on our shoulders, are unworthy of His boundless love. Repose in suffering for your Lord, who endured all things for your sake, and when this short life of struggling and striving is over, blessed is he who has become much and borne patiently."

In the few moments of solemn stillness before the blessing had been given, when his voice came such as we have heard of in the "Hallelujahs," the clif, and the flap of the white wings as they shot past the clerical windows, the faintest in that congregation was praying that she might learn to rejoice in suffering. And as she loved her watched her, but prayed not.

John Hammond was at home again. He found everything as comfortable and well-ordered as when he went away; and said to his wife one evening, "What a blessing it is to have a managing daughter like Miss Joan, instead of a gilly miss, with her head stuffed full of nonsense."

He was sitting in the old-fashioned chimney-corner smoking his long pipe, with Hatty on his knee, her golden head pillowed on his shoulder. His wife sat in the rocking-chair with her knitting, and Miss Joan was preparing a savory supper. All was bright and cheerful within, but outside the wind was howling, and the sea rising higher and higher.

"I hope the lady will be soon," Mrs. Hammond said, rather anxiously, "this is a terrible night."

As she spoke the waves were dark without, and the sea mount, and they had returned, accompanied by a violent gale of wind which drove her to the lights.

"Father, look sharp!" exclaimed Wally in great excitement. "There is a ship with a red light, where near Helwick, and they are going out to her to the life boat!"

John Hammond lifted Hatty off his knee, and

knocked the ash out of his pipe. Then he struggled into his sea-jacket and an oilskin cap and nuder his curly chestnut beard.

"Now, ladies, I'm really, quick march!" he called as he went.

"We shall want supper, when we come back, Joan."

As he spoke he opened the door, "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "there's some one here. Why, it's Mrs. Gray! Come in, neighbour, but it's a darky, darky, you see, venturing out a night like this. I should think it's Mary Gray looking very unlike her black, sweet old self. Her cloak was thrown over her head, and her silver locks very much out of curl. The wind had taken her breath away, and she made into a chair, panting and speechless. Joan gave her some hot coffee, and when she recovered a little she began—

"I couldn't lose it there any longer. I was so lonesome. Not that I haven't seen three many a night when a worn stormer's been raging, and the rock's merry come in on top of us, and I found my little sister and companion enough. But I'm older now, and there's my Charlie out in it all. He hasn't been himself this long time, he never was one night's and hasn't come right."

"I've seen one of the strong ones, but he used to be as gay and liddle as a lark. He was reading us the sweetest psalm just now, when he stopped and listened a minute, and said 'Granny, I hear cries. There are some poor creatures near us, you may depend on it, some poor ones. May I say the meaning of the wind,' said I. 'It sounds mighty human at times,' said he, 'I hear it again.' No, Gray, you're not mistaking it. There's the despair in that sound, it's man calling to be saved from a waxy gray. I'll just go down to the shore and see if others have found it. He went, and got on his up and confeder, 'Charlie,' I said, 'don't go to the shore a night like this, stay at home, and we'll pray both together for the poor folk.' 'Not a word of it, my dear, I'm not to stay at home and weep and pray, but a man if he's a man goes out and lends a helping hand.' Then he said and gave me a long look, and said, 'I don't know any more, and I don't know how it is, but I feel as if my Charlie would do something desirable."

"Never fear, Mrs. Gray," said John Hammond. "Your grandson is one of the right sort. I'll warrant, I'll bleed him as a youngster, and shall be proud to make his acquaintance as a sailor. These boys, we ain't a bit of much use if we want any longer."

When they reached the shore the life-boat had just returned and was awaiting a burden of ferocious, half-fainting women, and lumbened and strayed men. Children, too, were there, more dead than alive with the horrors they had faced that night. They were passengers from an emigrant ship, and were to have the steers, and the crew had been literally ground to fragments on the fatal Helwick rocks. Their gallant rescuers were now preparing to fight the billow once more, in answer to the signalling of another vessel far out to sea. Three of the life-boat crew, however, had spent their walt strength in the first heroic battle with the elements. There were many eager to take their places, but there was no time to do so, and the first who volunteered were accepted.

When the little man-of-war, as it was so secondly named of mercy, John Hammond and Charlie Gray both paid up, Mr. Coe, one of the crew, and the carpenter in a borrowed oilskin costume, and he walked through the life-boat and stood with all the spirit if not the strength of an able seaman. The doomed ship was a short trading brig, with a cargo of coal. She creaked horribly each time the fierce sea struck her, and threatened to go to pieces every instant. The little crew had taken refuge on the mast, where they clung, drenched and numb, gazing into the very face of death. One by one they were discovered by the boat, and the men of the life-boatfulness scudded from the blue lips of the oxidated man. The wind had just been given to get the anchor up and dash back through the waves to the shore where a long rowing wait, as if a vessel's crew's last hope were going out, prevailed from the hammering guffing.

"Is there any one more there? I thought we had you all safely," exclaimed the coxswain.

"It's my Tibby," answered the coxswain, "looking very queer, and who's with her, and who's with her, to me. But she's only a cat, so she may be a little better."

A loud flash of lightning illuminated for a

moment the speaker's face. "Wera were riding down his foremast, and his life-boat was one who had made up his mind to lose the only child he loved."

"I'll fetch her," said before any objection could be made, when John Gray had swung himself out of the boat, and was climbing the swaying mast with marvellous dexterity.

He felt that strange almost divine power in his limbs, like he had felt the day he plunged into the waves (near rippling in comparison with those which looked round him) to save the little baby. Four years was covering in her terrible fall of the very summit of the rigging. Charlie succeeded in finding her by the tail, and almost at the same instant John ran into the boat below. Not contented in climbing, he found the descent more difficult than the ascent, but he had nearly accomplished it, when a fierce blast swept the shattered timber from his grasp, the mast, as it snapped in two, caught him a blow on the head, and he fell senseless into the surf.

Thus he gave his life for an old man's pet.

Day dawned. The sea began to settle though a ray here and there still shone brightly, as if no such thing had happened, and the breeze that that awful night were beginning to think of taking a little rest. One of them was at port for ever. They had carried him to the Sailor's Home, and he lay there looking more beautiful than he ever did in life. The sweetest coffin which ever opened his noble hand, set off his fair hair and marble white features, and there was an expression on his face of heavenly repose, which he had had imprinted there before it took flight. Kneeling, with his face buried in her dead cold hand,

"Oh! my darling, I loved you, and you may know it! Oh, why can't I be too!" she cried, and then she wept as she wept for her passionate grief. Her father stood at a little distance quite unobserved. He felt now that he had been after a while, a selfish, cruel father to the sweet daughter. How he regretted he had not trusted her, and had not sent her that fatal vow. One young life and one promise had been cut off, and another blighted, and no one was to blame but himself. He turned against him, and was no longer a true, good daughter, it was only what he deserved. So he turned away, and he felt as if he had a long looky row. "Joan, dear, your old father has been terribly wrong. Will you ever be able to forgive him?"

"She made an answer, and a long, silent hour passed. Then Joan rose from her knees, she took one more loving look at the dead face, kissed it, and said, turning to her father—

"Yes, I forgive you—and perhaps, with God's help, I shall be able to hear it. Now let me go."

And Joan went to her room, and she wept, and bears it still, serving her father on earth, and her Father in Heaven. She trembles the narrow path, which she has followed, and she knows that she knows will lead her at last to the portals of another world, and her best hope is that she who loved her here in vain, will still love her there.

Household Management.

DMT time ago there was published a book by a woman who was a great deal of which was to show how it was possible in one or a hundred a year, make a good appearance, and save money. How this was done was illustrated by the case of a lady who, with her maid-servant, lived in a village, the rest of the house being about £15 a year, and the sum of £10 contributed yearly to charities, and a little super and more also given to the poor. Now, there are very many more who have done it, and it is less than a hundred a year—or say, in round figures, £2 per week, more for their domestic expenses, and that is all. They were contented with good appetites, and several busy children to feed and oblige, yet to pay, and fast to daily so the day being out, and the money being necessary to them not by any means extraordinary. On the other hand, there are very many who have two or three hundred coming each have been said

