

Love's Mastery : Or the Gower Family.

"Yes, I will try," Stella answered. She felt that Lora had been very considerate in furthering her wishes of late, and that all in her power should cheerfully be done to please her sister in return.

"Stella cannot fail if she tries," Lady Trevannion said, looking very complacently upon the child, as she turned to leave the room.

"Viscount Torrington will be here with Lord and Lady Seaforth, and I daresay will wish you to dance with him; so you had better hold yourself engaged for the first quadrille."

"But I must beg that she does not dance too much," said Lady Trevannion, turning again. "We must remember Dr. Argyle's directions."

"There is no fear of that," said Lora, laughing; "but auntie, Somerset will be getting fidgety: we must go."

Five minutes afterwards Captain Flamank entered the little study, and saw what appeared a second edition of his beautiful betrothed standing alone in the gas-light. Her dress seemed one shimmer of silvery snowy white, ornamented with white water lilies, while glittering drops, which might have been the liquid dew itself, shone and sparkled and dropped from the one fair water-flower which adorned her waving hair. Her face was a little flushed, but so pure and lovely, and with the impress of such peace upon it, that it made Captain Flamank smile as he looked. He came towards her, and taking from his pocket a little jewel-case, said,

"See, Stella, I have brought you my Christmas-gift. I was so sorry I could not get it done before, in time for the rest; but you will like it just as well now, I daresay."

He drew out a plain gold bracelet with a locket attached, the opening of which disclosed a tiny miniature of Tracy, exquisite both as a work of art and as a likeness. Stella's colour rose; and a beautiful smile came to her face.

"O I never had anything so rare, so beautiful, so like before!" she exclaimed, pressing it to her lips. "O, Captain Flamank, you are good, too good."

He clasped it on her arm, and kissed the upturned thankful face. It did him good to see her thoroughly delighted. All at once a recollection came to Stella's mind. Captain Flamank called it his Christmas-gift; she had already received one from him; at least so she imagined.

"But the book, Captain Flamank, the beautiful book you gave me: that was your Christmas-gift?" she asked.

"I gave you no book. What do you mean?" he replied rather bewildered.

"My beautiful Herbert's Poems. Yes, surely, Captain Flamank, it was you who gave that to me: no one else would have thought."

Captain Flamank could not help laughing now at her eagerness. "It is indeed quite a mistake, Stella. You must thank some one else for Herbert's Poems."

"O whom? Do, do tell me. I want so much to know. Dear Captain Flamank, do tell me."

"I saw Harry Luxmoor unpacking a very handsome book with wooden covers, I don't know how thick, on the morning of Christmas-eve," he answered, more amused than ever at Stella's impetuosity and at the look of utter amazement and incredulous surprise which succeeded his reply. "But, my dear Stella, we must be going: the world down-stairs will wonder what has become of us."

"I must look at my darling just once more," she pleaded, holding out her arm, and endeavouring to hide away the very curious revulsion of feeling which Captain Flamank's words had caused her. And with the lustre of Tracy's sweet eyes reflected in her own, and with the thought of him upon her heart, she put her little hand on the glittering sleeve extended to her; and the next minute they were in the dazzling ball-room.

Straight up through the long suite of apartments, now all thrown into one, and gradually filling with the elite of the neighbouring county, Captain Flamank led his young charge, whose grace and beauty and likeness to her elder sister caused many a recognition and murmur of admiration.

Passing slowly on, a sudden pressure of his arm and low request from Stella stopped her companion for a moment.

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"See, Captain Flamank, there is Miss Fridell, standing by that gentleman in uniform. Do you mind stopping one moment and speaking?"

"By all means, Stella; only you must introduce me: I have had no formal introduction as yet."

The welcome to her friend was so sweet and childlike, and Stella looked so excessively lovely, that Miss Fridell already felt repaid for the effort she had made in being present; and it was with real pride that she introduced her to Colonel and Mrs. Bligh, to whom she had before commented on the extraordinary perfections and attractiveness of her young friend.

Amid all the glitter and excitement and many obligations of the evening, Stella saw well to it that Miss Fridell should not feel herself in any way slighted or overlooked; and in this her future brother-in-law most kindly seconded her. He himself introduced Miss Fridell to Lora, conducted her to the supper which was served in one of the long conservatories, cleared for the purpose, providing at the same time that Stella should be near her; and, when the good German lady, very shortly after midnight, took her departure, he walked with her across the crowded room, and thanked her in that winning, courteous voice of his which carried such a nameless charm with it, for all the kindness she and Miss Lyon had shown to Stella, regretting, on behalf of Miss Gower, that the latter had not been persuaded to accompany her on this evening.

It was not for two or three hours after that Stella received the welcome intimation to retire.

She was very tired. The evening, thanks to Miss Fridell and Captain Flamank, had not proved quite so wearisome as she had anticipated; and she had not the unsuccessful flirtations, disappointed schemes and petty jealousies of the Misses Raye and some other young ladies of like tendencies to weary and disturb her spirit.

But she was not strong physically, and, after a restless night, or rather morning, awoke with a violent head-ache, and, by Lady Trevannion's directions, was kept a prisoner to her room the greater part of the succeeding day.

(To be Continued.)

Indigestion is stubborn, but K.D.C. overcomes it.

The Great Beatitude.

BY WILL IRVING FINCH.

For him who walks 'mid forest trees, In solitary ways, Or stands alone by restless seas And calls on other days; Who seeks to find far from the throng Of God's unheeding multitude, Release from memories of wrong, Or sorrow's balm, in solitude, Who seeks in this and this alone Relief from fires that burn within, For peace, that comes when souls atone In agony for crimson sin, For him surcease shall never be, Until a heavenly light be born Within, that he may clearly see Why Bless'd Be They that Mourn!

How the Gospel Spreads Itself.

The Swatow Church News tells a bright story of the "casual" manner in which the Gospel finds its way from point to point in China. A Chinaman went on business to Shanghai from his native place in south China. In Shanghai he bought a copy of St. Luke's Gospel. On his way home he looked into it, liked it, and read it again. When he reached home his neighbours wished to hear news from Shanghai. So he told them all he had met with, and all he had seen, and finally he mentioned the book he had bought, and read a little of it to them. The next evening there were a number again wishing to hear his news, and he read a few more verses. This occurred several times, till there were a good many interested, and wishing to read the book for themselves. No other copies could be procured there, so they took the one volume which they had, and taking it to pieces leaf by leaf, made a good many copies of it, and gave

each man a copy, and then every evening they met and read it. Afterwards a preacher came to the town, and preached the doctrine of the Lord Jesus in the streets and lanes, when to his surprise his hearers said to him: "What you are preaching we already know; we have long worshipped Jesus, and have ceased to worship the idols which we once worshipped."

Faith.

A Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, replied, "I am not sure that I can swim; but if I sink I shall only drop into the hollow of my Father's hand, for He holds all these waters there."

A little Sunday school girl gave as her definition of faith, "It is doing as God tells you and asking no questions."

Do not be Critical.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. I do not mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle. If you don't like anyone else's nose, or object to anyone's manners, don't put your feeling into words. If anyone's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them for the better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, and the dress of the other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. Always tugging and working at the chain that galls only makes it dig deeper.

—From some researches communicated to the Royal Society, it appears that healthy beings go regularly through a daily cycle of variable warmth. The maximum heat is reached at 9 a.m., when, in persons under 25, the temperature of the flesh stands at 99 degs. Fahr., and this is maintained till 6 p.m., when it slowly and steadily falls till an hour before midnight. The amount of decrease by this time is something over two degrees. At about 8 a.m. the upward turn is taken, and the heat increases till 9 o'clock. It is curious that this extent of change only occurs to the young bodies; old folks preserve a nearly equal degree of warmth all the 24 hours through. Other notable facts are that feeding has nothing to do with the variations, and that hot and cold baths do not appear to interfere with the regularity of the successive changes.

—Whatever we know of truth, of life, of hopes that never fade, of aims that are high, Jesus Christ has shown us. All we ever will know that is worth knowing, Jesus Christ has revealed to us. He alone truly opens men's eyes. Satan professes to do it. He promises all sorts of knowledge. He pledges you his word that he will satisfy your every longing. He offers you all sorts of pleasure. He claims to be the fountain of wisdom, of riches, of joy and a happy life. And how many seek what he offers—until their eyes are opened and they see their mistake. He closes your eyes while you pursue the prize, and at last, when vexation, and sorrow, and sin, and misery punish, he will utterly fail you.

—It is surprising how soon a new action may be set up in a man's life. People do not believe enough in the powers which God has given them. There is no more radically untrue mood than that which leads a man to say of such and such a proposal: "It is very true, fine, and beautiful, but it is no use trying." Why limit the power of trial? You never know till you try. A custom in which we may fancy that we have become confirmed, and from which we think it is hopeless to effect a departure, may be given up with surprising success if we have faith really to make the attempt. A large proportion of difficulties and some impossibilities are imaginary.

—The devil is not much alarmed about the preaching in any church where he can run the music.

K.D.C. Pills act in conjunction with K.D.C.