

WE SHOULD ROOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole of the abdominal organs...

The people of Canada speak confirming the above. RICHMOND CORNERS, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886.

A. J. WHITE, Limited. GENTLEMEN—Your medicine has done more for me than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without it.

STEVENSVILLE, WELLS CO., ONT., Feb. 17, 1884. I commenced using the "Shaker Extract" in my family a short time since.

A. J. WHITE, Limited. GENTLEMEN—Your medicine has done more for me than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without it.

TROUT LAKE, ONT., May 12, 1885. GENTLEMEN—Your medicine is just what is needed here for disordered liver.

A. J. WHITE, Limited. GENTLEMEN—I am now using Seigel's Syrup for Dyspepsia, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for that complaint.

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I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving relief for the time being, you can easily see that I was discouraged.

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A divorce case is soon to come up in a Maine court, the outgrowth of a trifling quarrel between a man and his wife twenty-two years ago.

The occupant of Mr. Bainbridge's armchair, whilst her husband rose immediately to his feet in deference to his mother's presence, opened her big blue eyes at the greeting as though it considerably surprised her.

A Most Liberal Offer. THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send a Celebrated Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances...

A Louisville lady says that milliners are the sharpest dealers on earth, and suit their prices to their customers' pocketbooks.

NEUROUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances.

Doctors in China charge from 5 to 10 cents a visit, and are said to be kept exceedingly busy.

LADY ETHEL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

[MRS. ROSS CHURCH.]

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Maggie rose at her approach, and went forward to meet her almost cordially, for the mere sight of Lady Ethel seemed to revive the first impressions she had formed regarding her.

"I don't want it, Colonel Bainbridge," she said in a petulant manner, as she stooped to place her feet into the foot-warmer.

"But your feet are so cold, my darling," he urged, affectionately. "You had better use it for a little while, until they are warm again."

But all the answer his assiduity received was in the speaking fact that Lady Ethel kicked the sleeping fox to one side, and placed her slippered feet upon the fender instead.

"I do wish you would leave me alone," Maggie heard her say, with an impatient sigh; "you do fidget so. Aren't you going out for a walk this morning?"

Col. Bainbridge seemed rather hurt at his second rebuff, if one might judge by his leaving his seat, and taking possession of the newspaper and a chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug.

His cousin, on her part, was more annoyed than herself, for she felt honestly indignant at seeing him repulsed and treated in so curt a manner.

She took up her work again, and retired to the further end of the room, and brooded silently and sadly on what she had heard.

She thought in that moment that she never could fancy again that she should like Lady Ethel, however beautiful or fascinating she might prove; for if she was rude to him—if she did not value his affection, or care to make him happy, there could be no good thing in her.

Meanwhile, Lady Ethel did not even seem to observe the defection of her little acquaintance of the night before, but, listless and unoccupied, reclined in her easy chair in front of the blazing fire, with a screen held up before her face, and her large eyes languidly fixed upon the ceiling.

It seemed so unnatural to see the pensile, indolent beauty, in her cashmere and swan's-down, reclining in the library at Cranshaw's, and to remember that she was Cousin Thomas's wife, really his own property, who could never again be separated in thought or deed from him—that Maggie was doted on more than once in a dream of things quite different from what they were, and had to recall herself with a sigh to the reality of life.

It was not long before the news that Lady Ethel had descended to the library spread through the house, and Mrs. Bainbridge and Miss Lloyd hastened to offer their congratulations on her re-appearance.

"Well, my dear! and how do you feel yourself by this time? Our poor Thomas has been quite anxious on your account; but I hope you are none the worse for your journey."

The good, affectionate creature, who would have taken a dairymaid who was honored by her son's love to her arms, came forward briskly, with the evident intention of folding Lady Ethel in a maternal embrace, had not the look with which she was saluted driven all such presumptuous ideas into the background.

The occupant of Mr. Bainbridge's armchair, whilst her husband rose immediately to his feet in deference to his mother's presence, opened her big blue eyes at the greeting as though it considerably surprised her.

The want of politeness was too marked to pass unnoticed. Every one looked uneasy, and poor Mrs. Bainbridge, who was the humblest nature possible, and the last person in the world to exact unnecessary homage, perceiving the slight shown her, turned red, and immediately directed her attention to her son, who, flushing up to the roots of his hair, began to talk very loud and very fast in a loyal attempt to cover an action which had discomfited them all.

All that is to say, except the perpetrator of the deed, who remained perfectly passive and unconcerned amidst the general confusion, only interrupting the conversation every now and then to peevishly desire "Colonel Bainbridge" to stir the fire, or bring her a footstool, or perform any one of a dozen little offices which she could never have done just as well for herself, though he never would have permitted her to do so.

"Will Lady Ethel come into luncheon?" demanded Mrs. Bainbridge, as the meal was announced. The question was put to her son, she did not venture to address the bride again.

"Oh, I think so! You will come, my dearest, will you not?" "No thanks; I will have it in here. It is not worth while to leave the fire."

"Of course not, if you prefer to remain here," acquiesced Mrs. Bainbridge, readily, "and the servant shall bring it in to you, my dear."

"He can bring it, thank you," said Lady Ethel, with a careless nod in the direction of her husband, who immediately replied that of course he would, and giving his arm to his mother, led her to the dining-room.

"My dear, it is necessary you should take that trouble; could not James do it as well?" remonstrated Mrs. Bainbridge's few minutes later, as she watched her making a collection from all the faintest dishes on the table to carry on a tray to his wife.

"I would rather do it myself; Ethel likes me to wait upon her," was the rejoinder, as awkwardly lifting his unaccustomed burden he disappeared from the room.

Mrs. Bainbridge looked across the table at Miss Lloyd, and sighed. They would have preferred to see Colonel Bainbridge's wife running gaily about the house upon errands for her husband; it did not tally with their ideas of his dignity and worth to see him turned into a footstool and carrier.

"To her ladyship's room out of her room yet?" demanded Mr. Bainbridge, who had only entered the house at the summons of the luncheon bell. "No wonder! she looks so pale and delicate if she lies in bed till this hour every day."

"Oh yes, uncle, she has been down in the library for more than an hour," replied Maggie.

"Then why doesn't she come in to luncheon like other people?" Mrs. Bainbridge shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know, my dear. You should ask Thomas. I am afraid he had chosen but a weakly wife."

Meanwhile, Colonel Bainbridge, who, with the tray in front of him, made a show of opening and shutting the library door, and let a draught blow straight in upon Lady Ethel, as she took good care to let him know, had reached his wife's side and deposited his load in safety on the table.

"And now you must let me see you eat something, my dearest," he said anxiously, as he sat down beside her.

"If you are going to sit there and stare at me all the time, I am quite sure that I shall eat nothing," was the discouraging reply. "Pray go back to your luncheon; your people will think it strange to see you remaining here."

"I don't care what they think," he answered. "I don't know what they think, but I do know that I am sitting and looking at you, and you would not grudge me the indulgence. It is not much to ask, my darling, is it?" and he placed his hand under her chin, and turned up her face to his.

"Am I? But I have told you so often that I hate to be pulled about. Is it impossible to perform one's duties in the married state without it? I suppose people are differently constituted, but if you want to make me happy, you will leave me alone."

She sighed heavily and moved a few steps further from her. And then, after a slight pause, he said seriously: "You know (and God is my witness) that I do wish to make you happy; is it my own content desire, and I suppose I must try and be content not to see it fulfilled in my own way. So long as you love me, Ethel—love and trust in me, dearest—the rest matters little. And so I leave you now to take your luncheon in peace, and with a cheerful nod he returned to the company in the dining-room."

As soon as he was gone, Lady Ethel jumped up from her seat, and rushing to the window, gazed on the still, cold, wintry scene outside. It looked like her present life to her.

"I cannot bear it—no, I cannot bear it," was the passionate language of her heart; and her knitted brow and clenched hand attested to the strength of that language; "this horrid place—these horrid people—it is more than any woman can bear. But what can I do? where can I go, away from him? Oh, what a fool I have been. I wish that I was dead!"

And then there came a shower of hot tears, which she wiped away as quickly as possible, lest her discomfiture should become patent to "the people" in the other room; but the traces of which, being detected by the anxious eyes of her husband, drew down a loving rebuke upon her, which drove Lady Ethel to her own chamber for the best part of the afternoon.

LADY ETHEL IS TAKEN TO TASK. It may be remembered that Miss Lloyd, when speaking to Maggie Henderson of Colonel Bainbridge's noble qualities (in those days when she thought the girl would have been her cousin's choice in marriage), said that "Thomas" was as good and steady as a competent to be the guide of any young woman; and that they had no doubt but that he would render his wife happy.

And so far as Colonel Bainbridge's true character went, the trust was perfectly justifiable. Moral, from a sense of right as well as refinement; just, because his honor was founded on a rock; firm, because he possessed both sense to form an opinion and courage to maintain it, his was a mind on which a weak mind might lean for support, and never fear to find its prop give way beneath it. His muscular frame and splendid physique were but types of his strong will, as well known in the army as he was himself; and those who saw him intimately could never doubt but that he would be always master in his own house, and he was amongst his soldiers.

At the same time, no one assumed less power (the really powerful seldom do assume it) was more silent on the subject of management, or the difference between the intellects of men and women, than Colonel Bainbridge. On the contrary, a stranger might well have imagined that all his convictions lent the other way.

Good tempered and unselfish to a degree, and conscious of his superior strength, he was just the sort of man to permit the women whom he loved to go any length with him; as a huge Newfoundland or mastiff may often be seen quietly suffering the impotent attacks of a snappish little terrier, without thinking it worth his while to do more than smile at them.

"The woman whom he loved," I said, but I ought to have added, and whom he imagined loved him in return; for with all his great honest nature, overlooking with the capacity of devotion, Thomas Bainbridge was so proud to cast down his heart to be trampled on for ever, let the feet be never so small, and white, and delicate, that crushed life out.

He loved well and he loved blindly; but, for that very reason, it would be a more dangerous game to attempt to tear the bandage from his eyes than from those of other men, for he had not hands that could be easily persuaded to tie it on again. And, therefore, had Lady Ethel at that period had any true friend by her side, he would have warned her that in fencing with those two weapons, coldness and caprice, she was sounding the death knell of all future happiness—both for her husband and herself. But she was friendless, and he in no condition to be easily alarmed, for at this time his life, strange to say, appeared to him a paradise. He was too much in love even to perceive her coldness.

To reconcile this statement with the com-

men sense attributed to him (if any excess is needed for the "vegetable" of a lover), it must be remembered that Lady Ethel's acceptance of his offer had come on him as such a glad surprise, and so short a period had elapsed since that circumstance, that he had hardly yet realized to himself that they were really man and wife, and had certainly never thought of exerting any marital influence or authority over her. He was still her most willing slave and ardent admirer, who would have gladly served for her as Jacob did for Rachel, and who, on finding himself in sudden and unexpected possession of his coveted treasure, without having had the opportunity to make any love to her before marriage, was taking it out in the most reverential devotion afterwards.

Abund as most newly-married men make themselves, before custom and companionship have turned their angels into commonplace women, Colonel Bainbridge excelled them all; and his conduct was the more remarkable at Cranshaw's, where the whole female contingent had been used to wait on and make much of him.

But now the times were changed, and if he were not less grateful for the attentions of his aunt and mother, he took less notice of them, for his whole soul was wrapped up in the contemplation of his idol. He waited on her like a servant, watched her every look lest she should require something, stood lost in silent admiration of her person when she was not speaking, and hung upon her words when she descended to open her mouth. All that afternoon he had been going on like an enamored schoolboy, pursuing his father to the study, his mother into her own room, Aunt Letty to the garden, and poor helpless Maggie everywhere, in order that he might forcibly extract from them, over and over again, the assurance that his wife was the handsomest woman that had ever been seen, or that her figure was most graceful, and her taste in dress perfect.

But more than this the honest folks of Cranshaw could not be prevailed upon to say, for they rigidly respected truth, and not even to flatter the proud bridegroom (whom one and all dearly loved) would they praise Lady Ethel's manners, or disposition, or affection for himself. For short a time as she had been amongst them, unwilling as they were to believe any harm of her, they could not but be already painfully aware of the fact that whatever end Lady Ethel had had in marrying her husband, it had not been the end of loving him. And it galled them that it should be so, it outraged their feelings of affection and respect for the son of the house, the man to whom they looked up as their future head and ruler, who even now possessed the strongest mind as the strongest arm amongst them, and for whom they had imagined no woman could be really good enough. And the little conclave that discussed the behavior of the bride that afternoon was a very grave one. It was evident that disappointment reigned at Cranshaw's. But with the evening things looked brighter, for Lady Ethel reappeared at dinner, having shaken of much of her ill-humor, and if not sociable, had at least forgotten to be grim.

Perhaps she was tired of sulking (it is very fatiguing rôle when kept up for many hours together), or perhaps the genuine, unaffected compliments of her husband on her appearance had softened her heart (for however she may dislike more particular attentions, a woman's breast is seldom impervious to flattery); any way, she looked more animated, and gave longer answers than she had done the evening before, and Colonel Bainbridge, in consequence, was uplifted to the seventh heaven, and could scarcely take his eyes off her all dinner time.

This improved the state of affairs, whilst it inspired the others with content, but the strange effect of making Maggie's spirits sink down to zero. She had been employing herself actively all day, studiously avoiding any opportunity of confidance with Miss Lloyd, and hoping to go to bed as bravely as she rose; but now a deep depression unaccountably took hold of her. She sat at dinner almost in silence, and as soon as it was concluded, and the ladies had adjourned to the drawing-room, flew to her harmonium and took refuge in instrumental music.

But here, in a few minutes, she found that Lady Ethel had pursued her. She raised her eyes, and sickened at the sight of that perfect beauty, set off by lace and delicate muslin, and hung with the ornaments her husband had chosen for her, and Maggie turned her gaze away, almost with a shiver, and bent down closely over the pages of Beethoven.

But her cousin's bride was evidently displeased by her reaction. "How well you play! Have you had a music-master?" "Only the organist at Mindon, and a few lessons occasionally when I have been at Birmingham," replied Maggie, with a desperate effort to be agreeable. "Do you not sing or play, Lady Ethel?"

"No! I have learned, of course; but I let it off—I didn't care for it; I don't care for anything," with a sudden, deep-drawn sigh. "O Lady Ethel! how can you say so?" "It's the truth! This one gets so soon weary of everything in this world," and the same expression came over Lady Ethel's face that had so powerfully attracted the sympathy of Margaret Henderson the night before—an expression of having utterly finished with all the good that life had for her; and the generous impulse that had prompted her actions then rushed over the girl's heart again as she eagerly replied:

"But you have begun to be weary at the wrong end of life, dear Lady Ethel." "Yes? Do you find it such a delightful thing to live, then?" "Oh no!" and Maggie's face flushed crimson. "I suppose no one really does that—it was not intended; only there is always so much left to do, so many duties that involve the happiness of others, that I have thought of late—that is, I sometimes think"—with a stammering, blushing pause, on finding she had lit on such a subject, with such a listener.

"What do you think?" inquired Lady Ethel, struck by her manner. Maggie had ceased playing now, though she retained her seat at the harmonium.

"I think," she continued, in a low voice, lest she should be overheard by Mrs. Bainbridge and Miss Lloyd, "that it is best when we are not too happy in this world; that possessing all that our hearts desire must be so apt to make us cling to this life, and look on death as an evil instead of a blessing. Don't you find it so?" with a timid appeal in the direction of her companion.

Lady Ethel yawned. "Oh! for the matter of that, I don't think it much signifies whether we are dead or alive. Do play something lively; I don't like that organ thing half so well as the piano;" and walking away from the instrument, she turned over the books that lay on the drawing-room table, until the entrance of the gentlemen made the conversation general.

But as the evening progressed, Colonel Bainbridge became manifestly uneasy, and as ten o'clock struck he was almost nervous. Lady Ethel looked up from a book of photographs on which she was employed to watch the footman placing a row of chairs in regular order at the other end of the room, and demanded sharply:

"What is all that arrangement for?" "For prayers," said Maggie, softly, re-

membering the talk she had had with her cousin on the subject that morning. "We always have prayers at ten o'clock, but they won't take long."

"Lady Ethel laughed. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether they take an hour or ten, for I am going to bed. Good-night!" "Oh! do stay," said Maggie, earnestly, "it will be so very late."

"Ethel! my darling!" remonstrated her husband, in a low voice. But the pleading tones irritated her, and she rose from her seat at once.

"What nonsense! As if one could not do as one chose in such a matter. Colonel Bainbridge, be so good as to light me a candle, will you?"

The old-fashioned silver candlesticks stood in a row upon a table outside the door, and seeing that her wife was resolute, she fetched one, and placed it in her hand.

"Where are you going to?" demanded Mr. Bainbridge, as Lady Ethel advanced towards him with the lighted candle. "To my own room," she replied, haughtily. "She knew that the question denoted opposition, for the bedroom candlestick was evidence of her design."

"But we are just going to have prayers," he said, quietly. "I know that, thank you! but I have no desire to be present. Good-night!"

His sole reply was gently, but firmly, to take the candlestick from her hand, and blowing out the candle, to place it on the mantel-piece, whilst Lady Ethel was too much astonished to oppose him.

"What do you do that for?" she said, angrily, as soon as she had found her tongue. "My dear," replied the old man, "I don't think the rules of this house are very hard rules; but such as they are, I must have them complied with. Nothing but sickness can justify a person from not being present at family worship. I cannot compel you to serve God from your heart, but as long as you remain at Cranshaw, you must keep up the appearance of doing so. Here are the servants, you see! Now, go back to your husband like a good girl, and remain quiet until prayers are over. I shall not detain you a quarter of an hour at the outside."

Perhaps Lady Ethel had never been spoken to in such a manner in her life before. She had been opposed and fought against, but to be completely set down and ordered to do a thing, as though she had been a child, was a complete novelty to her. Amusement at the boldness of her father-in-law, and a gentleman's innate desire to avoid anything like an exposure before the lower orders, forced her back in silence to her seat, where she sat out the prayers that followed.

But it is doubtful if one word of them reached her ear, far less her heart. She was almost lost the while in rage and indignation, brooding angrily on the affront she had received, and wondering in what way she should resent it.

Her husband, who was disposed to be as lenient as she herself at his father's curt way of speaking, viewed her acquiescence in his wishes with the greatest surprise, wondering what had come to his high-spirited darling that she should be so meek. But he was not left in doubt. They had scarcely risen from their knees, and the train of servants had not yet filed out of the room, when Lady Ethel, casting a withering glance upon Mr. Bainbridge (which fell perfectly harmless, as the old gentleman was busy placing the markers on his book), and without a single parting salutation to the rest of the company, swept from the apartment. Her husband of course rushed after her, and then the domestics all disappeared, and the Cranshaw party was left to itself.

"Oh Mr. Bainbridge!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of vexation, as soon as they found themselves alone, "what can have induced you to insist upon Lady Ethel remaining to prayers this evening? I am sure that you have very much offended her, and our dear Thomas into the bargain. Such a pity, so soon, too—and upon their wedding visit. I do think our guests must be allowed to judge for themselves in these matters."

"Then you think very wrongly," was the determined reply. "I never interfere with the amusements of our guests; they may neglect me as much as they choose, but as long as they remain here they must respect their Maker outwardly, if not inwardly. And I believe, after all, that's the best way to make them respect me, too."

"But Lady Ethel has never been used to these things," pleaded Mrs. Bainbridge, "and she is so young, and—" "She is as old as Maggie, isn't she?" returned her husband, sternly. "Elizabeth, it is of no use your attempting to argue the matter with me. When I see a godless young man—especially the wife of my own son (more's the pity), it is my duty to remind her of hers upon the very first opportunity. How can I tell that I shall live till to-morrow to remind her of it, or she to hear me speak? And as for offending Thomas, that is quite a secondary consideration; he ought to be ashamed of himself for having lighted the candle for her. A man who does not know how to guide his wife aright has no business to be married at all."

Here the discussion ended, and though neither bride nor bridegroom reappeared that evening, it was not renewed amongst them.

Lady Ethel continued to attend family worship whenever she was down stairs; though she seemed to take delight in behaving as badly as she possibly could during its continuance; and the slightest reproach from the lips of her husband, or father-in-law, invariably made her mad, instead of better, and she never forgave the old man for the rebuke he had administered to her pride—nor, that is to say, until her forgiveness, as far as this world is concerned, was, to all intents and purposes, valueless.

CHAPTER XXIII. A NOBLE RESOLUTION. It was two days after this event that Aunt Letty, going unexpectedly into Maggie Henderson's bedroom, was surprised to find her in a deluge of tears.

Surprised, because during those days, whilst Lady Ethel had been barely polite to Mrs. Bainbridge and herself, and pertinaciously disrespectful to her father-in-law (a circumstance which the old man felt more than he cared to acknowledge), she had been even cordial in her manner towards Maggie, much more so than she was to her husband; and Miss Lloyd had begun to hope that a friendship between the two girls might help to eradicate all feelings of jealousy from the mind of her niece.

But she was crying now, as though her heart would break, as though her were the weakest nature possible, and she had never made that heroic resolution to take up her cross and bear it manfully.

"Maggie, my dear, is it anything new?" demanded Miss Lloyd, half fearfully, as her footsteps were arrested by the sight of the girl's grief.

"Oh no! Aunt Letty. Why did you come here to catch me just now? I bear it so badly—so very badly—I am quite ashamed of myself!"

"Badly, my darling! and when I have been thinking you so brave!" "That is because you don't know how

wicked I am—what evil thoughts I have," said Maggie, mournfully, as she lifted her swollen eyes to her aunt's face. "Dear—am sure you will despise me for saying so—but I wish sometimes that I could hate her."

"O Maggie! that really truly? You seem to get on so nicely with Lady Ethel, better than any one else in the house."

"Yes, I know; and I do like her, or rather I should like her if she were anybody else; that makes it worse, because I feel as mean. But, aunt, I didn't know—I couldn't realize what it would be to see them together, and all day long, and I shut out from every thing—seems so hard!" and there the girl broke down again, and the small table on which she leaned shook with the violence of her emotion.

Miss Lloyd was a good comforter; she knew when to speak and when to hold her tongue; and on the present occasion she sat down in silence by her niece's side, and waited patiently until she should resume the conversation.

"I don't know what you can think of me," said Maggie, presently, making an effort to keep down her choking sobs, "after all I said about this, and the fine resolution that I made; but to act so though I were indifferent to what is going on around us, is more difficult than I thought it would be."

"You were quite right to make the resolutions, my child," replied Aunt Letty, quietly; "but I should have been very much surprised if you had kept them without a single drawback; in fact, I should have been disposed, in that case, to doubt whether you had not deceived yourself in fancying you entertained any affection for your cousin. There has been a great strain on your mind during the past few days, and this is the inevitable reaction. You will go on all the more bravely for a little relief."

"Oh! what comfort it is to tell you anything, Aunt Letty," said Maggie, with a grateful smile struggling through her tears. "You always seem to put matters straight again. But I have not told you half my wickedness yet. If I truly disliked her, or was jealous and envious of her, however wrong, you know it would still be natural, but it is much worse than that. I actually feel annoyed with myself because I can't dislike her, and because, in spite of all her rudeness to uncle and aunt and cousin Thomas, and her careless way of speaking of everything serious, I feel my heart drawn towards her in an inexplicable manner; just as though it were possible that we ever could be friends."

"And why is it impossible, my dear?" "Oh! I don't know—but it can never be, Aunt Letty—it is against nature."

"Granted, Maggie! but I thought that you and I had pledged ourselves to fight against nature. It will be difficult, and sometimes very trying—too trying to endure if you depend upon your own strength—but it is not impossible."

"She does not need me," murmured Maggie. "She has him—she has everything!"

"I cannot echo your words, my dear, for I think that poor Lady Ethel may have great need of you, and that her coming here, and taking a capricious fancy for you alone out of all her new relations, may just be one of those mysterious and remarkable means by which He furthers His designs. One cannot help seeing what is—careless, irreligious, and wedded to the things of this world—without that love for her husband which might prove her safeguard whilst passing through it. May not God have thrown you two together (who are so well suited by sex and age to become friends) in order that you may exert a wholesome influence on each other; she by fortifying your strength under trial, and you by showing her that under no circumstances can a Christian's life be an unhappy one?"

"O aunt! you expect more of me than I am able to perform."

"Not so, Maggie, for I expect you to do nothing by yourself."

"But, Aunt Letty, I know that He is always ready to hear and answer prayer; but these petty feelings, these wretched petty jealousies, and mean heart-burnings at another's gain—they do appear to me utterly opposed to everything we have heard of Him; so foreign to His purity and sanctity of life, that I feel sometimes as though it must be a de-creation of His Holiness, even to name them to Him! It is impossible that He can sympathize in the grosser passions of this earth."

"Maggie, my dear, think what you are saying. You are actually contradicting the Bible, which teaches us that we cannot have one feeling which He has not felt before us."

"But, Aunt Letty, you don't mean to say that you suppose—"

"And Maggie's reverence was too great to allow her to complete the sentence."

"I suppose nothing, dear; but I believe what I have read. Although the details given us of our Lord's life are few, I know that He was perfect Man, as well as perfect God, and tempted in every point, like as we are, though without sin. And are not these trials of the affections, Maggie, amongst the commonest temptations that fall to men? There is not a man in the world, I think, but the greatest saint that ever lived, that has not had, in some shape or other, to struggle against the impulses of his heart, and often to fight long and hard; to die, sword in hand, before he could overcome the enemy. And is it probable that He, who bore all our sins and griefs in His own person, should have escaped or overlooked what is to His creatures, or perhaps, their deepest source of trouble?"

"I never thought of that," said Maggie, softly; "but 'tis very sweet to believe that He has felt it, and can make allowances. Aunt Letty, you have made the burden lighter. He has lifted up the other end again. I can go on now."

"My child, I know you will, and bravely. And what about poor Lady Ethel, Maggie?" "Why should you call her 'poor'?" She appears so rich to me."

"Because, just now, you are not capable of judging. To me she seems the poorest creature I have met for many a day. She has just—nothing."

"I am sure that she has all his heart," said Aunt Letty, as she looked at the girl. "And values it as much as you would that of her maid. Maggie, I must repeat it, with all her wealth and beauty and nobility of birth, and the affection of her husband, Lady Ethel is a pauper."

"If so, she is a willing one; for she has but to put out her hand and grasp it all."

"That does not follow, because love is not compulsory. How should you find it, Maggie, were you to give yourself in marriage this very day to one of the young Appletons, or any man to whom you were equally indifferent?"

"But, aunt, you know that I couldn't; under present circumstances, it would be impossible to me."