

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



hand. God, in His kind mercy, has hidden the future from us, but Christ knew the end from the beginning. His cross was before Him all His life long. Now, as a great martyr, He speaks a word of some sympathy in His cross that was to come. Yet it is not until His disciples had been with Him some time that He spoke a word of all about His death. It is not till the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew that Christ gives us His first allusion to His death. How was this allusion met on the part of the disciples? We should have expected that if any one among the Twelve would have understood Our Lord, it would have been Peter—Peter who had just made his great confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." But, on the contrary, we read that Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him" (v. 22).

It may be that Peter had been exalted by Christ's blessed words to him. Our human nature can have no little. We are so proud, that one little word of praise inflates too much for us. Those who know but little are often next prone to pride. Pride is a great snare, and specially so because it is so subtle. A man can even be proud of his humility! Peter's words here showed that in his daring to "rebuke" his Lord. It was wonderful that he should do so. "Be it far from Thee, Lord," or "Fie! Thyself." It is as if he would say, "Do not let such a thing happen unto Thee as that Thou shouldst suffer and die!" Poor Peter! He thought himself as wise. But "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall" (Prov. xii. 10, and 1 Cor. v. 12). It was necessary for Christ to speak very sternly here.

"Get thee behind Me, Satan, thou art an offence to Me." Peter was tempting Christ, and was, therefore, an adversary to his Lord. "Thou art an offence to Me," said Christ—that is, a stumbling-block—for, we have it in the Revised New Testament, "You make My way difficult." "Thou sayest not" or "speakest not" in the Revised Version, "thou art coming to bring Me into temptation." It is the will of God, but those that be of men.

It was "of death" that Christ should die, and Peter dared to say, No, it shall never be. The matter was too important to be lightly passed over. Everlasting hung upon it, both for Peter and all others. That Christ must die is of the highest moment. How often did our Lord after this time speak of His death! (St. Matt. x. 33, x. 34, x. 37, 18, 28; St. Luke xii. 50; St. John x. 17, 17, 18.) Would it not have been enough that Christ should die for us? Peter perhaps thought so. But suppose the case of a man in prison under sentence of death, and that such a man should have a friend coming in to see him very often, bringing him little gifts and speaking kind words to him. It would be undoubtedly a great comfort to the poor prisoner to have such a friend. Yet doubtful unless his friend will take his place, and bear for him his sentence. Just so sinners lay under sentence of death, and

Christ came to bear it for them. It was the one great thing He came for. Peter, writing long afterwards, and understanding all about it then, says, "Christ also suffered for sinners, that He might justify all things to God." What was the grand subject of Paul's preaching? "I determined to know nothing among you but the truth, and Christ and His cross" (1 Cor. ii. 2; Gal. ii. 14). Christ's cross is the keystone of the arch; if that is gone, all is gone! The practical lesson is the truth enforced in verse 24—"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." St. Luke adds the word "daily" (St. Luke ix. 23). Peter and all the other disciples needed to hear this. If Peter mistook Christ's work and life, he might mistake his own. "No suffering for Christ," said Peter, and

One Moonlight Night. A Story of a Great Peril.



TAKE no delight in the ordinary amusements of a wandering place. I like not even to promenade among a herd of well-dressed people, and listen to third-rate music. I direct negro farces, and I am almost ashamed to say it, I no longer care very much for my old friend Frank. Modern valetude camps do so much the same to me, when I get out of town for a change, consequently I go to some out-of-the-way place where there are no bands, no singers, and above

all—
What I go for is to view Nature in all her grandeur and beauty. I like to gaze upon the vast mountains, to listen to the murmuring of the waves and the roar of the sea-view. I love to wander along the shore, leading precipitous cliffs, and watch the sea-fowl in their countless thousands whirling in the air, to look up into the cloud-decked sky and think.

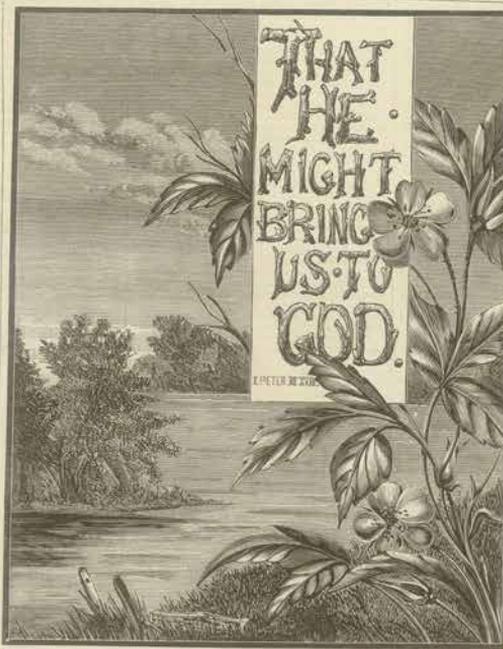
There are some seaside places where builders and circumstances have not penetrated. I know several, but the one I have best is Flinton Bay. Let no one seek to find this place upon the map, or look for it in the gazetteer, because it is not very probable that they will discover whereabouts it is situated, unless I recollect these names in accordance, which I am not likely to do. Suffice it that I say it is far away from the excitement and turban of city life, and its inhabitants, if a little rough, are all honest and simple. The small town has an odd, fish-like character, and under the besting cliff are quaint houses and low-roofed, white-washed cottages, boats and ladders, winches and capstans, and a dispirited man and fish-pots, among which "sea-dogs" and "ancient mariners" brood hens and tall yaws in the summer, and where, in the winter, the hoarse waves roll and toss in impotent fury.

Imagine Flinton Bay, with its beautiful scenery of alight beach, its lofty headland, and its bold rocky coast. Imagine, too, an English summer's day, calm, bright and hot, with a gentle breeze stealing in from the ocean and making the temperature comfortable. Imagine two boys on the beach, happy, bright-hearted English boys on the shingle, and tell me where else such a scene, such a world, would occur. Even though you travel the wide world over.

Close by sits a man with a beard inhaling the salt breeze and having his eyes dazzled by the sunlight that sparkles over the shingle, and beyond him sits a stalwart mariner. Presently one of the boys speaks.

"Were you ever in real peril, Simcox?" he asked.

"Well, Master Tom, as to being in peril, you see them us go to sea in ships, and do business in the great waters, they are, as you may say, always



perhaps he would say next, "There shall be no end for us." The one mistake would be as great as the other. There is an old saying—some familiar to us all—do we believe it?—"No cross, no crown." It is the Adversary who would persuade us not to believe it. It is the Adversary who would say—"You need not deny all, you need not do this or that sin—avoid the cross." If we listen to him we shall lose the crown. If we will follow Christ, we must expect opposition from men, from Satan, from our own hearts. But it will all be worth while, and more than that—the crown will outweigh the cross. How ready our soldiers in Scripture were to bear the hardships of climate and war for the sake of the honour and glory to be gained in the victory won! In the sight of Christ's crosswalkman we behold the nature—to fight—to suffer—that suffering with Him now, we may reign with Him hereafter.—M.E.

in peril. A fellow can't go to sea, man and boy for twenty years, without being in real peril a good many times; but the nightest squall I ever had by my life was "one moonlight" night when I was about sixteen."

Simon Dowling, the fisherman who had thus spoken, was a character. I do not think it would be easy to find a handsomer or more picturesque-looking man. He must have been very good-looking in his youth, and I never saw a more expressive face. There was one characteristic which specially recommended him to me, and that was his retiring personal cleanliness.

There was nothing Simon liked better than to get hold of some one to listen to his yarns, and I am quite sure no man could reel off a better one.

"I'll tell you all about it, young master," he went on, "if you would care to listen."

"Do, Simon," the boy replied; "something exciting, you know."

"Oh! as to being exciting, it's all gospel truth. Now listen. When I first went to sea I was apprenticed aboard a smack belonging to Hull, and we used to go trawling in the North Sea. I was born in Hull, and my mother and father had lived all their lives there. At the time I'm going to tell you about there was a strong as a haul, and was as good as a swimmer as here, and there one. If it had not been, I shouldn't have been here to tell you this story. As I said, I was only a youngster at the time. We had been out about six weeks, and was bound in for our "setting." We had a fair wind, and the night was fine, the moon was high in the heavens. In my watch below I had been dreaming a lot of strange things about tumbling off a high cliff, and going down to the bottom of the sea among mermaids, and then about being at home with my mother. I and the second hand had the middle watch; this is, you know, from night to four o'clock in the morning. My mate took the first truck at the helm, and the night being fine and nothing to do, I lay down to do a bit of "caution," which means that I went to sleep, which I ought to have done. How long I had been asleep I don't know, but something woke me, and I started up on my legs. Just as I did so, the main boom swung over, struck me on the shoulder, and overboard I went nose. I was pretty grimly stunned by the force of the blow, and for a minute or so I didn't know where I was. I felt almost silly like. After a bit I collected my senses, and sang out for help, but nobody seemed to take any notice of me, but just then I saw the old craft fall up, and the next minute she was all black and shaking. I swam on, expecting then to leave the boat, and came to pick me up; but no boat was just out and there she was, now up in the wind, and then yawing off and going nose, scarcely minute getting farther and farther from me. I'd got on my back and I soon found that if I could not get rid of them and some of my clothes, my chance of swimming wouldn't be worth much;

so I turned on my back, and what with flapping and treading water, I got rid of my boots and my jacket and trousers, and was in trim for work. By this time the smack was about half a mile distant, then I heard wind, and drifting astern. I swam on, every now and then bailing her, but nobody took any notice. I could not make out what had become of my watch mate. I began to get almost angry. Why didn't he rouse up the hands and get the boat out? I knew that my only chance was to get help from the smack, for we were out of the track of coasters, and as to land, there wasn't any within a dozen or fifteen miles of me. Still, I didn't seem to lose heart, and kept swimming on. I made a bit of a prayer—it wasn't a very beautiful one, I dare say—but I said what I meant, and I believed God would hear me. I felt better after this, and

came into my head, and I pulled to mind lots of things I had done that I ought not to have done. At last I thought I'd say, "God help me!" and sink quietly to the bottom; but I had as soon said it than I began to do so, for I was round to have another swim. When I did so I struck out of a lump. About a mile to leeward there was a big lump of ice, some her white sails towering in the moonlight. The wind coming towards me, but she was further out to sea; so I struck out across her track, hoping to cut her off. As she came on I could see her watch making the deck, and I sprang up and shouted, but they didn't hear me. I shouted again, but still no answer. Nearer and nearer she came, and I was stopping out with all my strength to meet her before she crossed my track. At last she was now fairly abreast of me, and I thought my last chance was gone, so I hailed her once more—"Ship ahoy!"

"You should have seen how the men aboard were started as you hit this time reached them. They thought it was Neptune, or somebody come up out of the sea."

"Ahoy," at last somebody answered, "where away?"

"Here so," I answered.

"I'm overboard and I have been swimming for an hour."

"A-y, my mate, the reply, he hauled on a little and we'll lower a boat."

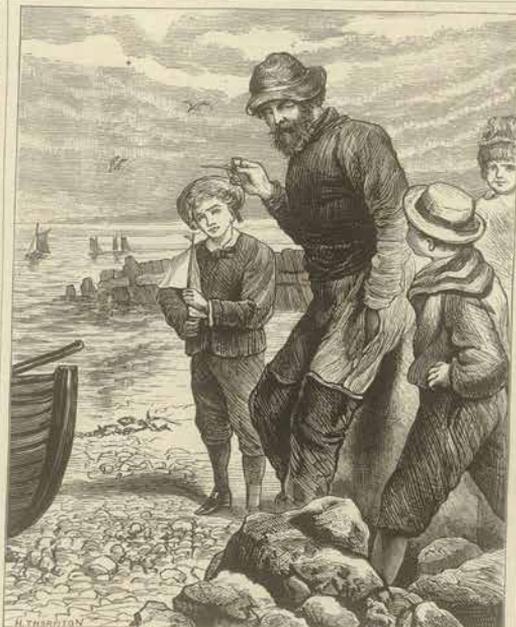
"I was so done up with the cold swim, and so overjoyed at the thought of being saved, that I almost went out of my mind. I can just remember seeing the boat lowered and rowed towards me. I was picked up, but I don't recollect anything more of it, till I fainted as soon as they got me into the boat."

"It was very light when I came to myself, and I found I was in a warm bunk with dry clothes and a cheerful-looking man sitting by my side."

"Well, mate, be said, 'you've had a hard touch of it, how did it happen?"

"I told him all about it, and I thanked him, and I thanked God for bringing me out of such great peril. I found that I was aboard the *Fenny*, of Whitstable, bound to London, with a cargo of deals. The captain's name was Greenhead, and he was very kind to me. Had he been my own father, he couldn't have been kinder, or more considerate. Of course, I hadn't got a farthing of money, but the captain and the men

clubbed together and gave me money and soap. By the time we got into dock, and I was well enough to start home, a week had passed. I went home, I recollect, by the Hull coach. I was young and foolish, and not being able to write myself, I never thought to write my mother, or the owners, to say how I had been saved. I didn't think anything about that, not knowing I was anybody to be supposing I was dead; so when I got home I went thumping into the house. It was just between the lights, and mother was at the table crying. I looked in the window before I went in, and when I opened the door and said softly, "Mother!" Poor old dear, she was started. I can tell you, for she took me for a ghost, struck out, and went off



"I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, YOUNG MASTER."—See page 63.

ing for what she did not possess. She had, of course, admirers, but she favoured none of them, and would say she had no thought of marrying, and so incidentally she had her mother's ear.

"This was all in all, just, but we went so easily on, as if change could not come, and I for one am glad of the lack of it, and that I have not."

"We were both rather stout at tea that afternoon. There could be no doubt in the mind of either of us, or of Edward, that I had made her my own action in the army, and I felt it had led me to my bed."

"Margaret noticed the cloud that was over me, and when Cherry had gone upstairs to dress, she came out to see how I was getting on. 'You will not feel ill, dear, if you are tired to go up to the Downs; the first summer's days are always trying.'"

"Oh, I am going the walk, first or not," I answered, "though I am not so very keen-winded."

"Margaret turned quickly round.

"I would rather you went, Phil—," and now Cherry came down, ready for the walk.

"I see her before me now, with her wide straw hat, with white ribbons, and her pretty white cotton dress, with little red spots or flowers on it."

"Cherry ripe, Cherry ripe," says a voice at the window, and I saw Edward getting at her with unobscured admiration.

"Now be quick and start, my dear, or you will miss the beauty of the evening." He kissed her mother and said—

"I have put your knitting right, mother, and take care of yourself all we come back."

"We set off at last, Edward walking 'Cherry ripe' as he went, and despairing his name. 'We did not talk much, and I could see by the rear light, I caught under the wide hat, that Cherry was not quite like her usual self."

"The cricket went on in the Downs, and our way there led us along Sussex Road, now a line of white, stretching out past the quarry. 'Are we not making the quarry very nice now?'"

"Wasn't they looking at it," Cherry said, stopping short.

"A man came to me said—'They dashed the pool this afternoon, and they are turning out a lot of rubbish that has been thrown in.' There's not a piece of rubbish there, mother, and I don't know where you go to."

"With here, or walk on slowly," I said to Cherry, "I will follow you." For suddenly, with a flash of remembrance, I seemed to see a line of figures plucking up that hill with something heavy, and getting it full with a dull splash in these dark stagnant waters.

"Cherry hesitated, but Edward said—

"All right, come along, don't hang about there's no wind to speak of." So they passed on, and I led my way through the crowd, and saw piled up a lot of fish and meat, in which a few stained scarves, hosiery, and other articles were seen.

"Now, stand off," said one of the men. "These's things has got to be taken away." A policeman was walking about about the articles with his hat, and said—

"No, these's nothing but rubbish, and it's none of your business any one to handle it."

"There's something more deeply than the rest," a man said. "Why, it's a basket full half rotten, and a sticking out of it."

"And that is scraps of a lot of iron, knives which have been discovered at the time of the fire, I possess them, and will give them to you," said I.

"I am not look at that, please. I think I know something about it."

"The box was locked, but we forced it open, and they showed us, as fresh if it had been thrown into the pool yesterday, was the last jewel-box, filled with all the valuables, except a locket, from which I smelt the face of a beautiful girl, Mrs. Campbell's mother, as I have said. The diamonds and pearls were all gone; but the picture remained, a slight witness of the robbery committed so many years before, and which, had it ever come to light, would have identified all Jonathan, with the girl's father. There was a bag of old clothes, which had been stuffed into the bag, but all were ruined by the action of the water, and were worthless of no value, though I carried them off to Jonathan to keep, and therefore disposed of them that night."

"Some distinguished persons were among them, which would have told indisputably, had it been resulting that looked as if it had been a candy."

The little jewel-box showed no sign of decay, except that the purple colour of the leather was faded. There was nothing of value in it, except the miniature and an old card, and a string of what the robbers knew would bring it nothing in the way of money—a string of imitation pearls.

"I read the inscription, and told what I saw. I would take care of the jewel-box, and see that the rightful owner had it."

"The policeman cleared a little, till I understood the name of Mr. Kingston, of Devonport, and the robbery twenty years before. Adam Lee's name was there, and I saw that this was the man I had to save the life of the sister at the fire. I left the last in his care for the night, and was to call on the Superintendent at the Station next-day."

(To be continued.)

On the Government of the Tongue.

"BY the term, 'a woman's tongue' becomes a proverbial expression among us. Why is it that in every country there prevails a notion that the Christian woman is often used by women for evil? It is because, although the inclusion of women to learn with their own hands is frequently regarded, and certainly exists; it is because women, in general, have more time and opportunity to sit with their hands than men have; they are, therefore, in the case, let us see if Christianity cannot help Christian womanhood in this, as in everything else where help is frequently wanted, to govern words, and make lightest, truest right her own.

"First of all, let Christian women take up their Bibles, and see how many are the many a text they will find frequently repeated, and understand how large and dark, in God's eyes, those sins look, which they so often commit in their every-day talk, as they speak carelessly as they put on or off a ribbon. One after another the Scripture texts ring out solemnly in the ears of the women, and make them start, and hearts to beat, and minds which are not willing yet against heeding the warnings of the Holy Spirit. Here there is no space to quote these precious words of sacred writ; one passage is as full of force and meaning as the next, on a Bible page and far off, is full of heavenly aid and mercy. They are so numerous that they would fill a little volume all by themselves. Let each woman read and learn for herself, and think, and pray, and strive to take the lesson home."

"One chief reason why women sin with their tongues more than men is, that they have often more leisure in their lives. The man goes about, moving to read, downward, slandering words in the office or the tradesman's shop, and has not much time for talking, even in the land of our friends, those who are his companions, sitting or standing side by side with him; the wife, on the other hand, stays at home, and although there are usually many a busy household duty to fill in every hour; if they ever will and abstemiously than, it is very difficult to resist the impulse, which a neighbour looks in of wasting just a few minutes in a little gossip, or if the neighbour does not deign to look in, what possible harm can there be, when the subject interests her, in putting in a few words, and walking a little way down the street to that same neighbour's house, to enjoy that same bit of gossip."

"If the subjects talked of by women in these passing meetings were confined to circumstances and things connected only with their own personal interests, the practice would surely be a useless waste of time. New warts of time in a bad enough evil; but slandering and gossiping are far worse evils, and it is almost a gossip is sure to call sooner or later. First, one of the two women takes pleasure in railing back with her slandering words, and the other is sure to reply little fragment of scandal to retaliate, finally they both set to work to tear in pieces the character of a so-called friend who is not present. If the kind of gossip does not flow in such a direction, it spreads into long, tall, and complete histories of all the evil which has been done or at least has been, and to have been done by every inhabitant of the street or the village.

It would be found by both fathers terribly dull and painful to tell any good things which their neighbours had done, or any good words which they had spoken; so that if a slight strong will—I will give much to the purpose in this case—weak women although they are sometimes pleased to call themselves good, and find a right strong will every possible bad deed or speech which have darkened the lives of other men or women within a mile or so of their dwelling, and if a woman tells many very likely so to inform, but that does not make the slightest difference.

"Does not a feeling of love and dignified rise up in the mind of every Christian woman as she looks steadily for a few moments at the picture sketched above of the way in which much of the time of many Christian women is passed? If a woman feels an inclination growing up within herself to glide into sin of this sort, let her stop resolutely, before she has had leisure to do deeply ingrained in her daily life for it to be rooted out without more strength of purpose than most women possess. The means for preventing the downward course lie close to her hand; they are frequent duties of God's holy word; they are earnest prayers that her Master in heaven will set a guard upon her words; they are steadfastly endeavoring to fill the mind and the time with objects which may be useful and helpful to others and herself.

"If a Christian woman can find something that she will have greater pleasure in doing than taking away her neighbour's character, and setting all that will show them that which reaches her soul, than speaking ill-natured words about men and women—words which are never remarkable for either their beauty or sense. If she can find a little light looking up into her, and asking, with bright, intelligent eyes, to be shown the way up to the eternal golden City, a way, which she will bring forth thither this year, will with difficulty forget; here are little hands stretched out towards her, to be placed in the hand of a Friend who can care to leave her back."

"Here on the shelf is the Book of Love, which with much work as this lying close to her, by her very length, made the precious moments—the moments which her best and her most powerful power for both time and eternity—in his offering the latest woman in, making some simple but true to a string, which are as precious as life. Is she a childless wife, here are many small comforts for her husband to be thought of and cared for by loving hands; here are words of mercy, which may be in her own eyes as irremediable, but for that not less acceptable to God, words of mercy to be done for the old and sick."

"Here on the shelf is the Book of Love, which with much work as this lying close to her, by her very length, made the precious moments—the moments which her best and her most powerful power for both time and eternity—in his offering the latest woman in, making some simple but true to a string, which are as precious as life. Is she a childless wife, here are many small comforts for her husband to be thought of and cared for by loving hands; here are words of mercy, which may be in her own eyes as irremediable, but for that not less acceptable to God, words of mercy to be done for the old and sick."

"Here on the shelf is the Book of Love, which with much work as this lying close to her, by her very length, made the precious moments—the moments which her best and her most powerful power for both time and eternity—in his offering the latest woman in, making some simple but true to a string, which are as precious as life. Is she a childless wife, here are many small comforts for her husband to be thought of and cared for by loving hands; here are words of mercy, which may be in her own eyes as irremediable, but for that not less acceptable to God, words of mercy to be done for the old and sick."

"Here on the shelf is the Book of Love, which with much work as this lying close to her, by her very length, made the precious moments—the moments which her best and her most powerful power for both time and eternity—in his offering the latest woman in, making some simple but true to a string, which are as precious as life. Is she a childless wife, here are many small comforts for her husband to be thought of and cared for by loving hands; here are words of mercy, which may be in her own eyes as irremediable, but for that not less acceptable to God, words of mercy to be done for the old and sick."

AMEX. MAN.

Uncle Bruce's Cheque.

LAUGHING babe, a laughing child, a laughing maid, a laughing, and a laughing matron was Nancy—a group of merry children clustered round her. She laughed away their tears and little troubles. She laughed away her husband's sighs of sorrow, and made home, as Rupert said, all sunshine.

It was August, and London was almost empty, deserted by those whose custom it used to be a great throng, but a great crowd and a great throng were left of those who had an inclination, no leisure, or no means for flight. This Fourth's week, amongst the latter number. "Those were bad," said Rupert with a cloud on his brow.

"It is always darkest before the dawn," answered Nancy.

"Father, mother," breathlessly cried Romp and Boance, the twins, rushing into the room. "A letter from Uncle Bruce, we know by the tag and seal"—a letter of no common importance. "A shot of joy escaped Rupert's lips: first one and then the other twin was jumped into the air to dangerous heights, enjoying with all their hearts their father's raptures of high spirits. Nancy opened while had picked up and read the letter. The twins were no exception between the husband and wife. This is what she read—

Penfold Castle,

Devon.

"Dear Rupert—I am growing an old man, my time for doing good is short; you must let me have the pleasure of giving you all some good news. Enclosed is a cheque for one hundred pounds; no thanks necessary; only a line when you have found a nest, and I will keep it to you some day.

Your affectionate uncle,

Tom Bates."

"The dawn has come, historical hero, a ring of sentences in the wet voice, a dew on the silver lashes. Uncle Bruce's kindness had filled the loving wife and mother's heart with deep gratitude. The cheque was read. Rupert's brow, the twins to revel in gaining the three-year-old Margaret, the park, to spin round in her pale blue dress, the strength in the little frame that had been growing daily weaker, the baby to cry and laugh at sight of the sparkling waves, and as for Nancy, who the dazzling light had for the time dimmed her eyes with its unlooked-for brightness. Breakfast had to be postponed, and after due deliberation the idea of Man was decided on for the holiday trip—a fast train to Liverpool serving in time for the Saturday (one o'clock) Manx boat. A delightful voyage. The fair little island sight, the pleasant excitement of the landing at Douglas, and then away in a car to Castle Mona Hotel facing the lovely bay. Monday the next day found themselves installed in lodgings at Fort Erin, one of the fairest spots in the fair island from which such health and pleasure might be seen, such cautious taken, such health and pleasure enjoyed.

A week passed, and Uncle Bruce made his appearance, a tall man with iron grey hair and steel blue eyes, and a face that might have been handsome and pleasing too, but for a look which seemed to say "the world has not been kind or loving to me, don't think I'm going to be kind to you."

"Plenty of money, but none ever and dear to me," was Uncle Bruce's story—a lodging and here him, for some thing different had come to him and prompted his sending the cheque to his nephew, Rupert, Fourth, who up to the present time had been almost a stranger to him.

"We have been wanting you to be kind to me," cried Boance.

"Yes, we have put off our picnic to Port Soller till you came," shouted Romp.

And away the boys dragged their new-found uncle to the shore, nothing daunted by his cold manner.

"Pat hard with the spade and the castle walls will keep together. You must dig down here by the bay, don't be afraid of your clothes. Mother says she said some brasses off." With Romp's words of encouragement Uncle Bruce was given to Uncle. The castle, which finished, was given to Uncle Bruce for his very own to live in. The three had admired the grand building for a few minutes when the fast incoming tide dashed it to pieces.

"Come away, Uncle Bruce, you will be drowned!"

And again the pair of strong young arms were rolling hard at Uncle Bruce.

This was only one of many happy hours spent on the shore—as the ivy winds around the oak, so the twins swayed themselves around their uncle. Many a time the boys would say their games and climb on the rocks to the old man's side, and sit awhile by him, almost gaining an inch of height, bright young eyes, thus bearing their companion on and laughing at the old man's side. "Uncle Bruce, you often wonder what you can see out yonder, when you look so hard out to sea, when you tell us?" Thus, started from his reverie, he answered:

"What do I see my little man? A heap of things you would not understand."

"Is it the Cumberland Hills?" questioned Romp.

"It is not of the Cumberland Hills, but of the past I am thinking, Romp."

"That must be pleasant—the old happy days, father and mother calls them—when you look quite sad. Haven't they been quite happy days?"

"There was an earnest, wistful look in the child's eyes as he questioned."

Boance broke the silence that followed, exclaiming, "We will make you very happy now; you must have all the shells and sea-weeds to make some with you. You can spare there, Romp, all of them?"

"Oh, yes, every one."

"Thanks, my dear, thanks!"

A few more days and the shells and sea-weeds were packed. Uncle Bruce and the two boys, Penfold Castle, in beautiful Devonshire. It wanted but a few days to Christmas, the money laid out and crisp on the ground outside, tucked all neatly and neatly. Uncle Bruce piled the wood higher and higher on the great hall stove, all the afternoon. He had been ministering ever the house.

Boance broke the silence that followed, exclaiming, "We will make you very happy now; you must have all the shells and sea-weeds to make some with you. You can spare there, Romp, all of them?"

"Oh, yes, every one."

"Thanks, my dear, thanks!"

A few more days and the shells and sea-weeds were packed. Uncle Bruce and the two boys, Penfold Castle, in beautiful Devonshire. It wanted but a few days to Christmas, the money laid out and crisp on the ground outside, tucked all neatly and neatly. Uncle Bruce piled the wood higher and higher on the great hall stove, all the afternoon. He had been ministering ever the house.

Boance broke the silence that followed, exclaiming, "We will make you very happy now; you must have all the shells and sea-weeds to make some with you. You can spare there, Romp, all of them?"

"Oh, yes, every one."

"Thanks, my dear, thanks!"

A few more days and the shells and sea-weeds were packed. Uncle Bruce and the two boys, Penfold Castle, in beautiful Devonshire. It wanted but a few days to Christmas, the money laid out and crisp on the ground outside, tucked all neatly and neatly. Uncle Bruce piled the wood higher and higher on the great hall stove, all the afternoon. He had been ministering ever the house.

Boance broke the silence that followed, exclaiming, "We will make you very happy now; you must have all the shells and sea-weeds to make some with you. You can spare there, Romp, all of them?"

"Oh, yes, every one."

"Thanks, my dear, thanks!"

A few more days and the shells and sea-weeds were packed. Uncle Bruce and the two boys, Penfold Castle, in beautiful Devonshire. It wanted but a few days to Christmas, the money laid out and crisp on the ground outside, tucked all neatly and neatly. Uncle Bruce piled the wood higher and higher on the great hall stove, all the afternoon. He had been ministering ever the house.

quickly, and once again the old castle returned to its stillness. There were no more shots from the tink ruck of joyous spirits. Uncle Bruce would wander in and look fondly on the dusky boys. It would not be very long ere the twins returned to brighten the old place again. The Mentions, looking at the little piles of shells and seaweed on his writing table, he formed plans for their future good. Nancy had left some of her sunbath lozenges, and he laughed, his unshaking lesson, that it is the human things of life that make up the sum of human happiness—the kindly word, the little word of approval or welcome, the little act of kindness.

"Two men were walking down Pall Mall, arm-in-arm. No uncommon sight. Yet, as they moved on in earnest conversation, many a glance was cast on them, there was a fire and power in the dark eyes that told they were no idlers on the face of the earth, but men who would leave their mark for good on God's fair creation. There was a warm-looked friend between the two faces. On their second meeting, "we have a purpose in life."

"Romp, it promises to be fine to-morrow. I suppose it is happy for the bridegroom as well as the bride if the sun shines on him on the wedding morn, though the saying is 'Happy the bride whom the sun shines on and the bridegroom whom the sun should be in the saying.'"

"To-morrow at last," laughingly rejoined Romp—the same light-hearted Romp who had been in the morning on the look at Fort Erin, the old bright smile which had won many hearts, not in the drawing-rooms of fashion, but away in the dark dens and alleys of the east of London. "Now he is giving up his survey, and before him lay a bright prospect as Vicar of Penfold. To-morrow was to see his name on one of the points fitted for England's wife."

Friend and delighted was Uncle Bruce at the prospect of the man who had been so long in the mind was fresh and active, and he was able to enjoy in a calm peaceful old age the blessed joy of making others happy. Sweet and kind were his words, his cheeks for one hundred pounds had been born.

But a few years passed and Boance was a frail old man, and the very joy and delight he had once enjoyed in the company of his grandchildren. Still bright and cheerful, her calm, sweet face told its own tale—in the eyes of the old man, and in the eyes of the young perfect peace herself. G. J.

THE CRYSTAL STORIES.

"Throughly suited and adapted for the young."

"Daily News,"—Daily News, Dec. 7, 1882.

No. XXVIII, price One Penny, Post free 1/4, ready

on Sat. Jan. 15, 1883, will contain complete

STOLEN AWAY.

By "SCOT" (MISS G. H. WOODS).

No. 1. The Woman who Bared Her Hair.

No. 2. Maidens of the Mountains.

No. 3. The Boy who Bared Her Hair.

No. 4. Daily March, the Prison Flower.

No. 5. The Boy who Bared Her Hair.

No. 6. A Girl's Harvest.

No. 7. The High Noon.

No. 8. The High Noon.

No. 9. The High Noon.

No. 10. The High Noon.

No. 11. The High Noon.

No. 12. The High Noon.

No. 13. The High Noon.

No. 14. The High Noon.

No. 15. The High Noon.

No. 16. The High Noon.

No. 17. The High Noon.

No. 18. The High Noon.

No. 19. The High Noon.

No. 20. The High Noon.

No. 21. The High Noon.

No. 22. The High Noon.

No. 23. The High Noon.

No. 24. The High Noon.

No. 25. The High Noon.

No. 26. The High Noon.

No. 27. The High Noon.

No. 28. The High Noon.

No. 29. The High Noon.

No. 30. The High Noon.

No. 31. The High Noon.

No. 32. The High Noon.

No. 33. The High Noon.

No. 34. The High Noon.

No. 35. The High Noon.

No. 36. The High Noon.

No. 37. The High Noon.

No. 38. The High Noon.

No. 39. The High Noon.

No. 40. The High Noon.

No. 41. The High Noon.

No. 42. The High Noon.

No. 43. The High Noon.

No. 44. The High Noon.

No. 45. The High Noon.

No. 46. The High Noon.

No. 47. The High Noon.

No. 48. The High Noon.

No. 49. The High Noon.

No. 50. The High Noon.

No. 51. The High Noon.

No. 52. The High Noon.

No. 53. The High Noon.

No. 54. The High Noon.

No. 55. The High Noon.

No. 56. The High Noon.

No. 57. The High Noon.

No. 58. The High Noon.

No. 59. The High Noon.

No. 60. The High Noon.

No. 61. The High Noon.

No. 62. The High Noon.

No. 63. The High Noon.

No. 64. The High Noon.

No. 65. The High Noon.

No. 66. The High Noon.

No. 67. The High Noon.

No. 68. The High Noon.

No. 69. The High Noon.

No. 70. The High Noon.

No. 71. The High Noon.

No. 72. The High Noon.

No. 73. The High Noon.

No. 74. The High Noon.

No. 75. The High Noon.

No. 76. The High Noon.

No. 77. The High Noon.

No. 78. The High Noon.

No. 79. The High Noon.

No. 80. The High Noon.

No. 81. The High Noon.

No. 82. The High Noon.

No. 83. The High Noon.

No. 84. The High Noon.

No. 85. The High Noon.

No. 86. The High Noon.

No. 87. The High Noon.

No. 88. The High Noon.

No. 89. The High Noon.

No. 90. The High Noon.

No. 91. The High Noon.

No. 92. The High Noon.

No. 93. The High Noon.

No. 94. The High Noon.

No. 95. The High Noon.

No. 96. The High Noon.

No. 97. The High Noon.

No. 98. The High Noon.

No. 99. The High Noon.

No. 100. The High Noon.

No. 101. The High Noon.

No. 102. The High Noon.

No. 103. The High Noon.

No. 104. The High Noon.

No. 105. The High Noon.

No. 106. The High Noon.

No. 107. The High Noon.

No. 108. The High Noon.

No. 109. The High Noon.

No. 110. The High Noon.

No. 111. The High Noon.

No. 112. The High Noon.

No. 113. The High Noon.

No. 114. The High Noon.

No. 115. The High Noon.

No. 116. The High Noon.

No. 117. The High Noon.

No. 118. The High Noon.

No. 119. The High Noon.

No. 120. The High Noon.

No. 121. The High Noon.

No. 122. The High Noon.

No. 123. The High Noon.

No. 124. The High Noon.

No. 125. The High Noon.

No. 126. The High Noon.

No. 127. The High Noon.

No. 128. The High Noon.

No. 129. The High Noon.

No. 130. The High Noon.

No. 131. The High Noon.

No. 132. The High Noon.

No. 133. The High Noon.

No. 134. The High Noon.

No. 135. The High Noon.

No. 136. The High Noon.

No. 137. The High Noon.

No. 138. The High Noon.

No. 139. The High Noon.

No. 140. The High Noon.

No. 141. The High Noon.

No. 142. The High Noon.

No. 143. The High Noon.

No. 144. The High Noon.

No. 145. The High Noon.

No. 146. The High Noon.

No. 147. The High Noon.

No. 148. The High Noon.

No. 149. The High Noon.

No. 150. The High Noon.

No. 151. The High Noon.

No. 152. The High Noon.

No. 153. The High Noon.

No. 154. The High Noon.

No. 155. The High Noon.

No. 156. The High Noon.

No. 157. The High Noon.

No. 158. The High Noon.

No. 159. The High Noon.

No. 160. The High Noon.

No. 161. The High Noon.

No. 162. The High Noon.

No. 163. The High Noon.

No. 164. The High Noon.

No. 165. The High Noon.

No. 166. The High Noon.

No. 167. The High Noon.

No. 168. The High Noon.

No. 169. The High Noon.

No. 170. The High Noon.