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strive, strive, for good or ill. Women are
like the angels in this, they will all joy over
no sinner that repenteth more than over
the ninety and nine just persons who need
no repentance.

So Rachel believed in Gaspard's yearnings
for good, as did her mother, who was won,
by his grace of address and great love
for her daughter. And he, unhappy dark
out, believed also in himself. Looking back
afterwards, Rachel could never remember
instance of a word or sign that might
have revealed to him the fact that Magdalen
and Rachel Estonia were half-
sisters. Nor was this very surprising, for
Magdalen had been so much more proud of
her own family—allied with the great
wealthy Jews—than of her simple and
hardy septuagener, that she had rarely
alluded to the latter and her mother before
her rash and hasty marriage. After that—
coming only too soon her mistake, and that
her fortune had been her chief attraction—
she entirely ceased from all mention of her
own people to her neglectful, perhaps often
resented her. By her own acknowledgment
she had never told him of the little
child, when she left home.

Thus, when Gaspard met the Estonia
sister and daughter in England, as English,
and highly esteemed for the late great
sister's sake, how should he guess they
were the same family? as that of the mother
and lookworm etc., father he had vaguely
heard of as living in Italy? The Estonias,
were a numerous clan. Again, poor
Rachel, how should Rachel and her mother
know that the Count Rivello had but recent-
ly inherited that unexpected title, and had
lost it, though an empty one, as Fortune's
toy, in enabling him to "turn over a
new leaf."

So time and events hurried on, oh! so
swiftly. And no warning dream, no Angel's
voice came tell Rachel that the spring days
were blessing, and the love and happy future
that God had for her, must be her last great
joy: that the summer's sunshine would be
but a memory, and beneficent sky seem-
ing domed prison house overhead.

The very day before the wedding, as
Magdalen Estonia, Rachel, and her future
husband were all three together, there came
a noise of wheels. A murmur of voices was
heard outside—above the rest one piercing,
was to the glad ears of the Estonias as
of their dead restored to life!

Then an old daughter sprang to their feet
in a series of welcoming joy and outstretched
arms. Magdalen burst into the room,
pale, too, pale and stern of face.

Her fate had found him out! . . .
All Rachel remembered afterwards was
her loving embrace was shrunk back
first time. For, with a dreadful outcry, a
small, outraged woman raised her arm,
pointed Gaspard da Silva as her husband.

Rachel as her sister, to answer to Heaven
for her wrongs to herself!
"Your husband! the Count Rivello!"
"The poor old mother of both women."
"He was stricken dumb."
"Gaspard horrified himself could not

line—mine!" she retorted. Then
wild words telling of ill-treatment,
of having been left as mad in a
lunatic asylum, whence she had escaped
her child, born since its father's de-
cease. It was Hannah, her old nurse, who
with her faithfully traced her mistress to where
she was shut up, then rescued her.

And they were, nurse and child. In the
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wards from the shock, leaving her small
fortune to her grandchild when it should
come of age, so that Da Silva himself might
have no control over this sum. This she did
at Rachel's request, who herself solemnly
promised to share her own portion—the
slender reward of her father's science—with
her sister while both lived; for Magdalen's
own large fortune was gone, like summer
snow.

But before this last happened there had
been a further terrible trial for Rachel.
Magdalen had declared she would never see
nor live with her husband again—perhaps
reconciliation with Gaspard was impossible;
not that he had attempted it; on the con-
trary he had, to Rachel's horror, appeared
before her in her solitude, as she was
struggling back, it seemed, to a life she re-
belled against. He entreated, used every
appeal and impassioned argument to induce
her not to desert him, to be still his life-
companion and better angel, so he said;
lastly, when all this failed, had tried to
carry her off by force!

Upon this, their mother dead, the two
sisters had fled together. Rachel dreaded
Gaspard's violence for herself no less than
for poor Magdalen; for in his baffled rage
he had threatened to lock up the latter
again in a lunatic asylum, in one of those
fits of madness which had now again showed
themselves, and to possess himself of his
child.

Strange that his passionate love for her
self should have turned to something so like
hate, thought Rachel. She, who had been
blinded—almost ruined—by him could not
have vexed him in the smallest matter
wantonly, nor would hurt a hair of his head.
And thus they fled to the glen of the Chad,
parting from the child the better to defeat
pursuit.

Alone on the moors, with only her own
thoughts to commune with, Rachel had
often dreaded she might go mad like her
sister. Again she would fancy when her
soul was weighed down to the dust, that
surely she must unwittingly have sinned
some terrible sin to be so bitterly chastised.
Then followed weeks, months of awful
doubts of God's goodness, when faith nearly
died out. She went down in mind to the
valley of the shadow of death, through
which the only little taper to guide her steps
in the right way was her love for her un-
happy sister, increased by pity, and a dim
feeling that even were there no God, still
evil prevail through the world—still she
herself—Rachel must do the right!—in
defiance of sorrow, misery; although her
life should be quenched, unrewarded, like
that of the beasts which perish.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away.
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curd,
Yet for old sake sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world."

C. KINGSLEY.

Sitting this day on the moor, Rachel
lived her past pain over again so intensely
that she was an unconscious image
of sorrow. Dark-featured, but still
beautiful, she sat almost motionless for two
hours, while the sun shone westering over-
head. She seemed hardly to breathe, but
for deep low sighs now and again; her
noble-shaped figure was bent forward on her
knees, her head dropped, while her large
eyes were fixed, dull and listless, on the
heathly swells and hollows.

Now, with an effort, she slightly roused,
sat up, and looked with more seeing eyes
around; now she remembered how, the
darkest time passed, she had found her way
to a more blessed day—one in which the
light was that "which never shone on sea
or land," that of a purified, Christ like
love.

When Rachel Estonia came to herself in
her lonely new life she had ceased to sup-
pose her afflictions worse than others knew;
remembered that the Galileans, whose blood
Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices, and
these eighteen upon whom the lower in
Siloam fell, were not offenders above others.
Nay, but she must repent! And then, in
the hereafter life into which she seemed
already to have almost entered by longing,
loving anticipation, she should see the mean-
ing of these things clearly which she had
been called to suffer, though now she knew
their not.

"Let patience have her perfect work."

Her dead father's—Estonia's—words were
still living in her mind. "It is vain," said
he, "to think that all the trouble and
danger accompanying our discipline
might have been saved by making us at
once as we were to be. What we shall be,
must be the effect of what we will be." And
this world he had looked on as a theatre to
show forth our character, not necessarily to
butan All wise Being, perchance to some of his
creation, our great cloud of witnesses earth-
ly and spiritual, in view of higher tasks in
eternal life.

Why are the wicked so often happy, and
the good afflicted, she had wondered with the
palmist in her past dark days. She wonder-
ed less now. What was salt for but to
purify, and leaven to mix with the unleaven-
ed lump? And if at times she lamented within
herself that her love's passion had been so
wasted, as it seemed, yet a dim thought
vaguely whispered that her prayers might
therefore the more avail Gaspard, to that
she strove with ever-increasing intensity of
purpose to be righteous.

Women are strangely prone to love un-
worthy men if thrown in their society. How
often Miranda is mated, not matched, with
Caliban, and "Athene to a Satyr." Although
themselves nobler, although dimly aware
their glorious devotion is offered to a poor
object, yet they are unable wholly to root
out the feeling. Why is this? . . . Surely
there must be some great hidden law of com-
pensation in the universe. If the wise mated
only with the wise, the weak with the weak,
it would be an ill world for the latter. And
such good women, if they believe that "all
things work together for good to them that
love the Lord," will possess their souls in
patience and be comforted; seeing that
here they are, maybe, instruments in God's
hands for saving such men's souls; and
there—in the future life—they can trust
also to him. . . .

What helped Rachel most through her
long time of trial was her glorious love for
her sister. This strengthened her to endure,
and warmed her with a glow of
heart. And Magdalen had accepted
her as a fellow-sufferer, extending her own
self pity in a curious way to Rachel. Gas-
pard da Silva had ruined her life, she said,
and her sister's, too; Rachel "would never
get over it," she mutely argued with her-
self, therefore she also was happiest far
away from the mad, whirling world. Rachel
had always been so terribly in earnest, ever
since she had learned to toddle—yes, even
when a grave, dark-eyed baby.

In this way, in her saner intervals, Mag-
dalen taught herself to look on her sister's
companionship and devotion as only natural;
her imagination so subtly weaving this
reasoning that she herself believed in it
utterly and even Rachel wondered at times
whether her sister was not right, and that,
if even Magdalen recovered, she herself
must never know a new spring to the
winter of her life.

For the first year or so, poor afflicted Mag-
dalen no doubt hoped to recover quickly
from her distressing malady; then she, as
the lighter spirit, would lead back Rachel
to "the world," and bid her cheer. Later,
she grew used to looking on her own re-
covery as a longer way off; their utter lone-
liness of existence pleased her crazed fancy
by its freedom, however she railed against
it; she grew used to it, and to Rachel's
life service, as a matter of habit.

Magdalen spoke very little; indeed, for
days sometimes, would be utterly silent.
This was worse when she felt her attacks
drawing on. But then!—her fermented
imagination burst forth, soaring to such
wild heights of bliss, or falling to such unspeak-
able depths of woe, as those in full health of
mind rarely if ever know. Her long restrain-
ed speech was loosed! and now she would
talk and talk, with such a sparkling play of
wit—wild, weird, but beautiful fancies,
through broken, short and confused—that
Rachel thought, with sorrowful admiration,
her words were like jewels all fallen loose
from their setting; a kaleidoscope of gems,
or sunlight upon dancing water.

Meanwhile Rachel at first, nay, even for
long! had hoped and tried to believe that
patient love might cure her sister. But as
months and years passed, darkened by
periods of affliction, hope grew tired.

"Oh, God!" prayed the poor woman
often with herself, "let me live so long as I
can be any comfort to her, for the love I un-
willingly stole from her. Only for that I
am very weary, and would gladly rest."

Evening had come.
Rachel woke up to full reality, and found
herself sitting bare-headed in the low slant-

ing light. The shade of the cromlech had
left her, and now was thrown behind in
three long shadows on the hill-side. She
rose to her feet, and, standing, prayed and
gave thanks in her heart. Seven times a day
she did so; then was comforted in her lon-
eliness. So having bewailed her life on the
hills, and found comfort, she went home-
ward, with slower steps this time.

When Rachel came within sight of the
brown cottage, mother and child came out to
meet her, and from a distance she blessed
them in her heart. Magdalen approached
silently, with her little daughter holding
shyly by her hand, the mother's face under
her hood having a new expression strangely
quiet for her, and subdued. Joy did not
speak either; but as she looked up in
Rachel's face moved by some impulse of her
quick, warm nature, she took her aunt's
hand, and pressed her lips upon it with
affectionately childish reverence. Whatever
had passed between the two that day, Rachel
after that was satisfied.

The two hooded women stood still, gazing
down at the bright child between them, feel-
ing as if they were on the other side of a
great gulf, having left their youth afar over
there, but still glad of the merry laughter
and winsome glances sent across to them by
this glad young creature, herself the very
embodiment of Joy.

"I have been talking—talking more than
usual for me," said Magdalen, in the sweet,
low voice, the winning power of which was
one of her greatest charms which she pleased,
but yet with a melancholy ring. "I have
been telling Joy that, now she is growing a
great girl, she is to go to a good school to be
taught like a lady. So now, little one—
Juanita—our Joy—you must go home.
Rachel and I are best alone together."

Joy said good-evening, therefore, and
went back to the Red House Farm, where
Blyth was impatiently waiting for her at
the farm-yard-gate, and old Farmer Berrington
in the porch. In the kitchen, Hannah
had a noble dish of smoking-hot "toad in
the hole" and a fine squash-pastry for supper,
with sweet cider to wash it down, and clot-
ted cream and blackberry-jam to follow.

At Cold-home, Rachel, leading her sister
back, lit the lantern and hung it in the
window. Their poor supper was only some
salted pilchards and brown bread, laid on a
course but very white cloth. Some coffee
was warming by the fire-embers. Magdalen,
who ate and drank little, and that carelessly,
never noticed that her sister denied herself
more than one slice of bread, and drank
water afterwards instead of coffee, reserv-
ing what remained of the latter for the
morrow.

They might have been lavishly supplied
by Hannah from the farm did they listen to
good Berrington's entreaties; but being
very poor, Rachel strictly forbade any
presents of more than she could pay for it.
Magdalen must not want. But she would
have starved herself rather than little Joy,
either, should miss anything at the "good
school," for which she herself would have to
pay, as she now insisted on paying Berrington
for the child's keep. Further more—
was it a weakness?—she tried to lay by a
little secret hoard, in case Gaspard should
ever want it!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indifference at Home.

It has been observed by a thoughtful
writer, "that ingratitude and indifference
sometimes mar the character of men. A
husband returns from his business at even-
ing. During his absence the wife has been
busy with mind and hands preparing some
little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to
make his home more attractive than ever.
He enters, seemingly seeing no more of what
has been done to please him than if he were
a blind man; and has nothing more to say
about it than if he were dumb. Many a
loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding
sorrow, day after day, from causes like this,
until, in process of time, the fire and en-
thusiasm of her original nature has burned
out, and mutual indifference has spread its
pall over the household."

On the husband, as being the higher
power, lies the chief responsibility for se-
curing domestic happiness. This will not
be attained by selfish requirements from
others. On the contrary, the husband must
use consideration and self-denial, and expend
time and money for this purpose.