No. 286. AFTER LONG YEARS.—"She had just finished her letter."—*See page 74.*

After Long Years.

A JUBILEE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

FOR RUBIE'S SAKE.

NESTLING among the Welsh hills, some twenty miles from Cwm, and approached by a long, narrow, winding pass, stands a lone house, surrounded with trees that extend thirty or forty feet to the garden beneath.

Farming, spinning the household linen, and making and mending their clothes, sufficiently occupy the inmates of this dwelling, the head of which is a quiet, retiring man, more interested in agricultural pursuits than in anything else, from the proceeds of which he and his two daughters derive their living.

Margaret is the elder, Rubie—a girl of eighteen summers—is the younger.

Little news of the outside world ever travels to this sequestered nook, but the one grand theme—the Queen's Jubilee—had reached even here; and as Rubie hoed and raked her flower-beds, her thoughts were busily engaged with the subject.

There would be grand doings all over the kingdom, and in London, the great capital of England's wealth, there would be the gayest of all—had not Annie Farley's father told her so himself?

Well, Rubie thought she would like to participate in some of these fine doings, and, above all, she wished to see the Queen.

"Have you ever seen her, Carrie?" she asked of a grave, thoughtful-looking woman, who sat at work on a seat close by.

"Not likely; how could I, child?"

"No; I suppose you never could," said Rubie. "I wonder if Annie and her father will see her: they start on Monday; isn't it delightful for them?"

But Rubie's enthusiasm met with no response; a graver shade than usual settled over her companion's face as she worked on in silence.

Presently the sun sank to its rest, the shadows of evening stole over the hills, and day gradually merged into night. Soon the lights were out in the lone house, and the family retired to rest: Rubie to dream of the gay and grand doings that would take place in London during the next few months, and to imagine all sorts of possible and improbable events connected with them; while Margaret, burdened with household cares, slumbered by her side, in happy ignorance of her sister's ambition. Only one in this household knew the desire of this young girl's heart, and that was Caroline True, and while the rest calmly slept, she alone kept watch. Her patient, self-enduring countenance wore a thoughtful, earnest look, and more than once a tear dimmed her eyes.

Indeed, she was sadly troubled and agitated to-night. "The child" (Rubie was always "the child" with her) had awakened painful recollections; London was full of baneful associations to her, and though Rubie was acquainted with Carrie's history, she little dreamed how the bare mention of the metropolis tortured and mangled her faithful heart.

She was not really old: the grey hair and lines of care were more the result of heart sorrows than of years. But should she let her own troubles mar Rubie's pleasure? Surely not. Rubie was her dead foster-sister's child, whom she had nursed and tended from her infancy. Though London had no pleasant memories for her, there was no reason why Rubie should not visit it. But how was this to be done?

Carrie considered awhile; then she stole softly across the room to a quaint antique chest in which she kept her worldly goods. She raised the lid: everything was neat and in order; she knew exactly where to put her hand on that which she wanted.

Yes; it was in the round mahogany box with the silver top—as handsome an ornament as any would wish to possess, and one on which Carrie set great store. It was linked with hallowed memories, and she fingered it fondly. She took it to the window; and while the moonbeams shed a halo of light around her, she opened the box and counted her hoard of money. There were five golden sovereigns; "more than enough," she told herself, for the purpose she had in view, and for Rubie she could make the sacrifice.

"It will be my way of keeping the Jubilee," thought Carrie, with the glimmer of a smile.

This settled, she packed her treasures away, and retired to rest.

The next morning, before the household was astir, Carrie was up, dressed, and out.

How sweet the air was! And how busy were the jackdaws in looking for their food! "And is not their finding it a proof that all our wants are known to Him who can supply our need?" But even as Carrie asked herself the question she sighed, for the flesh is weak though the spirit is willing; and though she was desirous of thinking all was for the best, she felt her trials were hard to bear.

But away with thoughts of self; here was Mr. Farley's cottage—a neat, pretty little residence, covered with ivy.

Annie and her father were at breakfast; and as soon as the "good mornings" were exchanged, the visitor lost no time in acquainting them with her errand, which, to the no small surprise of both, was to ask them to take Rubie up to London with them when they went.

"It will be a great treat for the dear child, for she has never seen the place; and, as you know, she much wishes to do so."

"Ah, that she does!" said Mr. Farley, thoughtfully; "and I shall be very pleased to take her with us; she will be company for Annie—what say you, lassie?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Annie, gaily.

"But now, Mistress Carrie, at what are you looking so anxious?" asked Mr. Farley.

"I was thinking," she answered, uneasily, "of the responsibility I have laid on you. You will take every care of Rubie, I know; I should never forgive myself if anything happened to her."

The old organist readily assured her that Rubie would be quite safe in his care; and after sundry arrangements relating to the journey had been satisfactorily settled, Carrie returned home.

She had other business to transact before naming the project to the maiden herself; there were Mr. Campbell and Margaret to consult, and she felt in nowise assured of their consent.

It was just as she thought: both father and sister were loth that she should spend her savings in this way, and it was not till they saw how deeply pained their trusted friend was by their refusal that they yielded to her wishes.

"It is my way of celebrating the Jubilee," said Carrie, in support of her argument; "and surely, if I choose to give Rubie this treat, nobody need say nay to it."

It would have been hard indeed if she could not have had this pleasure; and Margaret and her father, who knew and sympathized with her troubles, smiled kindly at her pleasant face.

And now for Rubie: but with her the task was not so difficult. After one positively uttered assertion that she never *could* or *would* let Carrie make this sacrifice for her, she yielded, as the latter reminded her that, in all probability, by going to London she would see the Queen herself.

That day, with her heart full of anticipations, Rubie began to prepare for her journey.

CHAPTER II.

CARRIE'S STORY.

IT happened years ago, in the full bloom of Carrie's early womanhood, when she knew little of the world, and was in ignorance of its ways and doings.

She was always willing and able to assist others, mirthful and light-hearted, and earned for herself in her native village the pleasant name of "Sunshine."

Yes, hers was, indeed, a bright joyous nature; but that was before the cloud gathered, and with one fell swoop burst over her head.

In the same hamlet dwelt a family of the name of Dolby. John, the eldest son, came to London and was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but before that he and Carrie plighted their troth, and mutual faith in each other's love for a time made all things fair.

Then came a day when evil befell the pair: when the light of faith and trust died away from "Sunshine's" face, and her heart was nearly turned to stone.

Often she mentally rehearsed the sad story, as now—on the day of Rubie's departure for London—when she sat alone on her favourite seat under the spreading trees.

Vividly she recalled the facts; it had been an exceptionally hot day; in the cool of the evening she was busy in her little room writing to John.

She had just finished her letter when she heard voices and steps in the lane. She went into the garden and looked over the low hedge; as she did so she saw two strangers approaching.

They were elderly, keen-eyed men, with nothing particularly noticeable in their appearance, and yet she was conscious of an uncomfortable sensation as the strangers addressed her.

"Are you Caroline True?" asked the foremost.

"Yes," she answered, flushing as she did so under the close scrutiny.

"Then perhaps you can tell us the whereabouts of a certain young man named John Dolby?"

The question was simple and straightforward enough, but what was there in the speaker's voice that made poor "Sunshine" shiver? Alas! there was no brightness in her face as she said hurriedly:

"What do you want to know for?"

"That is our business."

"Then I shall not give the information you require till I am aware of the purpose for which you request it," replied Carrie with spirit, and her blue eyes gleamed with some newly awakened feeling as she confronted her questioner.

"Come now," the words were spoken more soothingly, "you had better tell us where he is at once and save all further bother."

"What do you mean? What can you mean?" asked "Sunshine" with perplexity.

"I just mean this," and the taller of the two men bent forward and almost whispered the words into her ear, "that that lover of yours has got himself into a scrape—taken fifty pounds of his master's money, and now he can't be found. It will be better for him to give himself up at once," he added, coolly.

But poor "Sunshine" might have been stone deaf, beyond a fixed, dazed look into the speaker's face she gave no outward sign that she heard. It was only when the man gently touched her arm that she recoiled from him as though bitten by a snake.

"Monster!" she said, "how dare you say such things."

"That is all very well, my good girl," answered the man, sadly, "but that won't assist us in finding this young man—do you know where he is?"

"Of course I do," and Sunshine spoke out fearlessly though her face was ashen pale.

"Then perhaps you will tell us."

"That is just what I shall *not* do," she replied, indignantly; "you are bold, bad men to accuse an innocent lad of such villainy."

She had quite recovered from the deathly feeling that a moment ago had threatened to overwhelm her, and now, in the firm belief of her lover's integrity, she was moved to a degree of warmth of which she would have thought herself incapable.

But her exclamations brought other witnesses on the scene. At the cottage door appeared her father and mother, hale, genial-looking persons, with just a touch of frost on their abundant black hair.

"What now, lass? What is it?" And Adam True, followed by his wife, stepped forward and confronted the strangers.

And then the tale was told again, more fully and circumstantially, while certain papers were produced, showing that they had a warrant to search the Trues' home, as well as that of John Dolby's parents, which latter they had already done, without finding any trace of the runaway, for such they announced the young fellow had become.

And while Adam True and his wife looked grave and pale, Sunshine indignantly asserted that John was no runaway—for he was at his lodgings in Moon Street, whence she had had a letter from him but a day or two ago.

"And you have not heard anything of him since?" asked the detective, and in the steady, unflinching "no," even his keen scrutiny failed to discover the shadow of equivocation.

"Poor girl," he mentally said. Aloud he added, "I must search this house, please."

This was done, Adam True and his wife following

from room to room him and his companion, while Sunshine looked after them with scornful mien.

Of course the search proved fruitless, and at length they departed. Then the little household asked one another what it all meant? And while Carrie was declaring more firmly than ever her trust and confidence in her lover laddie, the garden gate opened, and more visitors arrived. This time they were John's father and mother, but their pale, tear-stained faces and troubled appearance struck a chill to the hearts of all.

Their story was soon told; with bowed heads and in faltering accents they confirmed the detective's tale. No, there was no room for hope; it was all true—their good name was gone, and their son—— But at mention of that name they broke down entirely, and speech was hushed in the throes of sorrow.

"But the *proof*—where is the *proof*?" gasped Carrie. That, alas! was forthcoming. A hasty line, in John's handwriting, bearing neither address nor signature, was tremblingly unfolded and given to the girl.

"Mother, don't grieve for me—tell Sunshine I am unworthy of her, and ask her to forget me."

And was that all? Was *that* the end of her dream of a bright and happy future? As one who heard not, Carrie sat in their midst as they spoke in low whispers one to another. The blight had fallen heavily upon her.

We must pass over the dreary days that followed, and come to the one on which, weary of living in hiding and of being hunted from place to place, John Dolby gave himself up to justice, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

At the expiration of that term he went abroad, refusing up to the last the solicitations of his family and friends that he would give them an interview. From the moment of his fall he had never looked on one loved, familiar face, and it was only through the kindness of the chaplain of the gaol that his father and mother, and through them poor heartbroken Sunshine, learnt the story of his sin, and his bitter though unavailing regret thereat.

It was the outcome of a sudden impulse—born of the haste to grow rich.

Tempted to speculate, and with no money of his own to do so, he took his master's, and hence the misery that followed, the loss being discovered before John had time to replace it.

"This dangerous and dishonourable practice has been the ruin of many," added the chaplain; "but, take courage, and pray for your son; many a fair and noble character has risen from even a greater fall."

The good man's words cheered those to whom they were addressed, and time, the merciful healer of all wounds, deadened the scars of theirs; but as the years rolled on, and they heard nothing of him, their hearts yearned sorely for tidings of their son.

Full well Carrie remembered how unbearable became her life till she learnt to be patient and resigned.

About this time, too, her mother's foster-daughter, to whom she was deeply attached, left the family where she had been for many years as governess, to be married to Mr. Campbell; and on the death of her parents, Carrie, now a grave, sorrowful-looking woman, became an inmate of her Welsh home.

She filled the post of friend and useful companion. And when Margaret and her little sister Rubie came, Carrie was as a second mother to them.

She had tended them with loving faithfulness ever since, and there was no one more valued by the widower and his daughters than Caroline True.

And now, as she sat at work in the dull, lone garden, she wondered how Rubie, the darling of her heart, was getting on, and what *she* would think of the great London world which, to *her*, was connected with such sorrow.

And Rubie, with her eyes and cheeks glowing with anticipation, was whirled towards the City, where she was to see her Queen.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUEEN.

In the loyal City of London Rubie opened her eyes the next morning. It mattered not that she was in a narrow side street, nor that the apartments, though clean and comfortable, were gloomy, and when compared with the freshness of her Welsh home, stifling and airless. All this was of little consequence when arrayed against facts, and the realities of the case merged these trifles into complete insignificance.

Yes, she was really in the great metropolis, actually within a few miles of the Queen's own palace; and that very day she and her friends were going to make a determined effort to catch a glimpse of her Majesty herself.

While the thought of so doing sent a thrill of delight through loyal Rubie, Mr. Farley was contending with certain nervous apprehensions as to the prudence of venturing into a crowd with a couple of girls; but swayed by their persuasions rather than his own judgment, he smiled away his fears, and in due time he and they were swelling the ranks of a vast concourse of persons, which extended to the gates of Buckingham Palace itself.

Mr. Farley was a Londoner, and knew something of crowds and their ways. He chose an advantageous spot, and placed the two girls well in front of him. After much patient waiting, a soldier galloped forward, then there was a cry—"The Queen comes!" and in the distance cheer was heard upon cheer, which was caught up all along the route; hats were off, and while every one raised a joyous cry, our sovereign lady, graciously smiling and bowing, drove by, while the strains of the National Anthem mingled with the voices of her people.

Who would remain unmoved at such a spectacle?

Not Rubie Campbell; every nerve thrilled within her, while her eyes were centred on her Queen. She was in the front row; the carriage made a slight halt at that spot, and Rubie—yes, she actually did—received a bow direct from her Majesty.

She felt all the better for it, so contagious is the power of goodness; and while she mentally vowed fresh fealty to her Sovereign, she resolved, with the blessing of the King of kings resting on her efforts, to emulate, in every domestic virtue, her who, for fifty long years, had sympathised with the joys and sorrows of her subjects.

But the procession moved on; the crowd broke up, and the vast concourse became a moving mass. At the part where Rubie and her friends stood there was an ugly rush; the multitude surged hither and thither, women screamed and turned deathly white; Rubie and Annie clung to one another, while Mr. Farley, with a strange, uneasy sensation stealing over him to which he had been a stranger for many years, tried to uphold them both.

His efforts were of no avail; his grasp relaxed its power, and, while Annie held fast to him in dismay, Rubie was borne away by the struggling, seething crowd.

CHAPTER IV.

A STRONG MAN'S ARM.

But there were kind hearts and willing hands to help the old man in his extremity, and as soon as he was free of the throng he began to recover. But words will scarcely describe his feelings on discovering that he was separated from Rubie. His distress attracted the attention of several persons, and many well-meant suggestions were made, all of which Mr. Farley seemed loth to follow. He could do nothing till he had found Rubie. But at length it seemed useless to wait about and look for her any longer; and following a suggestion of one of the bystanders, that doubtless the young lady was perfectly safe, and would make her way home as speedily as possible, he resolved to go thither himself.

But one thing and another had so thoroughly upset him, that it was plainly visible he could scarcely walk the short distance that intervened between himself and the omnibus. At this juncture, a stranger stepped forward and offered him his arm.

"Don't hurry, sir," he said kindly, while his grave, thoughtful face softened feelingly; "never mind how heavily you lean on me; crowds and bustle, I am afraid, do not suit you."

"It is not altogether that—it is the anxiety I am suffering on account of my young friend," replied Mr. Farley. Then, with an increased look of pain, he turned to his daughter, as he asked: "What shall we do, Annie, if we don't find her?"

"But we shall, father. I feel sure somebody will help her," answered the girl, hopefully.

"Heaven grant it may be so," said Mr. Farley.

But, with the bravest intentions to make the best of the situation, his mind would revert to the most painful features of it, and in a few moments he began to conjecture how, if any harm befell Rubie, he could ever confront her father and sister.

It was in vain that Annie implored him not to think the worst; while the stranger, in hearty, manly tones, that ought to have carried conviction with them, tried to persuade him that there were plenty of true-hearted, honest persons in London, who would gladly assist a friendless girl. "From any respectable shopkeeper or policeman she can ascertain her way," he added.

"But not if she is crushed to death in the crowd—you lose sight of that, my fine fellow," said the old gentleman, testily.

Then, as his thoughts travelled again to the little Welsh household, he continued: "If any mischief comes to Rubie, I think Mistress Caroline would go out of her senses; you know she doats on the child, Annie."

"She does, father; she has had trouble enough."

"I trust no more will be laid on her. But I am tiring you, my friend," added Mr. Farley, as he suddenly paused, and looked up at the stranger.

"Not at all," was the reply; while the voice was thick and husky. A moment after, while they moved on with slackened pace, with an evident effort Mr. Farley's new acquaintance asked:

"You are from the country, I presume?"

"From Wales." And then the old organist named the pretty, picturesque part in which his home was situated.

A sigh escaped the stranger; the place was unknown to him, it was not likely anybody that he knew lived there. But a deeper shade of thoughtfulness settled over his face.

"This is your omnibus," he said presently, as he hailed the passing vehicle; then, prompted by a desire to see the old man and his daughter safe to their lodgings, and if possible to hear tidings of the missing girl, he jumped in after them.

"I will come as far as your door," he said, cheerily; "I think you will want my arm again."

During the ride, each mind was busy with its own conjectures; and when the little party alighted at Gresham Street, it was in a flutter of agitation that Mr. Farley and his daughter approached their lodgings—not knowing if any, or what, news awaited them concerning the lost maiden.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

True, the roses died out of Rubie's cheeks, and her soft blue eyes were wide with fright, as she was borne along in the moving stream, whither she knew not, nor in what direction. But fortunately, before her powers of endurance gave way, the pressure decreased, the crowd thinned, and at last she was able to extricate herself from it.

Full of anxiety on her friends' account, she lost no time in making her way back to Gresham Street; but unfortunately for their peace of mind the journey thither was not accomplished before the Farleys themselves arrived. However, listening to the counsel of the stranger, of whom the old organist had conceived a very favourable opinion, they all three entered the sitting-room to await with patience Rubie's arrival.

It was while doing so that their visitor turned to Annie as he said:

"Your friend has rather an uncommon name; is she christened after any one you know?"

"She was named after her mother—did not Carrie say so, father?"

"I believe so, my dear."

"And this—Mistress Carrie," faltered the stranger, "is she a native of Wales?"

"No; she came from a place called Woodberry."

Annie's look of surprise at the grave-faced man's curiosity changed into an expression of alarm, as, at mention of this locality, he started from his seat, while his countenance became violently agitated. But at that instant there were sounds from without, and Rubie, flushed and anxious, entered the room.

In the joy of her appearance the stranger's demeanour passed unnoticed, and it was not until she

had given a brief sketch of the recent circumstances that had befallen her, that his presence was remembered, and the kind assistance he had rendered to Mr. Farley narrated.

"I don't know what I should have done but for his strong arm," said the old gentleman, cheerily, "for I was terribly upset about you, Miss Rubie."

"I am so sorry," she said, gently.

And all this time the visitor had been regarding her with an air of perplexed uncertainty; then, with the manner of a man who doubted the evidence of his own senses, he said aloud:

"It can't be Rubie Warner!"

At this Rubie turned, and gazed at him steadfastly, as she said:

"That was my mother's name before she was married; did you know her?"

"Yes, I believe so; and you—are her daughter?"

"Yes. I am considered very much like her."

"You are the exact image of what she was. But now tell me," he added, and his voice faltered strangely as he turned to Mr. Farley, "who is this Caroline of whom you have been speaking?"

But Rubie answered promptly:

"A very faithful friend of mine; my mother's foster-sister — Caroline True. Do you know her?"

"Ah!"

The word contained a world of pain as the stranger shaded his eyes with his brawny hand.

The next moment he withdrew it, and looked sadly before him, as he said:

"I did know her in the long ago, and for many years have sought her sorrowing, but till now in vain."

Rubie came a step closer, then, as it dawned upon her who he was, she said:

"You are John——"

"Dolby," he answered, as she hesitated.

She gave a glad little cry of joy for Carrie's sake, as she held out her hand to him, for she knew something of her story, and that it was the parting from her laddie lover that had so saddened her life.

Then she told John Dolby where his once bright-faced "Sunshine" was to be found, and with a new joy in his heart, to which he had been many years a stranger, he took leave of Rubie and her friends.

* * *

Yes, John Dolby was able to explain his long silence satisfactorily to Carrie. The remembrance of his terrible fall from the paths of rectitude had prevented him from holding communication with her or with his parents. In his unavailing regret he thought the wisest thing he could do was to cut himself off for ever from their memory.

"I did it for the best," he said, as he took her hand and held it in his. "Shame and remorse forbade my asking you to link your life with mine that had so foul a blot on it. I even prayed that you might forget me."

They were sitting together under the drooping trees in the lone Welsh garden, sheltered by the stately hills, and then John Dolby told Carrie how he had suffered in those enforced years of exile, yearning and craving for a line, word, or look, from the loved ones at Woodberry, but denying himself the luxury of such until he had made restitution to those he had wronged.

"I knew I never could efface the stain from my name—restore it to its original fairness," he said, mournfully, "but I was resolved to pay every penny-piece of that fifty pounds to those from whom I stole it. I did so, and then——"

"What, John?" she asked softly, as he paused.

"I allowed myself to think of home and 'Sunshine;' something whispered to me that you were true. I felt an inward conviction that though I could never forgive myself the past, we might be happy yet. I wound up my business and came to England, reached Woodberry, alas! to find my old home occupied by strangers, and my parents dead, as were yours also, and from no one could I gather tidings of Caroline True. That is ten years ago," he added; "and though I advertised, and sought by every means in my power to hear news of you, I was unable to do so till yesterday. If I have sufficiently atoned for the sin of former days, tell me, Carrie, that my journey is not in vain."

And the look that Carrie bestowed on the middle-aged, grey-haired man at her side was full of trustful love and forgiveness. He was satisfied, and so was she.

In the quiet happiness that followed, all discords of the past were forgotten, and after long years of suffering and patient waiting, Caroline True and her old love again plighted their troth.

A week later, when Rubie returned safe and well from her ever-memorable visit to London, she found that the wedding was fixed for the 20th of June, in commemoration of the fiftieth year of a good Queen's king, prosperous, and happy reign.

SUSIE.

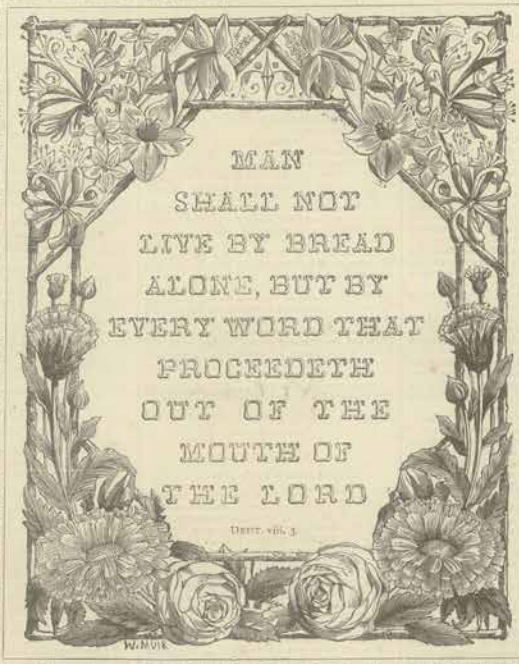
Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

II.

The Veil.—Ex. xxxiv. 27 to end.

THE tables of the law were again to be written. Broken by man's sin, the law of God could not be destroyed, and Moses is called of God again to come up into the Mount to receive new tables. He abode there with God forty days. His partook of no earthly food during that time. God was speaking to him. God's word sustained him, so that he afterwards wrote, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord" (Deut. viii. 3); words quoted by our Lord in the hour of His temptation (St. Matt. iv. 4). Why should such a miracle stumble any; for could not the Creator sustain in His own way that which He had created? Following immediately upon this wonder is that of the miraculous shining of Moses' face (v. 29). Moses had been a long time with God, and the evidence of this was to be seen in the shining of his face. He must have become almost like an angel. Of one of those bright and holy beings we read, "His countenance was like *lightning*" (St. Matt. xxviii. 2, 3); and of another, "His face was as it were the *sun*" (Rev. x. 1). The face of Moses, bright and glistening, became in measure like unto theirs. We are reminded also of our Lord's transfiguration, when "His face did shine as the *sun*" (St. Matt. xvii. 2). Usually the face of Christ may not be supposed to have been in any special way unlike other men. It may have been—we are scarcely able to help so picturing it—more beautiful than other men, but we know not. On the Mount of Transfiguration, however, the face of Christ shone. There was, however, this great difference between the shining of Moses' face and that of Christ. Christ shone in His own glory received from the Father. "We beheld His glory" (St. John i. 12); see also 2 Peter, i. 17. The glory was in Christ and it shone forth. Moses shone because he had stood in God's glory. His was *reflected* light. Here then we see Christ as the sun, Moses as the moon, bright only in the light of the sun. Every Christian is intended of God to be a reflected light—drinking in first God's light by nearness to Him, and then *manifesting* that light to others. It is true of some Christians, and it ought to be true of *all*, that the brightness of their face should tell of *light within*. As the wise man says, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine" (Eccl. viii. 1). But even if the face does not shine, the *life* must! The man who has to do with God, who talks with God as Moses did, will be a *light*. Christ in the heart must be seen, and the way to have it so is to be often with God.

"When one who holds communion with the skies,
And fills his urn where those pure waters rise,



Comes down to mingle with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings."

It is remarkable, perhaps, that Moses did not know it—"wist not that the skin of his face shone;" yet many a humble Christian has no idea how he shines for Christ. The effect on Israel when they looked on the face of Moses was that they *feared*, and could not come near. This is an evidence of the terror of the law. St. Paul writes upon this, and throws much light upon the passage in writing his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, in which he draws a contrast between the law and the Gospel, and shows how the latter was declared with "great plainness of speech, and not as Moses, which put a *vail* over his face, so that the children of Israel could not *stedfastly look* to the end of that which is abolished" (2 Cor. iii. 13). The law tended to death, yet the law had a glory. St. Paul speaks of the veil as having two meanings—one being to hide Moses' face, the other expressing the darkness of Israel's blinded mind. God hid Himself in the law. The veil Moses wore was a sign that it was so. God ordered a veil to be hung up in the tabernacle (Ex. xxvi. 31–33). This veil was rent in twain from the top to the bottom when Christ offered up Himself on the cross (Matt. xxvi. 51). Thus Paul says the "*vail is done away in Christ*" (2 Cor. iii. 14). The way is now open by which men may come to God. Yet St. Paul speaks of a veil *as still existing* upon the Jewish heart, and of that being removed by-and-by, when the heart of the nation should "turn to the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 16). It is also true of everyone who is not a real Christian that a *veil* is upon the *heart*. This is how it is that men and women are so much in the dark about the things of God. Only Christ can take the veil away and let the light in upon the soul. Then with joy such a soul can sing, "now I see" (St. John ix. 25).

But for the real Christian some measure of the veil remains. We do not see—we do not know yet *perfectly*. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then *face to face*" (1 Cor. xiii. 9–12). The veil will be gone completely when God's servants see His face. Could we bear it now? Oh, no; our hearts would tremble before the glory. When we *are like* Christ—when we are *ourselves* "shining ones"—then we can look upon Him.

Shall we be there—beyond the veil? Has the veil upon our darkened hearts by nature been "*done away* in Christ?"

MARGARET ENDAILE.

To our Queen.

'Tis fifty years, most gracious Queen,
Since bonnie England owned thy sway;
Our hearts are still as true and leal
As on that bright eventful day.

Still true as when a graceful bride
Thy Royal hand was given to one
Whose virtuous, pure, and manly life
Had all our hearts' best wishes won.

When tender nurslings came to share
Thy heart and home, we loved them well;
Thy hopes were ours; thy children fair
Safe in thy people's love could dwell.

No sorrow ever touched thy heart
But every cottage home was sad;
In every pang we bore a part,
And we rejoiced when thou wert glad.

Dear Queen, thy calm, consistent life;
The power repressed; the will subdued;
The tender mother, faithful wife,
Hath earned a nation's gratitude.

God bless our Queen, our noble Queen,
Still bonnie England owns her sway;
Our hearts remain as true and leal
Though fifty years have passed away.

A LANCASHIRE WORKWOMAN.

ST. ANNE'S-ON-THE-SEA, *May*, 1887.

"PAUSE WE HERE AWHILE, AND REST."—See page 80.

Tiffy: A Stray.

I.

PERMISSION to write this record for the public eye has been gained by strategy. I chuckle as I think of my hero's dismay.

"And so you want my daughter, sir?" I said, with a notable though troublesome assumption of dignity, simulating so far as is just and practicable a displeased surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Seaton, that's about the sum and substance of my petition," the young man answered, with a candid, pleading look straight into my eyes from his honest brown ones. "I know," he added meekly, "that Edith has other and better suitors, and there are associations of the past——"

"Which might be considered as militating against me."

That, or something like it, was no doubt the lost conclusion of his sentence. I interrupted him.

"If it is Edith's wish I will yield," I stiffly said, "on one condition, and it is no arduous stipulation."

"Name it, Mr. Seaton," eagerly cried the supplicant.

"It is this: that you allow me to embody in narrative form, and publish in any shape I please, the incidents of your life, with which, as you are aware, I happen to be tolerably familiar."

A dark flush rested on the bronzed cheeks, there was a curious twinkle in the frank eyes—at-wixile that seemed indifferently related to the blank astonishment that was at first mirrored upon the rugged yet not unhandsome lineaments. Words of response were slow to come. But I was confident that my object was attained; and it turned out so.

"As you will, sir."

The voice was husky, the head bent. I honoured those evidences of a brave and noble humility.

And hence it is that I sit at my desk and burn the midnight oil, and write the *story of Tiffy*—outcast and hero. The suspicion has come to me that my future son-in-law's enigmatical blending of amusement with his wonder at my demand was to be credited to the belief that any manuscript I might produce would be pretty sure to be hustled, sooner or later, into a press-reader's waste-paper basket. But if I can reproduce in coherent English those events of his career which are so vividly portrayed upon my memory, I have a strong hope that the ribald forecast will be disproved by the event.

Two London merchants were in consultation on the flags of Leadenhall Street. There need be no mystery about it: they were Mr. Graham Milburne, senior partner of Milburne and Maxwell, and myself. A question concerning underwriters and an overdue steamer, in whose fate we were both interested, was under discussion. It was no pleasant business to define the dimensions of a prospective loss, and something may be pardoned to a display of bad temper when a man has reason to fancy that his luck is on the turn, and that his wealth will shrink with the ebbing tide. Moreover, Mr. Milburne was by all repute of an impatient and irascible disposition. He was to his clerks what the Indian Nabob of fiction is to his cringing and cowering body-servants. The common rumour had it that family trouble had preyed upon his mind and warped his

(To be continued.)

advances—that I have met and honoured its requirements.

It was my first introduction to Tiffy, and it is at once easy and difficult to describe him. Scores of painters—both with words and pigments—have given us the portrait of the City arab. In all externals Tiffy was according to type. But in the phrasing of the "patter" he had adopted; in the ingenuousness of his patient, wavering smile; in attitude, accent, and eager yet shrinking appeal, there was divergence from the normal specimen of his class. Not that I observed the half of this before the crisis came. It is the verdict passed with fuller opportunities of study that is here entered.

The waif—his age was seven years—dodged a passing van, and in his haste brushed roughly against Mr. Milburne.

"Evening paper—here you are, sir," he panted.

My fingers fumbled in my overcoat pocket for a coin. But my intention, based more upon curiosity with regard to the colliery explosion than upon charity, was not carried into effect.

"Off, you young viper!" and my companion let slip an oath also between his teeth. His face was livid with sudden fury.

The lad recoiled as if from a physical blow, which was a pretty positive proof that he was not of the usual order of *gamin*. You shall not thus cow those to the peril born.

The harsh words, the scathing attack affected him as a blinding hailstorm might have done. Nature in her bitterest mood would not have been more cruel than this iron-grey City merchant, and the unexpectedness of the rejection intensified the wrong and helped further to daze the childish senses.

"Hi! you little fool! confound ye!" and another scowling face and menacing fist confronted hapless Tiffy. He had stumbled backwards in his discomfiture against a rival and adult vendor of street literature.

The demoralization of Tiffy's wits was complete. He started, dropped at least a third of his papers, and grasping vainly at the empty air instead of his newssheets, went down beneath the hoofs of a cab-horse. A chorus of outcries—imperative, pitying, awestricken—overpowered Tiffy's own shriek.

A sufficiently commonplace incident, that takes longer in the telling than in the happening, and may properly claim some trivial attention from policemen, surgeon, and hospital nurse—if required—and then be forgotten. As a rule it may be so; I am not concerned to rebut an objection lodged against an imaginary generalization. But Tiffy's history is the exception.

My colloquy with Mr. Milburne was abruptly broken off. I resented his conduct, and was at no pains to disguise the fact.

"A piece of downright brutality," I muttered, and he may have heard me. I hope he experienced a pang of shame.

We picked the boy up—he was light to carry, poor little fellow!—and brought him once more on to the pavement. The inevitable London crowd duly assembled; Mr. Milburne discreetly vanished.

A thin red stream was trickling down the pallid brow; and pushing back the matted curls, an ugly wound was revealed: the scar is visible yet, twenty years after. The child was unconscious; and, in the absence of a skilled investigator, the character and extent of his injuries could only be guessed at.

A continued book in the thoroughfare was not to be thought of. Sergeant E 267 suggested the London Hospital, obtained the suffrages of his auditors, and having requisitioned the cab that had done the mischief, lifted in the patient, papers and all, and followed.

"Drive with a bit more care now, after this lesson, if you don't want your license overhauled," he said, with airy injustice, to the sullen but obedient Jehu.

My own counting-house was situated in Fenchurch Street; and feeling no inclination to resume the interrupted conference with Milburne, I turned in that direction. But my nerves had received a shock. Between my eyes and the ledgers and letters which I tried to peruse, there floated the image of a white, pinched, babyish face, like and yet unlike that of my own Alec. It was doubtless a sentimental folly, traceable to the impression made upon my mind by Milburne's ill-timed invective, and the double recoil of spirit occasioned by the words and their acted commentary. I resolved, before leaving the City for Brixton—where at this date I lived—to take a hansom up the Whitechapel Road, and inquire in person if the lad's hurt was as serious as I feared.

It was now that I learned to identify my *protégé* as "Tiffy." To suit my convenience, I have used the name throughout, adopting it even as the title of my narrative. But I heard it for the first time within the hospital precincts.

It appeared that no clue whatever could be discovered to the boy's home or friends—if, indeed, he had any. He had recovered from his swoon, and in answer to questions, repeated over and over again:

"I'm just Tiffy. That's what grandfer calls me, and always has. No, nothing else. Yes, I'm quite sure, sir. I'm Tiffy, ma'am. Shall I get well? And —oh! I didn't sell my papers, and it'll be too late to-morrow."

With difficulty he had been consoled.

"Poor child! Neither to-morrow nor the next day will he be able to cry his 'evening editions,'" said the house-surgeon—who was kindly sparing me five minutes of his valuable time—"there is weakness of the system which may lead to serious complications with the shock and the blow yet, though I hope not. The bairn is half-starved—no new phenomenon in our Babylon the Great."

Tiffy explained that his grandfather and he had come up from the country—in the summer before the present winter, it was judged—and that they lived now in a garret, up very dark stairs, and that they were very poor. It was Tiffy's grandfather who had mostly hawked the papers, the boy accompanying him. But the grandparent was ill now—with a dreadful cough and pain in his chest—and Tiffy had to go instead. The site of the hovel that Tiffy called home could not with any certainty be determined. Tiffy's knowledge of London topography was limited. The marvel was how he came in Leadenhall Street. The most reasonable conjecture was that this thoroughfare had figured in the old man's chosen route and that so Tiffy was familiar with it. Placed there, the child might not improbably lead a companion straight to his miserable lodgings. But for the present, at all events, this expedient could not be adopted.

Perhaps it was the mystery which environed Tiffy that increased my interest in him. I made arrangements to receive regular information as to his progress towards convalescence, and it was at my initiative that, six weeks after the accident, a final effort was undertaken to discover the whereabouts of his grandfather's garret, and to restore him to that possibly sorrowing kinsman.

The adventure was in part a success, and in part a pathetic failure. The house—a crazy edifice in a Whitechapel slum, and nearer to the hospital than to Leadenhall Street—was found, but not the old man. He had slipped away into an unknown grave, and a thin-faced seamstress, with a slatternly daughter, occupied his room.

"Mr. Oakley is dead, sir. The parish buried him and sold his few bit sticks of furniture. No; he was a stranger in these parts. None of us knew anything about him. He never had any visitors, except the doctor just at last." Thus a lodger on the floor below.

It was a meagre budget, but why search for farther enlightenment?

The annals of city court and wynd are crowded with the like. Poverty or shame—it matters nothing which—seeks a refuge beyond the ken of old acquaintances, and labours for a little space for the crust so hard to win, and one day is found stiff and stark upon the pallet-bed, the account closed, the balance audited elsewhere; and the tragic tale is endlessly repeated.

Away in Surrey there was a Boys' Home, under the care of a clergyman and his wife, whom I had honoured from my youth for the pure flame of philanthropy that burned upon the altar of each of those generous hearts. My interest as an old subscriber gained admission for Tiffy into that fortunate circle of rescued strays. And for years I lost sight of Tiffy.

II.

"A SINGULAR coincidence—very. I remember quite distinctly the circumstances of which Cooke seems to have kept by him a *précis*."

My wife and Edith look up; they are reading Dante in the original together.

"Is your letter from dear old Cooke? Has he thoroughly recovered the operation upon his eyes?" my wife asks.

"How selfish of me! I really have not read his letter to the end for his report; I have been absorbed by what is on the first sheet," I answer. "Yes, he has completely regained his sight; that is good news."

"I am so glad," my daughter murmurs. The Rev. Eustace Cooke is clearly a favourite with the womankind of 10 Ripon Crescent.

"And what startling disclosure precedes the personal intelligence? If I should hazard a guess, I should say it is about one of his boys. Our friend and his wife live for their adopted family. No foundling can ever feel himself orphaned of love beneath their roof." And my wife smiles with eyes moistened by enthusiasm.

"You have divined correctly, Agatha," I say. "The communication is in reference to Tiffy—otherwise Robert Oakley." I am not surprised that no sign of comprehension appears on my wife's face.

"It is eight years since Tiffy was sent into Surrey—you will naturally have forgotten the particulars of how he was knocked down and kicked by a cab-horse and taken to hospital, and then——"

"Yes, I remember now. You wrote to Cooke about him. The boy's grandfather was dead. What a singular name—Tiffy."

"But one which luckily has clung to the lad. It has led to important discoveries about him. Listen to Cooke's narrative."

And I read aloud the long and rather digressive epistle, which it will be better in this place to condense.

Tiffy had proved unusually quick at figures and was a good penman. At the age when according to wont his guardian and teacher was proposing to apprentice him to some trade, an auctioneer and valuer in a neighbouring town offered to take a clerk from the home without premium. It was a liberal and kindly proposal, and the clergyman gratefully accepted it. Tiffy was the selected candidate for what was likely to turn out the first stage on the road to substantial preferment. He was approved, and as time went on he gave increasing satisfaction. One day there came into his master's office a returned Australian sheep farmer, who gave the same name as Tiffy had hitherto borne without challenge. His business was about some land at Relcombe, on the borders of Sussex, of which Tiffy's employer was agent. He looked curiously once or twice at Tiffy, and fairly jumped as he heard the auctioneer address the young clerk by name and send him on an errand to the Birstead post-office.

"Excuse me," the stranger said, when Tiffy was gone, "is your lad a native of this town?"

"Tiffy, eh!" replied the other, taken unawares; "no, he's a foundling."

And he told all he knew, which was not much.

"And I'm Tiffy too," cried his interrogator hoarsely; "it was a pet name invented by my father John Oakley, of Relcombe. I'm thinking I've found by accident what I've sought for months to no purpose."

And indeed he had. John Oakley had once owned a farm, but had fallen in his decline of life on evil times. His wife died. His son emigrated. His daughter married a scoundrel who killed himself by drinking. Lastly, the meeting of an obligation, incurred for his scamp of a son-in-law, turned him out of house and home a few weeks after Tiffy's birth and his daughter's death. There is no need to trace minutely John Oakley's downward progress. Death wrote Finis to the pitiful tale in a bare, cheerless garret of a Whitechapel tenement. And even the ruined farmer's last hours must have been surcharged with anguish by his loss of Tiffy and his fears for the child's fate. It was tragedy darkening to the end.

But the coincidence on which I remark to my wife as I reach the startling paragraph that had occasioned my first ejaculation of amazement seems more wonderful still.

Tiffy's father was the son of Henry Milburne, of Milburne & Mapwell, Leadenhall Street. Henry Milburne, the younger, had been banished from the parental home and heart for marrying beneath him. Tiffy had stumbled into deadly danger on the day upon which he originally crossed my path through the malevolence of his own grandparent!

Edith claps her hands. "What a delightful romance, papa," she says, "and, oh, I should so like to see Tiffy! Can't we have him up to Highgate?"

A happy thought comes to me. "Jim Dunstan has left to join his brother at Singapore. I've a vacancy in my own counting-house. Perhaps I could make it worth Tiffy's while to come to town," I say, soliloquizing aloud, as is sometimes my habit (and on the whole a foolish habit).

"Pray do, papa," my daughter cries. Thus early

is she enlisted as Tiffy's advocate. And in the future—— But that is veiled.

"His uncle may wish otherwise," I answer, "or, even his grandfather, who will have to be informed of the relationship and may possibly acknowledge Tiffy as his heir. Cooke says the case is in a fair way to be substantiated in every link of the chain."

"Is Mr. Milburne very wealthy?" my wife asks.

I shrug my shoulders. "That is hardly for me to know—although I may perhaps have a notion on the subject. He has suffered losses—heavy ones—and has seemed to recover from every blow. He holds his head as high as ever, makes no complaint—except in the shape of chronic irritation at those who serve him—and undoubtedly does a large business. He is a little too apt to play for large stakes."

And it is my private conviction that Henry Milburne—Mapwell was a myth—struggles against odds that are slowly overwhelming him, suffers frequent deflections of judgment, and alternates a too extreme caution with a dangerous recklessness.

This, however, I do not explain.

On the morrow I answer the Rev. Eustace Cooke, and write also to Tiffy—now Eric Milburne.

The issue was that I went by request to Milburne, and broke to him the news of the discovery.

It was not precisely the surprise I had anticipated. I was a client of his house whom the old merchant deemed it well to humour. But for this fact it is my belief that he would have broken out in curses and contemptuous invective, as his manner was when displeased. The veins upon his forehead dilated with his effort to restrain the anger which every instant threatened to leap forth in impetuous torrent.

"A pretty tale, and I thank you, Mr. Seaton, for bringing it to me," he said, as I finished; "but I am perfectly aware that Eric Milburne left a child, and I have no reason to disbelieve—rather the contrary—that this beggar's brat"—the words were hissed, the nostrils of the speaker curled—"is that child. The girl's father came to me and I told him, what I now tell you, not a penny of my money shall go into any of their pockets. My son went his road. I warned him of the consequences. I never change my resolutions."

"But your grandson, at least, is innocent of any offence," I said.

He rose. "I am alone in the world. I have no grandson," he haughtily replied.

"Heart of adamant, temper of a fiend!" I muttered as I left his office. And yet I pitied the miserable implacable spirit.

Tiffy was delighted to join my staff, and expressed no resentment at the decision of his alienated kinsman.

"I've found an uncle who'll not disdain to own me, and for friends I never seem to have wanted," he blithely said.

And henceforth the diminutive of Tiffy was laid aside. Here in the City it would have provoked a perpetual smile.

III.

Eric Milburne was as steady and persevering as his father had been wayward and idle. His business aptitude was great, and in any counting-house he must have pushed to the fore. In mine his advance was rapid, for I liked the youth. So did my wife. Eric's singular story had gained him her compassion and warm championship. He was invited to our house at Highgate, and it is probable that we were both absurdly careless in permitting an intimacy to spring up between Eric and Edith. The mischief had progressed into an acute stage before we elders suspected it. But I am anticipating; and, moreover, this is no story of Phyllis and Corydon.

Eric was five-and-twenty, when, in rapid succession, two events occurred which were a test of his character. To me he will be a hero to the end of the chapter for the greatness of heart and the sublimity of sacrifice which he then displayed.

A fortune of twenty thousand pounds was devised to him. His uncle, the ex-colonist, died suddenly of an obscure heart complaint, and in the will Tiffy figured as heir to his very considerable savings. The amount fairly staggered the young fellow. He had credited his uncle with the possession of a competence, but not of wealth mounting into five figures.

"You'll be wishing me farewell at an early date, Eric, now, I suppose," I said, when he informed me of the windfall.

He swept back his curly black locks—it was a trick of manner he had—and I could see the scar upon his brow. The Tiffy of Leadenhall Pavement—a woebegone little wretch—reappeared on the retina of memory at that instant. How extreme was the contrast! Eric Milburne—tall, sturdy, massively handsome of feature—had (to the vision of the flesh) little in common with the child so cruelly scouted by the man who should have been first to relieve his need.

Eric was nonplussed, and stammered—no ordinary phenomenon.

"I—I don't think so—not unless you wish it, Mr. Seaton," he said.

And it was then, seeking for a solution of what I heard and saw, that I read as on an open page the meaning of the friendship between my daughter and my clerk. I said no more at the time, but at home I contrived to get a quiet word with Edith, and I learned that if as yet no vows were plighted the young people loved each other. Now that Eric was a man of property I anticipated a speedy crisis.

It was delayed.

Milburne & Mapwell were in sore straits. The firm was like a water-logged vessel, destined to founder unless deliverance—which could be little less than miraculous—were wrought. Much as I disliked the principal, and contemned his treatment of his grandson, it was impossible to withhold admiration from his gallant and persistent struggles to avert the impending catastrophe. Of late years the link between our two houses had dwindled to a slender band indeed and almost snapped. But I had means of following the fate of his leading mercantile adventures, and I knew that it was the exception for one to prosper. Financially, he was going from bad to worse. At no period during the last half decade would it have surprised me to have encountered his name in the *Gazette*. This, however, had not yet happened.

It was a foggy morning in November. Within City precincts gas was everywhere alight; the thick, pea-soupy vapour relentlessly turned day into night. I had waded through a shoal of early correspondence, and was dictating to Eric a couple of confidential replies. The baize-covered door opened.

"Mr. Henry Milburne, sir," said my latest junior.

And in walked Eric's grandfather. Eric recognized him, but not he Eric.

"Can I have a word or two in private, Mr. Seaton?"

"Certainly." Eric folded a sheet of blotting-paper over his half-written letter and withdrew.

The old man's face was haggard and unkempt. Evil tidings were inscribed on every line of it.

"Mr. Seaton, unless you will save me I am a bankrupt."

He blurted out the truth at once, which was proof of his despair.

"My dear sir, nothing so bad as that, I hope!"

He tried to force a smile; it was a ghastly failure.

"I don't overstate it; I wish I did," he answered. "The pinch is here. Thorton & Co. have put up their shutters. I am in for seventeen thousand pounds, and I want every penny of it now—at once. If I can't raise at least two-thirds of the amount my own bills will be protested next. Your credit is good. Will you lend it me, Seaton—not your bullion but your credit—to turn the corner with? Thorton's people will pay twenty shillings in the pound ultimately; I'm sure of it. You and I have done business together in the past. We know each other. Failing you I am a ruined man."

The appeal affected me more than I should have thought possible an hour previous. But I dared not consent to the startling proposal. I had my family and myself to think of. In my opinion Thorton's assets were likely to be immensely overbalanced by their liabilities. I had no confidence in the house, and I believed that Milburne's day was past. If he were fated to go over the precipice—which in the City is always yawning, to swallow up whom it may—it would mend matters no whit to allow him to impair the security of my own position.

In the kindest words I could select—studying how best to minimise the effect of my refusal—I said as much.

"You can offer me no aid?"

A flicker of the old wrath blazed in the sunken eyes. But Milburne's attitude was eloquent of dejection.

"I am very sorry; I beg you to believe that——"

He cut my apology short.

"I shall do no such thing," he growled.

Desolate, crushed, disappointed old autocrat! I pitied and forgave him. No pledge to silence had been exacted, and as Eric was Henry Milburne's relative—his nearest living kinsman—I told the young man of his grandfather's trouble. He listened with a concerned countenance, and I noticed a queer expression steal into his eyes. For an hour or two after that he seemed wholly occupied with his work. In reality he was fighting a hard inward battle.

Abruptly he tossed down his pen, and came across to the desk whereat I was searching the pages of a price-current.

"It is an affair of immediate necessity with my grandfather?" he said hoarsely, and discarding ceremony.

"Eh!—ah; with Milburne? yes, quite so," I answered, with a start of bewilderment.

"I will find him the money, if you will be the go-between, and enable me, moreover, to accommodate him without delay."

The voice wavered a little, but every word was emphatic and distinct. There was reason for the agitation so sternly repressed. To sign away seventeen thousand pounds was to resign the hope of winning Edith Seaton. At least, this is my interpretation of the facts that then and after came to my knowledge.

"Nonsense, Eric," I spoke roughly; "you'll sink the money in a morass. You'll not see a guinea of it back."

He paled, but was firm.

"Mr. Milburne is my grandfather, sir; and it is my duty to help him when I have the power. He suffered from my father's self-will. It may be that I shall make amends. If there is risk, I will take it."

And nothing I could urge availed against the generous decision.

I yielded, in defiance of my better judgment, and went to Leadenhall Street. There was the certainty that if I did not choose to grant the boy's request—a boy Eric is still to me—he would make more onerous terms elsewhere. And this belief decided me.

Henry Milburne was sitting in semi-darkness in his private room, and there was an odour of spirits in the apartment. His face, as with trembling hand he turned on the gas at his elbow, was flushed. He had been vainly seeking courage to meet his fate.

At sight of me his manner visibly brightened.

"You have thought better of it? You will not desert an old friend?" he gasped, making as if he would seize my hand.

I was frigid, and stood aloof, discontented with my errand.

"No, Mr. Milburne, my opinion and determination are exactly what they were in the forenoon," I drily said.

"Then to what do I owe the honour of this call?"

The affectation of a haughty politeness was almost weird.

"You owe it to your grandson Tiffy," I replied.

"What?"

It was as much a shriek as a question.

"Pray calm yourself, Mr. Milburne; I will explain my mission briefly, and, I trust, clearly."

And in doing so I at first proposed to spare the listener no pang of remorse that the painting in lurid colours of his conduct towards Tiffy beside Eric Milburne's self-abnegation could inflict. But the old man was beaten to the earth by the revelation. So extreme was his agitation that I feared for his sanity. Never do I look to witness again so striking and practical an exemplification of the power of coals of fire to translate enmity into contrition.

"My grandson will do this for me!" Henry Milburne stuttered; "my grandson whom I scorned and hated, and whom, as you put it, I was nearly the means of hustling to a frightful death. Does he know *that*?"

"Perfectly."

"Then he is worthier—ah! by how much!—than I; and I will go down upon my knees and tell him so. He is one of a thousand—a million—and——"

Words failed him; his face worked convulsively, and tears fell and blistered the side of a crimson-lidded ledger upon his ink-bespattered table. It was an honourable emotion, a genuine repentance.

I had proved a messenger of reconciliation. Eric and his grandfather became fast friends. But the money was gone. I felt assured that Eric would never be reimbursed the gift which was nominally a loan.

I have to chronicle the fact that I was in error. Thurlow & Co. met their creditors in a fashion other than I had expected. They were able to liquidate every claim, and amongst others that of Henry Milburne. The merchant returned Eric's advance.

"It would burn my fingers to keep your cash a day longer than I am obliged, my boy," he said.

Six months ago the old man's health withered under the touch of palsy. Eric was installed as dictator over a concern to which he was gradually restoring vigour and prosperity. The firm is now Milburne & Milburne.

And as Eric's wife I know right well that my daughter will be happy.

I have read over these pages to my wife and Edith, and for the prophecy entered above Edith thanks me with a caress and a radiant, blushing smile, which is the very sunshine of contented love.

William J. Lacey.

In the Holiday.

Pause we here awhile and rest
By the ruins olden,
While the sunlight from the west
Streams in radiance golden;
Far behind us lies the task
Of our daily duty,
Freed awhile, the mind may bask
Here in light and beauty.

Sweet and fair the scene around
Woodland, glen and valley,
Farther yet, to utmost bound,
Hill and mead, and valley,
Ripples on the brooklet clear
From its parent fountain,
Placid lies the silent mere
By the lonely mountain.

Nature bids us enter in,
Gives to none denial,
Heart and brain alike may win
Strength for days of trial,
Seeing, in this lower sphere,
Tests of light supernal,
Showing forth the perfect grace
Of the Land Eternal.

R. Stansby Williams.

The Sutcliffe Industrial School at Bath.

ABOUT the year 1843 one of the leading and wealthiest citizens in the town of Bath resolved to leave a better memorial of himself to posterity than a statue in one of the public squares of the city, or a grand monument in the Abbey. This man's name was Sutcliffe, and the memorial which he chose to leave of himself, and which, under God's blessing, causes his name to be joyfully and thankfully remembered to-day, and will cause it to be so remembered for many a day to come, is the Sutcliffe Industrial School, the institution of which we purpose to speak here.

The first and most leading feature in this institution, the feature which forms its most marked difference from other establishments of the kind, is that it neither shelters the children of bright, happy, Christian homes, nor yet takes into its keeping boys who have already trodden the path of real downright crime. It is no school where respectable artisans can place their sons; it is also no reformatory; its object is to lay a kindly hand on any little lad who, on account of the evil ways of his family, or his bad surroundings, is likely soon to begin to slip down the deadly incline of vice and crime, and draw him back, and lift him up, and set his feet firmly on the road which leads towards the gates of the Golden City.

Here the mother, whose home is darkened by the demon of intemperance, that holds the husband and father thoroughly enslaved beneath his hideous iron dominion, may, for the comparatively insignificant charge of one shilling a week, place her boy completely beyond the degrading influence of such a daily example. Here the Christian gentleman or lady, who is minded to do a work of real, solid charity, can give a home full of clearest Gospel light to the little homeless waif of the streets. The whole idea of the institution is to meet children on their way to crime and vice, and to stop them before they can find it.

This was the object good and generous Mr. Sutcliffe had in his heart and mind when he first conceived the plan of founding such an institution; he continued to persevere bravely in his noble effort, until, in his lifetime, he was permitted to see at least part of his high, philanthropic scheme carried out. He left a considerable sum of money to the institution, which was yet added to by his widow, who had always, during his life, gone hand-in-hand with him in his work for God. The interest of this, together with the yearly payment of many liberal subscriptions, enable the institution to go on steadily in its labour of love and mercy, and to increase instead of diminish, as is too often the case in these days in such establishments, the numbers of its inmates and the benefits which it bestows upon them. It is purposed to add ten more to the number of boys who now inhabit the Industrial School, and to apprentice a certain portion of them who show special aptitude for any trade, when they are old enough, allowing them, however, for a given period of time, always to return to the institution at night.

The boys do all the work of the school themselves; no servants are kept, for none are needed. The youthful male "housemaids" perform their duties with the most indefatigable zeal, so that the whole school is as clean and bright as a box of new toys. The walls are whitewashed by the same busy young hands, which also cook in the kitchen. This latter is no sinecure. The boys are plentifully and wholesomely fed; there are cups of steaming cocoa for breakfast, well provided with milk and sugar; there are dinners of alternate meat and vegetables, and substantial puddings, and vast, most realistic lumps of bread and cheese; there are suppers in which these same last-mentioned articles of food play an important part, in turn with bread and butter and treacle.

When the boys are not engaged in purely household work, their employments still keep up most thoroughly the title of the institution to that of an Industrial School. There is an extensive garden in which they work, and cultivate vegetables enough to supply their own table. They make all their own outer clothing, including their boots, under the direction of master tailors and shoemakers from the town, who come so many times a week to give them instruction, and perform this part of their work so well that there is said to be no sprucer and neater band of boys in the whole city marching to church on a Sunday morning than those of the Sutcliffe School. Their largest branch of industry, however, is that of cutting up wood and binding it into the most artistically-shaped little faggots, which it is also part of their duty afterwards to carry from door to door for sale in the town, strict rules being made, and in the main, the master says, adhered to, to prevent their loitering by the way or getting among bad companions.

While the boys are kept thus actively employed, their education is not neglected; every lad in the institution enjoys daily two hours of good, intelligent teaching, and there is a small, well-chosen library, where they are encouraged to go and sit and read. They have also singing classes twice a week, and many of them develop much taste for music.

Best of all, however, the rules of the institution provide for the children gaining a thorough knowledge of Scripture, and for the foundation of their young lives being firmly laid on the Rock of Ages. They have every morning a Bible lesson, and on the Sabbath a special Sunday-school is kept for them; prayer and praise is put into their young mouths, and they are brought into regular habits of attending public worship.

One of the brightest and pleasantest parts of a visit to the Sutcliffe Industrial School is a talk with the head-master. He will tell you how, after several years of experience, he has been able thankfully to report that the boys brought up by the institution are turning out brave Christian men, who are doing faithfully their work for God and man in their different callings in life. He will tell you how the power of female influence is not wanting in the school, being represented by a young lady Sunday-school teacher, who, for many a Sabbath, has been helping him in his Sunday work among the lads; and by his sister, who is the matron of the institution, and who often, he says, will succeed, in an almost marvellous manner, with an unruly boy, where he himself has failed. She takes the unmanageable boys with her into the part of the building which forms the master's private home, and there she exercises her beneficent power, born of her Christian womanhood, over them.

The institution, as far as possible, cares for its boys' first start in life. After they leave its roof, situations are secured for them as servants in Christian families, or they are placed in shops of high respectability, or they are put out under master tradesmen of good character, who will make them proficients, in time, in any trade they have chosen. The master receives frequent letters from those of his lads who have thus begun to make their own way in life, thanking him for his former guidance and teaching, and the Industrial School for its loving care and shelter. They freely and gratefully acknowledge what a different story theirs would have been had not God led them to its door.

The walls of all the rooms in the institution are almost papered with texts of Scripture, and it is in a true Scriptural spirit that all its work is carried on, and thus it is that truly Scriptural blessing has been shed down upon all it has taken in hand. It does not confine its benefits to Bath alone; it is open to all, and counts among its inmates many lads from distant parts of England.

Alice King.