

the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning how to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is a drudgery, but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

### PUTTING SELF AWAY.

LOVE'S SERVICE AND LOVE'S SEARCH.

A summer day in France when the cholera plague was at its height. A sad day for Louis Beaufort, although he was journeying homeward. Paris had already been left far in the rear, and each moment was hurrying him on to Marseilles—"plague-stricken Marseilles," the Parisian papers had called it, and he shuddered at the recollection. The morrow was to have been his wedding-day, and pretty Marie Calmet his wife. But that might never be now. His hot hand clutched a tiny, tear-stained note. Reverently he smoothed it out, and read, for the hundredth time its touching words:

"DEAR LOUIS,—Aunt Juliette has the cholera, and I have gone to nurse her. Do not blame or praise me. It is only putting self away. But our wedding must be postponed. Do not try to find me until the danger is past. Stay in Paris. If I should die, try to forget that you ever loved

MARIE."

Louis Beaufort's heart was like lead in his bosom. Already it seemed that she was lost to him for ever. Poor, self-sacrificing Marie! But he was going to find her—he must! What would life be worth without her!

Lyons was reached at last. Here an omnibus train, filled to overflowing with refugees from Marseilles, slowly passed by. Fear was written everywhere on the sea of swarthy, unclean faces. It was a sad sight. All the up trains were crowded, while he had but few fellow-passengers. What cowards fright made of brave men! Then his thoughts went back to Marie. How frightened she must be. "Putting self away!" Why, she was putting away health, happiness, and perhaps life itself! Oh, it was terrible! He prayed God to avert such a sacrifice.

He was flying along the shore of the Rhone now, and the slope looked parched and burning. Wearily he contrasted it with the green fields of the North. How hot it was growing, and how muddy the river looked.

He took from his breast pocket a tiny picture, of Marie, and began to study the delicate features. What a child she was, yet she had been brave enough to face the dreaded cholera. "Putting self away," she had said. The words came to him like a death-knell, and he again turned to the window despairingly.

Near Arles he passed whole fields of tents, occupied by soldiers and others who had fled from Marseilles. What a long and dreary ride it was. He never forgot it. For the first time since starting he glanced at his watch; it was just six p.m. M. Calmet, Marie's aged grandfather, was now closing his small shop; but where, in all that stricken city, was Marie? The suspense was maddening. Already he might be too late. But if she had been spared, she would yet be his wife. This was his sole comforting thought.

Then, by-and-by, after miles of swift travel, the train glided into Marseilles. Louis Beaufort caught glimpses of its familiar streets. They were still filled with busy people, hurrying to and fro. The depot was crowded. He saw many well-remembered faces, and he hurried away in the gathering gloom lest old friends should detain him. He glanced about him on every side, but could see no change. All the finest shops in the Rue de la Caunebiere were yet open. Still, no signs of the plague. But the scene soon changed.

He hailed a passing carriage, and was driven to Marie's old home in the narrow and squalid Rue Caisserie. Ah! what sights and smells he met on the way. Filthy towering rookeries, swarming with idle men, and panic-stricken women and

children. Gutters filled with reeking water. Three hearses were slowly moving on their way to the Cemetery St. Pierre. M. Calmet sat in his door-way. The house was cleaner than the rest, and still bore traces of Marie's careful fingers. "Mon garçon!" the old man cried, "I knew you would come. I waited for you. But Marie has gone—I could not keep her."

"Where is she?" he gasped. "Where did she go?"

"To Capelette, on the Toulon Road. Her aunt has it—the cholera—and Marie went to nurse her."

"And you did not prevent her."

M. Calmet bowed his head. "She is in God's hands. He will not let her die."

"When did she go?"

"Six days since."

Louis Beaufort shuddered. Never in all his life had he been in the Quartier Capelette. It was the vilest of all Marseilles quarters, lying across the old ship canal. And Marie, his darling, was there. She had indeed "put self away."

"Did she leave no word?" he asked hoarsely.

M. Calmet nodded. You must not follow her."

"Tell me where she can be found," he demanded, fiercely. "It will be her death. I must go to her."

The old man minutely described the locality, and soon Louis Beaufort was speeding across town to Capelette. Toulon Road was a wide street without trees. Here and there were bonfires of tar and sulphur. The house he sought was a corner tenement. Eagerly he sprang up the creaking stair. A small door stood open. He peered in. Near by, on a low bed, lay two figures. The moonlight fell upon one face—it was Marie's. What a meeting!

The weak hands were stretched out in welcome, but the faint voice faltered, "Louis, my dearest, leave me! Do not touch me! I am dying!"

For answer, he clasped her to his breast. "Oh, my darling!" he moaned. "I cannot let you go from me. How will I live without you!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "God wills it so. I but obeyed the voice of duty. Putting self away is a blessed thing, dear Louis."

He brushed back her damp curls, and tried to warm the cold hands in his own. But he had come too late. Death was indeed approaching.

"Aunt Juliette is dying too," continued Marie, resignedly. "She has not spoken for a long time. Please light the candle, Louis. I want to die with my eyes on your kind face."

Dumbly he obeyed. The pale, pain-drawn face brightened for a moment. "I knew you would find me. God did not let me die without seeing you again. I prayed that you might come. But it was selfish. I ought to say go."

"I will never leave you—in life," he murmured.

She pressed his hand convulsively. "I did right in coming here, did I not? I was so happy, yet I put self far away. It is hard to die now, when to-morrow I might have been your wife. Pray for us, dear Louis—Aunt Juliette and me. We will be going soon."

Then Louis Beaufort knelt by the humble bed. He had not prayed for years, but words now came in a stream.

"Father of the good," he cried, "I give my darling back to Thee. Take her to Thy bosom—my little white lamb. Her short life has been a sweet song. Thou hast heard it up in heaven. She has put self away—the greatest of all earthly victories. Receive also this other soul. Thou knowest her life. Forgive my many sins. I am unfit to come before Thee. Help me so to live that I may at last meet my darling in heaven."

Great sobs shook his frame. Marie's cold fingers tremblingly threaded his glossy curls. "Poor Louis, it is hard, but it is for the best. Aunt Juliette will be with me until you come. She has already gone before. Look! She does not breathe! She taught me to be good—she will have her reward. Kiss me, Louis! I will soon be far away."

Reverently he touched her lips, brow, and hands. A rare smile was on her face. Then, softly, sweetly, she began to sing a pretty French hymn she had learned in childhood. All the English he had taught her was forgotten now. Slowly her dark eyes closed, and with a low murmured "Adieu!" her pure spirit went up to the happy land of which she had sung but a moment before.

Marie Calmet is now resting under the sods of St. Pierre. A white stone lies upon her grave. Three words are graven on it—words that will ever be the key-note of Louis Beaufort's altered life. They are—

"PUTTING SELF AWAY."

—Drink St. Leon Water for dyspepsia or weak digestion after each meal.

### CHRISTIAN UNITY.

The paper issued by the House of Bishops of the American Church, on the subject of Christian Unity, is one of the ablest and most clear and practical documents ever issued by the Church. It is earnest in its spirit of charity and Christian love, wide in its reaching after a true unity, firm in its statement of the few essential points, and ready in its release of unessentials. Here are its several points:

"We do solemnly declare, to all whom it may concern, especially to our fellow Christians of the different communions of this land:

"1. Our earnest desire that the Saviour's prayer that we may all be one, may in its deepest and truest sense be speedily fulfilled.

"2. That we believe that all who have been duly baptized with water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are members of the Holy Catholic Church.

"3. That in all things of human ordering or human choice relating to modes of worship or discipline, or to traditional customs, this Church is ready, in the spirit of love and humility, to forego all preferences of her own."

"4. That this Church does not seek to absorb other communions, but rather co-operating with them on a basis of a common faith and order, to discountenance schisms, to heal the wounds of the Body of Christ, and to promote that charity which is the chief of Christian graces and the visible manifestation of Christ to the world."

Then follows a brief summary of the principles which this Church would count a breach of trust to surrender or relinquish, which are these:

(a) The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments of the revealed word of God.

(b) The Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

(c) The two sacraments, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him, and

(d) The historic episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the races and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

So frank and clear a definition as this can scarcely fail to be useful in helping us to fix the points that ought to be discussed, even if it does nothing more. But the earnest prayer and desire of every true heart, will be that it will be fruitful under His blessing, in bringing nearer together the faithful in Christ Jesus of all names and everywhere.

### THE FIRST STEP.

"After all the advice and all the prayers I've listened to in the last six weeks, I've no idea now of the first step. They say, 'Decide to love and serve Christ, and then do it,' but I can't love people to order, as it were, just because I've made up my mind to do it. The harder I try the more I don't succeed."

"Begin at the other end."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember your quarrel with John Hopkins last summer?"