UNCLE MAX.

a voice broken with sobs.
"On, Miss Garston, I have been longing

for you to come to me; you have been here for hours. I have been lying listening to your footsteps overhead. Do you know, the suspense is killing me ?"

Yes, I am so sorry for you, Phabe: it is hard to bear, is it not? But I could not have your sister. We are doing all we can to ease her sufferings, but she is very, very ill." Do you think that I do not know that? She'is dying! my only sister is dying!"

And here her tears burst out again. "Ah, Miss Garaton, those dreadful words are coming true, after all."

"What words, my poor Phobe?" And I knelt down by her side and smoothed the hair from her damp forchead.

"On, you know what I mean. I have repeated them before; they haunt me day and night, and you refused to take them back. If we will not lie still under His hand, and learn the lesson He would teach us, fresh trials may be sent to humble us,'-fresh trials; and, oh, my God, Susan is dying !"

"You must not say that to her nurse, Phæbe; you must try and strengthen my bands: indeed, all hope is not lost: the inflammation is very high, but who knows if your prayers may not save her?"

"My prayers! pov prayers!" covering her face while the tears trickled through her wasted fingers; "as though God would listen to me who have been a rebel all my life." "Ab, but you are not rebellious now : you

have fought against him all these years, but now all his waves and billows have gone over your head, and you cannot breast them

"No, and I have deserved it all. I do try to pray, Miss Garston, I do, indeed, but the words will not come. I can only say over and over again, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,' and then I stop and my heart seems breaking."
"Well, and what can be better than that

ery of your poor despairing heart to your Father ! Do you think that he will not have pity on his suffering child? Be generous in your penitence, Phoebe, and trust yourself and Suran in his hands."

"Ah, but you do not knew all," she continued, fixing her miserable eyes on mo. "I have not been good to Susan: I have let her sacritice her life for me, and have taken it all as a matter of course. I made her bear all my bad tempers and never gave her a good word. She was too tired, -ah, she was often tired, -and then she took this chill, and I made her wait on me all the same. She told me she was ill and in great pain, and I kept her standing for a long time; and I would not bid her good night when she went away; and I heard her sigh as she closed the door, and I called her back and she did not hear me; and now-" But here hysterical sobs checked her utterance.

Yes, but you are sorry now, and Susan has forgiven you. I think she wanted to send you a message, but she is in too great pain to speak. I heard her say, 'Poor Phebe,' but I begged her not to make the effort; you see she is thinking of you still."

"My poor Susan! But she must not miss you; I am wicked and selfish to keep you like this. Go to her, Miss Garston !" And I was thankful to be dismissed.

My heart was full when I re-ontered the sick-room. Mr. Hamilton looked rather "Your thoughts must be here," he said. meaningly. "Forgive me, if I give you that

hint: do not forget Providence is watching over that other room. One duty at a time, Miss Garston." And, though I colored at this wholesome rebuke, I knew he was cor-"Yes, he is right," I thought, as I stood

listening to poor Susan's oppressed and difficult breathing : "the Divine Teacher is beside his child. It is not for us to question this discipline or plead for an easier lesson. But none the less did the fervent petition rise from my heart that the angel of death might not be suffered to enter this house. The night wore on, but, alas! there was no

improvement. When Mr. Hamilton came through the snow the next morning he looked grave and dissatisfied, and then he asked me if I wanted any heip; but I shook my head. "Mrs. Martin is in the house : she will look after Pheebs and Kitty."

When he had gone, I wrote a little note and gave it to Kitty:

"I cannot leave Susan for a minute, she is so very ill. Mr. Hamilton can see no improvement. He is coming again at mid-day. She suffers very much; but we will not give up hope, you and I;" and I bade Kitty carry it to her aunt.

When Mr. Hamilton returned, he brought a little covered basket with him, and bade me rather peremptorily take my luncheon

while he watched beside the patient. This act of thoughtfulness touched me. I wondered who had packed the basket: there was the wing of a chicken, some delicate slices of tongue, a roll, and some jelly. A

little note lay at the bottom : "Gilrs has asked me to provide a tempting Inncheon: he says you have had a sad night with poor Miss Locke, and are looking very

tired. Poor Ursula? you are spending all your strength on other people. "In another half-hour I shall leave Gladwyn. I think I am glad to go, things are so miscrable here, and one loses patience sometimes I wish I could know poor Susun Locke's fate before I go; but Giles seems to have little hope. Take care of yourself for

my sake, Ursula. I have grown to love you w.ry dearly.
"Your affectionate friend,

Mr. Hamilton came again early in the evening, and I took the opportunity of paying Probe another visit.

She was lying with her eyes closed, and looked very ill and exhausted, -alarmingly so, I thought: her emotion had nearly spent, itself, and she was now rassive and waiting. for the worst.

"Let me know whhn it happens," she whispered. "I have no hope now, but I will try and bear it." And she drew my hands to her lips and kissed them: "they have touched Susan, they are doing my work they are blessed hands to me." And then

she seemed unable to bear more. When Mr. Hamilton paid his final visit he announced his intention of remaining in the "There will be a change one way or another before long, and I shall not leave you by yourself to-night," he srid, quietly; and in my heart I was not sorry to hear this. ; He told me that there was a good fire down stairs, and that he meant to take possession of a very comfortable arm-chair, but that he wanted to

remain in the sick-room for half an hour or so. ready detected some change. Presently he like a baby! I have been in and out half a how long they were to stay at Hastings, and looked as happy as possible. I did not see and bade her look at Phuebe without troubling

even then opening the door the lions were waiting for their prey. The face was boyish, but still Mr. Hamilton reminded me of him. And there was a picture of St. Augustine at ting with his mother Monica, that reminded ting with his mother Monica, that reminded theery as possible, and told us that sheefelt like a lady in that big bed down-stairs. Mr. plain, and Jill thought him positively ugly, but, after all, there was something noble in

his expression, a power that made itself-felt, softened; he half smiled, looked up, and our eyes met. I was terribly abashed at the thought that he should find me watching him; but, to my surprise, his face brightened, and he roused himself and crossed the room. "I was dreaming, I think, but you woke me. Are you very tired? Shall I take your

place?" But before I could reply his manner changed, and he stooped over the bed, and then looked at me with a smile. "I thought so The breathing is certainly less difficult: the inflammation is diminish-

ing. I see signs of improvement."
"Thank God!" was my answer to this, and before long this hope was veried: the pain and difficulty of breathing were certainly less intense, the danger was subsiding.

Mr. hamilton went down-stairs soon after this, and I settled to my solitary night watch, but it was no longer dreary: every hour I felt more assured that Sugan Licke would be restored to her sister.

Once or twice during the night I crept into Phobe's room to gladden her heart with the glad news, but she was sleeping heavily and I would not disturb her. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," I said to myself, as I sat down by Susan's bedside. I was very weary, but a strange tumult of thoughts seemed surging through my brain, and I was unable to control them. Gladye's pale face and tear-filled eyes rose perpetually before me: her low, passionate tones vibrated in my ear. "They have accused him falsely," I seemed to hear her say: "Eric never took that check."

What a mystery in that quiet household No wonder there was something unrestful in the atmosphere of Gladwyn, -that one felt] oppressed and ill at ease in that house.

Fragments of my conversation with Mr. Hamilton came unbidden to my memory. How strange that that proud, reserved man should have spoken so to me, that he had suffered his heart's bitterness to overflow in words to me, who was almost a stranger: "They lay the blame of that poor boy's death at my door, as though I would not give my right hand to have him back again." if Gladys had only heard the tone in which he said this, she must have believed and have been sorry for him.

"They are too hard upon him," I said to syself. "If he has been stern and injudimyself. cious with his poor young brother, he has long ago repented of his hardness. He is very good to them all, but they will not try to understand him: it is not right of Gladys to treat him as a stranger. I am sorry for them all, but I begin to feel that Mr. Hamilton is not the only one to blame."

I wished I could have told him this, but I spoken. I might be sorry for him in my point. heart, but I could never tell him so, never assure him of my true sympathy. I was far Mr. Tudor. He has been such fun lately. I too much in awe of him: there are some men really do think he is quite the nicest young

one would never venture to pity.

But all the same I longed to do him some secres service; he had been kind to me, and had helped me much in my work. If I could but Jill was not deceived by this smooth only succeed in bringing him and Gladys speech. nearer tegether, if I could make them understand each other, I felt I would have spared no pains or trouble to do so.

It he were not so infatuated on the subject of his cousin's merits, I thought, scornfully, I should be no more sanguine about my success; but Miss Darrell had hoodwinked him completely. As long as he believed in all she chose to tell him, Gladys would never be in her proper place.

As soon as it was light I heard Mr. Hamilton stirring in the room below. He came up for a moment to tell me that he was going home to breakfast; he looked quite fresh and brisk, and declared that he had a capital night's sleep.

"I am going to find some one to take your place while you go home and have a good seven hours' rest," he said, in his decided way. "I suprose you are aware that you have not slept for forty-eight hours? Kitty is going to make you some ten." And with this he took himself off.

I went into Phobe's room presently. Kitty told me that she was awake at last. As soon as she saw me she put up her hands as though to ward off my approach. "Wait a moment," she said, huskily.

"You need not tell me: I know what you have come to say: I have no longer a sister: Susan is a saint in heaven. For a moment 1 hesitated, afraid to speak.

She had nerved herself to bear the worst, and I feared the revulsion of feeling would be too great. As I stood there silently looking down at her drawn, haggard face, I felt she would not have had strength to bear a treah trial. If Sugar had died Pheebe would not have long survived her.

"You are wrong," I said, very gently. "I have no bad news for you this morning. The inflammation has diminished. Susan breathes more easily: each breath is no

longer acute agony."
"Do you mean that she is better?" staring at me incredulously. " Most certainly she is better. The danger

is over; but we must be very careful, for she will be ill for some time yet. Yes, indeed, Phobe, you may believe me. Do you think I would deceive you? God has heard your prayers, and Susan is spared to you." I never saw a human countenance so trans-

formed as Phœbe's was that moment; every feature seemed to quiver with ecstasy; she could not speak, only she folded her hands as though in prayer. Presently she looked up. and said, as simply as a child,-

"Oh, I am so happy | I never thought I should be happy again. You may leave me now, Miss Garaton, for I want to thank Go for the first time in my lif . I feel as though I must love him now for giving Susan back to me." And then again she begged me to leave

Mr. Hamilton did not forget me. I had just put the sick-room in order when a repect the young woman made her appearance. She taid in that her name was Carron, that she was a married woman and friend of Miss Locke's, and sheawould willingly take my place until evening.

I was thankful to accept this timely offer of help, and went home and enjoyed a deep dreamless sleep for some hours. When I armed. She went off with him to the book. woke it was evening. Jill was standing by my bedside with a tray in her hands. The room was bright with fire-light. Jill's big eyes looked at me affectionately.

walked away to the fireplace and stood look. dozen times; but no, you never stirred. ing down into the flames in rather an absent told. Mr. Hamilton so, when he inquired an way.

I could not help looking at him once or and when you are quite awake I will give you.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"I will stay altogether if you wish it;" he said, kindly, "if you feel the least uneasiness at being alone." But Indisclaimed all said his forehead slightly quokered.

"I will stay altogether if you wish it;" he said, kindly, "if you feel the least uneasiness at being alone." But Indisclaimed all said his forehead slightly quokered.

"More than once if Mr. Hamilton to a family begged him to remain with the patient a few minuted resemblance of Mr. Hamilton to a family and meaning the said he agreed to this property of the subject. It was the picture of and when you are quite awake I will give you twice, he seemed so absorbed in thought; his message."

"I will stay altogether if you wish it;" he dark face looked rigid, his lips firmly closed, with am quite awake I will give you twice, he seemed so absorbed in thought; his message."

"I will stay altogether if you wish it;" he dark face looked rigid, his lips firmly closed, this message."

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"I am quite awake I will give you twice, he seemed so absorbed in thought; his message."

"I am quite awake now," I returned, rubdark face looked rigid, his lips firmly closed, this message."

"Well then, let me see. Oh, Miss Locke a family over with his message."

"Well then, let me see. Oh, Miss Locke a family over with her until eight oclock. Pheebe has been to see the subject. It was the picture of family and they sent for him; but it was only its going on well, and Mrs. Carron will stop with the sent of the me see. Oh, Miss Locke and his forehead slightly quokered.

"Well then, let me see. Oh, Miss Locke and his forehead slightly quokered."

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" very nicely. Lady Betty and I went to see her to day, and she was as comfortable and

do you good."

"And what have you been doing with yourself all day, Jill?" I asked, rather

anxiously.
"Oh, lots of things," tossing back her thick locks. "Let me see. Lady Betty came to fetch me for a walk, and we met Mr. Tudor. He is all alone, poor man, and very dull without Mr. Cunliffe; he told us so : so Lady Betty brought him back to lunch. And Miss Darrell was so cross, and told poor Lady Betty that she was very forward to do such a thing; they had such a quarrel in the drawing-room about it. Mr. Tudor came in and found Lady Betty crying, so he made us come out in the garden, and we played a new sort of Aunt Sally. Mr. Tudor stuck up an old hat of Mr. Hamilton's, -at least we found out it was not an old one after all, -and we snowballed it, and Mr. Hamilton came out and helped us. After tea, we all told ghost-stories round the fire. Miss Darrell doss not like them, so she went up to her room. Mr. Tudor had to see a sick man, but he came back to dinner; but I would not stay, for I thought you would be waking, Ursie, so Mr. Hamilton brought me nome.

"Jill!" I asked, desperately, "have they not written for you to join them at Hastings yet? I begin to think you have been idle

long enough."
"Had you not better go to sleep again, Ursie dear?" returned Jill, marching off with my tray. But she made a little face at me as my tray. But she made a little lace at me as she went out of the door. "I shall get into trouble over this," I thought. "I really must write to Aunt Philippa." But I was apared the necessity, for the very next day Jill came to me at Miss Locke's to tell me, with a very long face, that her mother had written to say that Miss Gillespie was coming the following week, and Jill was to pack up and join them at Hastings the very next day.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THERE IS NO ONE LIKES ALD."

Mrs. Carron very kindly took my place that I might be with Jill that last evening, and we spent it in Jill's favorite fashion,

She was a little quiet and subdued,f u.l of regret at leaving me, and more affections te than ever.

"I have never been so happy in my ife, she said, in rather a melancholy voice. "When I get to Hastings, my visit here will seem like a dream, it has been so nice, some-how; you are such a dear old thing, Ursula, and I am so fond of Lady Betty. I shall ask mother to invite her in the holidays.'

"And there is no one else you will regret, knew the words would never get themselves | Jill?" I asked, anxious to sound her on one

"Oh, yes: I am sorry to bid good-by to man I know."

"Of course I do," in a scornful voice; "they come to see Sara, and I hate them so, flimsy stuck-up creatures, with their white ties and absurd little moustaches. Each one is more stupid and vapid than the other. And Sara must think to too; for she smiles

on them all alike."
"You are terribly hard on the young men of your generation, Jill; I dare say I should think them very narmless and plea ant. But she shook her head vigorously.

"Why cannot they be natural, and say good-natured things, like Mr. Tudor? He is real, and not make-believe, pretending that he is too bored to live at all. One would think there was no truth anywhere, nothing but tinsel and sham, to listen to them. That is why I like Mr. Tudor: he has the ring of the true metal about him. Even Miss Darrell agrees with me there."

"Do you discuss Mr. Tudor with Miss

Darrell? "Why not?" opening her eyes widely. "I like to talk about my friends, and I fee Mr. Tudor is a real friend. She was so interested,—really interested, I mean, without any humbug, - at least, pretence," for here I held up my finger at Jill. "She wanted to know if you liked him too, and I said, 'Oh, yes, so much; he was a great favorite of yours,' and she stemed pleased to hear it."
"You silly child! I wish you would leave

me and my likes and dislikes out of your conversations with Miss Darrell." "Well, do you know, I try to do so, because I know how you hate her, -at least, dislike her : that is a more ladylike term,you are so horribly particular, Ursula; but somehow your name always gets in, and I

never know how, and there is no keeping you out. Sometimes she makes me dreadfully angry about you, and scmetimes she says nice things; but there, we will not talk about the double-faced lady to-night. I understand her less than ever." We glided into more serious subjects after I made Jill promise to be more patient

with her life, and work from a greater sense of duty, and I begged her most earnestly to fight against discontent, and exercise this youthful demon of hers, and again she promised to do her best. "I feel better about things, somehow: you

have done me good, Ursie; you always do. I must make mother understand I am nearly a woman, and that I do not intend to waste my time any longer dreaming childish dreams. I suppose mother is really fond of me, though she does find fault with me continually, and is always praising Sara." Jill went on talking in this way for some time, and then we went up-stairs together.

I was rather provoked to find Mr. Tudor at the station the next morning. I suppose my stendy look abashed him, for he muttered something about Smith's book-stail, as though I should be deceived by such a flimsy excuse. After all, Mr. Tudor was not better than other young men; in spite of Jill's praises, he was capable of this mild subterfuge to get his own way.

Jill was so honestly and childishly pleased to see him that I ought to have been disstall, while I looked after her luggage, and they stood there chattering and laughing until I joined them, and then Mr. Tudor

grew suddenly quiet.

"I shall be up in town then," he remarked, carelessly, "to see some of my people."
"Oh, yes, and you must come and see us,"

"I shall be up in town then," he remarked, and carelessly, "to see some of my people."

"Oh, yes, and you must come and see us," she returned, cheerfully. "Good by, Mr. Tudor. I am so sorry to leave Heathfield."

But, after all, Jill's last look was for me: she leaned out of the carriage, waving her and, she did not even glance at the young disappointed him. Perhaps I should have thought and gloomy beside me. I felt rather corry for the poor was a senting as the strong have thought he had to make up flar lost time, as he strode through the station of the poor well to the night of the carriage. We would have thought he had to make up flar lost time, as he strode through the station of the poor like a lady in that big bed down-stairs. Air. and quaint speeches newtoned him? Directitife clother of aldere, and I can see how he lass? Oh, "turning to me, for Phube was Bentleman, and we all liked looked theo. Oh, Uraula, these memories lass? Oh," turning to me, for Phube was one of these days she will not die just yet, but what would Uncle Brian and Aunt are very sad, but they are sweet, too; for crying bitterly over the recollection, all a needy, good-looking Charlie is our Charlie still, is he not?"

Charlie is our Charlie still, is he not?"

Charlie is our Charlie still, is he not?"

Charlie is our Charlie still, is he not?" his expression, a power that made itself felt, a baby. She asked after you; Orsie, and young ourate were suddenly to present him Just then the lines of his face relaxed and sent you a power of love, and I hope it will young ourate were suddenly to present him self as a lover for their daughter Jocelyn? Why, Jill would be rich some day,-poor to make a grand match.

I shook my head gravely over poor Lawrence's prospects as I took my way slowly up the hili. I was rather glad when his broad shoulders were out of sight; I should be sorry if any disappointment were to cloud his cheery nature.

I missed Jill s great deal at first, but in my heart I was not sorry to get rid of the responsibility; a lively girl of sixteen, with with strong individuality and marked precocity, is likely to be a formidable charge; but Mrs. Barton lamented died; you know that, doctor; and even now, is likely to be a formidable charge; but Mrs. Barton lamented died; you know that, doctor; and even now, is likely to get rid of the responsibility; a live good things you saw that the good things you saw the good things you saw the good things the good things you saw the good things the good that the good that the good that the good things the good that the good the

her absence in no unmeasured terms.
"It seems so dull without Miss Jocelyn," she said, the first evening. "She was such a lively young lady, and made us all cheerful. Why, she would run in and out of the kitchen a dozen times a day, to feed the chickens, or pet the cat, or watch me knead the bread. She and Nathaniel got on famously together, and often and often I have found her helping him with the books, and laughing so merrily when he made a mistake. I used to think Nathaniel did it on purpose sometimes, just for the fun of it.'

Yes, we all missed Jill, and I for one loved the girl dearly. It made me quite happy one day when she wrote a long letter, telling me that she was delighted with her new governess.

"Miss Gillespie is as nice as possible," she wrote. "Islready feel quite fond of her; my lessons are as interesting now as they used to be dull with Fraulein. She knows great deal, and is not ashamed to confess when she is ignorant of anything; she says right out that she cannot answer my questions, and proposes that we should study it together. I quite erjoy our walks and talks, for she takes so much interest in all I tell her. She is a little dull and sal sometimes, as though she were thinking andof past troubles; but I like to feel that I can cheer her up and do her good. Mother and Sara are delighted with her; she plays so beautifully, and they say that she is such a gentlewoman. When we come down-stairs she makes me join in the conversation, and coaxes me to play my pieces; and she tries to prevent mother making horrid

little remarks on my awkwardness.

"It will all come right, Mrs. Garston,' I heard her say one day. 'It is far wiser not to notice it; young girls are so sensitive, and Jocelyn is keenly alive to her short-comings.' And mathematically additionally activation. And mother actually nodded comings.' assent to this, and the next moment she called ma up, and said how much I had improved in my playing, and that Colonel Ferguson had told her that I had been ex-

ceedingly well taught. "By the bye, I am quite sure that Colonel Ferguson intends to be my brother-in-law: he is always here in the evening, and yes terday he sent Sara such a magnificent

bouquet," Jill's charity letters were always amusing. She had prepared me beforehand, so I was not surprised at receiving a voluminous letter from Aunt Philippa a few days afterwards informing me of Sara's engagenters to Col.

match," she wrote. "Colonel Ferguson be-i colendar." Now, what did he mean by all longs to a very good old famil,, and he has this rigmarole? But he only laughed again property. Your uncle says that he is a very in a provoking way, and went out. intelligent man, and is much respected in the

regiment. "Mrs. Fullerton thinks it a pity for Sara to marry a widower; but I call that non-sense. He is a young-looking man for his age, and every one thinks him so handsome. Sara, poor dar-I believe lieg, is as happy as possible. that they are to le marr el soon after Easter, as he wants to get some salmon fishing in Norway; 10 we shall come up to Hyde Park Gate early next week, and see whout the trousseau, for there is no time to be lust." Sara added a few words in her protty girlish

handwriting. "I wonder if you will be very much surprised by mamma's letter, Ursula dear. We all thought he liked Leabia, but no, he says that was entirely a mistake on our part, he

never really thought of her at all. "Of course I am very happy. I think there is no one like Donald in the world. I should fall in love with a silly little body like me. I suppose I must plane be a like that." some way, for, really, he seems dreadfully

in leve. "You must come to my wedding, Ursula, and I must choose your dress for you; of course father will pay for it, but I promise you it shall be pretty, and suitable to your complexion. I mean to have eight bridesmaids. Joselyn will be one, of course, and I \ nature. shall get that tall, fair Grace Underley to act as a foil to her bigness. I shall not ask poor Lesbia to be one; it would be too trying for her, and I know you will not care about it; but you must come for a week, and see all my pretty things, and help poor mamma, for she has only Joselyn; so remember, you are to keep yourself disengaged the week after

I wrote back that same evening warm congratulations to Sara and Annt Philippa, and promised to come when Sara wanted me. A gay wedding was not to my taste, but I knew owed this duty to them: they had been kind to me in their own fashion and according to their lights, and I would not fail them. Easter would fall late this year, -in the middle of April; there were still three months before Sara would be married, and most likely by that time I should need a few days' rest and change.

The next morning I heard from Lesbia. It was a kind, sad little letter; she told me she was glad of Sara's engagement, and as they were still at Hastings she and her mother had called at Warrior Square, and had found Sara and her fiance together.

"I think it has improved Sara already," it went on; "she was looking exceedingly pretty, and in good spirits, and she seemed very proud of her tall, grave-looking soldier. Mother and I always liked Colonel Forguson. He and Sara are complete contrasts; I think her brightness and good humor, as well as her beauty, have attracted him, for he is honestly in love! I liked the quiet, deferenrew suddenly quiet.

As the train came up, I heard him ask Jill he will make a kind husband. Mrs. Garston

if they would be at Hyde Park Gate before Jocelyn she was cut riding with her father. No talk; but her heart was too full for silence. Joselyn she was cut riding with her laster was too full for silence, we are going down to dear Rutherford why, my woman, she burst out, you in March, but I have promised Sara to come look real tonnie! I do believe your face has up for the wedding. Don't sigh, Ursula; its got a bit of color in it, and you remind me of

"It must be hard for her to witness Sara's Ruph was dead, and she and Sara would be happiness, when her own life is so clouded. to make a grand match.

Tet parents would expect her ber heart is still true to Challe; but she is to make a grand match.

So young, and life is so long. I trust that better things are in store for her." Miss Locke was recovering very slowly.

Years of anxiety and hard work had overtaxed her strength sorely. Mr. Hamilton used to shake his head over her tardy progress, and tell her that she was a very unsatisfactory patient, and that he had expected to cure her long before this.

in spite of all the good things you send me, I am so weary and fit for nothing I feel as though I should never sit up again

"Oh, we shall have you up before long, he returned, cheerfully. "You are only rather slow at out it. You are not troubling about your work or anything else, I hope, because the rent is paid, and there is plenty in the cupboard for Phœbe and Kitty."

"I know you have paid the rent, and I shall never be grateful enough to you, doctor; for what should I have done, with this long illness making me behindhand with everything? I am afraid Miss Garston puts her hand in her pocket sometimes. I hope the Lord will bless you both for your goodness to two helpless women. Ay, and he will bless you, doctor !"

"I am sure I hope so," he returned, in a good-humored tone, shaking her hand. There! mind what your nurse says, and keep yourself easy: you will find Pheebe a different person when you see her next."

I was afraid Phwbe would find her sister much changed when they met. Miss Locke had greatly aged since her illness; her hair was much grayer, and her face was sunken, and I doubted whether she would ever be the same woman again. Mr. Hamilton and I had already discussed the sisters' future. "I am afraid they will be terribly pinched,"

he said once. "Miss Locke is suffering now from years of overwork. She will never be able to work as hard as she has done. And she has to provide for that child Kitty, as well as for poor Pheebe."

"We must taink what is to be done," I replied. "Miss Locke is a very good manager: she is careful and thrifty. A little will go a long way with her."

Mr. Hamilton said no more on the subject just then, but a few days afterwards he told me that he intended to buy the cottage. He had a good deal of house-property in Heathfield, and a cottage more or less did not matter to him.

"They shall live in it rent free, and I will take care of the repairs. There will be no need for Miss Locke to work so hard then. She is a good woman, and I theroughly respect her. Of course I know she is a favorite of yours. Miss Garston, but you must not think that influences me."

"As though I should imagine such a

"You are such an insignificant person, you see," he went on, mischievously. "You are of so little use to your generation. People do not benefit by your example, or defer to your opinion. There is no St. Ursula in the

I had had both the sisters on my hands. Those hours of featful suspense had told on Phobe, and for a week or two we were very

anx ous about her. I kept the excent of her illness from Susan. and she never knew that Mr. Hamilton visited her daily. Strange to say, Proche gave us little trouble. She bore her bodily sufferings will surprising patience, and even made light of them; and she would thank me most

gratefully when I waited on her. I was never long in her room. There was no reading or singing row. Nothing would nduccher to keep me from Susan. She used to beg me to go back to Susan and leave her to Kitty. I rever forgot Susan's look of astonishment when I told her this.

"Somehow, it doesn't sound like Phoebe," she said, looking at me a little wistfully. Are you sure you understand her, Miss

smiling at this view of the case. "She is not like the same woman, Susan She thinks of Miss Locke heard me other people now." silently, but I saw that she was still incredulous. She was not sanguine enough to hope for a miracle; and surely only a miracle could change Phoebe's suilen and morbid

The sisters were longing to meet, but the helplessness of the one and the long-protracted weakness of the other kept them long apart, though only a short flight of stairs divided

them. At last I thought we might venture to bring Susan into Phobe's room. The weather was less severe, and Susan seemed a little stronger, so Kitty and I hur-

ried ourselves in preparation for a festive tea in Phœbe's room. She watched us with unconcealed interest as we spread the ten-cloth, and arranged the best china, and then placed an easy-chair by

her bedside. The room really looked very bright and cosey. A little gray kitten that I had brought Kitty was asleep on the quilt; thebe had taken a great fancy to the pretty, playful little creature, and it was always with her; Kitty's large wax doll was lying with its curly head on her pillow.

Susan trembled very much as she entered the room, lesning heavily on my arm. Phobs lay quite motionless, watching her as she walked slowly towards the bed, then her face suddenly grew pitiful, and she held out her

"Oh, how ill you look, my poor Susan, and so old and gray! but what does it mat ter, so that I have got my Susan back? If you had died, I should have died too : God never meant to punish me like that," And she stroked and kissed her face as though And she were a child, and for a little while the two sisters mingled their tears together. Susan was too weak for much emotion, a

I placed her comfortably in her easy-chair, plied,-

erving bitterly over the recollection, "I would not believelyou, Miss Greaton, when "Poor Leabia?" I sighed, as I folded up you said Phoebe was changed, for I said to her letter and prepared for my day's work. myself, "Surely she will be up to her myself, Surely she will be up to her od tricks again soon; but row I see you are right. Nay, never fret, my bonnie woman, for I loved you when you were as tiresome and cross-grained as possible. I think I can not help loving you," finished Susan, simply, as she took her sister's hand.

That was a happy evening that we sp nt in Phoebe's room. When tea was over we read a few chapters, Kitty and I, and then I sang some of Phobe's favorite songs. When had finished, I looked at them: Pheebe had fallen asleep with Susan's hand still in hers: there was a look of peaceful rest on the worn gray face that made me whisper to Miss

"The evil spirit is cast out at last, Susan," "Ay," returned Susan, quietly. "Sae is clothed and in her right mind, and I doubt not sitting at the feet of Him who has called her. I have got my Pl whe back again, thank God, as I have not seen her for many a long year."

CHAPTER XXVI.

I HEAR ABOUT CAPTAIN HAMILTON. It was now more than five weeks since Gladys had left us, but during that time I

had heard from her trequently. Her letters were deeply interesting. She wrote freely, pouring out her thoughts on every subject without reserve. Somehow I felt, as I read them, that those letters gave as much pleasure to the writer as to the re. cipient; and I found afterwards that this was the case. Her conscioususas of my sym. pathy with her made her open her heart more freely to me than to any other person. She delighted in telling me of the books she read, in describing the various effects of nature, Her descriptions were so powerful and graphic that they quite surprised me. She made me feel as though I were walking through the fir woods beside her, or standing on the week shore watching the white-prosted waves : . . ing in and breaking into f am at our men.

A sort of dewy freshness seemed to stamp the pages. Gladys loved nature with all ner heart; she revelled in the solemn grandeur) those woods, in the breadth and freedome; the ocean; it seamed to harmon'ze with her varying moods.
"I feel a different creature already," she wrote when she had been away a fortnight. "Without owning myself happy but happi-

ness, active or negative, will never come to

me again), still I am calmer and more at peace, -away from the oppressive influence that surrounded me at home. "I have made up my mind that the stm'sphere of Gl dwyn is fatal to my soul's health. I seem to wither up like some sonsitive plant in that blight no sic: half-truthe, misunderstandings, and jedousies have correded our home peace. I win better away from it all, for here I can can myself ill and miserable, and no one it was or misapprenends my

meaning: there are no narsh jaugments under the guise of pity. "These dear people are so truly charitable. they think no evil of a poor girl who is faithful to a brother's memory: they are patient thing!" I returned, in quite an affronted with my sad moods, they leave me free r tone. But Mr. Hamilton only laughed. follow out my wishes. I wander a out as follow out my wishes. I wander a out as I will, I sketch or read, I sit idle; no one blames me; they are as good to me as you

would be in their place. "I shall stay away as long as possible, until I feel strong enough to take up my life you of all others will sympath 23 with me. Think of the relief it is to wake up in the morning and feel that no jorning influences will be at work that day; that no eyes will pry into my secret sorrow, or seck to penetrate my very thoughts; that I may look and speak as I like; that my words will not be wisted to serve other people's purposes. Forgive me if I speak harshly, but indeed you do not know all yet. Your last letter made me a little sad, you speak so much of Giles. Do you really think I am hard up a

him? The idea is painful to me. "I like you to think well of him. He is a good man. I have always thoroughly respected him, but there is no sympathy between us. Of course it is more Etta's fault than his: she has usurped my place, and Giles no longer needs me. Perhaps I am not kind to him, not sisterly or soft in my manners; but he treats me too much as a child. He never asks my opinion on any subject. We live under his protection, and he never grudges us money; he is generous in that way; but he never enters into our thoughts.

Lady Betty and I lead our own lives.

"You ask me why I do not write to him, my dear Ursula. Such a thought would never enter my head. Write to Giles! What should I say to him? How would such a letter ever get itself n ritten? Do you suppose he would care for me as a correspondent? I should like you to ask him that question, if you dared. Giles's face would be a study. I fancy I write that letter,—a marvellous composition of commonplace nothings. My dear brother, I think you will like to hear our Bournemouth news, etc. I can imagine him tossing it aside as he opens his other letters: 'Gladys has actually written to me. I suppose she wants another check. See what she says, Etta. You may read it aloud, if you like, while I finish my breakfast.' Now, do not look incredulous. Iones naw Lady Betty's letter treated in this way, and all her poor little sentences pulled to pieces in Etta's usual fashion. No, thank you, I will not write to Giles. I write to Lady Betty samotimes, but not often: that is why she comes to you for news. We are a queer household, Ursula. I am very fond of my dear little Lady Betty, but somehow I have never enjoyed writing to her since Etta one day handed to her one of my letters opened by mistake. Lady Betty has fancied the mistake has occurred more than once."

I put down this letter with a sigh ; it was the only painful one I had received from Gladys. My remark about her writing to her brother had evidently upset her, but after this she did not speak much about Gladwyn, and by tacit consent we spoke little bout any of her people except Lady Betty. When I mentioned Mr. Hamilton 1 did so casually, and only with reference to my own work. He was so mixed up with my daily life, I came so continually into contact wit him, that it was impossible to avoid his

name. Gladys understood this, for she ence re

(To be Continued.)