

father, and yet she did not want to go off and leave Faith alone.

She stood in the doorway and called her: "Faith! Faith!"

Faith left her work on the beach and came running to the house. The pocket of her white apron was full of French bonbons. It generally was when Kenneth was around; he seemed to consider them her proper diet. As she ran up, Faith took out a handful of candies and held them toward her sister.

Letty took them absently and laid them on the window ledge.

"Faith, it's been of no use. Father's—broken out again. Jerry came for me. He is at the boathouse—and some boys are plaguing him, and Kiah is away. I must go for him."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No; you know he lets me lead him, but he always acts worse if you are around. Besides, if you come, Mr. Julian will offer to come too, and I wouldn't have him see him for anything."

"No."

"But—I don't want to go and leave you down there," Letty said; "it doesn't look just right. Won't you stay up here at the house?"

"Then he'll come up here!"

"Not if you tell him not to. Faith, people will talk if you let him be here so much. Go and get your work and tell him you will be busy the rest of the day."

"Why should I? There's no harm in it, and no pleasure in staying here in this hot little house! I sha'n't enjoy sitting here and listening to father playing the madman in his room. Why are you so absurd, Letty? I'll change our seat round to behind the rocks, and then he'll be sure not to see father when he comes in. I might as well try to distract my mind from father's horrid ways by talking of Hugh and of pleasant things."

"But, Faith, we cannot be like other girls. We are poor and he is rich. Our mother would have said we had better keep by ourselves. We are a drunkard's children, and we cannot afford to have people talk about us. We have no one to defend us."

"We don't need defending," said Faith. "You are too absurd about me, Letty. Go and get father, if you must. The beach is mine and I mean to sit there."

"NEAR HOME."

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"Near home!" A little while,
And then the heavy shadows, one by one,
Shall fall and fade away, as mists from sun,
Before the Father's smile.

"Near home!" The weary way
Is almost ended, and the tired feet
Shall tread the pleasant pastures, green and
sweet,
Where quiet waters play.

"Near home!" The pain-brimmed
years,
The long and sleepless nights, are almost
o'er:

VICTORIA, B.C.

Anguish and care shall touch thee never-
more,
Heaven has no place for tears.

"Near home!" Outside the gate,
And glory-glimpses thrill thee waiting
here;
Soft music falls upon thy listening ear—
Is it not sweet to wait?

"Near home!" Soon shall He come,
The Saviour dear, thy heart's beloved and
best;
And He shall lead thee, satisfied and blest,
Through the bright portals, "Home!"