

I was puzzled how to answer her. I recognized the right that every soul has to resent intrusion—yet her friendlessness made me inclined to persist in seeking what I knew she gave to no one else—her confidence. "I ask you nothing," I said at length; "I will say nothing, if you desire it—but this one word, be patient. Our prayers and hopes are granted, sometimes, long after we have ceased to hope and pray. You feel that life is blank because God has said 'no' to you, just now. It may not always be 'no.'"

She shook her head.

"I know the thing I wanted can never come now. If I had waited—perhaps."

Her aunt entered just then, and I had no more words with Gladys.

A few days after I was startled by a visit from Mr. Brookes. He told me, in his usual nervous, hesitating way, that Gladys had seemed so much worse the last day or two, that they sent for a doctor, and that his wife feared that Gladys was going "her mother's way."

I went back with him, and after some little delay, was shown into Gladys' tiny room.

A small iron bedstead, a homely chest of drawers and dressing table, no pictures, no books, but perfect cleanliness and neatness. And on the bed lay Gladys—sadly, strangely changed—her fair abundant hair lying across the pillow in one long braid, her wasted hands on the counterpane before her.

They left me alone with her. I stayed a long time. I never can forget, I think, one moment or one word—but I may never speak of that night—of that long wrestle with her soul, which clung so painfully still to one human love, and turned still from the "heaven that held it all." At last I dared stay no longer, and I left.

Mr. Brookes had gone to bed, but his wife, who was to sit up that night, and rest the next day, came forward to accompany me to the door. I looked to see some grief on her face, but there was none. It was not without a kind of placid satisfaction that she insisted on Gladys being "her mother over again." And when the landlady joined us in the passage, it seemed to me that Mrs. Brookes even spoke of her duties as nurse with a sort of cheerful importance. I have observed this before in times of sickness among the poor.

I pondered on it as I walked home. Partly it arose, I thought, from the fact that life is too hard for death to seem entirely an evil to the poor; too colourless for any excitement to be unwelcome. Then, too, the firmer faith which results from a simple life, helps to rob death of its worst terror. Those who toil for their daily bread do not often pause to ask themselves the questions with which idlers beguile their listless hours.

In the present instance there were other reasons for the absence of any bitter sorrow on Mrs. Brookes' part. Between Gladys and her relatives there stretched a gulf both wide and deep. Disparity of years—diversity of interests—apathy on the one side and reserve on the other—prevented any real communion between them.

I called every day, of course, and spent many hours with the child I had always loved. And at last I had the joy of seeing her thoughts and affections lift themselves away from earth and earthly longings—(or, rather, shall I not say, that they were lifted?) Gradually the Love offered her from above became a thing to be desired. Gradually the "peace that passeth understanding" sent light from her heart to her face.

I noticed this one Friday evening when I called—I saw how the anguish had passed from her eyes—how placid now were brow and lips.

I had administered the Holy Communion that morning. It was a time of great sickness in that district, and I had other invalids to visit. It was nearly ten before I passed No. 9 on my homeward way. I met the doctor coming out.

"How is she?" I asked.

"Sinking fast," was his reply. No constitution whatever—any shock at any time would have pulled her down. She cannot last many days, if she does hours."

I went in, and found her lying back among her pillows—a solemn peace upon her wasted face that I always love to remember. I knelt down beside her bed, and said the collects she had grown to love—and one or two hymns she asked for;—

"Thy touch has still its ancient power:
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all."

For more than three weeks Margaret Grahame's name had not been mentioned by either of us. In the earlier stages of her illness, her aunt had once remarked in her hearing that it was a pity Miss Grahame was out of town—her words had thrown Gladys into such a state of agony that I had been careful never after to allude to Margaret. And now I rejoiced to know that her thoughts were fixed on that wonderful Love which never fails to satisfy—that she looked forward with calm hope to the life beyond.

I turned at the door to look at her—her hair was loose from its braids and lying round her face. Her eyes were lighted by a faint smile that hardly parted her lips. Her little room looked very pretty—its bare simplicity relieved by a bowl of flowers, and two or three engravings—gifts from members of the congregation who had known Gladys by sight, and were sorry to hear of her illness.

Mrs. Brookes, the nurse, and the landlady were in the parlour, discussing the arrangements for the night. The landlady accompanied me to the door. The little maid was admitting a lady—in whom, to my astonishment, I recognized Margaret Grahame.

At my request, the landlady showed us into her own sitting room on the ground floor. I placed a chair for Miss Grahame, but she only put her hand on the back of it, and turned anxiously to me.

"I only came back the day before yesterday—I did not hear of her illness until to-night," she said, hurriedly. "Let me see her."

"That is impossible, Miss Grahame," I replied. "Is it true that she is dying?" said Margaret, in an awed tone.

"Quite true; we do not hope that she will live very many hours," I answered.

"Then let me see her," she pleaded, anxiously. "If I had only known—poor little Gladys."

I shook my head, and spoke firmly. The memory of the still peace on Gladys' face came vividly back to me. Not even for Margaret Grahame's ease of mind should that stillness be broken—that peace disturbed.

To be Continued.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Height of Waves.

That ocean waves run "mountain high" no one ever believed unless he was very credulous indeed. The phrase is a highly exaggerated figure of speech. But the observations of keepers of lighthouses in exposed situations have proved that waves run high enough, in great storms, to make very respectable hills. Some time ago the steamer which carries supplies to the lighthouse on Tillamook Rock, on the coast of Oregon, was able to make a landing and establish communication with the light-keepers for the first time in six weeks. It brought away the chief light-keeper, who had a thrilling story to tell.

The waves of the Pacific tore away the wharves and other constructions on the rock, even carrying off timbers which had been riveted to the rock. As yet, however, the lantern had remained untouched.

But the storm increased; the waves rose in height, and presently dashed against the lantern, which is one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Finally the water washed clear over

the top of the lighthouse, coming in at the ventilators overhead.

The keepers were compelled to work desperately all night long to keep the lamp lighted. They were continually in fear that the light of glass looking seaward would be broken in by the force of the waves, and that they should themselves be washed out into the sea to certain death. But the iron lattice-work outside the windows saved the glass panes from destruction.

The light-keepers, who were old sailors, affirmed that no experience on shipboard could be so horrible as this long struggle with the storm at the summit of the lighthouse. They would have been glad to take refuge even in a frail ship.

The Tillamook Light has on previous occasions been washed completely over by waves. The same thing has happened to the Eddystone Light, off the coast of England, and to the light at Fleaux de Brechet, off the coast of France, both of which are upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in height.

It seems well established, therefore, that waves may mount to a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the general level, where there are rocks or other obstructions to cause them to break. On the open ocean they would hardly rise so high above the general level; but as each wave is accompanied by a depression of corresponding depth, the vessel which is carried from the trough of the sea to the summit of the wave may truly be said to climb a great hill of water.

A Programme.

Begin each day with King Alfred's prayer—Thy Will be Done; resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of the day shall displease you. Then get to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret if it fail. Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you; that the good of it may never be known, but that at least, unless by rebellion or foolishness, there can come no evil into it; nor wrong chance to it. Resolve with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country and its honor, and the honor of its God; and that you will not join hands in its iniquity nor turn aside from its misery; and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction and to your own conscience's expressed approval of God. Live thus and believe, and with swiftness of answer proportioned to the frankness of the trust, most surely the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing.—John Ruskin.

To New Comers.

Do not wait for the formal calls of rector or parishioners. Consider yourself at home in the church from the hour of your entrance into the city. Take the announcements from the chancel of services and meetings as personal invitations, and begin at once to ally yourself with the parish as you do with the city and its industries. There are agencies enough in our parish to enlist the energies of everyone who comes among us. If you see what you deem an evil among us or any imperfection in our working, do what you can to right it. If you do not get the sympathy you expect or if you desire more attention, do not stand aloof critical and discontented, but turn around at once and give to others what you feel the need of yourself. There will not be many days before a later arrival will be craving just the same Christian fellowship which might have comforted you.

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