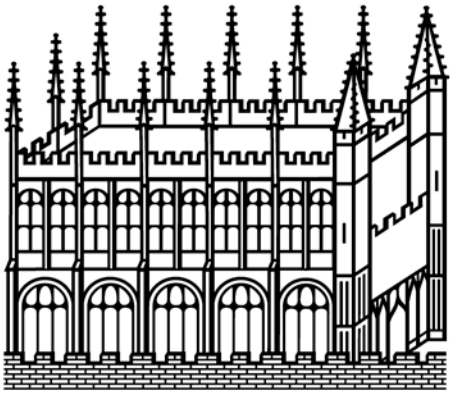


Bodleian Libraries

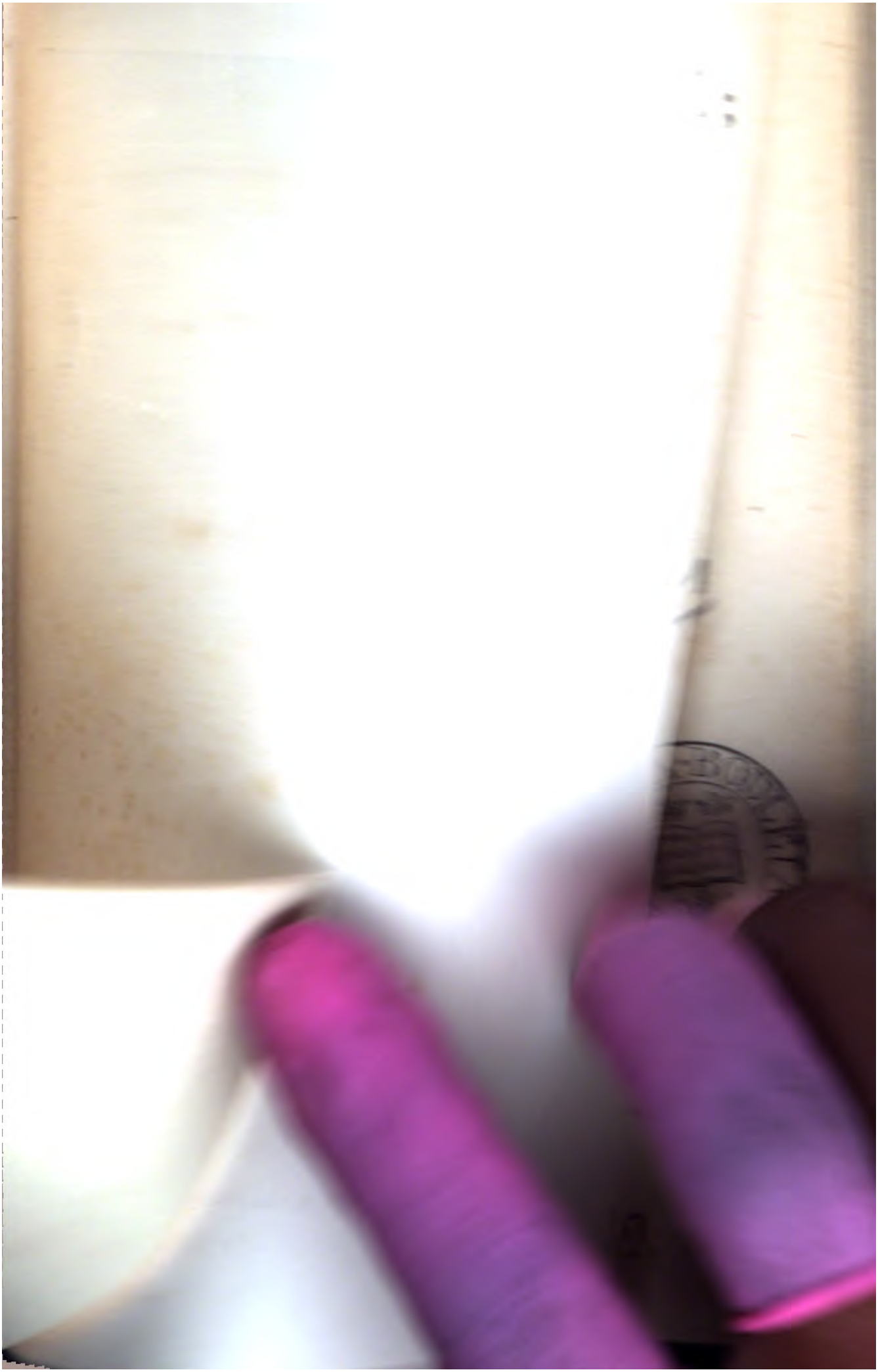
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



COUSIN ANNIE;

OR,

HEART AND HAND.

Front. META AND HER BROTHER. Page 59

COUSIN ANNIE;

OR,

HEART AND HAND.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "TIMID LUCY," ETC.

Tales

"Her heart is anchored fast:
Like lily-flower that to and fro
Is tossed upon the waters wide,
What cares it for the changeful tide?
Its root is firm below!"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1868.

250. g. 388.

CAMDEN PRESS, LONDON

PREFACE.

ON every human being devolve the duties of watching the heart and using the hand; that is, in the old words of the Psalm, they are required to

> "Know what's right; not only so,
> But always practise what they know."

It is the aim of this little book to show, by the example of Cousin Annie and her friends, how young people may best attain to the practice of these duties. They will see in Judith, Valencia, and Meta, how, by prayer and effort, even the youngest may do good in the world, by the joint efforts of Heart and Hand.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAP. I.—THE SEA-SIDE	9
II.—MISS CLARE	30
III.—LITTLE BESSY	39
IV.—LETTERS	49
V.—THE VISITOR	55
VI.—THE SAILOR	66
VII.—INNER LIFE	75
VIII.—THE PEOPLE'S DOCTOR	85
IX.—A DISCLOSURE	93
X.—ELFIE	97
XI.—A NEW HOME	103
XII.—A SOCIABLE EVENING	115
XIII.—THE COMPOSITION	121
XIV.—THE MOTHER'S PETITION	132

PAGE

CHAP. XV.—"COME UNTO ME" 141

XVI.—WINTRY BLASTS 144

XVII.—AUNT ALLISON 156

XVIII.—A NEW PATH 165

XIX.—THE INVALID 173

XX.—CONCLUSION 181

COUSIN ANNIE;

OR,

Heart and Hand.

CHAPTER I.

THE SEA-SIDE.

"BEACHVILLE!" shouted the porter. The train stopped for a moment, and three ladies were handed down by a gentleman, who bade them a hasty farewell, and was soon again whirled away from them. The little group of strangers stood alone on the platform, surrounded by their luggage, till the far-off whistle was no longer heard; then the youngest of the party gave a triumphant glance at her companions, at finding all safe, not a hair of their heads injured, not even a shawl missing, though they had travelled full thirty miles before their usual hour of rising.

It was five o'clock on a pleasant morning in June, and the coppices on all sides of the station were still glistening with dew. There was a freshness in the air, and a searching coolness in the breeze, that made the ladies half shiver, as they looked around on the quiet scene. Not a human being was in sight, and only the narrow road that wound away through the trees, gave promise of the possibility of any one's coming to their assistance.

"You will certainly take cold, Miss Clare; do let us get under shelter as quickly as possible," said the taller of the two young girls, to the eldest of the party.

"Thank you, Judith; you are right!" was the reply. The speaker was a perfect bundle of clothing. Her fully wadded drab silk cloak, with a hood of the same, was not particularly attractive in appearance, but there was a sweetness in the voice that uttered those few words, which equalled the notes of the birds that were singing their morning hymn in the neighbouring trees. The face in the depths of the hood had the same charm as the voice. There was a simple earnest look in the soft blue eyes, and a pure, peaceful expression on the pale features, that might have won a loving glance even from a stranger.

"Take my arm, Miss Clare!" said Judith, drawing her tall, rounded figure to its full height, and moving steadily along, while she supported the more feeble steps of her invalid friend.

Judith Hart was just fifteen, but she had all the dignity of a woman of thirty, and her face was as grave as that of Judge Hart, her father.

As they reached the door of the building, at the

end of the long platform, Judith was startled by hearing a strange pounding and struggling behind her. She turned her head, and could not help laughing, as she cried out,

"Stop! stop! Meta. Let me help you! What are you doing?"

"Only getting a footstool for Miss Clare," said Meta Morris, as she continued dragging, by convulsive jerks, a huge carpet-bag which was marked with her name. To move it would have cost a person much stronger than little Meta some effort; but for her it was truly hard work, and she paused and took breath between each jerk, and summoned courage for another trial by noting the distance she had already conquered.

Judith's "Stop, Meta!" was echoed by Miss Clare, but a merry laugh was the only answer, and the next moment the carpet-bag was rolled through the door by a triumphant push, and placed at the feet of Miss Clare.

Meta had hardly seated herself upon one end of the temporary footstool, when there was a sound of wheels, and a cry of "Whoa, there!" which made her jump to the window.

"This must be Mrs. Walter's man, Tom, whom she promised to send for us," said Meta, after a single glance at the new comer.

In a moment, a round, honest face appeared at the door. The fringe of short brown hair that hung across the forehead of the young man, and a kind of chubbiness in his face and figure, made him look like a fat, overgrown boy, but his quick decided manner soon rendered it evident that he considered himself a grown-up person.

"Had trouble cotching horse this morning," said he, with a bob of a bow, addressing himself to Miss Clare. "Should have been here earlier if I hadn't. Going, I s'pose, to Mrs. Walter's; she's specting you. Are all them your things?" he added, surveying the heap of luggage, with as thoughtful a glance as if he were computing the cubic feet it contained.

"Yes," said Miss Clare, quietly, "all the luggage on the platform, and this bag too, must go to Mrs. Walter's."

"Don't see but what must make two trips," said Tom, giving the carriage another of those mathematical looks.

The necessity was plain, for there were but two seats in the vehicle, and Miss Clare said,

"We will start immediately then, that you may come back the sooner. How far is it to the village?"

"A good mile, ma'am," was Tom's answer.

Anything but a good mile, the strangers thought it. It seemed almost a dozen to Meta, who was impatient for her first sight of the ocean, and not a little eager to have some prospect of breakfast after her journey in the fresh morning air, and her exertions on the platform.

"Do you believe we shall ever get there?" she asked, as they moved slowly along, the wheels grinding in the deep sand with a dull, peculiar sound.

"I hope so!" said Miss Clare, with her pleasant smile—a smile so bright and natural, that Meta did not dream that the speaker was faint, and trembling with fatigue.

"It 's rather hard going along here, ladies," said

Tom, who seemed to feel himself called upon for an apology for the slow rate at which they were moving.

Judith, who was on the front seat, looked down on him with an indignant glance, as if she wondered what right a person in his station had to address them. Tom did not see her expression, and he sat as contentedly as ever beside her, chirruping occasionally to the strong horse.

"There! there it is!" exclaimed Meta, as a sudden turn brought them at once from the monotony of the narrow line of road between the straight hedges, to a full view of the wide ocean.

They had yet some distance to drive to the sandy beach, but there was not a murmuring voice; all were lost in admiration of the wonderful beauty of the countless waves that sparkled and shone in the morning sun.

"He metes the waters in the hollow of His hand. What an idea that gives us of the power of the Creator!" said Miss Clare, her soft eyes now bright with enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Judith, but she turned coldly away from the beaming face that bent forward to seek her own.

"What enjoyment we shall have!" said Meta, gaily; "hunting for shells, bathing, and collecting sea-weed will keep us busy. I am glad I did not bring a single book!"

"I shall have to lend you some of mine for rainy days," said Miss Clare; "you forget that we must have clouds as well as sunshine."

"Thank you a dozen times!" said Meta, "I never prepare for storms, and I always find some friend

at hand to help me, when I get into trouble by looking on the bright side."

Meta's "bright side" was the present hour, and she was content to live in its enjoyment, without one thought for the future. She had frolicked away thirteen years, the pet and plaything of all who were dearest to her. Her grey eyes looked merrily out from under their dark lashes, and her plump cheeks were rosy with unvarying health. Meta's only brother was very fond of her, and he had persuaded his mother to send her to the sea-shore for the summer, under the charge of Miss Clare, who was a distant relative and a valued friend of the family.

Miss Clare willingly consented to take charge of her; for she was fond of the society of the young, and lost no opportunity of drawing them around her, and guiding them to the only source of lasting joy.

In Judith Hart she was much interested, and she thought with pleasure of the enjoyment the girls would have together, and of the mutual advantage they might be to each other.

It had been one of the last wishes of Judith's dying mother, that her daughter should be with her beloved friend, Miss Clare, until she was of an age to take her place as mistress of her father's household. Miss Clare had willingly undertaken to act the part of a true friend towards Judith, during those trying years of girlhood, when even the best of mothers often find it hard to maintain their influence and authority.

Judge Hart realized the importance of having a perfect lady and a sincere Christian with his daughter,

and warmly urged Miss Clare to make his house her home.

She consented, and her ministry to the mother being over, she turned with warm interest to the daughter, and had now for many months been her constant companion and faithful adviser.

"There's Mrs. Walter's! That white house with the merander round it," said Tom, pointing with his whip to a large cottage, a few rods from the shore.

Of Mrs. Walter, the strangers had formed no idea; they only knew that she was a lady who had consented to receive them into her family, for the summer.

Miss Clare was heartily glad that Judge Hart had been able to secure for them quiet lodgings near the beach; for to her the noise and confusion of an hotel were particularly trying.

Mrs. Walter was at the door to receive the strangers. There was an air of neatness and refinement about her slender figure that promised well for their new abode; but her thin, sad face, and her large, sorrowful blue eyes, did not indicate a happy home.

She welcomed the little party with gentle courtesy, and led the way immediately to their own apartments.

"How pleasant this is! No stairs to mount!" said Miss Clare, as she entered the spacious room on the ground floor, which had been assigned her.

The younger ladies were ushered into little apartments, which opened into Miss Clare's, like state-rooms into a common cabin.

Judith threw her shawl on the narrow bed, and stepped to the window with a queenly air and a

slight toss of the head, which not even her stately beauty could render either graceful or becoming.

"Not a glimpse of the ocean!" she said to herself, as she looked down on the little garden below.

"Judith! Judith!" called Meta from the adjoining room; "just see how lovely this is! Look at that beautiful view of the sea! I shall turn my bed round into the corner there, and then that wide window-seat will be such a nice place to sit on. Don't you like it?"

As she spoke Meta looked earnestly into Judith's face, and for a moment a cloud passed over her own. A doubt crossed her mind whether she might not find her companion less pleasant than she had expected, on a nearer acquaintance. "Yet," thought little Meta, "Miss Clare says Judith Hart is a noble girl."

The suspicion which had passed through her mind called a blush to her cheeks, as she again met Judith's eye, now bright with real pleasure. A white sail was slowly mounting above the horizon, telling of the rounded earth, and the far-off lands beyond the sea.

The two girls stood, side by side, watching the sight, to them so new and interesting, until the noble ship might be seen from topmast to hull, as it moved majestically on its way.

They had not time to express their pleasure before there was a knock at Miss Clare's door, and a clamorous ringing of the breakfast-bell in the distant dining-room.

"Oh! dear, what shall we do?" said both the girls in a breath; "we are not fit to be seen!"

A playful smile crossed Miss Clare's face as she said,

"You will do very well for breakfast in the country."

Fit to be seen by any and every body, they looked to Miss Clare, when they left the room together; Judith, with her brown, thoughtful eye, and dark masses of waving hair; and little Meta, her round, childish face bright with smiles.

Judith offered her arm to Miss Clare as they passed through the long hall, while Meta trustfully took her hand.

They found the family already assembled in the cheerful dining-room, and hastened to take the places assigned them at table.

The breakfast passed over very quietly. A few remarks were exchanged on the weather, and the morning journey of the strangers, and then Mrs. Walter, notwithstanding her apparent efforts, subsided into her usual sad silence.

That the young strangers had made free use of their eyes at the breakfast-table, they gave good proof, as soon as they were once more in Miss Clare's room.

"Isn't she handsome!" exclaimed Meta.

"The old lady, do you mean?" asked Judith.

"Old lady!" said Meta, laughing. "Yes, the old lady was well enough, with her straight nose and smooth white forehead; but I meant the pretty girl, with the wild dark eyes and thin delicate features. I never saw a more interesting face. I wonder who she is! I know I shall like her. Were you not charmed with her, Judith?"

"I seldom take sudden fancies to people," said Judith.

These words sent a little pang to Meta's heart, as she felt that they contained a kind of reproof to her.

Miss Clare read Meta's expression, and said, kindly,

"There is no harm, my little Meta, in being inclined to like people at first sight, if you do not show your favourable opinion too plainly, and so rush into intimacies which are not so easily broken off."

"Yes," said Meta, "I often do that very thing at school. I make acquaintance with the new pupils, and think I shall certainly like them; and when I am disappointed, I am puzzled to know what to do with the dear Elizas, and Susans, and Janes who cling to me as their first friend."

"Now for unpacking!" said Miss Clare, opening her trunk. "We must at least have out our bathing-dresses, for the tide will be up at nine o'clock, and we must try our first dash in the salt water."

A busy scene ensued. The work went on in silence in the three rooms, until Meta came running to Miss Clare's side, saying,

"Please, Miss Annie, let me take one of your chairs, my dresses are all on mine. I am tired of jumping at the nails in my closet; they are so high that I cannot reach them, even when I stand on tiptoe."

"Let me help you," said Miss Clare; "my trunk is unpacked, and I am now enough at home to make neighbourly visits."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Meta, heartily.

Miss Clare smiled as she handed dress after dress to the little lady; silks, muslins, and gossamer fabrics, flounced and trimmed in the extreme of the fashion.

"Your narrow closet is hardly large enough for you," she said at last, as Meta paused and looked desperately for another hook; "you must share mine."

The gay little dresses were soon comfortably accommodated, and looked as much out of place, in the midst of Miss Clare's sober wardrobe, as a party of butterflies on a wintry bough.

They both laughed as they shut the closet-door, and Judith's attention was attracted. She smiled involuntarily as she saw their bright faces, and her pleasant glance brought Meta to her side.

"Why, Judith!" she exclaimed, "you look as if you had been here a week; books and work-box as much at home on that table as if they grew there. Let me see what you like to read. Brother Archie says he can find out a lady's character better by her favourite books than in any other way."

Meta took up successively a Bible, Prayer-book, and a little manual of devotion, and laid them down quietly, while Judith's face flushed slightly.

"Longfellow's Poems, History of Civilization, Queens of England," began Meta, as she looked at the pile of books at the other end of the table. "What's this?" she said at last, as she gazed with a puzzled expression at the title-page of a red-edged volume.

"Only one of Schiller's works. The German letters seem new to you," said Judith, smiling.

"Do you read German?" asked Meta, respect-

fully. "Brother Archie says it is a very hard language to learn."

"It does require a great deal of study to understand German thoroughly," said Judith. "I cannot read it very well yet."

The rattling of a long covered van, which drew up before the door, interrupted the conversation.

"What has come now?" cried Meta, bounding to the front window.

There was a knock at the door at the same moment, and their charioteer of the morning inquired if the ladies were ready to go to the beach.

Through the half-open door Meta caught a glimpse of the face of the young girl to whom she had taken such a fancy, and she said joyously to Miss Clare,

"She is going—I am so glad! You know who I mean."

Meta was careful to secure a seat in the capacious vehicle beside the dark-eyed stranger. The child she now held in her arms, gave a droll smile, as she looked into Meta's laughing eyes, to which Meta responded by a hearty kiss.

"Is she your little sister?" asked Meta of the stranger, glad of an opportunity to open the conversation so easily.

"I have no brothers and sisters. I am an orphan, but not alone in the world," was the reply, and the speaker gave a loving glance to Mrs. Walter, whose sadness for a moment vanished before its warmth.

Meta involuntarily took the hand of the young girl, and said,

"I have no sisters either, but I think that makes me all the more willing to make new friends."

"I should not think you would have any difficulty in doing that," said the stranger, as she returned Meta's cordial grasp.

The bright little child seemed quite dissatisfied at being unnoticed while this short conversation took place, and she began to jump and crow in so hearty a manner, that it soon took both the girls to keep her in order.

"Take care, pet! you will make Vallie drop you!" said the young nurse, holding the merry child firmly in her arms.

"Vallie—is that your name?" asked Meta with real interest.

"I am Vallie to the baby and every one that loves me; but my name is Valencia Clyde," was the answer.

"Valencia—how pretty!" said Meta. "I never knew any one of that name."

"Perhaps it would not have been my name, if I had not happened to be born at Valenciennes. My father and mother were travelling at the time, and it suited their fancy to call me after my birthplace. I am glad you like my name. I like it too."

The two young girls began to feel so well acquainted that they enjoyed the short chat that followed so much, that they were astonished when the van stopped, and the whole party began to take off their wrappers and prepare for bathing.

The great covered van was supplied with a curtain at each end, and now made quite a comfortable dressing-room. Meta was delighted. There was something so droll and novel in the whole scene, that she could hardly keep herself calm enough to make her own preparations in time to join her companions.

"Are you almost ready, Meta?" asked Judith, speaking to her for the first time since they left the house.

There was something half-reproving in Judith's tone, and Meta blushed deeply, as she answered,

"Oh! yes, I am quite ready now, if I could only keep my curls up under this cap."

"There's your comb in your basket," said Judith, quietly.

"So it is," said Meta, a little confused. "Mamma must have put it in. How thoughtful! I did not even know what was in the basket."

Mrs. Walter now assisted the old lady to alight, while Judith gave her hand to Miss Clare, and Meta brought up the rear with her new friend.

Meta fancied, from Judith's manner, that she thought her foolish and forward for being so soon on intimate terms with a stranger, and for a moment she really felt as if she had been doing wrong, for she had conceived a great respect for Judith's opinion. The air was too exhilarating, and the scene too amusing for a trifle to have more than a transient effect upon such a disposition as Meta's. She was soon dancing among the waves, taking good care, however, to have a firm footing, while Valencia floated and plunged like a very sea-nymph.

"Isn't she splendid?" said Meta to Valencia, pointing to Judith, who stood with the water up to her waist, looking out upon the far-reaching ocean that was rolling its waves towards her. Unconscious of all the merriment around her, she was calmly enjoying the grandeur and beauty of the majestic mass of waters.

Judith was roused from her fit of musing by a

faint shriek near her. For a moment a stream of hair glittered above the waves, and two hands were stretched for aid, and then vanished.

How weak and helpless Judith felt, standing with her feet firm on the beach, while a fellow-creature was perishing a few yards beyond her reach.

Valencia had hardly assented to the admiration with which Meta regarded her friend, when she too heard the low shriek of despair.

She thrust into Meta's hands the child, with whom she had been frolicking in the spray, and dashed towards the spot where the appealing hands had disappeared.

With almost superhuman energy she caught the drowning form as it rose, and then she struck out for the shore. Judith involuntarily stepped forward to meet her, and with the water up to her chin, but her feet firmly planted, she relieved the exhausted Valencia of her lifeless burden.

Meta had sprung towards the van and interrupted with her face of horror the quiet chat into which Mrs. Walter and Miss Clare had fallen, after returning from a mere dip in the salt water.

"This Mrs.——" said Meta, hurriedly, forgetting the name in her agitation.

"Aunt Allison! Has anything happened to her?" asked Mrs. Walter, as she leaped from the van, followed by Miss Clare.

But a few moments had passed before they were all once more in the house. Prompt means were used to restore the rescued to consciousness.

Judith, calm and collected, moved about assisting Miss Clare and Mrs. Walter, and giving her aid just where it was most wanted, while Valencia, overcome

by the exertion she had made, gave way to immoderate weeping, declaring vehemently that those kind eyes would never again open, and reproaching herself for not having been more prompt in her efforts.

Meta, awe-struck and sobered, timidly shrunk from the scene, and found her way to the nursery. The Irish servant-girl willingly accepted her offer to take charge of the child, while she ran off to assist Mrs. Walter.

A little romping on Meta's part soon made the child quite at ease with her, and willing to make her wants known without reserve. "P'ease carry Bessy," "P'ease jump Bessy," came so often at last, that Meta was quite tired out, and was glad to have recourse to merry songs to amuse her charge, rather than such active exercise.

Bessy listened with delighted attention, until at last her eyes closed slowly in imitation of Bopeep's example.

Meta found it quite beyond her strength to lift the fat little thing from the floor, without waking her, and so sat down beside her. The joyous humour into which she had fallen while trying to amuse the child, passed away in a moment, when she once more had time for quiet thought. She found it intolerable to sit there inactive, without knowing what was going on at the other side of the house, and was just starting to go and ask about the sufferer, when Mrs. Walter came in.

"How is she? Has she survived?" inquired Meta, anxiously.

"She is in a quiet sleep," said Mrs. Walter, cheerfully. "Where 's baby?"

"Here!" said Meta, putting aside the covered chair which she had placed before little Bessy to screen her from the sunlight.

"I thank you, Miss Meta, for taking such good care of the little thing," said Mrs. Walter. "She was quite neglected during the alarm."

The mother laid her treasure tenderly on the bed, and Meta left them.

When the family met round the dinner-table, they no longer seemed like strangers to each other. The event of the morning was freely discussed, and every little circumstance gone over with interest.

"When Bessy woke," said Mrs. Walter, "I could not help laughing to see how oddly she looked in that little old faded frock. Hetty said you must have put it on, Miss Meta. I thank you for your kindness. Pray, where did you find it?"

"The little thing kept saying, 'Bessy cold,'" said Meta, "and then I noticed that she still had on the flannel wrapper in which she had been bathed, and I thought I had better dress her as soon as I could. I found a bundle of clothes, and I hurried them on hardly looking at them."

"It was so stupid in Hetty not to dress the child at once," said Mrs. Walter hastily. "She is not fit to be trusted with her even for an hour."

Notwithstanding the excitement of the morning, the young people went out for a long stroll along the beach during the afternoon; and when evening came, they were all quite tired.

"What a long day it has been!" said Meta, as

she passed through Miss Clare's room, on the way to her own, that night.

Miss Clare looked up from the book she was reading, with one of her sweet smiles, and said,

"Yes, a very long day. I can hardly realize that we left home only this morning."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Meta, glancing at the Bible Miss Clare held in her hand.

"Perhaps you would like me to read to you, as you cannot use your eyes at night," said Miss Clare.

"Oh! I should like it above all things," said Meta, and she placed herself on a low seat beside her friend.

There was nothing very reverential in Meta's manner, but she looked up with interest into Miss Clare's face, as she began to read in her sweet, earnest voice, the stilling of the tempest on the sea of Galilee.

She had read but a few sentences when Judith came in, and, seeing how they were engaged, was passing on to her own room.

Miss Clare quietly drew her on to the couch beside her, and then went on with the account of the miracle.

"I don't wonder they were all astonished to see the waters calm down in a minute," said Meta, rather lightly.

"There is something fearful to me in a large body of water," said Judith. "I never felt so utterly weak and helpless as I did this morning when I saw Mrs. Allison sinking before my eyes. How I wished I could swim! What would have

become of her if Valencia had not been near! She owes her life to Valencia's courage and presence of mind."

"Mrs. Allison expresses herself most grateful to Valencia," said Miss Clare, "and I doubt not she acknowledges the mercy, too, of the Heavenly Father who prompted the kind deed and gave it success."

"I have just come from Mrs. Allison's room," said Judith; "she seems very calm and quiet, and I think she will be quite well to-morrow."

A few moments more, and Judith and Meta bade "Good night!" and Miss Clare was left alone.

A look of sadness and discouragement came over her usually calm face. She was not satisfied with the result of her first effort to induce her young friends to join her in reading the Book that was so dear to her. They had seemed but little interested in the holy words, and anxious to turn the conversation from sacred subjects. How should she lead Judith to see the loveliness of the meek and lowly Jesus? How should she induce the light-hearted Meta to strive to be an earnest, devoted Christian woman?

Meta had passed through too much that was exciting to fall at once, as she usually did, into a child-like slumber. She placed herself at the window, and looked out upon the ocean. The rising moon was sending streams of softened light across the quiet sea. The little waves gently rose and fell, each rearing its head for a moment, as if to receive its silver crown, then sinking slowly, as if in calm content. The few white sails that seemed

to flit across the water, looked like some mysterious messengers from the spirit world, moving in silence on some blessed errand. The scene was full of beauty, but Meta hardly noticed what was before her eyes.

Her mind was travelling back over the events of the day. The few moments of terror through which she had passed before Mrs. Allison was rescued, had made a strong impression upon her mind. Her heart throbbed quickly as she thought of Valencia's prompt, unselfish exertions. "I knew I should like her," she half exclaimed, "the noble generous girl!" From Valencia her thoughts turned to Judith. "How superior she is! How useful she was to-day!" she said to herself. "I am not worth anything," thought little Meta, "and yet mamma loves me, and brother Archie too, if I am a foolish little thing."

Meta was consoled by the consciousness of the true affection which she knew was hers, and, almost as light-hearted as usual, she laid her head on her pillow.

It was late that night before Judith closed her eyes. She, too, looked out upon the moonlight, but no sparkling waves or silver sheet of water quieted her eyes. She saw only the little garden below, and the field beyond it stretching to the dark pine woods. She had been gazing up at the stars which were growing dim before the rising moon, when she heard sudden sounds in the garden below. Half-frightened, she glanced downwards, and there she saw the charioteer of the morning, working away as if labour were truly a privilege. Tom was singing, and he had a voice of which he need not

have been ashamed; but the slight noise that Judith made as she closed the window, silenced him in a moment, but not before she caught a few words of the hymn he was singing with great heartiness.

Judith sat down to read a chapter in the Bible, as was her custom at night; she was going regularly through the New Testament. This evening the chapter was a long one, but she read it slowly through. Not that Judith thought about what she was doing, for while her eyes passed over the pages of the word of God, and even when she knelt with her book of private devotion before her, her mind was pronouncing judgment on the character of the strangers she had met that day.

In Mrs. Allison she was interested. Judith had a warm remembrance of a dear aunt, from whose lips she had heard in childhood words of holy counsel, and there was something in her new acquaintance that reminded her of the sainted friend, who had long held a sacred spot in her memory.

Valencia's courage she heartily admired, and she felt attracted towards her; "and yet," thought Judith, "she must belong to a very common family, she is so indifferent about her dress, and lets that beautiful hair be in such a state of wild confusion. Meta is just the foolish little thing I supposed," Judith mentally continued, "and yet I like her, I hardly know why."

When it came Mrs. Walter's turn to be weighed in Judith's usually accurate scales, she was puzzled. "I don't understand her!" was her only conclu-

sion, and with Mrs. Walter's large sad eyes haunting her Judith fell asleep, and dreamed that her hostess was bearing her away to some place of mysterious horror, in the depths of the dark pine woods.

CHAPTER II.

MISS CLARE.

JUDITH had promised to give her father early information of her being comfortably established at Mrs. Walter's. Judith was truth itself, and she held a promise the sacred thing it really is. There lay her letter on Miss Clare's table, the day after their arrival. It was directed to the "Hon. William Hart," in a clear, running, lady-like hand, and within were four closely written pages, over which she had been busy ever since breakfast.

"O Judith! have you been writing home?" exclaimed Meta, as she came in from a stroll on the sea-shore with Valencia. "I suppose I ought to write too. Brother Archie said he wanted a letter from me, at least once a week, all the summer; but I am sure I don't know what to say to him."

"What would you really say to him if he were here?" asked Miss Clare.

"Not a word!" said Meta gaily; "I should just jump into his lap and kiss him, and then sit there

very quietly, while you told him about our wonderful journey, and Mrs. Allison, and all."

"That would be a very natural proceeding for you, truly," said Miss Clare, smiling: "but do you not really intend to write at all?"

"Oh! yes. Certainly, I will begin this minute, if you wish it," said Meta.

Not a minute only, but at least half an hour passed before Meta had finished displaying the treasures which she had collected on the beach. Her little blue silk apron was filled with shells, sea-weed, and wave-washed pebbles, which she viewed with as much satisfaction as she would have regarded a new bonnet or a bright ribbon, after a city shopping excursion. When she had thoroughly exhibited her curiosities, Meta dropped them on the floor of her closet, rather unceremoniously, Valencia thought. Vallie was a real lover of Nature, and each trifle cast up from the depths of the sea had for her its bewitching charms and its mysterious history.

"Well, Vallie, I shall never begin my letter," said Meta, jumping from her position on the floor beside her new acquisitions.

Valencia was leaving the room with hasty steps, and a sudden flush in her face, when Miss Clare stopped her, saying,

"Come back again soon, and bring your work. I am going to have a working party in my room by-and-bye."

Valencia's heightened colour paled a little at these kind words, and when the invitation was warmly seconded by Meta and Judith, she promised to return.

Meta sat beside her window, biting her pen-handle for a quarter of an hour; but only a single line marred the pure white of the sheet of paper before her. Three words, "Dear Brother Archie," were all that she could muster.

Yes! that was all Meta knew of her brother, or felt towards him. He was very dear to her. She loved to nestle in his arms, and she prized the smile with which he always met her, as one of the brightest things in her sunny life. What did she know of his pursuits or interests? What idea had he of the workings of the mind of his pet and plaything?

Archie Morris felt with pain that there was this separation between himself and his little sister; and he hoped that Miss Clare, with her power of working wonders, would manage to bring them nearer together.

Meta was now "in her teens," no longer the little child he had ever considered her, and yet their intercourse consisted only in the frolic and romping, which had been his amusement ever since he first tossed her in his strong arms, or carried her on his shoulder, high up in the air.

Meta had always been satisfied with the state of things between them, but now she found it quite impossible to write a free, natural letter to her brother.

"He will laugh, I am sure, if I tell him about Judith and Valencia. He thinks I am constantly finding remarkable girls, but this time I know I am not mistaken."

Meta gave an emphatic little gesture with her fat white arm as she spoke, and away went the ink-

stand with a flying leap, scattering black favours in every direction.

Her desperate cry, "What shall I do?" brought Miss Clare and Judith promptly to her assistance. They found her diligently rubbing up the spots on the carpet, with her embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and thereby scattering the black hues in every direction.

"These portable inkstands seem made to fall over!" said Meta, snapping down the lid of the little square box, which, in her opinion, had done all the mischief. "It is of no use for me to try to write; if ever I begin, it always ends in some trouble like this."

Valencia appeared at the door at this moment, with Bessy in her arms. She put down her little charge, and joined in the general effort to repair the mischief.

Bessy seemed to think the whole affair had been planned for her special amusement. She crept hither and thither, laughing and chattering in her baby way, always under somebody's feet, and ever putting up her sweet mouth to pay for her delinquencies with the kisses which she knew would be welcome.

When the little disturbance was over, she climbed into Valencia's lap, and seemed quite content.

"Where is your work, Valencia?" asked Miss Clare, when they were all seated at the round table, to listen to what Judith called her favourite poem.

"Here is my work!" said Valencia, laughing, and pointing to the child. "I always take Bessy at this hour. You would be quite shocked, Miss

Clare, to know what a poor seamstress I am. I really don't know how to sew very well."

"Then I shall have to teach you," said Miss Clare, in her pleasant way. "You will never be all that a woman should be, until you have full command of your needle."

"I am afraid I shall never be anything like what a woman should be," said Valencia, almost passionately.

"Vallie! Vallie!" said little Bessy tenderly, looking into the face of her friend.

"Is not Bessy hoarse?" asked Miss Clare, changing the subject, which she saw had given pain.

"A little so," said Valencia, stooping to kiss her pet, and hiding, at the same time, the tears that had rushed to her eyes. "She is often so, but it does not seem to make her ill."

"The poem, Judith," said Miss Clare; "let us have it!"

Judith was too much accustomed to reading to her father, whose good opinion she valued more than that of any one in the world, to feel any diffidence before kind Miss Clare and the two young girls.

Judith possessed that rare and beautiful accomplishment in a woman, the power of reading with correctness and taste. The tones of her voice seemed to adapt themselves to the subject, and vary with the feelings she expressed, so naturally and unconsciously, that she was forgotten in the new charm given to whatever she read.

"Is that your favourite?" asked Meta, wonderingly, as Judith finished Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." "How grave you must be, to like that."

m.

Ms
be
con

wh
ssion

leri

nang

s he
hac
does

t us

; to
nore
iffi-
ing

om-
ith
ice
ary
nd
ew

er-
of

MISS CLARE, VALENCIA, AND BESSY. Page 35

Valencia did not speak; she had taken up the book, which Judith had dropped, and was hurriedly reading over the lines, her eyes earnest with deep feeling:

"Heart within, and God o'er head," she repeated. "The heart within sometimes gives us all the trouble," she said, in a low voice.

Meta looked inquiringly, and Judith opened her calm brown eyes a little wider than usual.

"It is time for the bath," said Miss Clare; "you will lose the pleasure if you are not quick. I shall not try it to-day." Miss Clare was looking a little paler than usual, but she said nothing of the pain she was enduring, in consequence of the kind assistance she had taxed her strength to render to Mrs. Walter the day before.

Valencia declined going, as she had the care of Bessy, who was now quietly sleeping on her lap. She sat silently turning over the pages of Judith's favourite author, while Miss Clare established herself comfortably in the corner of the couch.

The young strangers had hardly completed their preparations, when the long van again appeared at the door. Mrs. Walter, seeing that they were its only occupants, waived, with her usual courtesy, the objections that suggested themselves to her mind, and joined them.

"Does not Mrs. Allison need some one with her?" asked Miss Clare of Valencia, when they were left together.

"Oh! no," was the reply. "I have been in her room several times this morning, and I fancied she did not care for company. I afterwards heard her say to Mrs. Walter, when she offered to stay there:

'No, I thank you, dear; I like sitting quietly this morning!'"

"Any one must have a great deal to think of who has been so recently snatched from death. Did you think, Valencia," continued Miss Clare, "what danger you were incurring when you exposed yourself to the desperate grasp of a drowning person?"

"I did not think of anything but to get to the spot as quickly as possible. It would not much matter, you know, if I were to die; nobody would miss me much," said Valencia; and the tears filled her eyes.

"I think you are not quite sincere now," Miss Clare calmly replied. "Would not Mrs. Walter miss you? And little Bessy, what would she do without Vallie?"

"They would miss me, I know they would, and I am glad to think so," said Valencia, warmly. "If I could only do more for Mrs. Walter! She has been so kind to me!"

"Has she?" said Miss Clare, inquiringly.

"Yes, indeed!" said Valencia; "it is six years since my father and mother died at Havanna, of yellow fever. I was only six years old then, but I thought my heart would break when I was left there among strangers. My mother died first, and then my father was taken. Mr. Walter never left my father's side while there was life in him, though he was almost a stranger to him. Papa took a fancy to him, from the first time they met in Havanna, and he said he was sure that any one who had nursed him, at the risk of his life, would make a good guardian for his child; and so, while he could, he made his will and left me to his care. Mr. Walter was

not married then, and he did not know much about children, but he tried to comfort me. I know I gave him a great deal of trouble. I screamed and struggled when they tried to get me away from the room where my father lay, cold and still; but at last, when they could do nothing with me, Mr. Walter sat down beside me there till I fell asleep. When I woke, I knew that I had no father!"

Valencia sobbed violently at the remembrance of the grief of her childhood. Miss Clare's gentle sympathy assured her that in her listener she had found a new friend, and she went on.

"Poor Mr. Walter did not know what to do with me, so he sent me to school as soon as he came back to this country. I was sorrowful and cross, I suppose; for none of the girls liked me, and the only pleasure I had was the visit Mr. Walter never failed to pay me once a week. It did me good to see his kind face come in at the door. He used to talk to me a great deal about his dear Emily, for he was engaged then, and one day he brought her to see me. She did not sit up stiffly and look at me, but she took me in her arms and said, 'We must have her with us, George, as soon as—' and she blushed and stammered, and then went on, 'as soon as we have a house of our own.' I do believe Mr. Walter kissed us both. I never remembered exactly what happened then, but I know we all cried, even Mr. Walter, and he said it was just like his Emily, and he looked at her as I never saw him look at anybody else, though his face is always pleasant."

"Is Mr. Walter living?" asked Miss Clare, with involuntary curiosity.

"I hope so!" said Valencia, gravely, and then

went on with her story. "As soon as they were married they took the quick-tempered, naughty little girl to live with them, and I do believe the God who loves orphans will reward them for it, though I don't know much about such things."

"I am glad that you know something of the orphan's Friend," said Miss Clare, drawing near to the agitated girl; "without Him, we should all be desolate."

"I don't see how He can care for me!" said Valencia, passionately. "He knows I don't love Him as I ought, or try hard enough to please Him; but indeed, Miss Clare, I want to do so. I am so tired of being wild and wilful, but I don't know how to act better. Won't you help me? You must know how; for Meta says her brother Archie thinks you are the best woman in the world."

"I do not deserve such praise, dear Valencia," said Miss Clare, tenderly. "I have to struggle like you, with temptations without and within, but we need not be discouraged. There is a Friend even now with us, who can give us, day by day, new strength to do right, and be our comfort in all our sorrows. He never fails those who trust Him. O Lord! be thou in truth this orphan's Friend. Help, guide, and comfort thy young servant, and make Thy way plain to her."

Miss Clare spoke these few words earnestly, with Valencia's hand in hers.

Valencia felt with mysterious awe that she had found the Heavenly Father, for whom she had been looking, groping in the dark. Miss Clare had spoken to Him, placed her in His keeping.

Little did the unconscious Bessy know of the

deep feelings which were agitating the bosom on which she was sleeping so quietly. Even Miss Clare was ignorant of the restless yearnings for a better life, the faint efforts, the frequent struggles with evil through which Valencia had passed, and of the new feeling of peace and hope that was dawning in her breast at the first realization of the loving presence of the Eternal Father.

Bessy woke with a slight cough, and then followed a fitful cry of "Mamma! mamma!" which it taxed Valencia's power to soothe, and she was rejoiced when the bathers returned, and Mrs. Walter took her darling in her arms.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE BESSY.

MISS CLARE was roused from a sound sleep, just after midnight, by a sudden knock at her door. The knock was repeated impatiently, and before she was thoroughly roused a figure stepped in, that looked more like a creature of dream-land than anything earthly. It was Valencia in her night-dress, her black hair floating in wild confusion, and her eyes flashing with eagerness. "Do come quickly, Miss Clare!" she said. "Dear little

Bessy is so ill, and no one knows what to do for her."

Valencia did not wait for Miss Clare, but sped away along the wide hall, and mounting the stairs with a few light bounds, was soon again in the nursery.

When Miss Clare appeared at the door, Valencia was walking up and down the room, clasping little Bessy closely in her arms, and uttering exclamations of despair at the hoarse crowing coughs which came from the child with ever-increasing frequency.

Miss Clare knew that sound too well. She saw in a moment that only the most prompt remedies could subdue the severe attack of croup from which the child was suffering.

"What shall we do?" said Mrs. Walter, wildly seizing Miss Clare's hands in both her own.

Miss Clare quietly disengaged herself from the frantic mother, and asked in rapid succession for the various remedies, which she knew to be efficacious in the disease. Not one was in the house.

"She never had a day's illness. I could not know that we should need them!" said Mrs. Walter, in answer to her own exclamations of self-reproach. "Why don't the doctor come? Has he no heart? Will he let my child die, while he lingers on the road?"

"It is only five minutes since Tom started, dear Aunt Emmy," said Valencia tenderly. "See! Bessy is a little more quiet."

The severe mustard plasters were giving momentary relief.

Before the doctor could ride at full speed over the three miles between his home and Mrs. Walter's,

the disease had assumed a still more alarming form. One glance at his face, as he looked at the child, was sufficient to send a cold shudder over the frame of the mother. In a moment she was calm. She had now some one on whom to rely, and she promptly and implicitly obeyed the orders of Dr. Coit.

Miss Clare and Valencia seconded her efforts for the child, who lay in its mother's lap struggling for life.

Mrs. Walter bent tenderly over the little sufferer, and her hot tears dropped upon its face.

"She knows me still!" said the mother, hopefully, as the child caught her hand.

Bessy did indeed know who was watching over her with such anxious, affectionate care, and she passed her fat dimpled hand quietly down Mrs. Walter's cheek, and strove to say the "poor! poor!" by which she had often brought a look of love to the sorrowful face of her mother.

That was the last expression of tenderness, the last sign of recognition which the little sufferer was able to give to her who loved it best.

We will not dwell on the agony of the mother, as she saw her darling wrestling with the destroyer, until at last she welcomed the moment that relieved the innocent victim, though it left her childless.

With her own hands she robed for its last resting-place the little form which she had so loved and cared for. With tearless eyes she bent over the quiet sleeper, and laid the golden curls around the fair, smooth forehead.

Overpowered with grief, Valencia sat beside her pet, and her deep sobs alone disturbed the quiet of the chamber of death.

Miss Clare knew that this was no time to speak words of consolation to one who was suffering a depth of sorrow which only God can comfort. She could not intrude upon the silent anguish of the mother, who busied herself about her little one, but in her heart she petitioned the God of mercy, who had long "had his abode" with her, to impart peace and resignation to the heart of the stricken mourner.

The beams of the morning sun sent a stream of glory across the bright waters, and cheerfully peered in at Meta's window. Even the dark pine woods put on a brighter aspect in the pleasant light, and the young strangers woke at an early hour with a feeling of gladness, which the first sea-air cannot fail to give to youth and health.

"Can I never open my window without seeing that clumsy fellow?" said Judith, as she glanced into the garden. Tom was stepping rapidly about, pulling white flowers with one hand, and brushing the tears from his eyes with the back of the other. There was something in his manner that attracted her attention, and she could not help hearing the words which he spoke, as he stopped at a rose-bush under her window, quite unconscious of the listener above.

"Yes, the little dear's in heaven. No doubt of that! She's in her Saviour's bosom, but oh! how these arms do ache to take the little warm thing once more. What's to become of mistress! Who's to comfort her? We'll do what we can, but where's master? If we knew he was in heaven, we might take comfort. These be just fit for the little dear," he continued, as he picked the last bud on the bush.

"They be just like her. God made them both, so soft and tender. Bless the little snow-white dear! She's too good for the cold ground. I know her little baby soul is happy, but I can't stand it to think of the green grass growing over that dear little body."

Here honest Tom's tears fell so fast, that he had to lay down his flowers for a moment, and fairly wipe them away.

Judith turned from the window with moistened eyes, much wondering what could be the meaning of what she had heard.

Meta's cheerful voice broke the stillness of the morning as she carolled a merry song, the natural expression of her light heart.

Judith caught the sound which was so little in unison with the words to which she had been listening, and she was glad when it suddenly ceased, and a whispered conversation took its place.

Valencia had been pacing to and fro in the veranda, wiping away the tears that would flow, in spite of all her efforts at self-command.

The cheerful song struck upon her ear with painful discord. She could not bear it.

"Please don't sing, Meta," she said, impetuously, as she passed before the open window.

Meta put aside the white curtain to see the speaker who had given her so strange a "good morning." She started back, hardly recognizing Valencia's face, it was so altered by grief and continued weeping.

"Little Bessy," said Valencia in answer to Meta's glance of wonder and inquiry,—"Did you not know that she was dead?"

"Dead!" said Meta like one in a dream, "Dead!" Could it be that the little creature so lately full of life and joy, was now silent and motionless in death?

Valencia's words were confirmed by the fast-flowing tears that followed, as she walked away to renew her struggle for composure.

Neither Judith nor Meta could realize the truth, until Miss Clare led them silently to the quiet room where the mother still kept up her ministry of love about her unconscious darling.

Meta shuddered as she entered, and almost feared to look for the first time on the face of death. Her first timid glance reassured her; there was nothing horrible here!

Little Bessy lay as in a quiet sleep, surrounded by the pure flowers, which had ever been her favourite playthings.

The young girls wept silently, as they looked for a few moments at the still, peaceful face of the child, and then they turned to move noiselessly from the room.

Meta had taken but a few steps from the little crib, when she turned back impulsively, and kissed the dimpled hands that were folded so reverently on that innocent breast, and then hurried away to her own room. Serious, solemn thoughts for the first time filled Meta's mind. The healthful glow, the gladsome heart, which had hitherto assured her of continued life, now seemed a poor reliance.

To Judith, the house of mourning was no new scene. Judith Hart had always been a studious, thoughtful child, and the stroke that had deprived her of her invalid mother, had deepened her natural tendencies, and brought upon her responsibilities

that had made her almost too grave and self-possessed for one of her age.

Her first sorrow had awakened feelings in her heart, to which she had long been a stranger. The counsels of the pious grandmother, who had charmed her ear in childhood, now came back to her, and she calmly formed the resolution to be a true Christian.

She went daily through stated religious duties, she abstained from scenes of levity, she received the rite of confirmation, and fancied her object was attained. Judith forgot that all outward services are as nothing in the sight of God, without that full surrender of the heart, which makes Him the object chiefly loved, and His will the rule of life.

Judith was sincere. She abhorred falsehood or deceit in any form. She meant to keep her solemn confirmation vow, but she had yet to know what it really is to be a child of Jesus.

The sudden blow which had brought sorrow to the household of which she was now a member, seemed to have thrown her into a state of cold and dreamy calmness. She believed the child to be at rest in the presence of its Maker, and this thought satisfied her. The touching beauty of the soulless body had for a moment moved her; but she shrank from the grieving mother, almost with dread. She knew not yet, that in a true Christian heart the chords of human feeling acquire a sensibility doubly quick and tender, prompting to the ready tear of sympathy, and the responsive smile, and making it second nature to "weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice."

It seemed yet too soon for the loving mother for

her darling to be "buried out of her sight," when the day for her simple funeral arrived. It was a comfort to her to think that she should have the sacred spot ever in view. On the border of the pine woods was a little churchyard ("God's Acre" it was indeed, for it hardly measured more,) which was already hallowed by a few quiet sleepers from the cottages scattered along the shore. There was little Bessy laid, with the words of the prayer, and many tears. The sunshine fell on the fresh mound as cheerily as on the green grass beside it, and the pine woods kept up their solemn roar, unmoved by the voice of human sorrow.

Nature often seems most smiling when our hearts are heaviest, and while we murmur at this want of sympathy, we are unconscious of the soothing effect thus produced. This incongruity, which makes us at first impatient, has, for those who will listen, its whispers of consolation. It reminds us that our sorrow is but for a few hearts, and for a little space —a cloud over our garden of pleasure, which cannot hide the sun. It speaks to us of the unchangeable Creator about us, in unutterable love, when our hearts are saddest, as in our days of joy. Dreary were it, indeed, if nature wore a robe of darkness, whenever the garments of mourning are put on for the departed.

Words something like these, Miss Clare said to the three young girls as they clustered about her in the twilight, the evening after little Bessy was laid in her low home.

They all felt subdued in spirit, too sad for solitude, and yet in no mood to give each other comfort.

Miss Clare had seated herself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs on the wide veranda, and there, with the ocean rolling towards them, and the expanse of sky unbroken as yet by a single star, it seemed a fitting time to speak of nature, and her sublime voice of comfort.

Mrs. Walter was walking to and fro with forced calmness, and paying, as usual, polite deference to Mrs. Allison, who was leaning on her arm.

The old lady's talk was of the bright scenes of her girlhood. She was trying to cheer Mrs. Walter, to "turn off her mind" from her sorrow. The motive was kindly, but the voice of this world's comforters falls on a deaf ear, in the first days of bereavement, when the Heaven-sent messenger has prepared the heart for holier things.

There was something in the words of Miss Clare that arrested Mrs. Walter's attention, and she lingered as she passed from time to time, and, but for the arm in hers, would have obeyed the impulse that prompted her to form one of the group.

Valencia had taken Miss Clare's hand, and she was looking up into the face of the speaker with an expression of earnest interest, which told how deeply the words she heard were sinking into her heart.

As the shadows deepened, the little circle drew closer together, and, in the dim light, all spoke freely and frankly what they would hardly have said in the glare of day.

Mrs. Allison was at last weary, or perhaps she was attracted by the description Judith was giving of her grandmother; for she willingly took the seat offered her by Meta, as she paused in front of the group.

Judith was always animated when she spoke of her grandmother; for that friend, so early lost, was one of the few whom she had ever loved with the full strength of her strong, true heart.

All listened with interest, for there was something life-like and truly beautiful in the picture which Judith sketched of her aged friend, cheerfully going down the vale of years, making each day that brought her nearer the grave, brighter and happier for all who came within the sphere of her influence.

"I like to hear about cheerful Christians," said Meta. "I can't bear to see people going about, looking as if they were on the way to their own funeral, and call that being good."

"Some people are naturally sad," said Valencia; "do you think they ought to be blamed for it, Miss Clare?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply. "Yet they should struggle against the tendency. I think the cheerfulness which comes from casting all care on the Heavenly Friend, is generally a cure for such sadness."

"Well, I never was sad half-an-hour in my life," said Meta. "I hardly know what trouble is."

Thus the little party chattered together until the lateness of the hour obliged them to separate.

"This seems like the breaking-up of a family circle," said Valencia, warmly, as they rose, and she accompanied her words by a kiss to each, as an assurance that she was in earnest.

All had food for thought before lying down for the night.

Mrs. Allison, apparently the most uninterested of the party, had been deeply moved. She had heard

old age, which she so dreaded, described as lovely and happy. "Could she secure the charm, the secret of such a decline?"

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS.

META was not always punctual at the breakfast-table, for her morning toilet was a matter of no slight consequence. Her smooth braids had to be brushed, until they looked like a wig; and then there were little ribbons, cuffs, &c., to be arranged, which we have not time to dwell upon. Judith, too, was apt to be among the delinquents. She was a sound sleeper, and physically indolent by nature. To rise was for her a trial, new every morning, and she met the difficulty, at last, by a kind of dogged stoicism, which did not generally make her particularly agreeable at the breakfast-table.

The meal was often a dull one, until in came little Meta, as neat as a new doll, her face all sunshine, and a merry word for one and all.

Everybody in the house loved her, and she knew it, and was by no means surprised at it, for she was accustomed to being a favourite.

A few weeks by the sea-shore had rounded her

little figure, until the buttons on her dresses were strained from their lawful positions in a way that quite distressed her. It was amusing to see her fat hand laid demurely over the threatened fastenings, whenever she happened to remember them.

Four weeks had passed since the strangers had taken up their abode under Mrs. Walter's roof. The sad incidents of the first few days had drawn them together; they had felt a common sorrow, and had been led to speak of the holier, deeper feelings, with which, at times, every human heart is stirred. Now a social cheerful spirit reigned in the family, and even Mrs. Walter often smiled involuntarily at the merry chat of the young girls.

Every day after breakfast Tom appeared with the treasure of country life, the letter-bag, in his hand.

He came in one morning with a knowing look on his face, which betokened something more than newspapers in the bag.

"Please give it to me, Tom," said Meta, offering to take his burden from him.

"'Scuse me, Miss Meta, can't do it. Must go to the head of the house," said Tom, walking up to Mrs. Walter, who sat as if fastened to her chair, while her eager eyes were fixed upon the noisy group.

She opened the bag with nervous agitation, but one glance at its contents restored her usual calmness. She handed a letter to Miss Clare, and one to Judith, and then threw the papers on the table.

Judith tore open the envelope; it contained a long letter from her dear father, and her face was bright with real pleasure. "For Mrs. Walter!" she said, with surprise, as she read the address of a note

which her father had inclosed to her. "Business, I suppose!" was her second thought, as she handed it to Mrs. Walter, and then went to her room to enjoy what she always prized, one of her father's kind, wise, affectionate letters.

"Is not that brother Archie's writing?" said Meta, as Miss Clare rose to follow Judith, with her own letter in her hand.

"It looks very much like it," said Miss Clare, smiling. "You shall hear the news by-and-bye. You know, those who never write receive no answers."

Meta had not yet been able to get any farther than "Dear Brother Archie," though she had made this auspicious beginning at least half-a-dozen times.

There was something unpleasant to Mrs. Walter in the reception of money from a stranger, for accommodating in her house the young people who were already more than welcome. She did not like to break the seal in the presence of the ever-wondering, curious Hetty, who was busy in the room.

"Let me finish your breakfast duties," said Valencia, who had learned to read Mrs. Walter's face, and now fancied she wished to be alone.

"Thank you, Vallie; I wish you would," said Mrs. Walter, as she left the room.

As she had expected, money dropped from the letter as it was torn open; but what could the few lines mean which accompanied the more than liberal payment for the additional expense incurred for Miss Clare and Judith.

The note was as follows:

"DEAR MADAM: I thank you for affording so

pleasant a summer home to Miss Clare and my dear Judith. I inclose the first monthly payment for them. If there is any way in which I can be of service to you, apply to me without reserve. I take a warm interest in you and *yours*, and would be,

"Ever your friend,

"WILLIAM HART."

"You and *yours*," she repeated; there was now but one, and that her absent husband, who could be so linked with her, and perhaps he, too, was no longer on earth. Where was he? Into what new temptation had he fallen since the last hasty note he had written to her? Several months had passed since its receipt, but often she had pondered over it, and every word was painfully fresh in her memory.

It ran thus:

"DEAR EMILY: I cannot see you. I could not see you without telling you all. I am guilty, more deeply guilty than you could ever have believed possible. My name is not publicly dishonoured. You may see me, but long years may pass before we meet again.

"Show this to Aunt Allison; she will not let you want. Draw for Valencia as usual. Would that I were worthy to take one farewell kiss! Do not doubt that I love you devotedly. Adieu! Adieu!

"Your distressed husband,

"GEORGE WALTER."

"Judge Hart takes a warm interest in George!" she said. It was the first gleam of hope that had

reached her. "Perhaps," she thought, "there was something more than a fortunate coincidence in his having applied to me to take strangers, whom I so gladly received."

That one whose high principles and noble character were so well known could take an interest in her erring husband, was a thought full of comfort.

What was the nature of the guilt of that husband, she could not conjecture. She felt sure that he had yielded to some moment of temptation; she knew the frank, kind face from which she had parted, could never have been worn by one old in the ways of deceit and sin.

The bank-notes were crumpled in her hand as she paced the small room, and struggled to keep down the torrent of painful feelings which was ever surging in the depths of her heart.

Yet those bank-notes were very welcome, and, calmness once restored, she counted them, and carefully put them all aside, excepting one, with which she left the room.

Judith had enjoyed her father's letter heartily. It was so kind, so confidential, that she felt honoured by its tone, and she resolved anew to be worthy of the trust he placed in her. She was re-reading some passages that pleased her most, when she became an involuntary listener to an animated conversation going on at the back-door, below her window.

"Take it, Tom!" said Mrs. Walter, earnestly.

"No, mistress! Can't indeed!" said Tom. "Don't want it. Got everything can need this summer!"

"But you must, Tom," urged Mrs. Walter. "It is yours, earned by faithful service."

"Can't indeed, mistress!" said Tom, much moved. "He'll reckon with me when he comes back. I'd be ashamed to tell him I took from her, and he not here. There may be rough times before we are all as we used to be."

Before Mrs. Walter could command herself enough to reply, Tom was far down the garden, moving about as if he thought violent exercise the best thing to check the choking sensation in his throat, which so troubled him.

Judith was much annoyed at having overheard a conversation of so private a nature. Her first impulse was to go to Mrs. Walter, and tell her to what she had been an involuntary listener; a second thought convinced her that this could only give pain, and she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind.

"Please let me see it, Miss Clare," said Meta gaily, in the next room. "What does he say?"

"Oh! he says a great deal, and he wants to see you, and wonders why you don't write to him," said Miss Clare.

"Then I will write this very day," said Meta.

"Well, when your letter is done, you shall see mine," said Miss Clare.

This promise would have been a very safe one had the letter been of a far more private nature than it really was. Meta was soon off for a stroll on the beach with Valencia; then came the bath, dinner, another walk, and finally the usual excuse: "There is no time to write but in the evening, and then I can't use my eyes."

Those same eyes Meta did use most diligently that evening, as she peered out into the moonlight, opening them wide with wonder.

What could Tom be doing, going from the woods to the shore, bearing huge branches of evergreens, each one large enough for a Christmas tree?

Meta's curiosity was to have a night's rest before it could be gratified. She laid her hand on Miss Clare's door, to summon her to a consultation, but an involuntary conviction that she was engaged in duties too holy to be lightly interrupted, checked the impulse, and suggested that she herself should not sleep without a tribute of prayer and praise to her Heavenly Father.

Miss Clare's cheerful, consistent life was beginning to have an influence on Meta. She loved her delicate friend; and slowly, the wish to be like her, to have the same hopes and consolations, was springing up in her heart.

CHAPTER V.

THE VISITOR.

"WHAT a beautiful bower!" exclaimed Meta, as she looked out at her window on the following morning.

"'Birnam Wood must have come to Dunsinane' in the night," said Miss Clare, as she spied the cluster of evergreens that had suddenly appeared on the high bank leading down to the shore.

The bower was really very pretty. A tall sycamore formed the central support, the lower limbs having been trimmed off, while, above, the wide-spreading branches formed a pleasant shade. A cluster of smaller evergreens was ranged in a circle round it, just reaching to its drooping boughs, like children grouped about the venerable sage of the forest, that his hands might be laid on them in blessing.

A rude floor of planks, a simple centre-table, and some rustic chairs, completed the charming little retreat.

Not long after breakfast the bower was occupied by an admiring party from the house. The table was soon sprinkled with books and baskets—a quaint, old-fashioned work-box making its appearance among them.

"Why, Vallie! is that your work-box?" said Meta. "I never saw it before."

Valencia blushed and nodded assent, as she drew from it a piece of black crape, and began to try to fashion a collar.

Miss Clare easily guessed, that to be more industrious with her needle was one of Valencia's new resolutions, and she was sorry that she had commenced on so difficult an undertaking.

"Let us change work, Vallie," she said, offering the pocket-handkerchief she was hemming to her young friend.

The offer was gladly accepted, for Valencia already perceived that the collar she was trying to make for Mrs. Walter, was quite beyond her powers.

They were a happy little party, sitting in the

pleasant shade, with the murmur of the waves, and their cool plash on the shore, sounding in their ears.

"Isn't this a charming little bower?" said Valencia, enthusiastically. "Tom is always doing something thoughtful and kind. No wonder we are all so much attached to him!"

"Attached to a servant!" said Judith, opening her brown eyes in her own peculiar manner.

"Is not a servant a human being?" asked Valencia, almost angrily. "I do believe, Judith, you think nobody is worth loving who hasn't a distinguished grandfather, and a good education."

"For shame, Valencia!" answered Judith, with far more warmth than usual. "You cannot mean what you say. I think we all have our positions in life, given us by Providence; and I, for one, have no inclination to see the lines thus placed wiped away.

"But, Judith," said Valencia, "do you think you are any more worthy of love and respect because you are Judge Hart's daughter, and have everything that this world can give?"

"Perhaps I am no more worthy of love," said Judith; "but respect I have a right to claim. To tell the truth, I think to belong to such a family as ours, is a claim which would be, and ought to be, acknowledged all over the country."

"Well, I don't care for family," said Valencia, laughing. "Give me a good, warm-hearted girl, who has the manners and feelings of a lady, and I will ask no questions about her grandfather. What do you say, Meta?"

"Oh! you know," answered Meta, simply, "that

I like almost everybody—that is, everybody who is not cross or disagreeable."

"The most exalted position cannot win for us anything more than outward deference," said Miss Clare. "True respect is only paid to character, and it may be won by a person in any condition, who is really noble, faithful, and high-principled. On this subject, as on all others which involve a question of duty, we must go to the Bible for light. There we find the secret charm that puts down pride and envy in social life. Christian love comes in, not to break up the distinctions in society, but to bind all classes together. To a true Christian lady, her milliner, dressmaker, butcher, baker, and house-servants, all have an interest. They are immortal beings, of the Heavenly Father's family, to be cheered by kindliness, and led upward by example, and, if occasion offer, by judicious counsel."

These were new ideas to Judith. Just in every relation, she had tried to be, but to put any heart into her intercourse with persons lacking refinement, was a thing of which she had never dreamed.

"You do not mean, I hope, Miss Clare, that we are not to choose our friends from persons of our own rank in society," said Judith.

"Certainly not!" said Miss Clare, laughing. "But, Judith, do we ever choose our friends? Are they not sent to us by the Giver of all good, when we need them? He arranges the circumstances that bring us into intimate association with those whom we learn to call our friends."

"He has done much for me of late," said Valencia, tenderly taking Miss Clare's hand. "I am

beginning to think that a true friend is the best earthly gift."

The well-known rattle of Tom's light van, and his familiar "Whoa! there!" interrupted the conversation.

"Ladies in the bower!" said Tom, pointing towards the shore. The stranger he drove needed no second hint, but rapidly stepped towards the little party.

"Brother Archie!" shouted Meta, jumping into his arms, as he bent to enter the rustic door-way.

The stranger did well to spare his brown locks the danger of an entanglement, for even his easy grace might have been disturbed by such an accident.

Miss Clare's welcome, though very cordial, indicated no surprise at the meeting.

"Then you knew he was coming, Miss Clare?" said Meta, as soon as her first burst of affection was over.

"Oh! yes," was the answer, "but I wanted to give you the pleasure of seeing your brother unexpectedly."

"I don't wonder that Meta talks so much about her brother Archie," said Valencia to Judith, as they strolled along the beach together, a few moments after their introduction to the stranger. "He is a perfect picture of a brother," she added. "He looks so gentle and affectionate, and yet so dignified and intellectual."

"What made you run away from us?" said Meta, overtaking her young friends before they were out of sight of the bower, and leading them triumphantly back. "I want you to know brother Archie."

The short time that they had been absent had

sufficed for little Meta to give a rapid sketch of the characters of her friends, and, as she re-entered the door, her manner seemed to say—"Look at them! You will soon find out that I am not mistaken this time."

Archie Morris was inclined to think well of Meta's companions; for he had heard much of them through Miss Clare, and he fancied that he could already see the result of their influence upon his mobile little sister.

Her sunny face seemed to him to look more thoughtful, yet not less sweet than when they parted. She was simply dressed too, and that pleased him. Perhaps he would not have been as much gratified, if he had known that the objectionable flounces had been discarded because of the rents they had suffered in her scrambles with Valencia, and her gay little ribbons had been unwittingly sown along the shore, to astonish future collectors.

The dinner-bell broke up the social chat into which the little circle had fallen.

Archie Morris offered one arm to Miss Clare, and Meta took the other, tip-toeing along with a joyous skip, which enabled her to keep step with her tall brother.

"Perhaps I should have used your new title," said Miss Clare, smiling, after introducing Mr. Morris to Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Walter.

"Yes, you should not forget my new honours," was the reply.

"Are you really a doctor, now?" said Meta, looking up at her brother quite reverentially.

"Actually an M.D. at last," said he, "and quite ready for a patient. Can I do anything for you, Meta?"

"If you could only tell me how to grow just a little thinner," said she, with a furtive look at the threatened buttons.

"Eat a little less, laugh a little less, talk a little less, and write a few more letters; that would be my prescription," said the young doctor.

"All easy but the last," said Meta, laughing; "but we won't talk about that now. A visit from you is better for us both than twenty letters."

After dinner Miss Clare and Dr. Morris established themselves in the cool north parlour.

"Now for one of your old-fashioned long talks," said Meta; "I shall betake myself to my room for a comfortable nap."

"No, no, Meta! stay with us," said Miss Clare.

"She had better go, for I have something particular to say to you about my plans," said the young doctor, in French.

"Let her stay," answered Miss Clare, in the same language; "you must take her somewhat into your confidence, if you ever wish to come heart to heart with her."

"You are right," said the brother, extending his arms to Meta. "Come, dear, we have nothing to say that you may not hear."

"I dare say I shall hear enough to make my poor little head ache half the night with new thoughts; but I like to stay with you," said Meta, establishing herself on the sofa at her brother's side.

"Have you determined, Archie, upon carrying out the plan you hinted at in your last letter?" asked Miss Clare, with much interest.

"Yes, cousin Annie," said Archie, to Miss Clare, who was his second cousin, and his elder by several

years. "Yes, cousin Annie, my resolution is fixed, and my mother has reluctantly given her consent. I leave home next week."

"Where are you going?" said Meta, starting up.

"Not very far away, little sister. Not an hour's walk from our pleasant home. You will see me very often," was his reply.

"I hope you are not too sanguine of success," said Miss Clare. "In this world we have to work because it is the will of our divine Master, even though we see no fruit from our labours. Why not take that position in the hospital? There you would be sure of being useful."

"Yes!—and have my treatment criticised, and my plans frustrated by worldly men, those who think years must necessarily give wisdom. That may do for one who wishes to be merely a doctor. I have a higher aim. I want to tread closely in the footsteps of our Saviour. I would minister to the sick soul, as well as to the suffering body. I must see the people whom I would benefit, in their homes, not in hospital wards, with gaping nurses and pert young doctors, counteracting by their smiles or sneers the good that I would do. No! cousin Annie, I have found a spot in your boasted city worse than the vilest den in heathendom, and there I will commence my career, and try to shed a little light in a dark place. It may be my poor candle will go out suddenly in that foul air, but it will burn the brighter in the better land, where they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. I dare not call myself a follower of Christ, and then sit down in the lap of luxury, to indulge my own tastes, satisfied with casting alms

now and then to the needy, while a lost world is hardly a stone's throw from me. I consider myself pledged to work for and with Christ. The people to whom I go, would scoff at a minister of the Gospel, but they will readily receive one who, while he strives to heal their sin-destroyed bodies, will never forget that his chief message is to their souls."

"How grand and beautiful he looks!" thought Meta, as she gazed at her excited brother, who was standing with his tall figure drawn to its full height.

"Archie," said Miss Clare, gently, "we cannot always choose the way in which we are to follow Christ. All tread in His footsteps who go cheerfully and steadily forward, bearing the cross He has laid upon them. It may be one that exacts the sympathy of the world from its evident torturing weight, or one that is none the less heavy because it is borne in the secret anguish of the soul. You love the path you have chosen. It is no cross to you. You may yet find that there are heavier burdens in store for you, if you would truly walk in the footsteps of our Master."

"Welcome all that comes, while following such a Guide!" said Archie, with enthusiasm. "The rough road and the sharp thorns that wounded Him, received a baptism from His blood which renders them harmless to all those who keep Him in sight. But to keep Him in sight, when once engaged in the practical duties of my profession, that will be the difficulty."

"Yes, Archie," said Miss Clare, "that is the difficulty for us all. There is something in the daily round of homely duties, which seems to drag the

mind down to earth, unless each is done as in His sight, as for Him because appointed by Him."

"You women lead such a quiet life, it is easier for you to keep up a realization of spiritual things than it is for us, who are ever in the midst of the God-forgetting multitude. I do believe one great part of a woman's mission is to keep alive in the hearts of the other sex the remembrance of the abiding, loving presence of God, by simple, affectionate faith and pure example. I do believe I must marry. They say a doctor must have a wife."

"Now, Archie, you are really absurd!" said Miss Clare, laughing. "What would become of the wife who would suit your fastidious taste, in that dungeon of a home you have chosen for yourself? Why, you talk about marrying as if it were as easy a thing as to buy a horse to your mind! It might not be very difficult for you to find some fair lady who would smile upon you, and that you know quite well enough. But where will you find a true wife? One who could share your high aims, and yet bring sound judgment to calm your enthusiasm, self-command to meet your hasty temper, refinement of mind and manner to please your exquisite taste, and pure, loving piety to keep the light burning within you, in spite of the wild winds and contending storms of active life? After all, it is of no use to describe the woman you ought to have. You will probably do as most men do, even the wisest of them; take the hint of some sudden fancy, and follow it blindly."

"Now, cousin Annie, you are unjust! I never had a fancy for any earthly woman, and it is not likely that at twenty-four I shall commence with

boyish folly. When I marry I hope I shall not cease to be a reasonable man!" said Archie, warmly.

"We won't argue about the possibilities in that case," said Miss Clare, laughing. "Come, Meta, it is time for us to prepare for our bath; so we will leave Dr. Morris for awhile."

"I shall take a stroll in the woods, while you turn to mermaids," said Archie, and away he went to wander among the tall pines, maturing, as he walked, his plans for future usefulness.

Meta had, indeed, gained material for thought. Her mind was so full that she could hardly command herself enough to keep her fingers busy. She felt that she had never loved her brother one half as well.

"How noble! how good he is!" she said to herself. "No wonder he does not talk to me about his plans and wishes, poor foolish child that I am! What was that he said about a woman's mission? I think anybody's spiritual lamp would be in a bad condition, if it depended on my faith and example to keep it bright. Well, there's no knowing what I may be some day," she added, cheerily, as she finished her toilet.

"Why, Meta!" exclaimed Valencia, as she appeared on the veranda, "your hat is on wrong side before, and you have forgotten your belt."

"Have I?" said Meta, laughing. "Well, I do believe I forgot what I was about."

Meta's grave thoughts disappeared before the first dash of salt water. She was learning to swim, and under Valencia's instructions made rapid progress.

Judith contented herself with one new accomplishment, that of floating on the surface of the water, gently swayed by the waves; but to all, the hour of the bath was a pleasant one, and daily welcomed by the little circle.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAILOR.

"WON'T you read something to us, brother Archie?" said Meta, imploringly, after supper. The proposal was warmly seconded by all the ladies.

"You ask me, as if you thought me sure to refuse and require urging," said Archie, laughing. "Now, I shall disappoint you, and consent at once, provided you fix upon a book in five minutes."

"Shall Dr. Morris read 'Horatius,' the poem I was speaking of yesterday?" said Miss Clare.

"That will be just the thing!" said several voices, and away went Meta for Macaulay's Works.

The deep clear tones of Archie's voice were well adapted to the spirit of the poem, and all listened with breathless interest.

There was the slightest possible indication of impatience in Archie's face, when Mrs. Allison interrupted him to ask him to please repeat some of

the names of the Romans of old, with the same air with which she would have said—"John Johnson; I think I knew a John Johnson once."

As, one by one, the heroes of that age of Rome were mentioned, Judith gave a smile of recognition, for history was one of her favourite studies, and she felt at home among the Tarquins, Curiatii, &c. She was familiar with the incident on which the poem was founded, and listened like one who loves to trace, in the work of some modern composer, the pleasing under-current of an old, familiar air.

To Valencia all was new. She had never loved study, and had escaped from the routine of tasks in which she had been drilled at school, as from bonds and fetters. For two years her time had been chiefly passed in wild country rambles, strolls by the sea-shore, and little domestic occupations by which she could relieve Mrs. Walter. Judith's favourite poem, the Psalm of Life, had awakened Valencia to the knowledge of the exhaustless source of pleasure to be found for her in books. With intense interest she read the soul-thrilling words which brought out in clear and wonderful beauty the vague thoughts which had haunted her mind and filled her dreams. From the lives of those who had fought their earthly battle, and died conquerors, she drew deep encouragement, and patiently she pored over the works of sages, who had left for all generations pure counsel, and a record of holy aspirations.

Now she seemed to stand with the "Fathers of Rome," watching the awful struggle; and when Horatius, with one loving look at his home, jumped into the yellow Tiber, she held her eager breath,

and clasped her hands, as did the Roman maidens, who saw their hero contending with the strong waves. The tears rolled fast down her cheeks as he reached the shore, and his country was safe.

"I am so glad!" cried Meta, at the same moment giving a joyous leap on her seat and a merry clap of the hands.

Archie Morris felt something like contempt for young girls. He would have been shocked to have been accused of such a feeling, but he had cherished it nevertheless. He loved Meta dearly, because she was like a sweet, sunny-tempered child, and withal his little sister, who had nestled in his arms, and made his leisure hours bright since the day she first smiled upon him. Young girls in general, unfledged things, with unformed ideas, he thought only fit to be treated with a kind of charitable kindliness, such as is due to weak inferiors.

Judith's calm appreciation of the poem, and her correct criticisms, surprised him, and he could not help being interested in the warm way in which Valencia's woman's heart beat for Horatius in his heroic struggle. He drew out Meta's friends half-curiously, but as they grew more and more at ease with him he forgot his scrutiny, and entered into the conversation with real pleasure.

Judith gave her opinions in her own cool, decided manner, bringing arguments to justify them, which proved that she had thought long and well on the subjects of which she spoke. She did not often agree with Dr. Morris; they seemed to see the world from different sides. She was half-ashamed to be so frequently in the opposition, and this feeling made her differ more and more modestly.

"Indeed, I am quite mortified," she said at last, "to find myself holding contrary views to Dr. Morris on so many points. Some of my notions are, I dare say, quite crude and absurd, but I am sure that many of them are right, though poorly expressed. I mean those which I have received from my father, Judge Hart."

Judith spoke the last words a little proudly, but her eye softened, when Archie warmly answered,

"You may well feel it an honour, Miss Judith, to have such a father, and dare to trust his opinions implicitly as truth. I have the privilege of Judge Hart's acquaintance."

"Isn't that pleasant?" broke in little Meta, who had hitherto been a quiet listener.

"Of your father too, and his early promise, I have heard," said Dr. Morris, turning to Valencia. "You are a daughter, I believe, of Marshall Clyde?"

Valencia smiled an assent, through sudden tears.

"Marshall Clyde, the talented young lawyer, of whose sad fate I have heard my father speak," thought Judith. "Can Valencia be his child, and yet never have named him? How strange!"

This personal conversation put the party on even more friendly terms.

Valencia found herself speaking to a stranger of what had never before passed her lips. She brought out her favourite idea of some spiritual truth being linked with all the wonders and processes of nature, to be understood by angels, and dimly guessed by all who draw near to God in purity of heart.

This had long been one of Valencia's fancies, and since she had been really approaching the Heavenly Father, as an affectionate child, all crea-

tion had seemed to her imaginative mind full of messages of love and counsel from its Almighty Author.

Meta plucked the delicate sea-plants that swayed and floated so gracefully in their own element, and laughed gaily to find them changed in her hand to a green and slippery mass, without form or beauty. A merry sport it was to Meta, but to Valencia it told of the human soul, living in God's loving presence, and keeping his laws, light, free, happy, and beautiful; but, taken from Him, and exposed to the rude grasp of sin, changed to a poor worthless thing, which only God can value or renew. The wave-washed pebbles, that Meta added to her hoard, brought comfort to Valencia. Alone each little stone had been tossed and driven by the strong waters, until, rounded and polished, it was cast ashore to be valued and treasured at last. "Submit, Valencia," she said to herself, "to all that now seems most trying; the hand of Providence may be preparing you to be finally claimed as one of His jewels!"

Thus, while Meta and Valencia enjoyed together their sea-side strolls, one had the pleasures of joyous childhood, while the other was indulging her now consecrated fancy, and drawing some soothing or encouraging lesson from each new form of beauty that met her eye.

Valencia's naturally lively imagination had grown and strengthened in the lonely life she had led, and had but too often so magnified her own sorrows, that she longed in her youth to lay down the burden of life, which seemed too heavy to be borne. Now, she had found for it a fair field. With it

she not only read the devout language of Nature, but at times she seemed to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, and to see that ineffable light before which the beams of the natural sun fade in darkness away. Christ, living, loving, sustaining, she could fancy beside her, and often her large peculiar eyes were lit with an expression which told of a joy in which this world had no part.

Of all this, Meta had never dreamed. Judith felt that there was something about Valencia which she could not understand; she often dropped words that were to her as riddles, and seemed to have hopes and aspirations to which she, a professed Christian, was a stranger. There was something in Dr. Morris's enthusiastic nature and deep spiritual life which unloosened Valencia's tongue. She at once realized that he would understand her, and he did, though he listened with a kind of wonder as she unfolded the natural workings of her mind. When her fancies were too wild, or their tendency unpractical, he gently pointed out their danger, or playfully called her back to the homely realities of life.

Miss Clare was glad to see her young friends so happy together; and she looked on, her calm, pleasant face, bright with interest in the conversation, though she was silent.

A rude noisy song broke in upon the quiet beauty of the night, and startled the party on the veranda. The song ceased, and there was a cry of "Halloa there! what kind of a fastening is this?" as a sailor stood staggering at the gate, trying in vain to open it.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies," said Dr. Morris,

stepping down the wide pavement, with a few of his long strides.

The ladies would not have lacked a protector, even if Dr. Morris had not been with them. Tom was at the gate as soon as himself, and coming round the lane by the side of the house, stood in the street beside the intruder.

"Can't have noise here!" said Tom, taking the fellow by the collar, before Dr. Morris could speak. "Tell your business to us, not to people a mile off, or else go a mile off to tell them."

"I shan't tell my business to anybody but the madam!" roared the sailor. "I won't go, I say, till I see her."

"Tell your errand this moment, and move on. You are in no condition to speak to a lady!" said Dr. Morris, sternly.

"Condition or no condition," hiccoughed the man, "I don't leave these diggings till I have sight of the madam. Pretty strong, to come all this way to see her, and then be sent off like a dog!"

"Rascal! what do you mean?" said Tom, in a rage, and he commenced walking the sailor off by main force. The voice of his mistress checked him.

"Stop, Tom!" said she, eagerly and earnestly, "I'll see the man. I want to see him, but not here, not here!"

Dr. Morris looked up in wonder. Even in the dim light he could see her pale face marked with strong feeling as she said, "Take the poor fellow to the kitchen, Tom!"

"There now!" said the man. "The lady knows."

Tom's manner was suddenly changed, and he

answered, "Yes, she always knows!" and he then carefully conducted the noisy intruder round to the rear of the house.

"Indeed, Mrs. Walter, you had better let me attend to the man," said Dr. Morris. "You ought not to see him while he is in this state."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Walter, with dignity, "I prefer seeing him myself;" and she left the little party, closing after her the doors through which she passed.

"I 'se got something for you, madam," said the sailor, a little more respectfully. He rummaged his pockets and looked at their miscellaneous contents in vain. An empty whisky-bottle, which was drawn out, explained the reason why he was wandering like a vagrant, though neatly dressed, and bearing in his face no indications of a long career of vice. He rubbed his forehead and seemed to make an effort to command his faculties. "In—the bundle," he drawled out at last.

"Where is the bundle?" said Mrs. Walter, wildly; "have you lost it?"

"'Long the road, I s'pose," said the fellow, growing more and more sleepy.

"Tom!" called Mrs. Walter.

The faithful servant was at her side in a moment, and she immediately despatched him in search of the missing bundle.

Tom's heart was in his work; he understood his mistress's hope, and shared it.

Mrs. Walter had not shown to any one the sad letter which announced her husband's guilt and sudden departure. She felt that it would be far easier to strive to maintain herself than to purchase

the friendly assistance, even of Mrs. Allison, at the price of the exposure of the misconduct of her husband.

The disappearance of Mr. Walter, and his wife's wild look of grief, had convinced every one in the little household that some sad mystery hung over the subject.

Tom loved his master and mistress; he had much kindness and many pleasant words from them to remember, and he resolved to ask no questions, but to do his duty cheerfully, until the bright hour came when the wanderer would return.

He coolly answered all inquiries about Mr. Walter, from persons out of the house, by saying—"Master 's gone off on his own business, and will be back as soon as he can." Tom felt no hesitation about making this assertion, for he was sure that it must have been a sore trial for such a devoted husband to be separated from his wife, and that his absence would be as brief, indeed, as it was in his power to make it.

Before a half-hour had passed, Tom returned, carrying a knotted pocket-handkerchief, which held, like Ichabod Crane's, "the worldly effects" of the sailor.

"Wake him up, Tom!" said Mrs. Walter, eagerly. "He must open the bundle."

In vain they strove to rouse the intoxicated man from his heavy sleep; and at last, Mrs. Walter, with her own delicate hands, untied the strong knots by which the sailor had secured his valuables.

She found what she sought—a package directed to her in a hand which needed no explanation.

"Take care of the poor fellow, Tom," said she,

and then clutching her treasure she hurried to her own room.

The package contained a long, long letter, over which she shed many tears. As she rose from its perusal, the wild look of distress was gone from her face; sad, deeply sad, it still was, but painful certainty seemed far better than her own fearful misgivings.

The lumps of gold that lay upon the table would themselves have told the route George Walter had taken in his guilt and distress.

How many such returns have come from California, the first tokens of amendment and restitution from repentant prodigals!

CHAPTER VII.

INNER LIFE.

WHEN Mrs. Walter appeared at breakfast the next morning, she greeted all with her accustomed courtesy; but Valencia fancied that her affectionate, inquiring glance was shunned, or met with unwonted coldness.

Dr. Morris took leave as soon as the family rose from the table. "I have had a charming visit," said he, in his frank pleasant way, "and I thank you all

for it. Can I do anything in the city for you, Mrs. Walter?"

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Walter, producing a small but heavy parcel. "May I trouble you to give this to Judge Hart, since you have the pleasure of his acquaintance?"

The doctor readily undertook the commission, and Mrs. Walter was glad to know that the letter which it had cost her half the night to write, would be forwarded to its destination, and the gold returned to her in an available form.

"Do come again soon, brother," said Meta, as she kissed him fondly.

"As soon as I can, little sister; you may be sure of that!" said he, and then came another kiss, and a general shaking of hands, and Dr. Morris was gone.

Valencia hurried to her room to put it in order as usual; but to her surprise she found the little apartment as neat as the abode of a fairy.

"Why, Hetty!" said Valencia, as a round Irish face peered out from behind the door, "I am half-vexed and half-pleased with you. You know I like to take care of my room myself."

"Yes, yes, Miss Vallie, I know you likes to do all, and to lend a helping hand, this way and that way, more than is good for them little white fingers sometimes. There 's others of us that likes to lend helping hands too! Miss Vallie, you ought to have been down stairs at daybreak this morning; you would have heard something you would give a pretty penny to know," continued Hetty, as she busied herself, quite unnecessarily, dusting where she had wiped away every speck the moment before.

Valencia took no notice of her remark.

"The master's in Californy, that's certain! The poor fellow that stopped here last night would have been a dead man but for Mr. Walter's nursing him back, a'most from the coffin. I do believe master would stop to help a sick dog, if he knew he'd risk his life by it."

"Hetty!" said Valencia, angrily, "you ought not to tell me what you overheard."

"Overheard, Miss Vallie, indeed! I heard the man telling it, as loud as he could talk, all the way out of the yard, so that anybody who hadn't been sleeping like a log couldn't help hearing him. He said Mr. Walter was the best man he ever seed, and had a heart as tender as a woman's, and a hand a'most as soft on a sick fellow's head. He says master 'll come back as rich as a lord! Overheard! Just as if I ever hearkened at doors, or such like!" said Hetty, flouncing out of the room with the stir of an offended March wind.

"Hetty!" called Valencia. "Come back a minute—I spoke hastily. Thank you for putting my room in such nice order. But, indeed, Hetty, I don't want you to tell me anything you chance to hear. Mrs. Walter might not like it."

Valencia felt all the more guilty for having heard tidings of Mr. Walter in such a manner, because the information was so welcome to her. She seemed to have stolen a treasure, or rather to have partaken in the theft. She had deeply felt the mysterious absence of the friend of her childhood, but had forborne all outward expression of sorrow or curiosity on his account. It had been her effort, by unusual tenderness and constant cheerfulness, to lighten the

trials of the stricken wife and bereaved mother, and now her heart yearned towards her with unusual affection.

"Can I help you this morning, Aunt Emily?" said Valencia, going into the dining-room, where Mrs. Walter was busy as usual, at this hour.

"No, no!" said Mrs. Walter, hastily, without looking up; "I can do very well without you."

"Then let me hem those towels we cut out yesterday," said Valencia, cheerfully.

"I do not want you to do anything for me. Go to your young friends!" said Mrs. Walter, keeping her eyes fixed upon the tea-pot, and turning over some bills and papers.

"But, dear Aunty," urged Valencia, "you know I 'd rather stay and help you, than go to any friends in the world. Who loves me as well? Who has been as kind to me?"

"Go, go!" said Mrs. Walter, shrinking from the hand which was laid tenderly on her shoulder.

Valencia went, her tall slight figure drawn to its full height, and a red spot burning in each of her cheeks.

"Vallie! Vallie! where are you going?" cried Meta, as Valencia hurried across the wide hall.

"Don't stop me!" said Valencia, twitching away her dress from Meta's grasp. "I wish you would let me go!"

The look in Valencia's eyes was not to be disregarded, and Meta shrunk away.

"Go; yes, I will go!" said Valencia, as she entered her small room. "I am no longer needed here!" She began to put her things together as if for an immediate start. "Go! where shall I go?"

she said, and, leaning her head on the bed, she sobbed violently.

She did not hear a first gentle tap at her door, but a second and a louder one attracted her attention, but she took no notice of it.

"May I come in, Vallie?" said the kind voice of Miss Clare, and the door was opened

"My child! what is the matter?" she asked, as Valencia's face, swollen with weeping, was turned towards her.

"Nothing but what I deserve, I suppose! I have no home! no friends! I am alone, desolate!" and she sobbed again.

"We are never alone, never desolate, dear Vallie. There is One with us who knows your sorrow, and can comfort you, far better than I can. Yet I want to share your troubles," said Miss Clare, putting her arm round her young friend.

Valencia looked up for a moment. What was it which had thrown her into so violent a passion, and had made her grieve as if stricken by some great affliction? She mentally reviewed the words Mrs. Walter had spoken. They seemed almost kind; but the manner, she could not have been mistaken about that. There was really nothing to tell, and if there were, should she cast blame on one who had been so kind to her, and had borne with her through so many wild freaks and hasty outbreaks?

"I do believe, Miss Clare, that I have been very foolish and wicked," said Valencia, trying to check her tears. "I never shall conquer my temper. I am quite in despair about it."

"It is a difficult task," said Miss Clare, tenderly; "but I trust you will conquer, relying on the strength

from above. Your imagination helps you to believe yourself injured, and then come those indignant glances and angry words. I believe a little hard study would do you good. Learning to control the mind is one step towards self-command."

Miss Clare sat down by Valencia, and talked to her quietly and frankly, leading the conversation by degrees to pleasant topics; and when she left that little room, an hour after, Valencia parted from her, looking quite calm and cheerful.

Miss Clare had won the affection and confidence of almost every member of the family. Mrs. Allison, in her own garrulous way, liked to talk to Miss Clare of her happy young days, when she lived in the midst of the world, to which she now clung in heart, though cut off by age from mingling in its exciting scenes. To Miss Clare she complained of "Emily's want of confidence in never telling her one word about where George Walter was, though she had brought him up from the time he was a chick of a boy, and went to school with a shawl on." "Emily isn't what she used to be," the old lady would say, "and I think I ought to know what ails her."

Miss Clare was a patient listener to all these reminiscences and complaints, and Mrs. Allison often wondered, after one of these long talks, to find herself feeling more tenderly towards Mrs. Walter, and thinking more of the future, the eternal future, than of the giddy past.

Meta opened her whole soul freely to Miss Clare; indeed, she hardly needed to do so, for she was guileless as a little child, and it was easy to read on her face each passing emotion. She was like a clear lake, reflecting all on its borders, and transpa-

rent to its utmost depths. There were pure, sweet waters in Meta's soul, as those who loved her knew full well.

It was strange to trace a little of Judith's calm judgment and unremitting industry, and a little of Valencia's warmth and devotedness, developing by degrees in Meta at the same time, with the higher aims and stricter sense of duty which she unconsciously imbibed from daily association with Miss Clare.

Meta, too, was doing something for all. No one could see her pleasant smile, week after week, and observe the sunny way in which she met all annoyances, without catching something of her spirit; yet she thought herself almost worthless in comparison with those whom she called, "the splendid Judith and the noble Valencia."

While Miss Clare was loved and leaned upon, how went matters with her? She never spoke of herself, never complained of the pains that robbed her of sleep at night, and paled her cheek by day. She did not whisper of the sense of loneliness which oppressed her at times, and was only overcome by drawing near to the Saviour in prayer, until she caught such an assurance of His continual presence as sent her cheerfully on her way. No one knew the sorrow that had come upon her in the midst of happiness, and dashed her cup of joy to the ground. Did she sit down in sadness, because weak and afflicted, alone in the world? No! "Every single woman," she said to herself, "yes, every old maid, must have some aim, or she will sink into the petty gossip who retails her miserable wares from house to house, or become the soured grumbler who

fancies all the world against her, because she has no strong arm to lean upon."

Miss Clare had an object in life. It was no great work to win the world's applause. She devoted herself earnestly, lovingly, to the happiness and best good of all with whom she should be thrown, either for years or for a passing hour. She strove to please the child who crossed her by chance, as she did to make the eyes darkening with age the brighter, if but for a moment. She had her reward. Love wrapped her like a garment, wherever she went, and some kind hand still interposed to ward off from her the harsh strokes and rude buffetings of the outer world.

She had soothed the last hours of Mrs. Hart with a patience that was unruffled by the perverseness of a nervous, ungoverned invalid, and when that task was done she cheerfully assumed the household cares in the same home. She was to Judith a friend on whom she could rely, but who never for a moment separated the father and child.

The comfortable income which relieved Miss Clare from all pecuniary anxiety, enabled her to bring many a bright hour to humble firesides, and to encourage and uphold many a poor wanderer, struggling back from vice to virtue.

Archie Morris was right, his cousin Annie was the best woman he knew. Many thanks he owed her for the sympathy and counsel that had strengthened his own earnest purposes and high aspirations.

Judith loved Miss Clare, and yet she was never confidential with her. Judith's heart seemed to be closely shut in by a cold strong wall, to whose gate there was but one key, and that was in the hands

of her father, ever admitting him to the light and warmth within.

She had been sad of late. She was much in her own little room alone, and when with the family circle she was often abstracted, and almost sullen.

Miss Clare saw that there was some great struggle going on within, and she prayed fervently in secret for her young friend.

Judith shared her trials with none. She told no one how day by day the conviction had crept over her, that there was a life, a reality in religion, in comparison with which her own formal services were but as the casket without the jewel, the body without the soul. There was something which made the very being of Miss Clare, which ruled and elevated the wayward Valencia, and refined and softened humble Tom, to which she, Judge Hart's daughter (resolved in her own strength to be a Christian) was a stranger.

She had raised an empty cup to her lips; there might be the semblance of drinking to those without; but she felt her thirst unslaked, her heart un satisfied.

A deeper humiliation was in store for Judith. Upright and truth-loving, she found herself pledged to duties which she had not fulfilled, a professor of the religion of Christ, while the cold, proud spirit of the world reigned in her unbroken heart. She was humbled to the earth when she realized that she had at her confirmation taken an oath of allegiance to God, while self was her idol and her law-giver.

She who had thought her own firm resolve sufficient to subdue and change the lion to the dove,

found at last that man may will to serve the Lord, but he can only succeed in the strength that is given by Him who has formed the human soul, and can soften and mould it by the breath of His Spirit.

No eye but that of the All-pitying saw the heart of Judith laid low in the dust. He heard her prayers for mercy, forgiveness for the past, and continued help in the untried future.

The shadow that for a time had made her young face stern and forbidding, was passing gently but slowly away, before the better light within.

"I am not so much afraid of Judith as I used to be," said little Meta. Valencia spoke more freely to Judith of the deep yearnings of her soul for the high and holy. Mrs. Walter found an answering look in her face, that led her now and then to name her lost darling in her presence, and Miss Clare met no longer the cold averted glances that had often chilled her, when she hoped for a warm response.

"I don't know what's come over Miss Judith," said Hetty. "She ain't half so partiklar as she was when she first come. I s'pose she's used to country ways now. Why, I forgot to put water in her room yesterday, and instead of handing me the pitcher, with a look that was so proud and grand it made my hair stand right up, she just said, half-smiling—'Here, Hetty, you forgot me this morning.'"

Tom did not answer the wondering Hetty. He, too, had noticed the change which excited her astonishment. He felt sure that another heart had been laid at the foot of the cross, and true thanksgiving went up from his grateful spirit. He little

dreamed that his simple, earnest piety, and faithful performance of duty, had been blessed to one who, in her higher sphere, had once thought him unworthy of notice.

The battle was not yet won for Judith! She had turned her face Zionward, and the change could be observed by all about her; but she had yet before her a courageous, continued conflict with many adversaries, before she could "come off conqueror."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PEOPLE'S DOCTOR.

MISS CLARE had received a long letter from Archie Morris, and she read it to Meta.

"MY DEAR COUSIN," he began: "I have been four weeks in my new home, and yet I have not written you a line. The fact is, I have been ashamed to let you know how matters have gone on in my office. Picture to yourself that same office, not a carpeted room, with neat book-shelves, and busts, and portraits of the great followers of Esculapius. Think of your cousin Archie, on a certain Tuesday morning last month, taking possession of his new

home, a forlorn old house in —— Street. The two rooms devoted to his use, being neither of them large enough to swing a cat in, but, as Sydney Smith said, 'I had no need to swing a cat, so that was no objection.'

"You would have thought the wheels of civilization had rolled backwards a turn or two, if you had looked in upon me; bare floors, rush-bottomed chairs, patchwork bed-quilt, everything after the pattern of times long gone by, but still in vogue in this plebeian part of our great metropolis.

"I had my modest 'plate' painted with 'Dr. Morris' on it, in rather faint letters, not to look too fresh and young, and nailed it myself into the old clap-boards. This done, I took my seat in my straight-backed chair, as if for a moment's pause, before entering upon the absorbing, crowding duties of my vocation. I tell you the truth,—I sat there till I ached from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. How I should have liked a lounge on one of mother's particularly easy sofas! I believe I should have stretched myself on my hard bed, but to be found in such a supine position by my first patient, that would never do!

"I tried to read, but neither the mysteries of Jenner, nor an article on the new treatment of fever, nor my favourite author on the proper cure for neuralgia, could fix my attention.

"I felt crammed, literally crammed with medical knowledge, and anxious to give some of it a practical vent, to the inestimable benefit of my fellow-creatures, and my own infinite satisfaction.

"A certain gnawing sensation, which reminds us all occasionally of the lapse of time, led me to think

it must be near the dinner hour. I took out my watch, a huge old silver one that I bought to use professionally, leaving my gold repeater to hang in my pleasant room at home, and tick away in its elegance, while I had come down to my life's work. Well, I took out my watch, and put it back again very suddenly. There, on its great white face, it was more than hinted that time hung heavily in these regions, for it was only half-past one, and I had been accustomed to dine at four. By the way, I 've changed my hours here.

"Would you like to know something of my *ménage?* I am all my retinue, in myself a host, and that host 'all thumbs,' I found, for the first few days of my bachelor housekeeping. I burned my fingers, upset my coffee, and put my establishment into a state of pitiable confusion, every meal that I tried to prepare. How I did relish my Sunday dinner at home! I am ashamed to write how pleasing to eye and palate I found the nicely cooked vegetables, and the great juicy joint, roasted to the most becoming shade of brown, just the shade of Miss Judith's hair. By the way, she has uncommonly pretty hair, it waves just enough to give life to her regular features and calm eyes.

"I did not try my skill at cooking generally, for some days after that visit home, for when my mother bade me good-bye at evening, with a sigh that seemed to say, 'Go back, foolish boy, if you must!' she put into my hands a huge basket, laden with all manner of provisions. How I wished it were midwinter, that my stores might be kept frozen until wanted, instead of such a merciless 'hot spell,' that nothing eatable could long endure uninjured. That

basket was exhausted at last, and I would not have it replenished, for how was I to be the people's doctor, if my dainty hands could not minister to my own necessities?

"But to go back to that first long day. The weary hours went by, and I did not speak to a human being. I actually felt a kind of shrinking, more diffidence than fear, which kept me from putting my head outside my castle. It was enough for me to hear the jests and scoffs of the passers-by, as they viewed the announcement of my professional presence, which had suddenly appeared on the old building. 'What's the cove want here?' said one. 'He'll never make salt to his porridge out of us!' said another. 'Give it a bang!' said a third. 'It looks too stuck up and new-fangled for these parts!' Then such a pelting and battering of my name commenced, that there was no longer any danger of that bit of tin, which I had so longed to see posted, looking too fresh and juvenile.

"Night closed in, and I felt so lonely in my new quarters, that nothing but actual shame prevented me from taking a peep at some of my old friends. I do believe I had hardly had one good thought through the long day. The air, tainted with wickedness, the strange old building, and stranger sounds around me, must have affected me with their influence, or, rather, my own new undertaking had swept in like a cloud between me and the Saviour I strove to imitate.

"What a comfort the Bible seemed to me that dreary night! It was companion, counsellor,—ay, and reprover too! I seemed to have expected the sick to be spread along my pathway, that at least

my shadow might fall on some of them, rather than to wait patiently until my Master should give me some humble deed to do in His name.

"Then began my day's work, the work of earnest prayer for a blessing on any field of usefulness that might be opened to me, and for protection from the dangers which seemed to threaten me, far more from within than from without.

"How I wish I could be with you! it is such slow work telling a long story on paper!

"One day a young rascal had his eye knocked out in a fight under my window, and my services were gladly accepted to make the matter a little better. Another day, a bloated, wretched mother, with some human feeling left in her, brought me her sick child, and seemed grateful for the medicine and advice given her. Medical advice only; for, will you believe it, when I say I have not pointed a single human creature heavenward, since I came into this miserable place? There seems a kind of spell on my lips. The holy words I try to utter will not come out; they shrink from the desecration intended for them. I pray for the poor wretches around me, and would gladly begin to do more, but how?

"Do write to me, and advise me. Pious counsel seems to fall easily from a woman's lips, but we men are awkward enough about it. How can I speak of the pure and holy Saviour, to those who are sunk in sin, and blaspheme His name with every breath, though they know not Him of whom they speak? I thought it would be easy here to give advice to those who so much need it. I fancied I could speak freely of what is glowing in my heart—I,

who to our own little Meta have never been able to enter on the subject dearest to me, and most important to us both! How absurd it is to think change of place is going to transform us, or even give us new power to overcome old temptations. Pray for me, that utterance may be given me, that I may speak boldly in the name of Christ. I hope little Meta will remember too in her prayers her brother, and the wretched beings around him.

"I have had more patients latterly, and am now attending a little girl, in whom I am much interested. She is lying ill of a malignant fever in the next house to mine, and I am a great deal with her. Indeed, she is left pretty much on my hands, as the wretches she lives with neglect her shamefully. I wish I had her in fresh country air!

"My mother is still absent. I saw my father at his counting-house the other day. Was it not mortifying? I had to ask him to fill my purse for me. I was reduced to my last sixpence. If one had a million he might give it away here in a month, and hardly know where it had gone; and I, you know, did not start with a million. I shall have to be more careful in future, or I shall never be able to live on the little income aunt's legacy gives me.

"I want a long letter from Meta; I am sure she would write, if she knew how much pleasure it would give me to hear directly from her. Kiss her a dozen times for me, and tell her I pray earnestly that she may be a true-hearted Christian woman, not a foolish, giddy young lady.

"Please present my regards to the family at Mrs. Walter's.

"You may read this letter to Meta, if you think it would interest her.

"With an ever grateful and affectionate remembrance of you, I am

"Your cousin,

"ARCHIBALD MORRIS."

Meta heard this letter with great interest, and laughed heartily over it; but the deeper feelings that were aroused were treasured in silence. Meta was able to write more than "Dear Brother Archie" that day. She was becoming acquainted with that same brother, and her pen slipped over the paper without difficulty. Her letter was as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER ARCHIE: I can't bear to think of you alone there, in that disagreeable place. I laughed as hard as I could laugh, to think of your getting your own breakfast. Do you wear an apron when you are at work? I would send you one of mine, but I don't think it would fit you; and then you don't like silk aprons, with fancy pockets. I put in five shillings, which is all I have left of my pocket money; I wish you would buy something with it for that sick little girl.

"I should like to come and stay with you, and make you laugh when you are lonely; but indeed I should be almost afraid there, even with you. Do you lock your bed-room door at night?

"I told Judith and Valencia about your letter, and Judith said 'It seemed almost a waste for anybody who was so refined and cultivated to throw himself away amongst such people. It must need a pure stream to run through such a foul spot

without being tainted.' 'They are all God's children, Judith, and worth saving,' said Valencia, in her queer way. Judith didn't give one of her cold looks; she just said, 'Yes, Valencia,' so quietly and gently, that I wanted to kiss her.

"We are all very busy now. You would think we were at school if you could look in on us. Every morning we read together two hours in Miss Clare's room. We have finished 'Ferdinand and Isabella.' What a wonderful man Columbus was!

"Vallie is teaching me to draw; she draws beautifully. She can sit down anywhere and make a picture of what she sees. I wish you could see what a sweet sketch she has made of little Bessy's grave, with the white cross at the head, and the rose-bush at the foot, and the tall pine-trees behind it. It is fit to go to the Academy, and I am sure you would say so, if you were to see it.

"Miss Clare is not very well. I think she takes cold, the nights are so cool here. I don't think we shall stay much longer. I am very sorry, for I like to be here. Everybody is kind to me. Brother, don't tell anybody, but I want to be better. I wish you would write to me sometimes what I ought to do.

"Give my love to our father and mother when you see them.

"From your loving sister,

"META MORRIS."

Archie Morris read his sister's letter at the bedside of the sick child, of whom he had spoken. Very strange seemed Meta's happy, guileless words

in that bare room, where the moans of the little sufferer broke on the night air, and mingled with the sounds of coarse revelry below.

CHAPTER IX.

A DISCLOSURE.

VALENCIA had a daily source of pain in Mrs. Walter's altered and variable manner. Sometimes she would clasp Valencia tenderly in her arms, and declare that she was the dearest and best girl in the world, and the next hour meet her with coldness. She had put a stop to Valencia's kind efforts to aid her in domestic matters, and seemed at all times to shrink from her society.

This was hard for Valencia to bear, and she often gave vent to her feelings in passionate bursts, half-anger and half-sorrow.

Miss Clare reminded her that affliction often embitters even the sweetest tempers, when endured in mere human strength. Valencia was touched by this thought, and she not only tried to bear more patiently with the stricken friend, whom she loved tenderly, but prayed earnestly that that friend might learn to know and trust Him who delights in healing the broken heart.

Nothwithstanding all Valencia's efforts, her home was not a happy one, and she liked to forget everything in the hard study which Miss Clare had recommended.

"How strange it is," Valencia often said, "that the school-books I once threw by with disgust, are now so interesting to me."

"We are often made more conscious of a change in character by reading over an old book, than in any other way," said Miss Clare. "The struggle and discipline of life give us a relish for the strong food we once rejected; but you are young to realize this, Valencia!"

"It strikes me even more when I take up my Bible," said Valencia. "I believe if I were to read the same chapter once a month, something new would strike me in it every time."

"Yes, that is one of the charms of the Bible, said Miss Clare. "It has always for us some new and beautiful words of counsel or comfort when we need them most."

"Perhaps," said Valencia with hesitation, "perhaps when the last, better days come, the Church will be able to understand the purer, higher Christian spirit taught there, of which only a few saints now seem to have any idea. I cannot express, exactly, what I mean."

"Valencia! Valencia!"

It was Mrs. Walter's voice, and she spoke with unusual tenderness, when her summons was promptly answered.

"Here is a letter for you, dear," she said. "Go to your room and read it, and when you read, forgive!"

Valencia returned the hasty embrace which accompanied these words, and then sought her own quiet room.

She could not mistake Mr. Walter's handwriting, and, much agitated, she broke the seal, and read:

"It will seem like hypocrisy for me to say 'dear Valencia,' and yet you are very dear to me, and the more I love you the more I suffer. Valencia, you are penniless! I have wronged you, defrauded you, wasted the orphan's portion, dishonoured the confiding trust of a dying father!

"I ventured your all on a single throw, and lost it in one rash speculation. It was mere gambling, with a better name! I see it now. I could not meet your kind glance or see your trustful face, and know how I had wronged you. I fled, a ruined man, yet not quite friendless. A hand was stretched out to save me from despair or madness.

"Four years have been given me to retrieve my broken fortunes, and to restore what I have squandered. Four busy years you may be sure they will be, but with what success I shall labour God only knows. Meanwhile you are provided for, but your future may be dark and desolate, and all through my wicked folly. I know your generous heart. I know you will forgive, but bitter remorse will be my portion.

"Of my own Emily, who looked up to me with such affectionate pride, I cannot write. Though my little all was lost with yours, it is a comfort to me to know that she will not suffer while Aunt Allison lives. One word from you would be

precious indeed, though I know—yes, feel—I do not deserve it.

"Forgive, forgive

"Poor GEORGE WALTER."

Valencia's tears flowed fast; her heart bled for the sufferings of the friend who had soothed her childish sorrow, and welcomed her to his home. How should she comfort him?

There was One with her who "will not break the bruised reed," and to Him she prayed for George Walter, as those only can pray who believe they are heard by Eternal Pity and Inexhaustible Love.

She lost no time in seeking Mrs. Walter. She found her pacing her room with painful impatience.

"Dear, dear uncle Walter!" was Valencia's first exclamation. "How much he has suffered! I wish we could go to him and comfort him! Don't grieve, aunt Emmy; I know he meant no harm."

"Then you can forgive dear George," said Mrs. Walter, sobbing.

"Forgive!" Valencia repeated wonderingly; "I know he would not willingly wrong me of a farthing. I am young and strong, and I have four long years before me, if I live. I will study, oh, so hard! and try to be a teacher, and then you and I will have a nice little home, and send for dear uncle to come back to us, and work with us. We shall all be happy together once more!"

Long they talked; it was joy to them both to have that cold barrier removed, and to come once more heart to heart.

It was almost a relief to Valencia to have the

vague, uncertain future take a form. Her dreams of the time when she should be mistress of her own little fortune, and have to choose her own course, were suddenly cast aside for a definite plan, a life of usefulness and exertion, and she welcomed the change.

There was a great deal of romance in the view which Valencia took of this sober reality. She did not think of the weary hours, the trials and annoyances, of a teacher's life; she only thought of the pleasure of exerting herself for others, using the mind which God had given her, and driving away sad thoughts by constant occupation.

CHAPTER X.

ELFIE.

"ANOTHER letter from Brother Archie!" exclaimed Meta, one pleasant September morning, and she forthwith proceeded to share its contents with Miss Clare. They were:

"MY DEAR COUSIN, AND DEARER SISTER: You need not picture me any longer a desolate bachelor without an establishment. My basement floor is occupied by a stout woman and four little responsi-

bilities, and I have a student, clerk, and apprentice, all embodied in one small girl, who is the oddest supplement to a doctor's *ménage* that could be imagined.

"There sits little Elfie, perched on a high chair, working sedulously away at the initiatory 'pot-hooks,' with which, in accordance with time-honoured custom, I have thought best for her to commence her writing-book. I wish Meta could see the model copy I have set for her, broad marks shading into fine strokes as gently as the sound of the retreating army dies away in her favourite guitar piece. Elfie does not hold 'the pen of a ready writer.' Her little hands are awkward enough, just now; there is her forefinger, crooked up like a canker-worm prepared for a move, while the steel pen fairly quails under the desperate pinch it receives.

"I wish you could see Elfie at this moment as I do. I know you would take a hearty laugh, and perhaps shed a few tears too. Her little face is thinner than I wish it to be. I should like to see that sharp chin rounded a trifle more at least, that the oval might supersede the top-shaped visage. Now, don't think she has a long face—I mean a short thick top, of course. I can compare to nothing else her broad, full forehead and point of a chin. Her round, black eyes have a droll, bird-like expression, they are so clear and bright. She reminds me of Sir Joshua Reynolds' 'Muscipula.' She might at any time have a trap set before her, and she would look—'I've caught a mouse!' She has lost the straight black locks which used to hang round her face, as if they wanted to hide the thin

LITTLE ELFIE AT HER LESSONS. Page 98

little features; and yet I still call her Elfie, because I like the name. Instead of those same black locks, she now wears round her head one of my buff cravats, which she has put on quite tastefully, and has tied in a 'cute little bow on the top, which increases the odd bright look in her face. One of my vests, belted in at the waist, makes a picturesque garment, by no means to be despised, though it contrasts rather strangely with that skirt of a nondescript colour which appears below it.

"Never mind! Elfie loves me, and I love her. She is my first lamb snatched from the wolf's clutches, and I trust to see her yet in the true fold.

"I told you of the sick child in whom I felt so much interest. I had seen her going in and out at the next house, with that everlasting beggar's basket on her arm, and I had learned to rejoice when she came home heavily laden, for then I knew I should not hear the moans which never failed to come from that quarter when she had been less fortunate.

"I was revolving in my mind the best means of protecting her, when I saw her one day sink down exhausted on the steps, after returning from one of her expeditions. Before I could reach her, she struggled up and entered the house.

"I felt convinced that my little Elfie was ill, when I did not see her half-sad, half-droll face the next morning, and I made my way to the small room where she lay on a miserable bed, raving with fever. I tried many days to watch over her there, but I was afraid she would never recover in that foul air, and in the midst of such scenes; so I wrapped her in my bed-quilt and brought her to my office, and nursed her as well as a rough man could.

"No one interfered with me, no one cared what became of the child, the poor foundling! I was well repaid for all my trouble, by the strange bright smile that crossed her face when she woke for the first time free from the wild imaginings of delirium. 'Oh! oh!' she said, as she looked round on my premises, 'pretty! nice!' and then the long black lashes dropped with a quiet, satisfied air, that did my heart good.

"She recovered very rapidly, and I do believe Peggy, the fat woman in the basement, was just as glad as I was to see the little thing gaining strength.

"Peggy still drinks a little occasionally, though she is reforming; but she has a kind heart, and has taken a fancy to Elfie.

"My bed-room is rather small for summer use, and I generally stay in it as little as possible. While Elfie was very ill, she lay very quietly on the extempore bed Peggy had helped me to make up for her on my long book-box in my office, and I often quite forgot she was there.

"I had been reading my usual strengthening, comforting portion of God's Word one evening, and, unmindful of Elfie, had dropped upon my knees. I believe in my earnestness I must have spoken aloud the petitions I offered; for when I rose, I met Elfie's eyes fixed on me with a look, where wonder and fear were strangely blended. 'What's that?' she asked, eagerly. 'What were you doing? Who were you speaking to?'

'I have seldom been more embarrassed in my life. Judge of my surprise and horror, when I found the little creature more ignorant of the being of a God than the heathens are. She listened day by

day to all I told her of the Heavenly Father, and the loving Christ, as to tales too wild and beautiful to be true, and yet she caught my words with eager interest, and was even anxious to hear more and more of this new revelation.

"Need I say how I prayed for grace to sow the pure seed aright in this soil, so long overrun with evil plants?

"That blessed seed is taking root, and I watch its strange growth with wonder. She finds it hard to believe the story of the Saviour's agonizing love, yet I can see that she is touched by it. To the idea of the devil, she gives full credence, for she well knows his works. She has conceived such a deadly hatred towards him, that she shakes her small fist, and tells him in triumph that there is One stronger than he, to whom he must yield at last. She seems actually to feel him striving to clutch her soul, and to struggle with him for the mastery.

"Elfie is no saint; this is no place for loveliness and purity to develop without the knowledge of the truth. She has a warfare before her of which dear Meta can have no idea, yet Elfie has set to work earnestly, relying on the right strength, and I doubt not she will conquer. She likes the name I have given her, as she likes everything I do for her. She has truly no Christian name. In the strange life she has led, she has been called first one thing and then another, by the wicked creatures with whom she has lived. Parents, home, friends, are words which have hitherto had to her no meaning. Now she turns to me with wonderful fondness and faithfulness, lavishing on me the garnered love of a child, in whose heart God had placed strong affec-

tions ready to spring whenever the sun should shine upon them. There is now a holy tie between us. The Saviour has allowed me to take this poor lamb, and lay it in His bosom. May His arms ever enfold her!

"I want to teach her to read, that she may taste the pure waters of life fresh from the fountain. There are times when God seems to speak to us more directly and tenderly, when we can read His word with our own eyes, rather than hear its message from the lips of another. Elfie makes but little progress in reading, but she is very quick at figures, and is delighted with the idea of learning to write.

"She is very useful to me in receiving messages from persons who come for me when I am absent. She never forgets a name, or an address, be it ever so complicated. You would wonder to hear her run over '—— street, third alley from the corner shop, second house in the alley, back room, third story, man's name John Smith, go in at the back door, and take right-hand pair of stairs, &c.' These directions are all-important to me, as in this miserable region the poor wretches neither know nor care anything about their fellow-creatures who may be sick or dying near them.

"Elfie tells strange stories of her past life; but I do not encourage her to talk much about it. I want her to forget such scenes, and fill her mind with purer and better images.

"I have written much of Elfie, for she is a great deal in my thoughts. As soon as my mother is settled at home, I shall try to have Elfie fitted up in more seemly clothing, and yet I shall miss her droll air, in her nondescript garments.

"My mother is expected to-morrow. I shall go down for you, dear Meta, next Monday morning, and shall be happy to take charge of all the ladies who are coming this way.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Walter, and your young friends, I am,

"Truly yours,

"ARCHIBALD MORRIS."

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW HOME.

META had been achieving wonders in the way of packing. She had stowed away the remains of her gay little dresses, in the ignoble bundles that became their tattered condition, and had made room for a collection of curiosities that certainly would make her city friends stare with astonishment, if not with delight.

"Where shall I put my algæ?" she said at last, holding up a huge volume, with a desperate look.

"Put them in the fire!" any unbiased observer would have answered without a moment's hesitation. Miss Clare, however, knew that the shrivelled, distorted things, fast glued to the crumpled papers, were among Meta's treasures, and she paid them due

respect accordingly. Her cheerful "I shall have room for them!" seemed to be a great relief to Meta's mind. She jumped from the position on the floor which she had occupied for the last hour, with the joyous exclamation—"There! I have done at last! I never worked so hard in all my life. I wonder how Judith is getting on!"

Judith's task was completed. The simple wardrobe which her mourning dress required, had been kept in perfect order during the summer, and now each article was carefully folded and placed in her ample trunk.

Judith was lady-like even in her most trifling habits. No one could enter her room, at any hour, without feeling that it was the abode of a person of refinement, for neatness and taste were everywhere conspicuous.

She had no heterogenous assortment of curiosities, like Meta, to carry home; but she, too, had been a collector of sea-weeds, because her father had asked her to bring him some specimens. There they were, on the fair white sheets, as delicate and perfect, but a little less graceful than when they were taken from their watery home. Judith had worked over them patiently and carefully, and, with Miss Clare's assistance, had been able to write the scientific name of each specimen below it.

"How nicely you do everything!" said Meta, as she turned over the pages with wonder. "Your book is a great deal neater than mine, but I don't know that I like it better than Valencia's."

"I have not seen Vallie's," said Judith, with surprise.

Meta ran off in a moment, and soon returned with

Valencia's book in her hand. It had cost Valencia an effort to show the favourites she had preserved, not for exhibition, but for her own private satisfaction; but she yielded to Meta's persuasion. Two large flat shells, tied together with a blue ribbon, served as covers for the extempore book, where not more than a dozen varieties were carefully preserved. There was a sort of wild grace about the imprisoned sea-weed, that made it almost doubtful whether the delicate sprays were really pinioned to the paper where they seemed to lie so easily.

Valencia had not parted from her pets without asking Meta not to let any one read what she had written below them, on each page.

As she had separated fibre from fibre, and unfolded the feathery branches, she had been struck with the wonderful grace of these children of the sea, and had marvelled at the love and power of the Creator, who had sown the waters with such varied forms of beauty. These feelings she had hastily expressed, and the language of her heart was too truly written for her to care to have it exposed to an indifferent eye.

"I like your book, Vallie," said Judith, when they all met at dinner. "I think your algæ look more natural than any of the others. I want my father to see them. Won't you take them with you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it!" said Valencia. "I was going to pack them away to come on them unexpectedly, some time when I had forgotten all about them. I should be almost ashamed to show them to Judge Hart. I think I shall be a little afraid of him."

"You will not be afraid of my father, I am sure," said Judith, warmly. "Though he is so calm and dignified, there is a gentle, kind expression in his face, that puts everybody at ease with him. People always talk naturally to him, though he says very little himself."

"Do you think he will meet us at the depôt?" asked Valencia.

"I think not. I wrote to him that Dr. Morris would be with us. He is so busy that I did not want to give him that unnecessary trouble," said Judith.

Judge Hart had sent Valencia an urgent invitation to pass the winter at his house, and his wish was so cordially seconded by Judith, that Valencia consented, after a pleasant arrangement had been made for Mrs. Walter.

Mrs. Allison was glad not to return alone to her large house in the city. "There, Emily," said the old lady, "if you go home with me, matters will be settled just as I always thought they should be. I told George from the first, that my house was the place for his wife; but he, like most young fellows, must have his own way. Just as if I hadn't room enough for you and Valencia, or anybody else he chose to bring with him. Well, it 's all right now—that is—I hope," and the old lady paused, as she saw the tears in Mrs. Walter's eyes.

"There, Emmy, I don't want to vex you. You shall be just my child, and we won't say a word about what has been, or what may be. I feel my heart freed of a heavy load now I know I am to have some one with me through the long winter evenings," said Mrs. Allison.

Mrs. Walter promptly consented to the plan, for she could not help seeing that she was doing the old lady a favour, while the visit at Judge Hart's would give Valencia opportunities for improvement, which she so much desired.

With all the sad thoughts that passed upon Mrs. Walter at times, when she thought of her lost darling, and of her erring and absent husband, she was regaining her cheerfulness. She had now something to hope for—her dear George might yet return to retrieve his honour, and make her home happy once more.

"Now, ladies," said Dr. Morris, as he rose from the dinner-table, "you will have to make your preparations promptly. We have barely time to reach the station before the train arrives." And he gave a glance at the huge silver watch he thought best to use professionally.

"We have only our bonnets to put on," said Meta, gaily. We would not keep a business man waiting. What would become of little Elfie, if you were left over for a day?"

"Elfie would do very well, no doubt," said the doctor. "She is accustomed to take care of herself, and then you know she has Peggy and the children with her."

A cheerful party filled the long waggon, when it rolled away from Mrs. Walter's door. Judith and Meta were delighted with the idea of returning home, notwithstanding the pleasure of their summer at the sea-shore, and Valencia was full of new plans for the future, which she was impatient to carry into execution.

To Miss Clare, change of place was nothing; her

best-loved Friend was always with her, and her life-work ever the same.

Meta was seated beside her brother in the carriage, and she had so much to tell him, and so many questions to ask about his strange new home, that she was astonished when the locomotive was exchanged for horses, and she once more entered her native city.

Valencia's heart beat more quickly, and the usual bright red spot on her cheek deepened and spread, as she thought of meeting Judge Hart, and entering upon scenes so new to her. Valencia remembered the Saviour at her side, and the consciousness of His presence was full of comfort to her. Sure of His approving smile, she need not shrink from any human face; happy in His love, any place would be a home. Strange thoughts these were in that crowded train, rolling through the whirl and hum of city life!

"Judith! daughter!" were the words that fell on the ears of the little party, as soon as they stopped at the depôt. Earnest, true affection was spoken in the tone of the simple greeting, and it beamed from the face of the father as he welcomed his child.

"Is this your friend?" he added, extending his hand cordially to Valencia, who was standing timidly at Miss Clare's side.

Miss Clare watched with pleasure the shadow on Valencia's face change into a bright smile as she was presented to Judge Hart, and met his kind, benignant glance.

The little party separated with promises of frequent visits, and warm protestations of regard, and

Dr. Morris strongly expressed the regret he felt at seeing Meta part with such friends.

Valencia was interested in all she saw, for she had been but little in the city. Judge Hart pointed out the buildings they passed, and mentioned the historical associations connected with them, and now and then drew Valencia's attention to some well-known person passing along the great thoroughfare.

Her mind had been so fully occupied, that she had thought but little of the house to which they were going, and she was surprised when the carriage drew up before a large, elegant mansion, on a wide, pleasant street. Valencia's love of the beautiful was continually gratified as she passed from room to room; pictures, statuary, rich carpets, and tasteful furniture, everywhere met her eyes.

"This is your home, Valencia!" said Judith, throwing open the door of a cheerful room that looked out upon a small garden. "I thought you would hardly be happy without a glimpse of nature, even in winter. I am close beside you. You must come into my room when you have done unpacking. Papa wants me now in his library," she added, as she passed through a side door.

The footman put down Valencia's somewhat antiquated trunk, with the least possible disrepect, and then disappeared.

"What a beautiful house!" thought Valencia; "yet Judith never mentioned it. She at least is not proud of wealth."

No! Judith was too proud to feel it an honour to possess mere money in any quantity, money which may be owned by the coarse and wicked, as well as by the refined and noble. Judith had been

so accustomed to live in the midst of elegance, that she took it to be a matter of course. It had never crossed her mind to be grateful for a blessing which seemed so naturally to be hers.

Valencia, in consequence of the delicate health of her mother, had been from her birth a wanderer; and her life at school, and with Mrs. Walter, had been such as to make her esteem externals but lightly. She looked upon the elegance and taste about her with pleasure, and yet with a sense of the powerlessness of such things to give one moment's happiness, or freedom from a single pain.

She thought her wardrobe seemed rather scanty when she bestowed it in the wide closet and capacious drawers, and the glimpse she caught of herself in the cheval glass was not particularly gratifying. Her face was flushed with excitement, her hair disordered, and her dress a little out-grown, just enough to be perceptible. Valencia was usually indifferent about her personal appearance, and latterly she had been economical from principle. For four years only she was sure of an ample support, and after that might come poverty and distress. She was resolved not only to prepare herself for exertion, if health should be continued to her, but to lay by a portion of her income every year, on which she might rely, for a time at least, in case of sickness.

Valencia put on one of her simple dresses, and then gave herself a dissatisfied look as she saw her slender, girlish figure reflected. She could not see herself move, she could not know that she possessed that peculiar charm, a grace which gave to her slight, unformed person, when in motion, a wonderful attractiveness.

She tapped gently at Judith's door; there was no answer. Valencia was not sorry, for she wanted a few moments to herself. She needed to be assured of the abode of the Saviour in her new home. She found Him with her, and rose from her short prayer, forgetful of her external appearance, and only desirous to have her heart fit to lie like an open book before Him. This desire to please a higher Power relieved her from all embarrassment when she met Judge Hart at dinner.

He pointed out a place for her at the round table, opposite Judith, while Miss Clare was his *vis-à-vis*. Valencia was taking her seat, when a motion from Judge Hart attracted her attention, and made her observe that all were still standing. He laid his hand on the table, and then, like a child, he thanked his Father for the "daily bread" vouchsafed them, and asked a blessing on it.

The conversation during the meal was very interesting, and Valencia fixed her large intelligent eyes on the face of the host with earnest attention.

It was a face well worth looking at. Time had silvered, but spared, the strong, waving hair that was brushed back from the wide forehead. The features were large, but nobly formed; the brows heavy; and the hazel eyes clear and calm. That face would have been called stern, if judged when in solitude; but the entrance of a companion, high or low, rich or poor, brought out a kindly look, that seemed to change its whole expression, like the sudden presence of a child in a stately doorway.

It was pleasant to hear Judith say, "My father;" respect and love so mingled in the tone with which

she addressed him. Cold, reserved, and unyielding, she too often was to others; but to him, love made her confiding and plastic. He never met her opinions with contempt, but gently argued with her, as he would with a more powerful adversary, and brought her to his way of thinking through thorough conviction. He understood Judith perfectly, and he was anxious to know what influence would be exerted upon her by her young friend. He was not pleased with the careless aspect of Valencia's mass of dark curls, or the lack of scrupulous neatness and care in her general appearance; yet he liked the earnest, docile glance in her lifted eyes, and the ready flush that deepened on her cheek, as some new thought pleased her, or some noble sentiment claimed her sympathy. "Warm-hearted, enthusiastic, unworldly!" he thought; "a useful friend for Judith, and my Judith will do the poor child good."

Judith was very silent at dinner, and Valencia thought she saw traces of tears on her face, but concluded she must be mistaken, as Judith was not given to weeping.

Judith had shed many tears that morning, such as must come before persons of reserved nature learn to speak of their holier, deeper feelings. She had told her father of the conflict through which she had passed, and he had melted into the tenderness of a mother, as he clasped his softened, repentant child to his bosom.

"It was partly my fault, Judith," he said. "I had dwelt too much with you on the strict performance of duty, and too little on the redeeming Love that alone makes our poor service acceptable. It is strange that we can speak coldly, and linger on ex-

ternals, when the true living principle is what we hold most dear."

Judge Hart well understood his daughter's silence at dinner, and he took the burden of the conversation on himself, that she might escape observation, and have time to recover her usual composure.

When they rose from the table, he opened the piano, and, turning to Judith, said—"Now, daughter, I want some music once more."

"I am out of practice, papa, but I think I can give you one of your old favourites," said Judith, promptly taking her place at the piano.

Judge Hart listened with a pleased smile to Judith's correct performance of a difficult piece, and thanked her as cordially when she rose, as if she were a stranger.

"Why, Judith!" exclaimed Valencia, "you told me you were not particularly fond of music. I had no idea that you were such a fine performer."

"Papa is such a lover of music, that I have tried to learn a few pieces well enough for him to enjoy them," said Judith.

"And you certainly have succeeded," said Valencia, heartily.

At Judge Hart's request, Valencia sang an old ballad, one that she had learned from Meta, but had thrown such soul into it, that it hardly seemed the same song that her light-hearted friend had carolled so thoughtlessly.

"You must have a music-master immediately," said Judge Hart, taking Valencia's hand warmly, when she paused. "Such a gift as that should not be left uncultivated."

Valencia went pleasantly through all the simple

songs she knew, and was truly glad to afford Judge Hart the satisfaction he so plainly evinced.

"You have not shown me your algæ, Judith," said the father, as the young people were preparing to hid him good night.

"May I bring your book too, Vallie?" asked Judith.

"Certainly. It is on the bureau," was the reply.

Judge Hart praised the neatness with which Judith's specimens were preserved, and pointing to the scientific names, said playfully to Miss Clare—"Here is a trace of your hand, or rather your head, Miss Annie."

"Yes, Miss Clare helped me," said Judith; "but, father, look at Vallie's book!"

He did look at the tasteful little collection. "Why, Miss Valencia!" he exclaimed, "you have caught the secret of the sea, and made its children at home on paper."

As he spoke, his quick glance read the closely written lines below, and was suddenly averted. His eyes were dimmed with tears; there was true deep feeling in the few words in which Valencia had assured herself of the orphan's safety in His hands, who preserves each delicate spray of the fragile seaweed amid the stormy waves.

"Good night, Vallie. God bless you, my child!" he said tenderly, as they parted, and Valencia went to her room happy in the consciousness of having found another friend.

CHAPTER XII.

A SOCIABLE EVENING.

A BUSY week had passed since the return from the sea-side. Judith and Valencia found that with three hours at the college, and lessons in music, drawing, and French at home, they had quite enough to do. Judith declared she had no time for exercise, though she was able to make some progress daily upon a piece of embroidery in which she was much interested. She had no idea that there was deliberate self-indulgence in her avoidance of all active exertion, and a yielding to the tyranny of the body in her frequent excuse,—"I don't care for going out."

Valencia had a daily visit to make to Mrs. Walter, who had reached the city the day after our young friends, which gave her a long walk. The healthful glow which she received from the exercise, was far less pleasurable than the gratification she derived from the brightening of Mrs. Walter's face when she appeared, and the affectionate "good-bye!" at parting.

Valencia, in her plain dress, was but little noticed as she passed along the crowded streets; but now and then some curious eye would peer under the close bonnet with surprise, to find such a bright young face hidden there. Miss Clare thought

that face very pleasant when Valencia looked in, equipped for her walk. "Can I do anything for you, Miss Clare?" was her invariable question before leaving the house, and many little commissions she received and executed, which curtailed her time with Mrs. Walter.

Judith knew that Miss Clare was able to walk but little, but it had never struck her that she might oblige her kind friend, by telling her when she was going out.

Judith had been accustomed to come and go without restriction; she had her father's full confidence, and she felt herself accountable to no one else.

Valencia had a great respect for Judith; she admired her upright character, and loved to learn from her well-stored mind. She never thought of offering Judith any advice; yet she was daily, though unconsciously, giving her valuable hints which Judith took to heart.

The conviction had been slowly coming over Judith that she had led a selfish life, and that the very love of order and routine, on which she had prided herself, had often been needlessly kept up to the disadvantage of others. She had obeyed her father, met his slightest expressed wish, but she had never thoughtfully administered to his comfort, or sacrificed her own pleasure to gratify him.

She wondered to see Valencia put his newspapers where they would meet his eyes after breakfast, or roll his arm-chair to a pleasant position, or anticipate his wishes in a dozen trifling ways.

Valencia's lively imagination enabled her so to enter into the feelings of others, that it gave her

ready tact and quick sympathies, that could not fail to render her a pleasant inmate.

This first week in the city had seemed a very long one to Valencia, although it had passed so agreeably.

"I wonder we have not seen anything of Meta," she said to Judith, as they sat round the table, sewing.

By one of those common coincidences, Meta's bright face answered the remark.

"Papa was coming to see Judge Hart to-night on business," said Meta, "and I coaxed him to bring me with him, though he said he might stay later than I would want to. I told him he need not be afraid of that, for I should have enough to talk about till midnight."

Meta hurried the words out of her little mouth, as if she wanted to dispose of them as quickly as possible to make room for the accumulated supply still to come.

When the hearty welcomes were over, and Meta had laid aside her bright little bonnet, which seemed a winter home for the flowers, the cheerful group again gathered round the table.

"Why have you not been at college, Meta?" asked Judith; "we have been looking for you every day."

"College!" said Meta, laughing, "I have hardly had time to look at a book. I have been busy as a bird at building time; out shopping with mamma half the day, and the rest of it being pulled this way and that way by a dress-maker, who is going to stay with us all the winter, I should think, from the pile of work she has before her. But I am to

begin school to-morrow. Brother Archie was at our house to-day, and he was almost angry at my being kept at home to attend to my autumn clothes. I do believe he thinks it is of no consequence what I wear, if I am only neat!"

"I dare say he does," said Valencia, quietly.

"Dear fellow!" Meta went on, "I was so glad to see him. He had come after clothes himself, this time, and brought his little Elfie with him. She is the queerest, dearest little thing you ever saw in your life. 'Isn't she pretty!' was the first thing I said, when I looked at her; and then brother Archie made great eyes at me, and I knew he didn't want me to say so, and so I went to taking off his shawl which he had wrapped round her, over head and all. Such a little figure as she looked when I got it off! Mamma came in just that moment, and she did not laugh as I did, but she said, 'Poor little dear!' so tender and sorrowful, that you would have thought she had been learning some of what she calls Archie's nonsense."

"Did you get some clothes ready for her?" asked Valencia, with great interest.

"Mamma cut some out," said Meta; "I don't think our dress-maker would have touched the little thing with the tongs. There they are, at home, to be made. Brother Archie is to come for them on Saturday. Mamma says she don't know how they will ever get done."

"Judith," said Valencia, "could not we work at them in the evenings?"

Judith was going to say that she had her embroidery to finish; but a sudden prompting from within checked her, and she acceded cordially to the pro-

posal. It was agreed that Judith should send for the garments the next morning, and have them ready to be returned on Saturday.

"Brother Archie says he wants me to teach Elfie to sew," said Meta, laughing, "not embroidery, or anything like that, he says; but just plain sewing. I think you, Judith, would be the best person for that."

"I should like to teach her, if we could manage it in any way," said Judith.

"I 'll tell brother Archie so," said Meta, joyously; "I know it would not do for me to attempt it, I should kill myself with laughing if I tried. You don't know what a funny look she has, when she opens her round eyes at you, like a startled bird. She laughed such a queer little laugh, when mother asked if she had any night-clothes. Only imagine! she never heard of anybody's taking off her clothes at night; she seemed to think it was one of the funniest ideas in the world. Brother Archie really seems fond of the little thing, and she looked at him, as if her heart was in her eyes, and every bit of it his own."

"How I should like to see her!" said Valencia.

"Indeed you would!" said Meta. "It was fun to take her through the house; she was as much pleased and astonished at everything she saw, as if she were at the Museum. I went into every room with her, just to see her open her eyes wide, and to hear her odd questions. We were coming out of the parlour, when I heard brother Archie calling us. As soon as Elfie saw him, she sprang towards him, and said,—'Was this your home? Did you leave it to come and live among us? Now I can

believe about Christ!' And she clung round his knees and looked up into his face in a way I shall not soon forget. I never saw brother Archie as he was then. Great tears rolled down his cheeks, and he could not speak. Mamma wiped her eyes, and then she took his hand and said,—'Well, Archie, I believe you are right after all;' and she kissed him, just as if he was a little boy."

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Morris and Judge Hart came into the parlour. Mr. Morris's round face was very grave, and he had none of his usual jocular manner, even for little Meta. Either she felt the influence of his gravity, or was sleepy at last; for she put on her bonnet and shawl very quietly, and bade "Good night!" quite gravely.

When Judith was alone in her own room, she thought what it would be to her to give up the luxury to which she had been accustomed from childhood, and take up her abode among the ignorant and degraded. Yes! to make such a sacrifice was Christ-like. She was not called upon to imitate her Master in the open act, but she asked herself whether she had the disposition, in her heart, which would make her willing to give up all for the service of Christ. She resolved anew to deny herself for duty's sake, and for the service of others, as occasion offered, and she implored His blessing on her resolution, who loves to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COMPOSITION.

THE blustering winds of autumn had died away, and been succeeded by the still cold of the depth of winter. From time to time the kindly snow had wrapped all in its robe of purity, clothing the poor hovels and wretched lanes in the same sparkling dress that it bestowed on the wide avenues and sumptuous mansions.

Valencia welcomed the snow as a pleasant friend; its tiny stars had for her their language; gentle, noiseless, and pure, they fell on the brown earth, cleansing, beautifying, and adorning, like the best gift of Heaven to the soul.

She had passed through many heart conflicts among the exciting scenes of city life. The atmosphere of worldliness prevailing everywhere, tincturing the views of even the best Christians, she found it hard to resist. It assailed her in the universal importance attached to dress, the respect paid to wealth and position, independent of merit, in the absorbing subjects of interest and the common themes of conversation. There were even genteel churches, aristocratic pews, and fashionable clergymen.

It was only by constant watchfulness over her own heart, and by frequent conversations with

Miss Clare, that she was enabled, in any degree, to resist the tide that seemed to threaten to carry all with it.

Notwithstanding her efforts, she was often discouraged at finding her views slightly biased by worldly considerations and a mist of her own creation, dimming to her mind the bright and better hopes most dear to her.

The snow, so pure at morning, and by evening so tainted and defaced, amid the thick dwellings of men, seemed to her an emblem of her best resolutions. She sometimes longed for the country, where the white sheets of snow lie unsullied under the blue sky, until the sunshine calls them upward, or sends them forth in pure streams to water the earth. "There," she thought, "the heart bears longer the traces of influences from above, and there is less to taint and tempt the human soul!"

These were Valencia's private musings, and yet she was cheerful, more so than she had ever been. The early sorrow that had made her acquainted with the sad realities of life, had brought a cloud over her young heart. Such a cloud can be dispelled only by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and this light was making glad the dark places in Valencia's soul.

Judith and Valencia enjoyed their studies heartily together. They tried in vain to make Meta share their enthusiasm, but she was too little with them to feel the full force of their influence, and her mind was occupied with pleasures, which made her daily lessons seem dull and insipid.

It was a bright winter morning, the clear, cold air was exhilarating, and Judith and Valencia felt its

effects after their rapid walk to the college. In the commodious entrance-room there was but one subject of conversation among the cheerful groups of girls who were laying aside their wrappings.

"The compositions! the compositions!" came from every mouth.

After a series of lectures on style, and a variety of simple rhetorical exercises, Mr. Farnham, their English master, had for the first time called upon his pupils for some original compositions. Four subjects were given out, among which the pupils had the liberty of choice.

There had been many loud lamentations as to the difficulty of the task. Some of the girls had declared it absolutely impossible for them to make the attempt, and had come prepared to receive the marks of demerit for the omission. Others were carrying with scrupulous care sheets of paper of the required shape, and folded in the prescribed manner. The compositions were to be presented without signature, and read in the presence of the assembled school, and every means had been taken to insure the incognito of those who should make the desired effort. Only fifteen out of the twenty pupils had prepared compositions, and these were duly slipped into the little box which stood in the entrance-room for the purpose.

"I have not tried to write," said Henrietta Boyd; "I don't see any use in our scribbling nonsense, when so much that is good has been written already."

The speaker, Henny Boyd, as she was called by her schoolmates, was a tall, strongly-built girl,

dressed in a gay, fashionable style, which accorded well with her bold but handsome face.

If Miss Henny had told the truth, she would have said that she was too much occupied with dwelling on the perfections of a certain young doctor, and devising means for attracting his attention, to think of school duties. It was not necessary, however, for her to mention the fact, for it was well known in the little circle in which she moved.

This young doctor chanced to be Meta's brother Archie, who lived in happy unconsciousness of Miss Henny's admiration. In her mind a bright halo of present attractiveness and coming distinction adorned the head of Archie, and even Meta came in for a share in its wide-spreading light.

Meta was flattered by the marked preference shown her by Miss Henny, and received her protestations of sudden friendship with guileless confidence. The intimacy was of no advantage to Meta, and in her heart of hearts she must have known it; but she never thought of withdrawing from the charming plans of pleasure which Henny was constantly proposing.

Emboldened by her friend's open disregard of the wishes of Mr. Farnham, Meta confessed that she had not put pen to paper, and for her part could not think of a word to write.

As she spoke she saw Valencia's eyes fixed sorrowfully on her.

"Don't look so at me, Vallie," said Meta, giving her a hearty kiss. "I am not so very bad yet, only a little too full of nonsense to have time for study."

The school-bell rung, and silence succeeded to the hum of youthful voices, and then Mr. Farnham commenced the exercises of the day.

The much wished-for hour at last arrived, and eager faces were directed towards the teacher, as he drew out a composition, and read it aloud with great distinctness. Even Mr. Farnham's fine reading could not make the insipid production very interesting.

The next was more promising. The subject was "Character." The distinction was first drawn between intellect and character, and then the writer proceeded to set forth the importance of the cultivation of a noble character, and the best means of doing so. It was plain that the author knew something of the difficulties of self-discipline, and was herself making the effort she so earnestly recommended. The style was simple, clear, and forcible.

"We wish our young friend success in the good work she advocates," said Mr. Farnham heartily. "I like that composition," he continued, "because it gives, in simple language, the true natural thoughts of the writer."

Valencia gave a look of triumph as these words of commendation were spoken; but when she turned her beaming face to Judith, there was no response. Judith sat almost rigid, her lips compressed, and a faint tinge on her usually pale cheeks.

The class had not decided to which of the two friends the composition was to be attributed, when Mr. Farnham again began to read. "A Storm" was the subject this time chosen. A "tempest in a teapot," it proved indeed, and the effort at getting

up the thunder and lightning was as evident as is the machinery for such purposes at a school-boy exhibition. A smile passed round the room as Mr. Farnham went on, and he could hardly keep his countenance while reading some of the extraordinary performances attributed to Dame Nature.

The teacher spent a few moments in looking carefully over the next composition, and it was evident the handwriting was not as legible as it should have been. Having fully mastered all the doubtful words, he began, "A Tornado in the West Indies."

There was utter silence in the schoolroom as he read. All felt as if standing amid the strife of the elements and exposed to their wonderful power. With the interest of near friends they trembled for the danger of the little girl, who was borne by the strong wind to the water side, and held for a moment over the boiling waves, and then dropped on land, like a plaything of the storm, thrown aside in weariness. When the sun once more came out, and sent its glad beams over the desolated scene, many hearts joined in the thanksgiving which was so fervently uttered by those who had survived that terrible exhibition of the power of the Almighty.

"That is a composition I am proud to read," said Mr. Farnham with enthusiasm, "and I thank the author heartily for it."

It was not necessary to name her, for the colour in Valencia's face had deepened, deepened, and spread, until it was dyed with crimson, and her large eyes were full of tears.

Feelings not altogether amiable had mingled with

the real interest with which Henny Boyd had listened to the composition, and had gradually gained the mastery. She rose, and with a scornful look at Valencia, said,

"That composition, Mr. Farnham, was taken from one of last week's newspapers. The writer has altered it a little, to suit her purpose, but anybody could recognise it."

Valencia was very much excited; she had been deeply moved by her teacher's praise, but now sudden anger took the place of all softer feelings. Before Mr. Farnham had time to speak, she sprang to her feet and exclaimed,

"It is false, sir! utterly false!" and then bursting into a torrent of tears she sank upon her seat.

Judith threw her arm tenderly around her, and then, with indignation glowing in her usually calm face, she said,

"Valencia is incapable of such meanness. If you knew her as I do, sir, you could not for a moment believe such an accusation. She does not need to copy, sir, for she can write far better than that which you have read."

At that bitter moment there was a throb of pleasure in Valencia's heart, at this warm exhibition of affection and confidence from her friend.

Judith had never expressed in words the strong attachment to Valencia that she had been gradually forming, nor even realized it herself. Now she felt its full force, and her usually calm nature was wholly roused.

"Mr. Farnham," said Henny triumphantly, "I have the paper in my desk; you can judge for yourself."

"I would not believe that Valencia had copied that composition, if I were to see its very words in print," said Judith, drawing the weeping girl more tenderly to her side.

"Silence!" said Mr. Farnham, authoritatively, while Henny placed in his hands a newspaper, pointing confidently to the article to which she had referred.

Henny did not think it necessary to state that she had laid the paper by to serve her own purpose as material, in case she should, at the last hour, determine to write. She was not sorry to expose Valencia, for she had for some time felt annoyed at the evident wish of Valencia and Judith to withdraw Meta from the intimacy which she took such pains to cultivate.

Mr. Farnham knit his brows, and his face grew stern as he read on. When he had finished, he folded the newspaper, and held it in his hands for a few moments in silence, and then said sorrowfully and sternly:

"I cannot doubt that what Miss Boyd has said, is in a measure true. Here is the whole foundation of the composition with which I was so much pleased. I cannot but deeply regret that one who could so tastefully modify what she had borrowed, should have condescended to the meanness of using, unacknowledged, material not her own. If the author has any explanation to offer, I am ready to hear it."

"I can only repeat what I have said. I never saw that paper!" said Valencia with another burst of anger, and then was silent.

Mr. Farnham looked disappointed and shocked.

He glanced at the clock; the usual school-hours were already over. Rising, he said,

"Young ladies, you may now be dismissed. When we meet to-morrow, I shall not expect to see Miss Valencia Clyde in her seat, unless she comes prepared to give a full explanation of this affair."

"This is not just! not like you, Mr. Farnham," said Judith. "Please don't send these girls to buzz from house to house such a story about Valencia Clyde. Let them wait and see the end of the matter. I know there must be some mistake about it."

Mr. Farnham felt real respect for Judith; her uniformly lady-like deportment and her excellent scholarship had raised her high in his esteem. Her stout defence of her friend had its influence with him, and he willingly acceded to her request. At her suggestion he read aloud the article which Valencia was accused of imitating.

Judith looked puzzled as she heard the description of a "Tornado in the West Indies;" the whole progress of the storm, and almost every circumstance, being identical with those in the composition.

Valencia listened with wonder, and when Mr. Farnham concluded, she said frankly,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Boyd, I do not wonder at your mistake."

"Were you really in the storm yourself?" asked Judith, with sudden light beaming in her face. "You were, I know you were, and the writer of this must have been there too, and given a description of it."

Valencia's face reflected for a moment the brightness of Judith's, but she answered sorrowfully,

"There was but one person with me there, and he is in California."

"California?" said Mr. Farnham, catching at the word, and then reading the few lines with which the editor had prefaced the description. "We have received some spirited sketches of Californian life. We have not yet room to commence the series, but we give an interesting account of a Tornado from the same pen."

"Miss Judith, you have discovered the right explanation of the matter, and I thank you warmly for it," said Mr. Farnham. "I am glad, Miss Valencia, to have an opportunity of making to you the apology I owe you, in the presence of the whole school. I am ashamed that a knowledge of this evil world should have led me so easily to believe that you could have been guilty of such meanness and falsehood. I want to know more of the character which could be your defence with your noble young friend, in spite of apparent proofs against you. Again I ask your pardon!"

"Don't, don't, Mr. Farnham!" said Valencia warmly. "I am in fault. I might have saved myself half this pain, and set you right at once, by telling you I had only described what I saw with my own eyes; but I was so angry, so hasty, that I lost all command over myself. I ought to ask you to excuse me."

With a few more kind words, and a hearty shaking of hands, Mr. Farnham and Valencia parted.

"How I thank you, Judith!" said Valencia, as

soon as they were in the entrance-room. "It was worth it all to know I had such a friend."

"Such friends are worth having!" said Meta, giving them each an affectionate kiss. There were others who were of the same opinion, and Judith and Valencia were from that day more popular than ever, with both teacher and pupils.

"But if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God," thought Valencia as she walked homeward, and she felt humbled to think how far she fell short of this spirit of Christian meekness. She had learned that morning that her hasty temper was not yet wholly subdued, and she resolved to struggle determinedly, prayerfully for the mastery.

Something else she had learned, which was of a more agreeable nature. The newspaper article which had occasioned her so much trouble, must have been from the pen of Mr. Walter; for he alone stood with her on that day, when the wild conflict of the elements had made such an impression upon her childish mind. Since the letter she had received from him, and the interview with Mrs. Walter which followed, he had not been named between them, and Valencia had not dared to broach a subject, from which her friend seemed to shrink. She now remembered the meaning tone in which Mrs. Walter had lately asked her whether she found time to read the newspapers, and had recommended the one in which the description of the tornado appeared.

From that time Valencia never failed to look for the sketches of California as they were published, and it was a pleasure to learn, in this way, some-

thing of the daily life and tone of mind of the friend to whom she was so strongly attached.

She was not sanguine as to his pecuniary success, and it was not of that she was most anxious to know. She watched constantly for indications of the dawning of a better life in his heart, and the development of that true principle, which could alone regulate his generous but uncontrolled and unstable nature. She was always interested in the scenes described in the sketches, but she often laid them aside with a sad misgiving, that sent her to her room to pray earnestly that the wanderer might be brought home to his Heavenly Father's house.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOTHER'S PETITION.

MISS CLARE and her three young friends had a little Dorcas society among themselves. Meta was not a very regular or a very industrious member, but she considered herself as belonging to the little circle, and took some interest in its concerns.

"Here I am, thimble in my pocket," she said one afternoon, towards spring, as she made her

appearance in Judith's room, where the little society generally met.

The table was covered with coarse work, which Miss Clare was cutting out, while Judith and Valencia were using their needles to very good purpose.

On a low seat beside Judith, sat Elfie, diligently thrusting a needle into some stout cloth, while her eyes were fixed on Judith's face, with unqualified admiration. Elfie thought Judith something almost angelic; she felt that the refinement of Judith's manners, and the cultivation of her mind, put them at an amazing distance, a distance which Judith set aside by her gentle kindness and unwearied patience.

Elfie was not a natural seamstress. To sit quietly was always a trial to her, and to draw the thread through, monotonously, making each stitch like the last, was to her a regular punishment. Valencia declared, after seeing Judith make two or three attempts to teach her to sew, that it was quite impossible, and had better be given up in despair. Judith, however, felt that it was important that Elfie should learn self-command, as well as the use of her needle. She had followed her own wayward fancies too long, and it was time for her to acquire the habit of doing disagreeable things cheerfully. So reasoned Judith, and her quiet firmness had its effect, at last, on Elfie. She would sit quite still for the allotted half-hour, giving her needle quick, nervous darts through the cloth, refreshing herself occasionally with long, admiring looks at Judith, such as she was enjoying when Meta came in.

"Here is a list of brother Archie's wants, as

usual," said Meta, taking a slip of paper from her pocket. "He wrote them down for me in great haste this morning. 'Clothes for a young baby much needed; also, clothes for two children, from four to six years old.'"

"That must be for the baby and children he spoke of in the letter," said Valencia, eagerly. "I am glad we have a few things already made!"

"What letter?" asked Meta. "Did Elfie bring one from brother Archie?"

"Yes. She brought it very safely," said Miss Clare. "I do not believe she moved her thumb and finger from the time they first fastened on it until she placed it in my hand. John, our new footman, tried to get her to let him carry it, but she would not give up the honour so easily. Here is the letter. Read it if you wish."

The letter was as follows:—

"My dear Cousin: I should not know what to do in my frequent emergencies, but for the sisters of charity who ply their busy needles and lighten their purses under your roof. Help comes so freely from that quarter, that perhaps I may be too much inclined to think there is an inexhaustible store for me to draw from, and make too large demands. Whenever I do so, you, as a friend, must give me a hint as to moderation. Just now, my head and heart are full of some new objects of interest.

"Last night I was roused out of a sound sleep by an importunate knocking on the shutter to my office, and as importunate cries of—'Hurry up, doctor! You are wanted! Make your feet fly! Throw something round you, and come on,' &c.

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT. Page 135

I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and followed the lad who had roused me so unceremoniously. He led me rapidly, through narrow alleys and miserable courts, to an old tumble-down house, and mounted the rickety stairs, telling me to follow as quickly as I could.

"I made my way in the dark over the treacherous boards, which gave way at every step, and was brought suddenly into as sad a scene of wretchedness as I have yet beheld in this stronghold of sin and suffering.

"Stretched on a heap of straw lay a large gaunt woman, in whose face every evil passion had left its hateful lines. There was a fierce look of wild despair in her eyes, like that of a savage beast, about to fall into the hands of one stronger and more ferocious than itself. And yet those eyes softened as they fell on a helpless infant, not a week old, which she tried to shield with the ragged quilt, from the chill blast that entered with the opening of the door. Two children cowered beside a heap of shavings, which was burning on the hearth. At the entrance of a stranger, they threw on a few more from the scanty store in the old basket, and by the flickering light I read the sad story of guilt and ignorance in their young faces. The boy whom I had followed sank down beside them, and resting his elbows on his knees he leaned his chin on his hands, and watched me with a wicked look, in which cunning, fear, and desperation were strangely mingled.

"'So you've come to see me die!' said the woman. 'Don't you remember me?'

"I did remember that face, though I had seen

it but once, and that in a riotous scene, when horror and disgust might well have confused my mind.

"'Yes, you told me how it would all end!' and she gnashed her teeth.

"I strove to speak to her of the hope in Christ, which may be won by repentance, even in a dying hour. She checked me sharply, saying,—'I want none of your preaching. *I* repent!' and then came a bitter laugh, which I shall never forget. 'I did not send for you to see my agony. Look at those children,' said she, pointing to the group by the scanty fire. 'Look at them! Make them repent, if you *can*. Here 's what I sent for you for. Look at this baby! Here, take her; baptize her! Let me see you do it!'

"She held the child towards me, with a look which made me shudder. I saw that she had but a few moments to live. I could not refuse to take into my care, the child that was held towards me with the energy of a dying grasp. I told her that I was not a clergyman, but that I would give her babe to God for her, and have it baptized as soon as possible. In a few words of prayer, I expressed the poor creature's wish to have her infant placed in the arms of its Saviour, and brought up in His service. She listened with evident satisfaction, and almost smiled when I ceased speaking. When I asked what I should call the child, she fairly screamed,—'Don't call her after me, or the like of me; call her after somebody that is good!'

"Miss Judith will forgive me that I spoke her name (the first that occurred to me) in that foul air, and promised to have it given to the child in baptism at an early day.

"When I turned to restore the babe to its mother, she shrunk from it, exclaiming,—'Don't give it to me! It is not for such as me to touch, when such words have been said over it. Keep her, make her good! Let me have one child in heaven!'

"I have kept the poor helpless being thus thrust upon me. May she be indeed a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven!

"It was touching to see the mother's expression change when she caught a glimpse of the child. She looked at it tenderly and reverentially, as something separated from herself by its dedication to the God whom she felt too defiled to approach, even as a penitent sinner.

"I sank upon my knees beside the bed; medicine could here avail nothing, but the Great Physician might yet heal the soul. It was too late even for the hope which lingers while life lasts. With one fearful struggle the body gave up the spirit.

"The infant in my arms was in a sweet sleep. I folded my coat around it, and, taking the frightened and stupefied children with me, I hurried home. The lad who had come for me promised to sit by the lifeless body, until I could send Peggy to perform the last offices for it.

"Poor Peggy has a kind heart, and she is a great assistance to me. I have now strong hopes of her complete reformation. She cried when I opened my coat, and showed her the little creature I had brought home to be cared for, and she very readily started off to do what she could for the remains of the wretched mother.

"The faithless lad had not kept his word. She found the bare room in the silence of death; the

body had been deserted by the son, so young in years, so old in wickedness. His disappearance was fully explained, when I found that my pocket-book had been taken from me, while I knelt beside the dying bed.

"No wonder the poor mother desired to thrust her little one into the ark of God, to escape the deluge of sin which rages here.

"I wrote a memorandum for Meta this morning, thinking I might not be able to give you an account of these new claimants for your sympathy and aid.

"With kind remembrances to Judge Hart and all his household, I am

"Your friend and cousin,

"ARCHIBALD MORRIS."

"Dear Archie!" said Meta, as she finished the letter; "this must have been what was troubling him this morning. He came in, in a great hurry, and said he wanted to see my father, and they went off together, both of them looking as grave as if their ship had gone down."

"Had not we better count up what we have in our charity-box to-day, and send the money with the clothes?" said Miss Clare.

"Yes, yes!" said Judith, warmly.

"Wait a moment!" said Valencia, and she disappeared.

Valencia's desire to economize did not interfere with her charities. She felt that the claims of the Lord's poor were no more to be set aside than any other just debt, and she devoted a generous portion of her income to their use, and to the advancement of true religion at home and abroad.

Now it was with regret that she found she had so little to add to the sum that was to go to the children whom Dr. Morris had collected about him, and whom the members of the miniature society considered under their particular charge. She was delighted, when the box was opened, to find that it contained a much larger contribution than usual, and she afterwards more than suspected that Judith had made a real sacrifice in order to give freely.

Judith had been for several months embroidering a screen, which was to be handsomely mounted, and given to her father as a birthday present the next week. She had the requisite sum for the frame, and a trifle more still left of her quarterly allowance, and it cost her a momentary struggle to give up the idea of the surprise she had planned for him, but her better feeling conquered. The work itself would serve as a token of affection to her father, while the price of the expensive frame would do much towards making comfortable the little creatures for whom her sympathies were so warmly enlisted.

Meta clapped her hands when the contents of the charity-box were counted, and exclaimed—"I am so glad somebody could give. I had not a penny to bring. Papa says these are hard times, and mamma and I don't ask him for any money now; we just have what we want put down in the account, and so get on very well."

Miss Clare smiled at this expedient, which has satisfied so many wives and daughters under similar circumstances.

"You must not forget, Meta, that pay-day must come at last," she said.

Meta laughingly answered—"You know I never borrow trouble from the future, if I can get on with the present."

At this moment there was a ring at the street-door.

"There's Henny Boyd," exclaimed Meta, who stood at the window. "I did not think she would come so soon for me. We are going to take a walk together," and she bade her friends a hasty farewell.

Miss Clare looked sorrowfully after Meta as she disappeared. The good impression that had been made upon her during the summer, was too rapidly passing away. It grieved Meta's true friend to observe the influence that her giddy, foolish companion was exerting over her.

"Meta's face is still all sunshine," said Valencia, apologetically. "I do not believe she is really changed; she only seems so just now."

Miss Clare did not reply. She had been too much with young people not to know that Meta was on that dangerous path of pleasure where the young and lovely gradually become selfish, heartless, frivolous beings, unworthy of the name of woman.

CHAPTER XV.

"COME UNTO ME."

DR. MORRIS was not alone in his good work. He had been recently much assisted by an aged clergyman, who, having spent his best years in calling the rich and gifted of this world to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, weary of their excuses, had gone out into the lanes and hovels to compel the poor to come in.

Those who had refused for themselves his invitations, had compounded with their consciences by building him a little chapel, where he could preach to the poor that Gospel to which they had turned a deaf ear.

The tumult and disorder which had at first made it almost impossible for the Rev. Mr. Lindsay to proceed with his services, had in a measure subsided. One pleasant Sunday morning in March, his chapel was occupied by a motley congregation, clad in such garments of wretchedness as have seldom been seen in the house of God. Their outward appearance was but a faint type of the ignorance and pollution of their minds. Oaths and coarse jests passed from one to another as they took possession of the plain benches, and looked about with eager curiosity.

Not a little wonder was excited by the appear-

ance of a simple white vase filled with water, which stood upon the table in front of the desk.

As Mr. Lindsay passed up the aisle, the rudest of the scoffers were for a moment silenced, as they looked upon his silver hair, kind, peaceful face, and dignified bearing.

The short and simple service went on without marked interruption, until the clergyman stepped forward, and called for the children to be baptized to be brought forward.

Strange groups started to their feet on every side, with faces full of wonder and interest. There were many loud-spoken words and a general stir, during the few moments that passed before some new comers entered the chapel.

Judge Hart stepped slowly up the narrow aisle with Judith at his side. Doctor Morris and Miss Clare followed, leading little Elfie. Next came Peggy's stout figure; one child held her by the hand, while another timidly caught her dress. Her eldest boy and girl brought up the rear, walking as if proud to be in that procession. Peggy's shawl was tenderly wrapped round an infant, at which she looked from time to time with an anxious fondness, that proved that the woman's heart was still in her, and that she was learning something of His spirit, "who came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Judith was strangely moved at the sight of that poor babe, and she could with difficulty command her voice, to answer the few necessary questions addressed to the sponsors.

Judge Hart's clear, calm tones reassured her. She felt that she was to have her father's assistance in

training that poor child for Heaven, and she doubted not that the efforts of such a man would win a blessing from on high.

It was interesting to watch little Elfie's face during the ceremony. She was the last to whom the holy rite was administered, and she followed the aged clergyman with an anxious glance, as if she feared that she was to be overlooked in the distribution of the blessing. When at last she was "signed with the sign of the cross, in token that she should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil," a look of triumph crossed her face. She seemed setting the great enemy of souls at defiance, telling him he should not tear her from the refuge whither she had fled, safe in the fold of Christ!

In a few simple words, Mr. Lindsay explained the ceremony that had been performed, and more than one in that motley assembly, conscious of their own degradation, wished that the pure water could be sprinkled on them, if it could be the sign of the beginning of purity within.

After that service among the outcasts of earth, how strange a contrast seemed the swelling tones of the organ dying away among the lofty arches of St. Jude's.

Yet there was much true piety there. Among those who had received the best earthly gifts, were some who were coming in their youth to lay their souls and all their possessions at the feet of Christ. Others, taught by affliction, or won at last by unwearied love, were leaving the world they had served too long, to obey the bidding of a better Master.

Among the candidates for confirmation, Valencia humbly knelt. Conscious of her own excitable nature, she had feared to take this irrevocable step, without testing for many months the strength and constancy of her new resolutions. Now, relying on Him to whom all things are possible, she dared to number herself with the open followers of Christ.

That was a solemn, eventful day to the members of Judge Hart's household, and its holy influence was felt in many other homes.

CHAPTER XVI.

WINTRY BLASTS.

THE winter had been one of trial to Mrs. Allison. The burden of age and infirmities seemed to have suddenly increased upon her. With the love of life and of earthly things still strong in her heart, she had been forced to listen to the voice of warning, which bade her remember that "this is not our home."

As the spring came on, her rheumatic symptoms were in some degree alleviated, and she looked forward to a perfect cure, if she could but try the benefit of the famous Sulphur Springs which had been so frequently recommended to her.

Mrs. Walter could not leave her kind aunt in her enfeebled state, and she consented to accompany her to the Springs, though little expecting the cure on which the invalid so confidently relied.

Judge Hart planned a charming summer tour for Judith and Valencia, who really needed recreation after their winter of hard study.

It was a great pleasure to Judge Hart to revisit the beautiful mountain scenery which had always had a charm for him, and his pleasure was redoubled by the enthusiastic admiration of the young people.

He felt something of the buoyancy of youth returning, while listening to their lively conversation day after day, and the professional cares which he could not throw off at home seemed to drop below him, like the clouds that encircled the mountain's side.

Notwithstanding all the enjoyment of their summer tour, and protracted stay among the hills, Judith and Valencia were glad to be once more at home. Miss Clare, who had been among old friends during their absence, was at the door to receive them, and when they were all comfortably settled once more, the travellers renewed the pleasure of their trip while giving her a lively account of every incident.

It seemed to be the quiet determination of Judge Hart, that Valencia should remain under his roof, and she really had nothing to plead in opposition to the affectionate urgency with which he pressed his invitations.

She had been in the city but a single day after their return, when she began to look over the late

papers anxiously, in search of one of the California sketches. She did not find what she sought, but her eye was attracted by a paragraph full of painful interest. It announced the disastrous failure of "Morris & Co.," and then alluded in a mysterious manner to the condition of one member of the firm.

Judith and Miss Clare were filled with astonishment, as Valencia read aloud the startling intelligence.

Judge Hart did not seem surprised at the first announcement, but he lingered, with a puzzled look, over the latter portion of the paragraph.

Miss Clare went immediately to her friends in their misfortune, to express her true sympathy; and Judith and Valencia would gladly have accompanied her, if they had been sure that their visit would be welcome.

The next day Meta appeared at Judge Hart's. She had come in her first sorrow to those who she knew would meet her with real warmth.

Meta understood that a great change had passed over them, but what they were to do, how they were to be affected by it, she could not understand.

"Papa is very quiet," she said. "He does not notice any of us much. Mamma did not know anything about the trouble till brother Archie told her. I don't know what we should do without him: he comes in looking as bright as ever, and talks to my father as if nothing had happened."

Mrs. Morris was a cheerful, kind-hearted woman, who loved to make her home pleasant and comfortable, and who was almost as well pleased to see herself and Meta what she called well dressed. She

had never thought much of life outside the circles of society where comfort and ease seem as common and natural blessings as air and light.

Archie's plan of living among the poor, appeared to her very nearly as absurd as a crusade to take the moon from its lawful inhabitants. Yet Mrs. Morris was truly kind-hearted, and when she by degrees knew something of the wretched beings by whom Archie was surrounded, she could not rest until she had tried to make them more comfortable. Many baskets of provisions and bundles of cast-oft garments were sent from the mother to the son, for his pensioners. The former always found hungry mouths ready to be filled, but the latter were often thrown aside with a sad smile; the fine and fanciful garments were in such lamentable contrast with the real wants of the degraded poor.

Perhaps a greater familiarity with the suffering existing in the world had made Mrs. Morris set a higher value on the temporal blessings she enjoyed. When the change in their circumstances was first broken to her, nothing was suggested to her mind but a descent into the abject poverty of which she now had some idea.

A burst of grief and lamentation succeeded the cautious announcement which Archie made to his mother. She bewailed her loss of all that was valuable, in such terms that he had no words in which to console her. He saw at length, that there was but one course to be pursued, if he wished to rouse her energies and call out all that was really noble in her character.

"The pecuniary loss, dear mother," he said, "I consider of trifling importance, in comparison with

the greater trial with which we are threatened. My father—have you noticed how changed he is?"

"What do you mean, Archie?" asked Mrs. Morris, rendered calm in a moment.

"He must be kept cheerful. It is the only hope for him. I fear his reason will not stand the shock he has received. We must all bear up for his sake!" said Archie, earnestly.

Proofs of what Archie had intimated, passed like lightning through her mind. "How blind to have believed his silent abstracted manner only the result of unusual attention to business! Why! she could not recall the time when he had joked with Meta in his old playful way. No wonder the child was glad to be out of the house as much as possible!"

Meta had been of late almost constantly away from home. Henny Boyd was always full of sport, and in her society Meta found a pleasant relief from the shadow of the cloud which seemed to be silently settling over her home.

How often Meta had wished for Archie's bright face to enliven the fireside, or his cheerful conversation at table to throw all into good humour.

"This change they talk about," thought Meta one day, shortly after the failure, "has at least one good effect—it brings brother Archie here very often."

Archie was now much at home, and all felt the effect of his influence. He really seemed to think the loss of property so trifling an affliction, and to believe so truly in the greater importance of securing an inheritance in the "house not made with hands," that by degrees Mrs. Morris and Meta came to look on the matter somewhat in the same light.

Meta met with much that would have embittered one less sunny-tempered than herself. Many of her old friends and schoolmates proudly passed her by, and her professed friend, Henny Boyd, grew suddenly cool in her affection. Archie Morris seemed to have lost some of the charms with which he had been encircled in Miss Henny's eyes. Perhaps the young lady had grown weary of devotion to a "bright particular star," which moved quietly on in its own sphere, all unconscious of its ardent admirer.

Meta did not love Henny Boyd. Though her society had possessed for her a fascination, that fascination unfortunately had been that of temptation. With Henny she enjoyed conversation, read books, and visited places of which her conscience did not approve. Such an associate could not fail to lead Meta from those whose disapproval she felt she deserved. Yet Meta was not so very much to be blamed. She had been led astray by one older than herself, who had pertinaciously sought the intimacy now dispensed with so easily.

Meta felt a sense of relief in exchanging Henny's society for that of Valencia and Judith. She was met by no reproaches for past indifference, no allusions to past follies. At Judge Hart's she found a welcome, all the warmer for the trials she had encountered.

Little direct advice was given to Meta; she did not need it now. The errors of her late course plainly stared her in the face. Of what avail was it to her that she had enjoyed the best advantages for education that the city could afford? She had wasted her opportunities and trifled away her time.

If thrown upon her own resources for support, what could she do? Utterly worthless, little Meta seemed in her own eyes, and she felt all the more grateful for the invariable kindness with which she was welcomed at Judge Hart's.

She might have wondered yet more at the friendship thus shown her, had she known that Judge Hart had met with heavy losses through her father's failure, as his indorser to a large amount, but not even Judith knew this circumstance.

Judge Hart, though a generous man, was yet a cautious one. He never indorsed for an amount that he was not willing to lose. When Mr. Morris had come to him in his distress, he had been touched to see the once cheerful, successful merchant become a hopeless, aimless, embarrassed man.

Judge Hart joined with him in one strong effort to place his affairs on a better footing, though with but little hope of success. By the failure of Mr. Morris he had but lost the sum he freely ventured to save an honest man from ruin. He was not content with having done what he could to avert the catastrophe; he now stepped forward as a friend and adviser to the family of the unhappy merchant.

Dr. Morris, meanwhile, had not left to others the burden of the day. The small income which was his by the legacy of an aunt, he immediately placed at his mother's disposal, for family expenses, while he prepared to exert himself more actively for her assistance.

It was a real sacrifice to Archie Morris to give up the path of usefulness he had marked out for himself, but the necessities of those near and dear

to him left him not a doubt as to what course to pursue. He must use, as a means of maintenance, the professional knowledge which he had hoped to give freely to the needy, while leading them to that true health of the soul which is the best of all blessings.

Must he leave those who were beginning to grope towards the light, without a hand to sustain and guide their trembling, faltering steps? Must the little ones whom he had clustered about him, be sent forth again to fall victims to the destroyer? Such questions as these he could not answer. In earnest prayer he commended those in whose welfare he was so much interested, to the Divine mercy.

The good work Dr. Morris had begun was not to be given up. As soon as Mr. Lindsay, the aged clergyman, heard of Dr. Morris's proposed removal, he at once came forward to fill, as far as possible, his place, and many long consultations they had as to the future management of the little establishment.

"If your good wife will take the charge of these poor lambs, she can do more for them than I can," said Dr. Morris to Mr. Lindsay, after a long conversation the day before his departure. "God has given to woman a power to touch and mould the hearts of children, which we men can never acquire."

"I am sure," said Mr. Lindsay, "that my good wife, as you may well call her, will act a motherly part towards them, as far as she can. But my Jane is no longer young. She cannot do what she once could. We will try, we old people, and perhaps the Lord will enable us to raise up a few true fol-

lowers to sing His praises, when our grey heads are laid in the grave. It is a good work for the down-hill of life, and my Jane feels it so. But, doctor, how shall we get on without you, in case of sickness?"

"Send for me at any and all hours," said the doctor, warmly. "My heart will still be with you, and I shall rejoice to help you when I can. My time will not soon be fully occupied with patients of another class," he continued, smiling. "Young doctors are about as much dreaded as the diseases they try to cure. I am prepared for a cool reception among old friends. I must make my way slowly, as others have done, and I can do it cheerfully, for I have a strong motive. On Friday, you will be able to move in. By to-morrow noon I hope to be at home and quite settled in my new office."

With these words, and a hearty shake of the hand, the two gentlemen parted.

A loud sob in the corner attracted Dr. Morris's attention, as his friend took leave.

Elfie had struggled to keep down her feelings, as little by little she understood, from what was said, that Dr. Morris was going away; but now that he actually named it plainly, and spoke of so near a day, she could bear it no longer. She felt desolate, deserted.

He had told her to dust his books nicely, and lay them beside the packing-case, and she had cheerfully obeyed, as she would have if he had told her to put them in the fire, but without the slightest idea of what the change indicated.

Now she understood it. She threw down the

book she was dusting and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I will not be left here!" she almost shrieked. "I cannot beg, and lie, and steal! I cannot live in sin and dirt! You won't leave me, you won't, I know you won't," and she clung to Archie's side. "You won't leave me!" she said again, and looked at him so beseechingly, that for a moment the tears filled his eyes, and he could not reply.

After a moment's pause, he said, soothingly,

"Dear little Elfie, you forget that I cannot keep you from harm. I have no power against sin or the devil. It is the Lord only who can give you strength to do right. He would still be with you, if I were far away."

"Yes, yes," said Elfie, more calmly. "I know I am wild and naughty now, but I cannot have you leave me. Indeed, I should die! The Lord would have to take me out of this wicked world. He knows I am not fit to try alone to do right, with so many to call me back. I had rather die than be that old bad child with the basket on her arm!"

The remembrance of those evil days seemed to be too strong for Elfie, for her eyes dilated with horror, and she jumped up suddenly. Stamping her little feet, she almost screamed,

"I won't lead that old bad life. If I am left here to myself, I'll pray night and day, and ask God to take me to his dear, bright world, until He calls—'Come up, little Elfie.' I know *He* won't leave me here without you."

"Neither will I, Elfie," said Archie, tenderly. "You shall go with me, and help my mother and sister, and be a good little girl."

"Oh! I will do anything. I will work, oh! how hard, if you will only let me go. You will! I know you will! You say so! You mean so!" and Elfie's face, as she spoke, beamed joyously through her tears.

From that moment the work of packing was a pleasant task to Elfie, and she exerted all her little skill to show how useful she could be.

There was a sound of lamenting when Archie took leave the next morning. Peggy wiped her eyes again and again, as she said, not very gently,

"Hush, children! Don't keep up such a bawling. Don't ye know the doctor's not going to leave us entirely? He's just going to eat and sleep, and attend to his business somewhere else, and be with us just when he can, to be telling us the right way, just like he always did."

Little Judith held out her arms to Archie, until the carriage drove from the door, and kissed her hand to him until he was out of sight.

Archie never had reason to regret taking his little companion that day. Elfie was of real use in the simple establishment of which he was now the virtual head. Her droll ways, and eager, warm-hearted interest in all the family concerns, were a constant source of amusement and pleasure. She was not spoiled by the kindness shown her, but did her best to fill the place of miniature servant, appearing in her white apron at table and at the door, as demurely as if she had been trained for the office.

It was a trial to Mrs. Morris to leave the house she had entered as a young light-hearted bride. It was painful to her to know that the tasteful furni-

ture, that had given her home such an easy, cheerful look, had been inspected by a gossiping crowd, and sold at auction to the highest bidder.

These and many other trying circumstances she was called to pass through, before she was settled in the small but neat home Archie had secured for her.

Mr. Morris met all the changes with perfect indifference, and did as he was requested with entire docility, looking up to Archie with the reliance and confidence of a hopeless, helpless child.

To see the kind, active, joyous spirit of her husband so altered, was a trial to Mrs. Morris, which made all others seem light. When sorely depressed and disheartened, she would go to the door of Archie's office, and his cheerful "Come in, mother," would be the beginning of a long conversation, from which she would rise comforted and strengthened. She was encouraged by the hopes he entertained of his father's recovery, and consoled by his firm belief that all their present troubles were to work out lasting, eternal good.

"Do you not see the service they have been to Meta already?" he would say sometimes, and this was an argument the force of which she could not fail to feel.

Meta's happy spirit had not been crushed by her first experience of sorrow. She had learned the value of the world's pleasures, and the world's friendship. Knowledge now seemed precious, and study a privilege.

It was a source of real joy to Archie, to observe the daily unfailing indications that Meta was acting with a new aim, guided by new principles.

She mentioned to no one the change that had passed over her. She could hardly tell herself, exactly, when she ceased to be an indifferent listener to conversations on religious subjects, and began to be eager to hear all that could advance her spiritual growth. One good resolution after another was formed, until her whole course of life was altered. The joyousness, which was her own sweet gift, was no longer thoughtlessly lavished. She had learned to cheer her mother's saddened heart, to have a bright smile ready for Archie when he came in weary, or to enter heartily into the frequent games of draughts with which her father wiled away his tedious hours.

It was now her delight to sit at Archie's side and drink in religious knowledge, and learn from the earnest, devoted spirit which animated his conversation; and her fervent petitions joined with his in the family prayers, with which he had consecrated their new home.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUNT ALLISON.

IT was a bright spring morning, four years from the time that our story commenced.

Busy, bustling crowds were hurrying along the

pavements, and the many vehicles that were passing up and down the wide streets vied with each other in the eager struggle for passage and place. A small but comfortable pony carriage wound its way through the throng, turning now this way and now that, yet getting steadily forward along the closely packed thoroughfare.

The carriage drew up at last before a large, well-built dwelling, which still kept its place among the high warehouses which towered around it, threatening to shut it out from the light of heaven.

There was a warm look of welcome and old-fashioned hospitality in the wide doorway, but no merry children shouted in the hall with the privileged license of "a day at grandmamma's."

The centre of life in that time-worn mansion, was the spacious front room on the second floor, where an aged invalid was trying to pass with cheerfulness and patience through the long hours of pain and discomfort. Her face was brightened by a pleasant smile, as a quick, decided ring at the street-door announced a welcome visitor.

"There, Emmy! There 's the doctor!" said Mrs. Allison. "Draw up the curtains, dear, and put a seat for him."

Mrs. Walter mechanically obeyed, like one whose mind was on other things.

"May I come in?" said the familiar voice of Archie Morris.

The door was thrown open, and the young doctor was soon in the midst of a lively conversation with Mrs. Allison.

Mrs. Walter's manner was nervous and agitated during the whole of his visit; but the old lady

brightened under the influence of his cheerful manner, and forgot to enumerate the symptoms of the last twenty-four hours, until just as he rose to take leave.

He listened to her detailed account of what she seemed to consider her peculiar sufferings, but which were the too plain indications that she was sharing the lot of those who live to see the gradual dissolving of their earthly tabernacle, worn out by long years of service in this troublesome world.

Dr. Morris repeated for her the hundredth time his simple, harmless prescriptions, and then bade his patient "good-morning."

After trying all the watering-places in succession, and finding that neither sea air nor medicated springs could bring the desired relief, Mrs. Allison had turned to Dr. Morris with new hope.

Archie Morris had been thoroughly prepared for his profession ; he had enjoyed all advantages for acquiring medical knowledge both at home and in France, and had made good use of them. The year that, from the highest motives, he had so freely given to the poor, had been of great service to him. Unbiased by the opinion of others, he had used his own judgment in the treatment of his patients with marked success. His natural talent for the profession of his choice had been quickened and developed, and he had acquired that readiness in the reading of symptoms, and that promptness in the application of suitable remedies, which are essential to a physician of the highest order.

In changing somewhat the sphere of his practice, his aim had been unaltered. His Saviour was still his model. He strove to imitate Him who, whether

He raised the ruler's daughter, or cured the beggar by the wayside, never forgot that His chief work was as the Physician of the Soul.

Archie had met with the success he so well merited. His practice now afforded him an abundant income, and he had the pleasure of knowing that there were many who, through his influence, had risen from the bed of sickness, strong in new resolutions to apply the remainder of life to duty and devotion. He was still well known in the region of his first office. He was frequently seen in those lanes and hovels, seeking the sick and suffering, and he was thus often able to teach the bounty of the rich in what channels to flow.

It was not difficult for Archie to understand Mrs. Allison's case. He easily saw that an early life of thoughtless gaiety and unseasonable hours had laid the foundation of the somewhat early breaking-up of the physical powers from which she was suffering.

He knew she had not many years to live, and he exerted his utmost skill to make those few years as comfortable as possible. He would sit with her by the hour, engaging her in pleasant chat, and beguiling her from the remembrance of the pains he could not banish.

She learned to look for his visit as the great pleasure of the day, and she gave him a welcome too hearty to be mistaken.

Archie Morris felt that here his task was not to restore the body to health, but to strive to prepare the soul for the great change through which it soon must pass. By degrees, he led the old lady to more serious topics of thought and conversation. Sometimes he would bring her a carefully chosen book,

and suggest that Mrs. Walter should read it to her aunt, with the secret prayer that its appropriate words of counsel might sink deep into the heart of his patient.

Her eyes were gradually opened to see the beauty of holiness, and her heart taught to yearn for the reward of the just, justified through the blood of Christ.

She spoke little of her own feelings, but Dr. Morris could not fail to notice her quickened interest in his conversation when it turned on the bright hopes of the better land, or her evident satisfaction at the receipt of some new book, treating of the way of life.

Having once learned to turn her thoughts hopefully, cheerfully towards the heavenly mansions, Mrs. Allison became more and more gratefully and warmly interested in the physician who had so gently led her to the source of eternal health, and he was next in her affections to Emily and George Walter.

Mrs. Walter had patiently accompanied the invalid in her various changes, feeling it a pleasure to devote her lonely hours to the friend who had cared for the motherless boyhood of her husband.

Valencia's frequent visits were a source of great pleasure to her, and she had learned to be truly gratified when her young friend was accompanied by Judith. The latter had found that a heart warmed and animated by Christian love can forget the petty distinctions of earth, and her manners had lost the coldness and reserve that had been round her like a barrier.

Dr. Morris had hardly left the door, on the day

of which we have spoken, when Judith and Valencia appeared, for one of their long morning visits.

Mrs. Walter's welcome was less hearty than usual, and her unnatural manner for a time threw a constraint over the little circle. She at length pleaded the necessity of attending to domestic matters, and excused herself.

Mrs. Allison liked to hear the lively chat of the young people, and took a warm interest in all their affairs.

"How do you get on with your housekeeping, Miss Judith?" asked the old lady.

"I hardly dare say yet," said Judith, smiling. "Miss Clare left the machine in such good order, that I have little to do as yet but watch its working. When matters begin to go wrong, then I shall have a chance to show my skill."

"Judge Hart seems entirely satisfied, if that is any test of success," said Valencia. "I think he has doubled his rations of tea and coffee since Judith has presided. I believe he likes to say—'Another cup, daughter, just like the last.'"

"Papa is easily pleased," said Judith, "but indeed we miss Miss Clare sadly."

"How is she getting on at the Home?" asked Mrs. Allison, with great interest.

"Admirably! She does everything well," said Judith, warmly. "It does not seem like the same place now. Mrs. Lindsay is as much pleased with the change as any of us. She hardly ever leaves her room now; but she has all the children come in to see her every day, and delights to watch their improvement."

"Little Judith is a perfect darling," said Valencia.

"She is as fat and rosy as a country child, and so full of fun."

"I hardly think she can be any brighter than that little Elfie Dr. Morris sends here sometimes," said Mrs. Allison. "I always keep her as long as I can, she is so queer and amusing. She grows very impatient to get away, when she thinks I am keeping her too long. I believe she would not disobey Dr. Morris for the world. Valencia, dear," said the old lady, who had spoken the last few words slowly, as if listening, "I hear some noise down stairs; I wish you would go and see what it is."

Valencia instantly consented. She found the street-door closed, but there was a sound of voices in the drawing-room. Such an unusual occurrence filled her with surprise. She pushed open the door, and was a moment in the dim light before she could see distinctly into the distant corner of the room whence the voices proceeded.

Stepping rapidly towards the spot, expecting to find she knew not whom, she started back as she recognized Mrs. Walter, weeping upon the shoulder of a tall, thin stranger, whose bronzed and care-worn face was bent tenderly towards her.

Years and suffering had altered George Walter, but Valencia could not mistake the friend of her childhood. She sprang towards him with a hearty joy that brought sudden tears to his eyes.

"Can you receive me so, Valencia?" he said, as he returned her affectionate greeting. The glance that Valencia fixed on his face was a sufficient reply, but her bright look of welcome faded as she saw there the sad traces of sickness and sorrow.

"Have you been very ill, uncle?" she said, anxiously.

"Very ill, Valencia," he answered, mournfully. "Misfortune, disappointment, and sickness have been my portion since we parted; but it is for dear Emily's sake, and for yours, you poor injured child! that it has been so hard to bear. I have come home, a poor, penniless, broken-down man, only fit to be laid under the sod and forgotten."

"Dear, dear uncle, don't talk so!" said Valencia, while the wife clung the more tenderly to him.

"We can't undo the wrong we have committed," he continued. "I have laboured, toiled, worked with these hands, and tasked this head, but without a blessing. It were easy to bear the curse I have brought on myself; but for you!" and he looked at Valencia and his weeping wife.

"Do not think of me, dear uncle," said Valencia, cheerfully. "I should be really disappointed not to try my skill at teaching. You have no idea how much good you have done me: I do believe I should have sat down in the midst of my blessings, and fancied myself miserable, but for having an object in life, something to look forward to. Why! you know how I used to dislike my books, and I am actually fond of study now. Then, such good friends have been raised up for me. I have nothing to complain of, and a thousand causes of gratitude. Do you know Judge Hart?"

A flush passed over the sallow cheeks of George Walter, and his sad eyes lighted up suddenly, as he said—

"Know him? Yes! yes! far better than you can. But for him, I might have died by my own hand, in

the first moments of desperation, when I realized how I had wronged you. Some wild impulse led me to him as my only hope. His honest right hand was stretched out to me, freely and frankly. Like a father he comforted, pitied, and advised me, and gently encouraged me to think of repentance and reparation. Such aid he gave me in my hour of need, that were I worth millions now, he might rightfully claim them as his own. But I have nothing, nothing but a poor broken-down body, and a penitent heart, which God may at last receive when I have suffered enough here."

At this moment Judith appeared at the door, saying—"Excuse me, but Mrs. Allison is very much excited: she insists upon knowing who is here. She says, if it is George Walter he must come up stairs at once."

The party on the sofa started, and were for a moment silent. "Emily, did you tell aunt I was coming?" said George, almost reproachfully.

"Indeed I did not!" said Mrs. Walter, for the first time raising her head. "She has been expecting you constantly of late, and has often roused me even in the night, to say—'There, I hear a noise—perhaps George has come!'"

"I will go to her and confess all!" said Mr. Walter, impetuously. Before he could be prevented, he hurried up stairs and suddenly knelt before the old lady.

Her shrill cry, "George! George!" sounded through the house, and then a heavy fall sent a thrill of horror through the little group, who had shrunk from witnessing the trying scene.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW PATH.

THE daily messenger despatched from Judge Hart's, returned with the news that Mrs. Allison was no better. The shock of George Walter's sudden return had been too much for her weakened frame. Her physical strength gave way, and her mind sunk into the imbecility of childhood. Tenderly, then, the repentant man nursed the friend who had watched over his childhood.

Not even Valencia was allowed to share in the offices of the sick room. Both Mrs. Walter and her husband felt that the time was short, and they vied with each other in their ministry of love.

The stern realities of life were meanwhile pressing closely on Valencia. Her last term as a pupil at the college classes had expired, and the path of a teacher was now for her a certainty, not a mere possibility.

Her four years of probation and preparation were over. She must now give up ease and enjoyment, and enter upon a self-denying, active life. She did not shrink from the duty plainly set before her.

In vain Judge Hart called her "daughter," "my

own Vallie," and urged her to share with Judith and make his house her home indeed.

She now knew well that the income which had given her a feeling of independence, while under his kind protection, had been but another evidence of his delicate generosity, and she felt anxious to prove to him that the time and opportunities for improvement that he had secured for her had not been wasted.

He had sheltered her from the blasts of adversity, until she had strength to meet the keen air and be braced by it.

Finding her purpose fixed, and her spirit impatient for action, Judge Hart promptly secured for her a position as assistant in the school of a lady in whom he had entire confidence.

Judith was even more moved than Valencia, when the carriage that was to separate them drove up to the door.

The servants clustered in the hall to say "good-bye to Miss Vallie," and each strove to have some last kind attention to show her.

With a quivering lip and a smile in her eyes, Valencia bade Judith "farewell," and accepted the offered assistance of Judge Hart, as with somewhat trembling steps she left the door.

Judith re-entered the house. Too large, too elegant, too gloomy it looked to its young mistress. She sat down and cried like a child. She had lost something that seemed necessary to her happiness; she had parted from one whose warm, earnest piety and childlike simplicity had done much to lead her to the truth, and to point out by example the way in which she should walk.

Miss Clare, too, had left her; alone she was to meet the world, and bear the social burden her father's position forced upon her.

Judith was for a moment inclined to arraign the Wisdom that could send Valencia, with her susceptible, delicate nature, to struggle for herself in the tumult of life, while she must stand alone in the midst of luxury.

These wrong, distrustful thoughts were succeeded by deep penitence. Judith acknowledged the blessings she had received, looked at the influence for good that her position conferred upon her, and remembered with gratitude, that while her dear father filled her with admiration and respect he could yet be to her a confidential companion.

Valencia chatted pleasantly with Judge Hart, during the short trip in a steamboat which brought them to the pretty village where she was to find her new home.

She admired cordially the lovely scenery on every side, and passed bravely through her introduction to the lady at the head of the establishment. Her courage did not fail her, even when she bade Judge Hart "good-bye," and thanked him again for the many kindnesses he had shown her.

"Remember, Vallie," were his last words to her, "my house is your home whenever you choose to claim it."

The clamorous steamboat bell cut short his words of parting, and he was hurried away.

When Judge Hart met Judith on his return to the city, he saw in her face more than the sadness of the separation of the morning.

She had been solemnized by the news that one

whom she had known, and in whom she had for years been interested, had passed from this world to the untried scenes of eternity. Mrs. Allison was no more! She had passed from sweet slumber into the calmer, more untroubled sleep of death.

In that house, the scene of his frolicsome boyhood, George Walter stood beside the silent dead. The voice that had never reproached him was now hushed for ever. To him the memory of his aunt was hallowed. Not even in thought had he ever blamed her for the unbounded indulgence which had allowed his impulsive character to develop without restraint; he remembered her unvarying kindness, and wept the tears of one who has lost a long-loved friend.

In the small, unpretending funeral procession, there were two true mourners, and a few who kindly esteemed the departed.

As it is ever in this world of contrarieties, business matters forced their way in the first days of affliction. With the usual formalities, the papers of Mrs. Allison were examined, and her will read.

One half of her property was left to the "Home for Destitute Children," under the charge of Mr. Lindsay and Miss Clare, with a stipulation that only a moderate portion of the sum should be devoted to the erection of a plain, suitable building, while the interest of the remainder should go towards keeping up the establishment.

The other half of Mrs. Allison's estate was bestowed upon her "dear niece, Emily Walter, for her own private use, not to be by her given to, or placed in the hands of, any other person." Any attempt to escape this restriction, to cause her to

forfeit the whole sum, which in that case must revert to the Children's Home.

The will was a carefully drawn legal paper, but within its folds it contained a few notes in the old lady's own hand, which explained the motives that had influenced her in the distribution of her worldly goods.

After expressing a warm interest in George Walter, and a great desire to know his fate, she gently blamed him for the desertion of his patient wife. She declared herself resolved to provide for Emily in such a way that her own generosity, and consideration for her erring husband, could not reduce her to want.

If George Walter should ever return, she wished him to share the income of his wife's property, but to have no power over the principal.

As soon as possible after the reading of the will, Mr. and Mrs. Walter hastened to Valencia.

Valencia had entered upon teaching, full of enthusiasm, and with bright visions of success.

The pupils assigned her were the youngest in the school, chubby, cheerful little girls, just laying their hands on the first round of the ladder of learning. The necessary drilling in spelling, and the slow, stumbling repetition of the alphabet, were not by any means exhilarating duties, but Valencia devoted herself heartily to the work, humble though it seemed. She was a natural lover of children, and her gentle but playful manner soon won the affection of her pupils.

She had been one week in her new position. Somewhat weary with her duties, she had sought her own room, and was leaning against the window-

seat, thinking over the occurrences of the past few days. One thought was disheartening: she found herself far more easily provoked than she had supposed possible.

Her life at Judge Hart's had been one calm, even flow, with little to vex or annoy. Now she was differently situated. She had already discovered that she had not the calmness of angels, and that she needed all possible patience and self-command to retain the affection of her pupils, while she exacted from them perfect lessons and unfailing obedience.

She was not left to enjoy her meditations in quiet. Every few moments some youthful face would be thrust in at the door, on an unimportant errand, when it was plain the speaker only wanted the usual welcome to come in for a long chat.

"Please, Miss Clyde, where did you say our lesson was to begin?" "Miss Clyde, did we have perfect marks to-day?" To half-a-dozen such inquiries Valencia answered pleasantly, but she did not urge her little visitors to prolong their stay.

"This is selfish!" she thought, at last, and she was making up her mind to admit the next applicant, when a knock was heard at the door.

"A lady and gentleman wish to see Miss Valencia Clyde in the parlour," said the servant.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter were most heartily welcomed. Valencia had heard of the sad parting through which they had lately passed, and she earnestly asked about the last hours of Mrs. Allison.

Her friends had nothing to tell but of a calm falling asleep, an unconscious exchange of the scenes of this world for the glories of eternity.

By degrees the conversation passed to other themes, and the will was explained to Valencia.

Mr. Walter then opened his plans for the future. "Vallie," he said, "I am going to give up for ever trying to manage money matters; indeed, I have no money to manage, but I cannot lead an idle life. Judge Hart has secured for me a position as joint editor of a magazine, and to this occupation I mean to devote what strength I have. Emmy has the means of giving me a comfortable home, unworthy as I am to enjoy it. We cannot think that home complete without you, dear Valencia. It is your right, as well as our privilege. Will you not come, and show that you can forgive?"

This was a trying way of putting the question.

"Indeed, I do not feel that I have anything to forgive," said Valencia, warmly. "How can I but love the dear friend who so tenderly cared for my father, and so generously took charge of his poor, wild, troublesome child?"

She saw that Mr. Walter shrank from the word generous, and was about to interrupt her.

"Indeed, uncle," she hastened to say, "I have had reason to think, of late, that I am not much better than the passionate, wilful little girl, who used to try your patience. I am not fit, indeed, to enter any family until I learn more self-command. Teaching is just the discipline I need, and I am determined to try it. You ought to hear how respectfully my pupils speak to Miss Clyde. You must not think to draw me from my honours and dignity so easily."

Mr. and Mrs. Walter found that Valencia's purpose was, indeed, fixed, and all their urgency could

avail nothing. Yet Mr. Walter could not doubt of her full forgiveness, or her warm attachment to them both.

Valencia did not say that she rejoiced to see her friends once more happy in each other, and that she felt that the truly penitent man had now an opportunity to begin life again, in his pleasant home. She did not whisper that her presence there would constantly remind him of the sad past, and crush the dawning self-respect without which he could not hope for success. Valencia seriously believed that the trials of a teacher would be an advantage to her. No one had observed any outward indications of the hastiness of temper of which she complained; but she had felt the hot blood tingle in her cheek at a disrespectful word, or at the murmuring, unwilling obedience of some little scholar, and she was resolved to subdue her turbulent spirit, and learn to imitate the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

"You will succeed in what you undertake, I am sure," said Mr. Walter. "You have made one self-conquest, at least," and he glanced at the smooth masses of dark hair that were parted over her forehead and gracefully knotted at the back of her head. "That was a hopeless little wig once, always in wild confusion. And see, Emmy, not a pin or a button out of place, from collar to shoe. Would you have thought that possible, once?"

"Vallie can succeed in whatever she attempts," said Mrs. Walter; "but I should like to have her make her efforts at self-conquest under our roof, and help us to keep our good resolutions."

"I should be a poor reliance for such help," said

Valencia; "but we have help on which to lean which will never fail us."

It was late in the evening before Mr. and Mrs. Walter left Valencia.

"While we have a home, remember it is yours," said Mr. Walter, as they parted.

He went forth to begin anew the struggle of life, a sadder but a wiser man than when, buoyant and sanguine, he had first called Emily his "own dear wife."

Valencia returned to her small room to ask for strength to do so faithfully the duties of each day, that her soul might be better fitted for its eternal home, and more filled with the unselfish love which delights in seeking the happiness of others, forgetful of its own.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INVALID.

THERE had been a Christmas gathering at Judge Hart's, at which many of our old friends were present. It would have been hard to decide whether the happy host had derived most pleasure—from the bright faces round the table, or from the dignified and truly womanly manner in which his daughter had presided on the occasion.

If Judith had been self-conscious, she would

have been stiff; but the hearty kindliness which had grown in her with the growth of right principle, had made her self-forgetful, and therefore easy and courteous.

In the animated discussions which took place at the dinner-table, Judge Hart had more than once come warmly to the support of Archie Morris, and at other times by courteous reference to him had signified the respect in which he held his opinions.

Valencia's face was perfectly beaming with joy. It was easy to see that she had so far borne nobly the test of the daily, wearing anoyances of a teacher's life. She had learned the true secret of making her path a pleasant one. The strangers, among whom she had been thrown, had been won by her warmth of heart and unselfish interest in their welfare, and the little children, for whom she had faithfully laboured, looked up to her with that blended feeling of love and exalted esteem which only young hearts can give.

After dinner Judge Hart and Miss Clare joined as heartily in a game of "Twenty Questions" as did little Meta herself. They were all in a very merry mood, when Judith was missed from the little circle by her affectionate father.

He at first persuaded himself that she was engaged about some domestic matters, but as time passed on, and she did not appear, he went in search of her.

He found her stretched upon her bed, in the silent endurance of severe pain.

"Why, Judith, my child! what has happened to you?" asked Judge Hart, leaning tenderly over her.

She tried to rise and reassure him, but it was in vain that she made the effort.

The brightness that had reigned through the house suddenly passed away. There were sounds of hurrying feet on the wide staircases, and of quiet whispers and gentle movements in the sick room. In vain Dr. Harlaem exerted his skill; he could not allay the excruciating tortures which taxed to the uttermost Judith's powers of endurance.

By the administration of powerful anodynes, she was at last thrown into a state something like slumber, though the poor body seemed to suffer on, while the spirit was rendered partially unconscious.

Day after day Judith was stretched upon her bed, having only short intervals of comparative ease between the paroxysms of pain.

Judge Hart insisted upon knowing the true state of the case. Dr. Harlaem, with an ominous shake of the head, pronounced Judith's spine to be violently affected, and foretold for her years of suffering, and perhaps a life-long confinement to the couch of suffering on which she had been so suddenly laid.

He pronounced her continued disinclination to exercise, and the recent occasional attacks of pain which she had secretly endured, premonitory symptoms of the disease, which was now fixed upon her.

Judge Hart met the shock with the firmness of the Christian, but the fond father suffered none the less. He had been smitten in what he loved best, touched at the tenderest point. Martyrdom for himself he could have faced, but he shrunk from the prospect of seeing his Judith wearing out her youth in the conflict with such agony. He walked through

the splendid apartments where he had delighted to see her form reflected from the many mirrors or pictured on the wall. He recalled the pleasure he had enjoyed in presenting such a daughter to his friends, and in seeing the world own her superiority who was so dear to him. He deeply felt that love so mingled with pride needed chastisement, and he strove to submit to whatever the loving Heavenly Father should deem best for himself and his child.

Valencia's devoted affection kept her day and night at the bedside of her friend, and her noiseless movements and thoughtful anticipation of the wishes of the invalid made her a most acceptable nurse. Judge Hart was most grateful that his daughter could have with her one so unwearied in her gentle, careful attentions. He promptly wrote to the lady at whose establishment he had placed Valencia, explaining the circumstances of her detention, and begging her to procure a substitute for his young friend, and to hold him responsible for any pecuniary loss the change might involve.

Miss Clare was at the bedside of Judith all the time that she could be away from the poor children to whom her care was pledged. Often she went back, strengthened to pass through the trials and discouragements of the task she had undertaken, by the example of fortitude and patience exhibited by Judith.

After several weeks of almost uninterrupted suffering, the pain became less violent, and the intervals longer between the attacks. Judith was now able to talk freely with her friends. It was a delight to her to have Valencia once more with her. She had missed her sadly since their separation, and

looked upon their union as one happy result of her present affliction.

Judith spoke hopefully of being "up and about as usual in a week or two;" but her quick eye soon detected the shadow which the expression of such hopes brought over her father and Valencia.

One day she said abruptly to the latter,

"Vallie, when do you think I shall be able to walk down stairs? I am sure I am gaining strength every day."

"You do seem stronger," said Valencia, evasively.

"Tell me the whole truth!" said Judith, earnestly, catching in hers both the hands of her friend. "Be sure I ought to know the worst."

Thus urged, Valencia said,

"I believe Dr. Harlaem thinks your spine is affected, and you may have to remain some time on your back. I do not know much of the disease, but I am sure he does not think your life in danger."

All the poor, worn sufferers with spine complaint whom Judith had seen and pitied, rushed to her remembrance. She saw again their thin faces, earnest sorrowful eyes, and slender helpless hands, and the thought of passing through such a long martyrdom for a moment overcame her resolution, and she burst into tears.

Valencia was alarmed at the effect of what she had said, and she strove to comfort her friend, but in vain.

"Leave me for a few moments, and you shall find me calm when we meet again. I will knock when I want you," said Judith.

To be "in the world, yet not of the world," had been Judith's aim and prayer, but in what an unexpected manner were her petitions to be answered!

She was to be surrounded by the life and joy of the healthy and happy, while as surely pinioned to her couch as is the martyr to the stake.

Rebellious, repining thoughts for a while swept through her soul, but she had been too long striving to bring her will into unison with that of the Almighty Father to continue unsubmissive, even to this sore chastisement. In her anguish, she pleaded for resignation, as the gift of Heaven, not the natural offspring of her own poor heart. Her prayer was granted, and she realized that the feeling of calm submission that came over her troubled soul was a blessing sent from above, of which she was only the grateful recipient.

Several hours passed before Valencia was summoned. She had become uneasy at Judith's long silence, and had several times laid her hand upon the door, but a restless movement or a murmured word had convinced her that her presence was not required.

When the two friends again met, there was a peaceful expression in Judith's pale face that told of the spirit subdued, and the whole being trustfully yielded to the loving care of the ever-present Saviour.

"It is all right! We will say no more about it," whispered Judith, as Valencia bent to kiss her; and to the dreary future they never again alluded.

Judith could not always retain the spirit of calm submission which had been granted to her after the first struggle. Discontented, repining thoughts

often came over her with overwhelming power; she found it vain to meet them in her own strength—they were only to be banished by fervent prayer. A severe and humiliating lesson was daily taught her, that of the evil tendencies of her own heart. Cut off from the temptations of the world, which she had so much feared, with her time at her command to devote to religious exercises, she found that to rule her own spirit was still a greater task than to take a strong city.

As the weeks wore on, Judith became accustomed to her new way of life. She learned to have her books beside her couch, and to use her needle and pencil while in a reclining position.

The whole internal arrangement of the house was altered. The large drawing-room was divided so as to make a cheerful bed-room for Judith and a pleasant parlour for her use. From one to the other, she was rolled on her couch, and often was even moved into the dining-room, that she might take her meals with the family.

Valencia loved Judith the more tenderly for her affliction, and, indeed, she was never more lovable. The slight element of coldness and sternness which had so long lingered in her character had passed away, and she who stepped so proudly was now all gentleness.

Many plans for benefiting the poor were made at that bedside, and Miss Clare found Judith in ill health, almost as great an assistance to her in her arduous undertaking as had been Judith in her youthful vigour.

Meta was ever a welcome visitor at Judge Hart's. She always brought an atmosphere of sunshine with

her, and she never failed to win many smiles from her invalid friend.

For the hearty, natural joyousness which she seemed to have the power of imparting, she received from Valencia a deeper knowledge of all good things, and Judith's silent patience inspired her with new courage to endure her own lighter trials.

The splendour of his establishment, which Judge Hart had only valued as a fair setting for his treasure, his Judith, was now distasteful to them both.

By degrees a greater simplicity, both in furniture and general style of living, took the place of their former expensive elegance. Judith declared that she still had every comfort and innocent pleasure which her position would allow; and she daily rejoiced that the superfluities with which they had dispensed were, in another form, making glad many humble homes.

Judge Hart was now as cheerful as ever; but the sorrow which had wounded him so sorely had deepened the lines on his face, and whitened his hair, more than many years of thought, hard study, and professional care.

Gentler and less stately than formerly, he never appeared more worthy of respect and admiration than when he laid out the powers of his brilliant mind, to wile his daughter from the tediousness of her couch, or spoke to her of the gladness and purity of the eternal Home, until their faces beamed with the light of the better land.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

THE clouds that had softened the light of a lovely June morning were rolling away. Meta's face, as she peered out at a window, was as bright as the patches of blue sky that she welcomed.

"I am sure, mamma, it is going to be a pleasant day!" she exclaimed, and away she ran to the garden, and was soon as busy among the flowers as the bees that kept her company with their perpetual hum. She, however, was not satisfied with modestly sipping the honey; she plucked flower after flower, and dropped them into a basket on her arm, till, laden with sweets, she returned to the house.

Tasteful bouquets soon graced the table and bookstand, and twin bunches smiled at each other from opposite corners of the mantel-piece. Meta heartily enjoyed her country home.

With the first breath of spring, Mr. Morris and his family had taken possession of a pleasant house, about five miles from the city, which had so long been their abode.

The devoted attention and skilful treatment of Dr. Morris had been blessed, and he began to see pleasant indications of his father's approaching recovery.

Archie thought that recovery would be facilitated by entire change of scene, and active employment in the open air: he therefore promptly secured a plain

but pleasant house in the country, with just enough land around it to entitle it to the name of a farm.

Cheered by the hope held out by Archie, Mrs. Morris and Meta willingly consented to the change.

Our old acquaintance Tom formed a valuable addition to the new establishment. His upright and devoted character was well known, and latterly he had acquired some skill in farming.

While Mrs. Walter had been established with Mrs. Allison, he had continued near the old place, as tenant on a farm in the vicinity. During the absence of his mistress he had watched over her home, and tenderly cared for the lonely grave of little Bessy. Mr. and Mrs. Walter were now the guardians of that spot so dear to them; and the pleasant mansion by the sea-side was again open, and light steps were once more heard on the wide veranda.

The faithful services of Tom were nobly requited, and Mrs. Walter offered him a situation in their simple household, but he well understood that he was no longer needed.

"No horse to take care of, no cow to look after!" said Tom to himself. "A little work in the garden will do master good. Dear heart! It 's a pleasure to see the colour coming back to his cheeks. No! they 'll do better without me."

Tom was glad when the proposal of Dr. Morris gave him an opportunity of entering another family to which he could attach himself. He was tired of a lonely life; he could not expend his wealth of kindliness on the dumb beasts which had been his late companions, albeit he had been to them an overfond master, and had favoured them with not a little of his conversation.

Tom found enough to do in getting into order the new place of which Mr. Morris had taken possession. He respectfully asked the directions of his superior as to all matters concerning the farm, and most faithfully carried them out, as they generally consisted in—

"Do as you please about it, Tom." "As you think best, Tom," &c.

On the morning when Meta had been so busy among the flowers, Tom had been hammering away in the orchard. He had constructed a rustic table under the old apple trees, and eyed it, when it was finished, with no little satisfaction.

A row of small evergreens, more tasteful and less humbling than the salt of olden times, separated the upper portion of the table from the other part, which was lower in height as well as in position.

Meta had made several trips to the orchard, rubbing her little feet on the grass to show to her mother that it was dry enough for her to be there, and affording convincing proof to the contrary, by the wet drops which appeared on her shoes.

The clear sunshine at length accomplished what she so much desired, and she was at liberty to commence the task of preparing the tables for the good cheer with which they were to be loaded.

Meta flew hither and thither, and thought herself wonderfully useful, but it would have been plain to any spectator that the burden of the work came on Tom and Elfie, who entered into it with real good will.

Meta was too much excited that morning to do justice to the alteration which Archie playfully declared had taken place in his pet, the butterfly having been changed into the bee.

Something like this transformation had certainly been brought about; the gay little body, in a perfect flutter of ribbons, ever bent on pleasure, had become the useful daughter and sister, whose simple dress well accorded with her plain home and domestic duties.

"We must have some flowers on the table to please Valencia," said Meta, trying to deposit a huge bouquet in an appropriate place.

"Let me put that on, Miss Meta; it's almost too heavy for you," said Tom.

"Haven't you some, Miss Meta, to put by the doctor's place?" said Elfie; "you know he's fond of flowers, too."

"You never forget the doctor, Elfie," said Meta, laughing, as she followed the suggestion. "The table will look much better with a bouquet near each end."

Elfie seemed a fit handmaid for Meta, for she was still of the tiny race; but what she lacked in size she made up in activity, and Mrs. Morris often declared it was wonderful how much Elfie could accomplish.

Elfie perfectly revelled in country life. To be outside the city's bounds was to her a new state of existence—something like a return to Paradise, she seemed to consider it. Her horror of the devil appeared to have in some degree disappeared before the quiet influence of sky and green earth. In the midst of nature, she realized that God must be all-powerful, and Satan and sin but disturbing elements, to own His might at last. She still wept sometimes in her old wild way, declaring that evil and the evil one were struggling for her heart; but

she had learned to go for strength in such times of trial to the ever-present Saviour, and in Him she was sure to come off conqueror.

"Take care, Meta, don't wear your little feet out!" said Mr. Morris, pleasantly, as he walked slowly up to the busy scene.

"Never fear, father! the grass is soft, and I do not step very heavily," said Meta, laughing.

Mr. Morris smiled very cheerfully, and then established himself in a vacant chair to watch the proceedings.

How Meta loved that smile—it was so free and natural, so like his former self.

The preparations were hardly completed, and Meta's rapid toilet over, when a carriage entered the gate, and drove rapidly up to the door.

Judge Hart answered the hearty greeting with which he was welcomed as he appeared, and then he gently assisted Judith to alight.

"Dear, dear Judith! I am so glad to see you," said Meta, while the tears sparkled in her eyes, in spite of the smiles on her face.

Valencia sprang out in time to take one of Miss Clare's hands as she descended, while Mr. Morris gallantly claimed the other.

When the buzz of welcome was for a moment hushed, Mrs. Morris's voice was heard: "Where is Archie, and where are your little flock?" was her earnest inquiry.

"You will see them all soon," said Miss Clare, smiling. "The doctor would have his way and pilot my charge. He declared that he would not lose the opportunity of seeing the joy of the children at their first glimpse of the country."

At that moment a large open waggon came in sight, and Archie's frank, pleasant face beamed out from among the happy little creatures who were clustered about him.

The fond mother kissed her son affectionately and proudly, and then kind greetings were exchanged on all sides.

"How did you bear the drive, Miss Judith?" said Archie, anxiously, and almost tenderly.

"Very, very well!" said Judith, warmly. "I feel quite strong to-day."

The faint colour on Judith's cheek, lately so pale, seemed to verify her words.

"You had better lie down a little while now," said Dr. Morris, offering his arm to Judith, and conducting her into an adjoining room, where Meta soon had her comfortably established on an easy sofa.

Judge Hart looked affectionately after the retreating figures of Judith and Archie, and said warmly,

"Yes, she bore the drive nobly! Think, Mrs. Morris," he added, "what I owe to your son! But for Dr. Morris, Judith might have been still a prisoner on that couch, being treated for spine complaint, instead of throwing off neuralgia, as she now is, and gaining health and strength every day. God bless him for the good deed!"

"I do not wonder at your feelings towards Archie," said Mrs. Morris, warmly. "There are many to cry 'God bless him!' but the praise for what he is, is not due to me."

The reappearance of Dr. Morris put a stop to the conversation, but the face, beaming with love and

pride, which the mother turned towards him, enabled him to guess that she had been indulging in what he called her "favourite sin," that of enlarging on the merits of her children.

"You need not look so suspiciously at your good mother," said Judge Hart, laughing. "We were only talking about young doctors. What extravagant fellows they are in their charges for their services, asking for the very apple of one's eye. They deserve our best," he added, changing his tone, and taking Archie warmly by the hand. "May you be as happy as you deserve: such a daughter as my Judith must make a noble wife!"

About an hour after the arrival of the party from the city, they were all seated at the long table under the trees.

Elfie, who had promptly taken charge of the children, marshalled them to their places quite in style. Her heart was greatly in Miss Clare's duties; she rejoiced over eyery child snatched from the homes of sin, and longed to have herself some share in the good work. Now she took real satisfaction in the unaffected delight of the little things, and thoroughly enjoyed the pleased and wandering gaze with which they regarded the fresh strawberries and rich cream so abundantly provided for them.

There was a great deal of innocent joy under those old trees, on that lovely summer day.

Judge Hart looked from face to face with real pleasure. In each lot he had cast something of brightness, but he thought not of that. He mentally reviewed their character and antecedents, and he was struck anew with the wonderful power of

true Christian principle, when it reigns supreme over soul and body, heart and hand. "It is the charm," thought he, "by which all lovely traits that are natural are retained amid the temptations of life, and the power that implants and sustains virtues which no human heart can originate. It preserves and perpetuates the joyousness of childhood amid the sorrows of earth, warmth of heart in a cold world, and truth where all is deception!"

That happy day was waning to a close when the sound of wheels announced that the hour of parting had arrived.

While Miss Clare was busy collecting her little charge, Judge Hart placed himself between Judith and Valencia, and moved towards the portico.

"No one shall take my daughters from me!" said he, playfully. "I will not part with them. They are to be my crutches for my old age, the light of my fireside when my eyes are dim. My daughters shall stay with me while I am left on earth."

"I am afraid," said Meta, laughing, "that if Judge Hart keeps to that resolution he will have to live in the old patriarchal style, and take in new comers. Young England will not consent to such a monopoly," and Meta looked mischievously at her brother.

"The old patriarch," said the judge, "has already promised to welcome one who has proved himself so valuable an addition to the family, but he can never lose a place in the hearts of his daughters."

"If I could entertain such a wish, even for a moment, I should be unworthy of the trust you have placed in me," said Archie, earnestly.

Judith's calm, deep, loving glance, and the almost

reproachful look of the warm-hearted Valencia, were a sufficient assurance that no such danger was to be dreaded.

Valencia had ceased to feel that she was fatherless; she had been formally adopted by Judge Hart, and was now his daughter in feeling, almost as truly as Judith herself.

Miss Clare soon appeared with her young charge, looking quite childlike and human after their frolic on the grass. Little Judith had her hands full of flowers, and Peggy carried a huge basket loaded with the fragments of the feast, out of which she had already planned two comfortable dinners for the family at the Children's Home. Surmounting the basket was a nice cake and a dish of strawberries for Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, who had all day enjoyed in imagination the happy meeting at which they could not be present.

Miss Clare looked pleasantly at her little troop, as they filed past on their way to the gate, and each eye brightened as it met hers. She had entered heartily into her new undertaking, and already the effect of her gentle manners and pure piety was evident among the poor outcasts to whom she gave such devoted care. Valencia was a valuable auxiliary in her undertaking. The peculiar talent for teaching which she had developed, she did not suffer to lie dormant because she no longer needed it for her own support. "Miss Valencia's class," to which she gave an hour a day, were the best scholars at the Home, and the pupils who had learned to sew at Judith's bedside, now boasted that she too was soon to visit the establishment regularly, and make them thorough seamstresses.

The traces of Miss Clare's influence and character were plainly to be seen in the three young friends to whom she had been so faithful an adviser and friend. She rejoiced to see them all walking in the true path; the end she had desired was accomplished, and she forgot her own instrumentality in the work, in her joy at its success.

The heartiness with which she had interested herself for others, had proved for her a true blessing. She had learned to forget her own sorrows in her exertions for others, and her delicate and sympathetic physical organization had rallied and strengthened with the growing cheerfulness of her mind.

As the carriage drove from the door, she bowed again and again to the children in the long waggon, and a merry shout was the reply.

Archie Morris looked with satisfaction at the young faces about him, now bright with pleasure and healthful exercise. The good work which he had commenced, and in which he still took a deep interest, was going surely and steadily forward. Many of those whom he had won from the ways of sin had been imbued with his spirit, and were now co-labourers in the holy cause. Archie's heart throbbed with gratitude, as he reviewed the blessings which had been showered upon him. The true, manly, devoted love which he had given to Judith, had not drawn his thoughts or affections from the path he had determined to pursue. Together they hoped to follow the footsteps of their Divine Master, until they should hear His voice of welcome at their journey's end. In this, their time of joy and hope, they found their greatest

pleasure in making glad the homes of the sorrowful, and casting brightness into the lot of the lonely.

"What a happy, happy day we have had!" said Meta, as the party from the city disappeared at a turn in the road. "I do believe we have enjoyed it all the more for the clouds this morning!"

There was hidden truth in Meta's words. The shadows that had so early fallen on the pathway of the three friends, had but enabled them to enjoy more truly and safely the sunshine that followed.

Trials, wisely sent, had taught them to know and struggle with their peculiar defects, and to develop and consecrate their peculiar talents. Life had still for them its joys of the present hour, and its bright hopes for the future; but on these they did not rely for happiness. For all, the crowning joy of each day was the love of the reconciled Father in Heaven, and their brightest prospect a home in the Eternal Mansions, where the hands that have laboured in the good cause shall wave their palms of victory, and the hearts of the faithful shall be holy for ever.

Camden Press, London.

15, Bedford Street, Covent Garden,
London, *July*, 1865.

A CATALOGUE

OF NEW

Illustrated Books, Juvenile Publications,

AND

STANDARD WORKS OF REFERENCE,

PUBLISHED BY

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,

(Late of the Firm of Routledge, Warne & Routledge.)

*** Any of the Books named in this List can be had of any Bookseller in Town, Country, or the Colonies; or sent Post Free, on receipt of Postage Stamps for the amount.

Warne's Twelve-and-Sixpenny Present Books.

In Fcap. 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt, and gilt edges,

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

Selected and Edited by the
REV. R. A. WILLMOTT.

Illustrated with a Steel Portrait, and 100 *Designs by B. Foster, J. Wolf, and John Gilbert, elaborately engraved by Dalziel.*

"Carefully selected and edited with excellent illustrations, it is a highly creditable production."—*Times.*

"This exquisite edition, this massive gift-book."—*Examiner.*

"This magnificent volume is one of the foremost of modern publications; in reasonableness of price and extreme beauty it cannot be surpassed."—*Observer.*

In Pott 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt, and gilt edges,

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Selected and Edited by the

REV. R. A. WILLMOTT.

With 100 *Illustrations by J. Everett Millais, A.R.A., John Tenniel, F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A., John Gilbert, Harrison Weir, &c.*

Engraved most elaborately by the Brothers DALZIEL.

"'The Poets of the Nineteenth Century' is judiciously edited, beautifully illustrated, splendidly printed, and, we may add, published at a very small price. . . . We never saw a prettier book than this to lay on a drawing-room table."—*Times.*

"This is a gorgeous book, bound in blue and gold, latticed with gilding, and all a-bloom with the colour of the sky. It is printed on cream-coloured paper, thick, glossy, and soft; and is altogether a wonder and delight."—*Athenæum.*

A Guide to the Great Temple of English Literature.

In Two Vols., Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 12s., with gilt edges, 12s. 6d.,
or in 4 Vols., cloth, gilt backs, 14s.,

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

With Critical and Biographical Notices.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

Illustrated with 16 Steel Portraits and 52 Wood Engravings.

*** This book is a Compendium of English Literature. It contains three hundred Extracts of the best efforts of our great Standard Authors, whether they be poets or historians, essayists or divines, travellers or philosophers, arranged so as to form half-an-hour's reading for every day of the year. The student finds a taste of every quality, and a specimen of every style. Should he grow weary of one author, he can turn to another; and if inclined to be critical, he can weigh the merits of one writer against those of his fellow. It gives us a glimpse of the celebrities assembled within its portals. At a glance the student can obtain some idea of the subject. *Such books as these are the true foundations of that knowledge which renders men celebrated and famous.*

Warne's Seven-and-Sixpenny Present Books.

In Post 4to, cloth, elegantly gilt, gilt edges,

The JUVENILE VERSE and PICTURE BOOK: a Selection from our best Modern Poets, printed with elegant borders around each page, and illustrated with Seventy beautiful and artistic Woodcuts by TENNIEL, WEIGALL, JOHN GILBERT, W. B. SCOTT, &c. &c.

*** OTHERS IN PREPARATION.

Warne's Five Shilling Gift Books.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS: a completely new and elegant edition, revised throughout, with Notes, by the Rev. GEO. FYLER TOWNSEND. 640 pages, crown 8vo, elegantly printed in a new type by BALLANTYNE, ROBERTS, and Co., and Illustrated with Sixteen Page Plates by HOUGHTON, DALZIEL, &c.

This edition, it is confidently hoped, will be eventually known by the name of "*the best Arabian Nights for both girls and boys.*"

It aims not at *cheapness alone*, but a *real value* united with *cheapness*, and is *printed* in a type that is *not injurious* to the *eyes* of the *young*.

Without the least destroying the imagery of any of the stories, or omitting any of the tales or incidents, the editor has been able to expurgate entirely *the parts that parents consider objectionable for their children to read*, and also to explain, in short notes, the origin and peculiarities of most of the Oriental customs and habits.

A TOUR ROUND MY GARDEN. By ALPHONSE KARR. Revised and edited by the Rev. J. G. WOOD. The Third Edition, finely printed on tinted paper. With upwards of 117 Illustrations, from Designs by W. HARVEY.

"Have you ever read 'A Tour Round my Garden,' by Alphonse Karr? You should read it; it is a book of deep philosophy, showing what compensations the Creator provides for persons of different stations. Its first object is to solace those who cannot travel, by showing that in the small compass of a Paris garden all the advantages of travel are to be obtained, without its expense and inconveniences. On the other hand, it consoles those who have not a yard of ground of their own, by showing that they are free of the whole earth, whereas every possessor becomes to the extent of his possession a prisoner. All such books do good, by showing us the relative importance of the hobbies which we ride."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Warne's Five Shilling Gift Books—*continued.*

Imperial 16mo, 320 pages,

The BOOK of NURSERY TALES: a Keepsake

for the Young, a thoroughly revised edition, containing—

CINDERELLA.
JACK THE GIANT KILLER.
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
THE YELLOW DWARF.
RED CAP.
GIANT WITH THE GOLDEN HAIRS.
BLUE BEARD.
THE THREE SOLDIERS.
SNOW DROP.
THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
PRINCE CHERIE.
VALENTINE AND ORSON.
THE ENCHANTED HIND.
BLANCHE AND ROSALIND.
THE WHITE CAT.
GOODY TWO-SHOES.
THE GOLDEN GOOSE.
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.
WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Splendidly Illustrated by FRANKLIN, SELOUS, JOHN GILBERT, &c., and printed in first-class style by CLAY.

MRS. S. C. HALL.

In Post 8vo, price 5s., cloth extra gilt,

TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS,

BY MRS. S. C. HALL,

Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings by Paton, Topham, John Gilbert, etc. etc., elegantly printed.

This volume is one of the very best and most appropriate Present or Gift Book for Young Ladies that has ever been published.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF ÆSOP'S FABLES.

In Post 8vo, price 5s., cloth gilt,

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Translated into English with Instructive Applications, &c. &c.,

BY SAMUEL CROXALL, D.D.,

New Edition, revised and elegantly printed, with 110 Pictures engraved in the finest style of Wood Illustrations and numerous Ornamentations.

In Royal 4to, price 5s., new illustrated cover,

WARNE'S PICTURE BOOK,

Splendidly printed by DALZIELS, containing designs by almost every Artist of eminence during the last twenty years, amounting to 500 Illustrations, edited throughout with appropriate Rhymes and little Stories.

*** The same, with the Pictures Coloured, 10s. 6d.

NEW SERIES OF GIFT BOOKS.

In Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each, elegantly printed and bound in cloth, new style, gilt and gilt edges,

THE MILESTONES OF LIFE,

By the Rev. A. F. THOMSON, B.A.

General Contents:

Leaving Home—Entering the World—Setting Out with a Purpose—The Gain and Loss of Friends—Breaks in the Family Circle—Marriage and its Relations—Our First Sore Grief—A Great Sickness and its Resolutions—Notable Deliverances—The Sharp Schooling of Adversity—The Victory over Selfishness—Spiritual Awakening—The Peril of a Great Temptation—Seeing the Hand of God in One's Own Career—After the Strife—Conclusion.

Uniform with the above,

By the Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls."

SWEET COUNSEL, a BOOK FOR GIRLS.

SELECTED POETRY, NEW VOLUMES.

In Crown 8vo, elegantly printed, price 3s. 6d. each, with gilt and gilt edges, 416 pp.

THE LAUREL AND THE LYRE.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. With Preface by A. SMITH.

SONGS, SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL.

Edited by J. E. CARPENTER.

Warne's Three-and-Sixpenny Series of Gift Books.

In small crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth extra, or with gilt edges, 4s., 516 pages,

Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf.

By the Author of

"THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD," "QUEECHY," &c. &c.

With original Illustrations by J. D. WATSON. Printed in Colours.

*** *This New Volume is issued, uniform in style, size, &c., with Nisbet & Co.'s very Popular Editions of Miss Wetherell's Works, in which Series it will form a commencement.*

Also, uniform in size, style, and price, with original Illustrations, printed in the best style of Colour Printing,

THE BOYS OF HOLY WRIT AND BIBLE NARRATIVES.

THE FEMALE CHARACTERS OF HOLY WRIT.

By the REV. HUGH HUGHES.

TALES AND STORIES.

By MISS MITFORD, Author of "OUR VILLAGE."

Country Scenes and the Four Seasons.

BY HARRIET MYRTLE.

Other Volumes in active Preparation.

Warne's Three-and-Sixpenny Series of Gift Books—*continued.*

W. H. G. KINGSTON'S NEW BOOK.

In Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, with 16 pages of large Illustrations,

ANTONY WAYMOUTH;

OR, THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF GAY'S FABLES.

In square Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth gilt, or with gilt edges 4s.,

GAY'S FABLES,

WITH

AN ORIGINAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, INTRODUCTION AND ANNOTATIONS.

By OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN, M.A.

With upwards of One Hundred and Twenty-Six Illustrations by William Harvey, Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.

"No pains or expense have been spared to render this one of the most attractive volumes that have appeared for many a day; it is beautifully printed by hand on superfine paper, and may challenge comparison with any work of a similar character. Gay's Fables are our delight in childhood, manhood, and old age."

ENGLISH NURSERY TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

In small 4to, price 3s. 6d., cloth gilt, and gilt edges,

Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles.

Printed in unique style, with elegant borders, ornamental designs, including 76 exquisite woodcuts by Cope, Horsley, Dyce, &c.

"A truly beautiful aristocratic Child's Book."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A rare Book, every page full of illustrations of surpassing excellence."—*Art Journal.*

The most successful Child's Book of the Year.

In oblong boards, price 3s. 6d.,

THE BOOK OF NONSENSE.

By EDWARD LEAR.

Sixteenth thousand. With upwards of 100 full-page Illustrations.

Warne's Two Shilling-and-Sixpenny Gift Books.

Fcap. 8vo, with Original Illustrations, cloth gilt,

EILDON MANOR: a Tale for Girls. By the Author of "The Four Sisters."

MARIAN AND HER PUPILS. By CHARLOTTE LANKESTER.

*** OTHERS IN PREPARATION.

Choice Books for Young Children.

In Imperial 8vo, price 2s. 6d. each, boards,

LITTLE LILY'S ALPHABET. With 25 large Illustrations by OSCAR PLETSCH.

IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL. Edited by L. V., with 26 large Original Designs by ABSOLON.

*** These volumes are elegantly printed by BALLANTYNE, ROBERTS, and Co., in their very best style.

Warne's Two Shilling Gift Books.

Fcap. 8vo, with original Illustrations, cloth gilt, and gilt edges,

EVENINGS AT HOME. By Dr. AIKEN and Mrs. BARBAULD.

SANDFORD AND MERTON. By THOMAS DAY.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DE FOE.

POETRY OF THE BEST AUTHORS. By ANNE BOWMAN.

***** Others in Preparation.**

Warne's Eighteenpenny Juveniles.

Pott 18mo, with Original Illustrations, cloth extra,

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. By the Author of "The Little Drummer."

TALES FROM DREAMLAND. By the Author of "The Seven Little People."

PATIENT HENRY: a Tale for Boys.

TALES FOR THE YOUNG. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Also, uniform in size and price, with gilt edges, and Illustrations printed in Oil Colours,

NELLIE GREY; or, the Ups and Downs of Every-Day Life.

CLARA WOODWARD AND HER DAY DREAMS.

FRANK RUSSELL; or, Living for an Object.

MY EARNINGS; or, The Story of Ann Ellison's Life.

***** OTHERS IN PREPARATION.**

Eighteenpenny Books. Large Type.

In fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, with Frontispiece,

FRIENDLY TRUTHS FOR WORKING HOMES.

KINDLY HINTS ON COTTAGE LIFE.

By the Author of "John Hampton's Home."

Warne's Shilling Series of Juvenile Books.

Pott 8vo, 128 pp., cloth gilt; with Coloured Illustrations by J. D. Watson, &c. &c.

MASTER GREGORY'S CUNNING, AND WHAT HE GOT BY IT.

COUNTRY SCENES AND OTHER TALES.

LITTLE AMY'S BIRTHDAY, &c.
LITTLE FOUNDLING, THE, &c. } By Harriet Myrtle.
MAN OF SNOW, THE, &c.

KARL KRINKEN; or, The Christmas Stocking.

RUTHERFORD'S CHILDREN, MR.

" " *Second Series.*

CASPAR; or, The Breakfast Table.

BASKET OF FLOWERS, THE. (*Revised Edition.*)

EASY RHYMES AND SIMPLE POEMS. With 4 plain Illustrations.

ADA BRENTON; or, Plans for Life.

RUTH CLAYTON: a Book for Girls.

SABBATH TALKS WITH LITTLE CHILDREN.

SABBATH TALKS ABOUT JESUS.

FANNY LINCOLN; or, The Mountain Daisy.

Aunt Louisa's London Toy Books.

In demy 4to, 1s. each, stiff wrappers, or Mounted 2s.

NURSERY RHYMES.
A. APPLE PIE.
CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.
THE RAILWAY A B C.

*** With large Original Page Plates by the first Artists, in the very best style of Colour Printing, with letterpress descriptions.

Warne's One Shilling Sunday Books.

In medium oblong, stiff fancy cover,

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

With Twelve Original Page Plates.

In medium oblong, stiff fancy cover,

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

With Twelve Original Page Plates,
Engraved and printed by EDMUND EVANS, in his best style of Colours.

Others in Preparation.

By the Author of "THE ALPHABET OF FLOWERS," in imperial 16mo, price One Shilling, boards,

THE ALPHABET OF FRUITS.

With Twenty-four Large Original Illustrations by ABSOLON, from Designs by the Author.

Also in cloth, gilt, with the Plates finely Coloured, 2s. 6d.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS:

A CARD PACKET IN ENVELOPE.

In Royal 32mo, price ONE SHILLING.

12 Specimens of Flowers with Motto beautifully printed in Chromo-Lithography.

WARNE'S LARGE PICTURE TOY BOOKS.

In large crown 8vo, price Sixpence each, with handsome wrappers,

HORSES. BOOK OF TRADES.

DOGS. LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

COCK ROBIN'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

*** These Toy Books are produced at a very large outlay, with the determination of having them better than any yet published. On thick, hard paper, in the best style of Colour Printing.

WARNE'S NEW SERIES OF ALPHABETS.

In oblong medium, Sixpence each, sewed; or mounted, One Shilling,

1. THE LONDON ALPHABET.
2. THE COUNTRY ALPHABET.
3. THE ALPHABET OF GAMES AND SPORTS. With entirely new Designs by CRANE, PHIZ, &c., printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS.

WARNE'S SIXPENNY 32MO BOOKS.

Elegantly printed with new type, in modern style, cloth gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece,

LITTLE NETTIE; OR, HOME SUNSHINE.

ANNIE AND MARY; OR, PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

LITTLE BLACK HEN, THE.

MAGGIE'S CHRISTMAS; OR, THE ROSE IN THE DESERT.

MARTHA'S VISIT AND ITS RESULT.

GERTRUDE AND LILY; OR, GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

ALTHEA; OR, SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

PRINCE IN DISGUISE, THE; OR, THE TROUBLES OF AUSTIN MAY.

BASKET OF FLOWERS, THE; OR, PIETY AND TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

ROBERT DAWSON; OR, THE BRAVE SPIRIT.

BABES IN THE BASKET; OR, DAPH AND HER CHARGE.

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER. By the late LEGH RICHMOND.

JANE HUDSON; OR, THE SECRET OF GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

LOST KEY, THE. A TALE FOR ALL CHILDREN.

RUTH ELMER, A TALE FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

PHILIP AND ARTHUR; OR, THE CHATTERTON CHILDREN.

*** *A Fourpenny Edition is also ready of all of the above, in fancy paper Covers, with plain Illustrations.*

Our Favourite NURSERY RHYMES.

In small 4to, price 3s. 6d., cloth gilt,

NURSERY RHYMES (OUR FAVOURITE), with upwards of 100 illustrations, by Bayes, T. Dalziel, and Zwecker, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.

Also in Imperial 16mo, *Sixpence*, with illustrated covers and numerous pictures; or with the plates fully coloured, 1s.

1. NURSERY RHYMES AND SONGS.
2. NURSERY RHYMES, GAMES, RIDDLES, AND CHARMS.
3. OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
4. OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG AND FROG THAT WOULD A WOOING GO.
5. OLD MOTHER GOOSE AND HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.

ALPHABETS, PRIMERS, READERS, &c.

In Imperial 16mo, price Sixpence, fancy cover,

WARNE'S ALPHABET AND WORD BOOK. With Four Coloured Plates.

WARNE'S SPELLING AND READING BOOK. With Four Coloured Plates.

Or the two bound together, price 1s., stiff wrapper, entitled—

WARNE'S PRIMER. With Eight Coloured Pictures.

Crown 8vo, price Sixpence each, sewed wrapper,

MAVOR'S ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET. 250 Pictures.

MAVOR'S ILLUSTRATED PRIMER. 100 Pictures.

MAVOR'S ILLUSTRATED READER. With Illustrations.

Also bound in one volume, cloth, price 1s., entitled—

Mavor's ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET AND PRIMER.

Price ONE PENNY sewed, or cloth TWOPENCE,

WARNE'S

NEW AND EXTENDED

TABLE BOOK,

For the Use of Schools and Junior Classes,

EDITED BY

P. AUSTIN NUTTALL, LL.D.,

Author of various Popular Dictionaries.

Price ONE PENNY each, 64 pages, with fancy wrapper,

(Same size as Penny Hymn-Book,)

THE HAPPY-HOME SONGSTER,

AND

THE WORK-AWAY SONGSTER.

Selected and Edited by the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

UNIFORM WITH THE "HAPPY-HOME" AND "WORK-AWAY" SONGSTERS.

Price ONE PENNY, sewed; or, bound in cloth, TWOPENCE,

THE PENNY POSY OF POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

Edited and Selected by the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE.

SCHOOL AND FAMILY ATLASES.

THE COLLEGE ATLAS. Imperial 8vo, half-bound . . . . . 12s. 0d.

THE JUNIOR ATLAS. Imperial 8vo, half-bound . . . . . 5s. 6d.

THE COLLEGE CLASSIC ATLAS. 12s. 0d.

THE JUNIOR CLASSIC ATLAS . 5s. 6d.

ROUTLEDGE'S, (now WARNE'S,) ATLAS of the WORLD. With 12 Maps Coloured. Royal 8vo, with label . . 2s. 6d.

THE SAME, UNCOLOURED . . 1s. 6d.

All these Atlases are now under the most careful superintendence, and contain every alteration or discovery that from time to time is made in different parts of the world. Particular attention has been given to the Binding and the Colouring.

NEW SEA-SIDE BOOKS.

In Fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling, each, boards,

1. COMMON SHELLS,

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD,

With numerous Original Plates by Sowerby.

---

2. COMMON SEA-WEEDS,

By Mrs. L. L. CLARKE,

With Original Plates printed in Tinted Litho.

These Volumes have been compiled, with an earnest wish to be useful and instructive to the mass of Sea-side Visitors and their Children, and are issued at a price within the reach of every one.

All scientific terms have been explained as far as possible, and everything written in the simplest style that the subject would admit of.

New English Pronouncing Dictionary.

In One Volume, crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d., half-bound, 960 pp.,

THE STANDARD

PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

Based on the Labours of Worcester, Webster, Ogilvie, Richardson, Craig, Goodrich, Johnson, Walker, and other eminent Lexicographers;

Comprising many Thousand New Words, which Modern Literature, Science, Art, and Fashion have called into Existence.

Edited by P. AUSTIN NUTTALL, LL.D.

The great want that has hitherto existed of an English Dictionary, at once entitled to be regarded as a work of authority, comprehensive and cheap, has induced the Publishers, regardless of a very great outlay, to make an attempt to supply this deficiency by issuing the

Standard Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language,

At a price without parallel in works of this class.

When it is considered that this volume is edited by an eminent lexicographer, that it embodies in its contents upwards of *Twenty-two Thousand Words* more than the very best of its contemporaries, and that it presents a rare specimen of typographical excellence, it is confidently expected that it will at once take rank as the cheapest and most popular Dictionary of the English Language that has yet claimed public approbation and support.

An Important Reference Book for Historical Students, Lawyers, Authors, and the General Reader.

In crown 8vo, price 12s. 6d., half-bound, 960 pp.,

THE MANUAL OF DATES:

A DICTIONARY OF REFERENCE

TO ALL THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND TO BE FOUND IN AUTHENTIC RECORDS.

By GEORGE H. TOWNSEND.

WITH A CAREFULLY-PREPARED INDEX AND LIST OF AUTHORITIES.

Of all books of general reference, an authentic MANUAL OF DATES may be pronounced the most useful and important. The best informed reader cannot retain in his mind a precise knowledge of even the leading events of history; while to the majority, the impression on such points is vague indeed. The style of writing at the present day, moreover, so abounds with illustration from various historical sources, that, in order thoroughly to appreciate such allusions, the general reader is constantly compelled to resort to the pages of some chronological work.

Most of such books, however, are found to be unsatisfactory, either from want of accuracy or from defective arrangement. Mr. Townsend has successfully avoided both these defects; he has devoted years of labour to obtain the most exact information possible, and he has adopted a very lucid method of classification throughout his work; the comprehensiveness of which is evident from the fact of its containing no less than 25,000 articles, each of them incorporating numerous dates.

The volume is printed in a new ruby type, and notwithstanding its copiousness—in which respect it surpasses all its predecessors—it will be found conveniently portable.

A VALUABLE WORK FOR EVERY AGRICULTURIST.

In demy 8vo, price 10s. 6d. half-bound, 640 pages,

THE FARMER'S CALENDAR.

BY J. CHALMERS MORTON,

Author of "THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARMS," "THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF AGRICULTURE," "FARMER'S ALMANACK," &c.

A systematic Work on Farm Practice, accompanied by Explanations and References to Theory when necessary; but mainly and intentionally descriptive of actual Experience and Work in Field, Fold, and Farmery. It is fully illustrated with Wood Engravings of Buildings, Land Drainage, Machinery, and Plants.

Mr. J. CHALMERS MORTON, from whose pen it comes, has long been well known as an Agricultural writer, and by the description of Farm Practice in all parts of the country, which during the last 18 years, has been given in his paper, "*The Weekly Agricultural Gazette.*" There is thus ample guarantee that the readers of this volume have not only the most trustworthy, but the latest, Agricultural experience laid before them in its pages.

AMONGST THE GENERAL CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND—

1. The whole work of all kinds of Farms is described in monthly succession as, step by step, it occupies the attention of the Farmer throughout the year.

2. The Cultivation of all kinds of Soil—their Drainage, Tillage, and Manuring.

3. The Cultivation of all Farm Crops—food for man or beast—including the lesson of actual experience on the different varieties of each, and on the Cultivation proper for each.

4. The Breeding, Rearing, and Feeding, of all the Live Stock of the Farm, including a full account of the several breeds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs; of their respective peculiarities and merits; of the Management required by each; the value of the different foods and processes employed in the meat manufacture; with information on Marketing, Localities, and Prices.

5. The Use of all kinds of Agricultural Tools and Machines—for Hand-work, Horse-labour, and Steam-power respectively; and the Economy of their employment

6. The relation of the Farmer to the Landowner the Labourer, and the Soil, including all questions of Rent, Lease, Tenant's Rights, Wages, Permanent Improvements of Land by Buildings, Roads, Drains, Fences, &c.; and its Current Cultivation by Implements, Plants, and Animals, receives full and systematic narration.

7. The Influence of Weather, which overrides and influences all, is given in great detail, month by month, in reference to 30 or 40 stations in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

WARNE'S POPULAR MANUALS.

NEW VOLUME.

In Fcap. 8vo, price 10s. 6d., half-bound, 750 pp.,

A MANUAL OF

Domestic Medicine and Surgery,

By J. H. WALSH, F.R.C.S.

Illustrated with Forty-four Page Engravings, Sixteen Printed in Colours by Evans.

General Heads of the Contents of this Work, viz.;—

GENERAL LAWS WHICH REGULATE HEALTH AND DISEASE.

THE ELEMENTARY FORMS OF DISEASE—THEIR CAUSES AND SYMPTOMS.

THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THE REMOVAL OF DISEASE.

THERAPEUTICS.

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE HEALING ART.

THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN, IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

DOMESTIC PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY IN THE ADULT.

GLOSSARY AND INDEX.

The object of the author of this book is to impart to the general reader a knowledge of diseases and their treatment, as far as is practicable, without going deeply into the collateral sciences of Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry. To the Emigrant, this manual affords the information which he requires in the most simple and intelligible language; while it is particularly clear in describing the management of the accidents to which he is liable, and in enabling him to take advantage of the rude materials which are often all that he has within his reach. To mothers of families, and to the much abused but highly useful "Lady Bountifuls" of our own villages, simple directions are given for the treatment of the ordinary diseases of this climate. Lastly, the confirmed invalid, who has failed in obtaining relief from ordinary treatment, and is therefore inclined to have recourse to any method which gives him hope, will find the pretensions of the different systems now in vogue carefully and impartially investigated, under the heads of Homœopathy, Hydropathy, &c. The illustrations are of the most useful and practical character, and the coloured wood engravings, descriptive of the most common eruptions, such as scald head, ringworm, &c., will enable any person of the most ordinary powers of observation to distinguish one from the other, are bound up in a separate form, and deposited in a pocket at the end of the volume.

WARNE'S COMPANION LIBRARY.

Under this general title will be issued at intervals an entirely New Series of

POPULAR SHILLING NOVELS,

well printed in a clear type on good paper.

Now ready, in a handsome Wrapper,

1.—THE SUTHERLANDS.

By the Author of "Rutledge."

2.—RUTLEDGE.

By the Author of "The Sutherlands."

3.—CHRISTINE; or, St. Philip's.

By the Author of "The Sutherlands."

4.—FRANK WARRINGTON.

By the Author of "The Sutherlands."

5.—LOUIE.

By the Author of "Frank Warrington."

This series of Novels (with which the COMPANION LIBRARY commences) is now having a very extraordinary sale in the United States, edition after edition being rapidly sold.

It is confidently expected that a similar result will ensue here, and that eventually a popularity will be awarded to them equal to anything yet reached by American authorship in this country.

STONEHENGE'S RURAL SPORTS.—NEW EDITION.

In foolscap 8vo, price 10s. 6d., half-bound,

A

MANUAL OF BRITISH RURAL SPORTS.

By STONEHENGE.

EMBRACING

Shooting—Hunting—Coursing—Fishing—Hawking—Racing—Boating—Pedestrianism—

AND THE VARIOUS RURAL GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MANY HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

"Scarcely any of the conventional methods of pursuing sport in the country are left undescribed by Stonehenge. We should say that every one who desires to understand how the most enjoyment can be extracted from life in the country upon visits to country friends, will be glad to be possessed of this full and solid volume, which may inform the most practical sportsman, while it will help the least practised through a course of rural revelries, without the risk of being thought a cit or a hedge cockney."—*Athenæum.*

"No one can doubt for an instant the utility and importance of out-door amusement in promoting health, and this alone ought to be sufficient to cause their encouragement. In an age like the present, when in the struggle for precedence in the senate, the bar, or the haunts of commerce, time is considered as of equal value with money, it can scarcely be wondered at, that many of the competitors in the race lose health, both of body and mind. Nothing enfeebles and lowers the bodily and mental tone more than an entire giving up of all the energies to one single pursuit. The overworked lawyer or merchant, however, has only to bestow an occasional day upon any one of the various sports within his reach, and he speedily recovers himself, and instead of losing way in the course which he is pursuing, he is enabled to do more than make up the lost time which his absence has occasioned, by the increased vigour that his change of scene and occupation have given him."

"Invaluable to all Sportsmen."—*Bell's Life.*

"The very best and most instructive work on British Rural Sports."—*Sporting Review.*

"The English Sportsman's vade mecum."—*Illustrated News.*

"A complete, readable, and instructive book."—*The Field.*

In Royal 32mo, price 1s. cloth, or gilt and gilt edges, 1s. 6d.,

BOGATZSKY'S GOLDEN TREASURY FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

Reprinted from the best translated Edition. In a New Type.

In these editions due regard has been observed to give the largest type that could possibly be used, and make the books much superior to any others of the same size that have been previously published.

In square fcap. 8vo, price 2s. cloth, or gilt and gilt edges, 2s. 6d.,

BOGATZSKY'S GOLDEN TREASURY FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD;

consisting of Devotional and Practical Observations for every Day. A New Edition, printed in Large Type. A Day on a Page.

In 1 Vol., price 5s. cloth bevelled,

CALMET'S BIBLICAL DICTIONARY.

Abridged, Modernised, and re-Edited, according to the most recent Biblical researches, by the Rev. T. A. Buckley, M.A. The volume contains upwards of 700 pages, and is printed in a new, beautiful, and clear Type.

The present work is not designed to compete with the many learned and voluminous Cyclopædias, and other books of reference, already in circulation, but simply to place in the hands of the great mass of the people some sounder and more extensive information than the cheap Biblical Dictionaries hitherto published could furnish. The advantage of making an established Book the groundwork of such a publication, at the same time modernising its whole character, is too obvious to need discussion.

In Royal 32mo, price 1s. cloth,

WATTS' SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

With a Map of the Tabernacle. A New Edition.

THE POPULAR ENGLISH SPELLING BOOKS.

In fcap. 8vo, NINEPENCE, strongly bound,

MAVOR'S BRITISH SPELLING BOOK.
GUY'S „
CARPENTER'S „ with Meanings.
FENNING'S UNIVERSAL „
VYSE'S NEW LONDON „

The advantages that WARNE'S NEW SPELLINGS possess over all other Cheap Editions of a similar class are, viz. :—

1. The Editing; everything being thoroughly revised and brought down to 1865.
2. The Woodcuts; all being new and used in these Books for the first time.
3. The Typography; a new type with a large-faced letter being used.
4. The Paper, Printing, Binding; the superiority of which should at once ensure the substitution of Warne's Editions for those now in use.

Also, Superior Editions in Post 8vo,

Price ONE SHILLING, bound in Leather, of

MAVOR'S SPELLING BOOK.
GUY'S BRITISH SPELLING BOOK.
CARPENTER'S DITTO, with full Accentuation.

DICTIONARIES.—STANDARD EDITIONS.

ENGLISH.

Walker's and Webster's Dictionary, 1865, of the English Language, in which the definitions of Webster and the pronunciation of Walker are united and brought to the usage of the present time. New edition, re-edited by Dr. JOHN LONGMUIR. Portrait. 8vo, cut edges, sprinkled. 5s.
Ditto, 8vo, half morocco, marbled edges. 7s.

Webster's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, in which the Vocabulary is extended to Fifty Thousand Words, also the Words and Phrases of Foreign Languages, with their interpretation. Enlarged for general use by Professor GOODRICH. Sq. crown 8vo, 500 pp. 2s. 6d.
Ditto, half calf, marbled edges, 5s. 6d.

FRENCH.

Nugent's French and English, and English and French Pronouncing Dictionary, revised by BROWN and MARTIN. New Edition, square 16mo. 2s. 6d.
Ditto, roan embossed. 3s.

De la Voye's large type Eng.-French and French-Eng. Dictionary, 1100 pages, post 8vo, strongly bound in roan, 4s. 6d.

James' and Mole's French-English and English-French Pronouncing Dictionary for general use. Crown 8vo, 800 pp., sewed wrapper, 4s.
Ditto, strongly bound, 5s.
Ditto, roan embossed, 5s 6d.

GERMAN.

Elwell's German and English, and English and Ger-man Dictionary. Cloth. 5s.
Ditto, strongly bound roan, embossed, sprinkled edges. 5s. 6d.

William's German and English, and English and Ger-man Dictionary. Royal 24mo. 2s. 6d.
Ditto, roan embossed. 3s.

ITALIAN.

James' and Grassi's Italian-English and English-Italian Pronouncing Dictionary, for general use. Crown 8vo, 800 pp., sewed wrapper. 4s.
Ditto, strongly bound. 5s.
Ditto, roan embossed. 5s. 6d.

A Compendium of English Literature.

In 2 Vols., demy 8vo, price 9s., cloth, or half-calf, gilt, 15s.,

THE PEOPLES EDITION OF

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

Selected and Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT.

With Sixteen Steel Portraits.

"This book contains 300 Extracts of the best efforts of our great standard authors, whether they be poets or historians, essayists or divines, travellers or philosophers, arranged so as to form half-an-hour's reading for every day in the year. The study of this work will be the true foundation of that knowledge which renders men famous and celebrated."—*Daily News.*

In 1 Vol., demy 8vo, cloth 5s., or half calf-extra, 8s.,

HALF-HOURS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Selected and Arranged by CHARLES KNIGHT.

Forming a Companion Series to the "Half-Hours with the Best Authors."

The articles are chiefly selected so as to afford a succession of graphic parts of English History, chronologically arranged, from the consideration that the portions of history upon which general readers delight to dwell are those which tell some story which is complete in itself, or furnish some illustration which has a separate as well as a general interest.

NEW SONG BOOKS.

In Fcap. 16mo, price 2s. 6d., cloth extra,

THE NEW NAVAL AND MILITARY SONG BOOK.

Edited by J. E. CARPENTER.

With a complete Index, Frontispiece, &c. Containing upwards of 600 of the best Songs in the Language.

Also, price ONE SHILLING each, boards,

The New Naval Song Book.
The New Military Song Book.

With upwards of 300 of the best Songs in the Language.

Also price SIXPENCE each, sewed,

The Naval Song Book. The Sailor's Song Book.
The Soldier's Song Book.
The United Service Song Book.

With upwards of 150 of the best Songs in the Language.

All these volumes are admirably suited for use in the Navy, Army, or Private Life.

Especial care has been taken in the Editing to have them free from everything that would mar their usefulness in the family circle, and it is believed that they represent a far greater number of Choice English Songs than can be found together in any similar production.

S. O. BEETON'S PUBLICATIONS.

From the "Publisher's Circular," July 1st.

"Mr. BEETON has arranged with Messrs. FREDERICK WARNE and Co. (late of the firm of Routledge, Warne, and Routledge,) for the exclusive publication by him of all his completed books, hitherto issued or to be hereafter published by him. Thus Mr. Beeton will become exclusively a publisher of serials, and WILL NOT EVEN SUPPLY AT HIS OWN COUNTER A SINGLE COMPLETE COPY OF HIS OWN PUBLICATIONS. This arrangement is a perfectly natural one, but it deserves notice as the first instance in which the principle of division of labour in the publishing business has, as far as we are aware, been carried so far. It is obvious that the publication of periodicals is a totally different business from the publication of books. The former has its regular recurring days of extraordinary pressure; the latter, the question of seasons apart, is comparatively steady and regular. It is obvious that the two kinds of business naturally conflict with each other, and, if extensive, cannot well be carried on by the same staff of assistants. Some such reasons have, we suppose, operated to bring about the present arrangement between Mr. BEETON and Messrs. WARNE and Co."

New Volumes recently issued.

THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, Vol. I., demy 4to, with separate binding for the Fashion Plates, 6s.

BOOK OF SONGS, with Music, fcap. sewed, 1s.

BOOK OF CHEMISTRY, with 138 Experiments, fcap. sewed, 1s.

THE BOY'S OWN VOLUMES.

Demy 8vo. price 5s. each, gilt and gilt edges,

THE BOY'S OWN VOLUME for Midsummer, 1863.

Ditto, Christmas, 1863.
Ditto, Christmas, 1864.
Ditto, Midsummer, 1864.
Ditto, Midsummer, 1865.

These Volumes contain a very large quantity of Fact, Fiction, History and Adventure, each Illustrated with numerous large page Engravings by the best Artists.

Also uniform, price 8s. 6d. each,

THE COMPLETE VOLUME for 1863.
THE COMPLETE VOLUME for 1864.

1100 Pages—hundreds of cuts—cloth, gilt edges.

Beeton's Home Pets, and Domestic Animals.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

Crown 8vo, limp cloth wrapper.

Poultry and Pigeons. Coloured Plates. Many Woodcuts.

Dogs and Cats. Coloured Plate. Many Woodcuts.

Rabbits, Hares, Hedgehogs, Squirrels, Mice, Tortoises. Coloured Plate. Many Woodcuts.

Bees, Silkworms, Inhabitants of the Aquarium, Ferns. Many Woodcuts.

British Song Birds. Coloured Plates. Many Woodcuts.

British Song and Talking Birds. Coloured Plates. Many Woodcuts.

The Parrot Tribes, Hawks, and Owls. Coloured Plates. Many Woodcuts.

Birds' Nests and Eggs. Taxidermy (Bird Stuffing), Coloured Plate. Woodcut.

BEETON'S SHILLING HANDBOOKS.

Billiards: its Theory and Practice; with the Scientific Principle of the Side Stroke. By Capt. Crawley. Illustrated with Thirty-four Diagrams. 7th Edition.

Modern Method of Training for Running, Walking, Rowing, and Boxing: including Hints on Exercise, Diet, Clothing, and Advice to Trainers. By Charles Westhall, the Pedestrian Champion of England. Third Edition.

Croquet. By Captain Mayne Reid, with all the Rules; and many Illustrations.

Whist, Loo, and Cribbage. By Captain Crawley. 7th Edition.

Chess and Draughts. By Captain Crawley. Illustrated with forty-seven Problems. 8th Edition.

Backgammon. By Captain Crawley. Illustrated. 5th Edition.

Dominoes: the Game, English and Foreign. By an Adept.

BEETON'S SIXPENNY HANDBOOKS.

In demy 18mo, 108 pp., cloth limp, with Illustrations.

CRICKET. By Edward Wood; with a Chapter by the Author of "The Cricket Field.

FOOTBALL. By Edward Wood.

*** *Others in Preparation.*

BEETON'S SHILLING RAILWAY BOOKS.

Demy 8vo, sewed, fancy wrapper.

1. The Young Reporter.
2. Book of Anecdote, Wit, and Wisdom.
3. The Kiddle-a-Wink.
4. The Book of Songs, with Music.

An Illuminated Family Bible.

In Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound Morocco, bevelled boards, gilt edges, gilt back and side, rubricated letters, £3 3s.

The Illuminated Family Bible. This Edition of the Sacred Volume includes a Series of Biblical Cartoons by Bendemann, Bollinger, Fischer, Jäger, Kock, Overbeck, Rethel, Richter, Schubert, Schnorr, Steinle, and Strähuber. In the ornamentation, Mr. Noel Humphreys has performed his task with a chasteness and delicacy of taste apparent in the uniform elegance of the whole volume. Rubrication has been introduced to enhance the beauty of the volume. In regard to the Notes, the theologian, the philologiet, the traveller, the naturalist, and the poet—the early father and the modern divine—the ancient historian, and the recent discoverer of the remains of a hoar antiquity—have been laid under tribute to elucidate the sacred text. The authority is given for eaeh note.

Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information. Complete. A to Z; comprising Geography, Biography, History, Mythology, Biblical Knowledge, Chronology, with the Pronunciation of every Proper Name. Price 15s., demy 8vo, half roan; 18s. 6d. half calf; or in 3 vols. cloth, 18s. with Maps and Illustrations.

Uniform with the above,

Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information; comprising the Sciences, Arts, Literary Knowledge, with the Etymology and Pronunciation of every Leading Term. Demy 8vo, price 15s., half roan; 18s. 6d. half calf; or in 3 vols. cloth, 18s.

Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Biography. Being the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Times, with the Pronunciation of every Name. Price 7s. 6d., post 8vo, half roan; 10s. 6d. half calf.

Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management. New Edition. 80th Thousand. Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged. With entirely new Coloured Cookery Plates, showing the Modern Modes of serving Dishes. Price 7s. 6d., post 8vo, half roan; 10s. 6d. half calf; and upwards of 300 Engravings.

Beeton's Book of Garden Management. Price 7s. 6d., post 8vo, half roan, illustrated; half calf, 10s. 6d.

Beeton's Management of Home Pets. Price 7s. 6d., post 8vo, half roan; 10s. 6d. half calf, Coloured Plates, and many Illustrations.

Beeton's Book of Birds. Price 3s. 6d., post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, many Illustrations, Coloured Plates.

Beeton's Book of Poultry and Domestic Animals. Price 3s. 6d., post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, Coloured Plates, and numerous Illustrations.

Mrs. Beeton's Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery. Price 3s. 6d., post 8vo, cloth; 5s. half calf, numerous Illustrations.

The Englishwoman's Cookery-Book. 100th Thousand. By Mrs. Isabella Beeton. Amply Illustrated. Price 1s., cloth limp.

Beeton's Boy's Own Library.

Demy 8vo, with Coloured Illustrations, cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

The Adventures of Reuben Davidger. By James Greenwood.

Cressy and Poictiers. By J. G. Edgar.

Curiosities of Savage Life. By J. Greenwood.

Curiosities of Savage Customs and Habits. By J. Greenwood.

Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift.

How I Won my Spurs. By J. G. Edgar.

Robinson Crusoe, complete.

Stories of the Wars. By John Tillotson.

Wild Sports of the World. By James Greenwood.

NEW SERIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE MILLION.

On SEPTEMBER 1st, fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 256 pages,

PRICE ONE SHILLING;

TO BE CONTINUED IN MONTHLY VOLUMES,

Or in Fortnightly Parts each Sixpence,

PENNY READINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

For the use of Members of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Recreation Societies, Mutual Improvement Associations, Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Societies, Working Men's Clubs and all kindred Societies; and for THE GENERAL READER.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

Twelve Years Public Reader, Lecturer, and Entertainer at the principal Literary Institutions in Great Britain.

PROSPECTUS.

THE object of this Publication is to supply a want which is manifestly felt by the establishment of the "Penny Readings" now so popular in nearly every town and village in the kingdom.

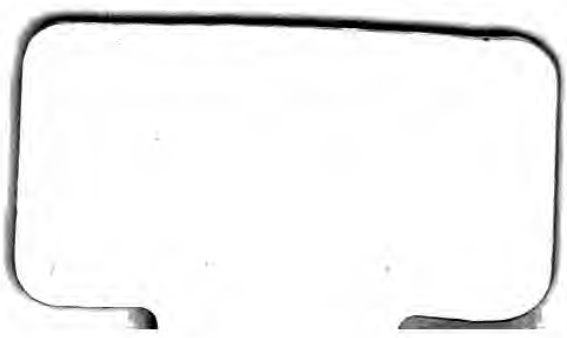
It will gather into one focus all the gems of ancient and modern literature, *especially adapted for readings and recitals*, which are now only to be obtained by consulting a large number of volumes, not everywhere attainable, and thus afford ample scope for the selection of pieces by readers and managers in forming the programmes of these widely-spread sources of intellectual recreation for the people.

In forming the collection, the most scrupulous care will be taken as regards the moral standard of the pieces selected, while they will still be of a popular character. Wit without vulgarity, and pathos without puerility, will be the guide adhered to by the Editor; the amusing will be blended with the instructive, and in all cases the fitness of the pieces for the audiences for whom they are intended will be constantly kept in view. Original articles by popular authors will comprise a portion of the contents.

The volumes will be printed in a clear and distinct type, so that they can be easily read from, and will be bound in limp cloth, that they may rest firmly on the reading-desk. The low price at which they will be published will, it is hoped, render them equally available to the reader and his audience, while for home reading they will also form a source of endless amusement and instruction for everybody.

One Shilling Monthly, or in Fortnightly Parts Sixpence.

London: F. WARNE & CO., Bedford-street, Covent Garden.

HARRILD, PRINTER, LONDON.

BOUND
FOR
W. BONE & SON.
BONE
FLEET ST.
76.