

Years before another Prudence Gray, a gentler creature than this pretty, high-spirited daughter, had been engaged to George Cochrane, and a short time before the wedding was to take place he had died suddenly. The news was broken gently to Prudence Gray, but she had a serious illness, and afterwards her clouded brain held fixedly to the idea that some day he would come again. Her father died, and her brother brought home a wife. Prudence's hair turned grey, and then white, and wrinkles came into the face that never lost its sweetness of expression. Nephews and nieces grew up about her, but still she looked out from her pretty sitting-room window and said, "He may come to-morrow."

Now, after thirty years, this younger Prudence Gray was to marry another George Cochrane. He was nephew of the dead man, and remarkably like him in voice and manner, face and figure. Prudence had been staying with his mother, who was a friend of her parents, and had met him for the first time for many years, as he had been travelling abroad.

Prudence was awaiting him in the drawing-room. As she moved about the room she caught a gleam of light from her aunt's window, and she thought she would go and sit with her till George came. She tried to tell her of her engagement, but when she gave her lover's name a gentle voice checked her.

"George Cochrane is coming sure enough, dear. I have been waiting for him. You must not"—a little uneasily, as she looked at the bright face before her—"you must not claim him for your sweetheart, child."

It was a cosy room, and her aunt, in her grey silk dress and white hair, was still so pretty. Prudence's heart misgave her as she heard George's voice in the hall.

The figure in the room reading by the shaded lamp turned at the voice. Then she rose up with a happy smile on her face and her hands outstretched. A minute later the young man stood on the threshold.

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"George," the gentle voice faltered, "you have come."

The young man took in the situation at a glance.

"You seem to have been away a long time," went on the gentle voice. "How long? A year—yes, perhaps as much as a year. But there—you are here, so no matter."

The young girl heard the quiver in the voice, and fearing the effect on her aunt of the excitement, was about to speak, when her aunt said:—"Prudence, come here." She took the girl by the hand, and led her up to the young man. "This is my old friend George Cochrane. We have been talking over old times."

The young people exchanged a swift glance of intelligence as they bowed to each other. Then Prudence said to her aunt: "Don't you think you had better rest now, dear? You know you have not been very well."

The white-haired woman looked from one to the other. "Yes," she said slowly. "Will you tell your father George has arrived?"

"Father knows Mr. Cochrane is here," replied Prudence. "To-morrow you can have a long day together."

"Yes, perhaps that is best. I feel tired;" and she sat down in her easy-chair. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Yes; and I'll come early and help your dress, auntie; but you must rest now. Good-night, dear."

"And I'll put on my blue-flowered gown Prudence used to like to see me in, and we'll have a morning in the garden. I shall have to show him all the old nooks and corners, and we'll have so much to tell each other."

She looked up at George with an expression of such tenderness that he bent and kissed her reverently.

"Do not rise," he said; "you are over-tired. Good-night."

He followed Prudence to the door, and as he closed it he thought how

like a sweet white rose was the white-haired woman they were leaving.

When Prudence went an hour or two later to bid her aunt good-bye, she stopped on the threshold. The lamp still burned brightly, and beside it in the easy-chair sat her aunt as they had left her, but with closed eyes and a happy look of youth about her face, and her lifeless hands folded restfully in her lap.—Margaret Paget in "Church Family Newspaper."

**"I JUST KEEP STILL."**

"How it is Rob," asked one boy of another "that you never get into scraps like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie promptly. "When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still."

Many a man whose life has had in it a great deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of "keeping still." If the hard word hurts it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't so much matter what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine cases out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had "freed your mind" in return.

"Just keeping still is one of the things that save time, trouble and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passes by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again, that the way to "keep out of scraps" is to keep still.—The Christian.

Your soul seems a prey to gloomy thoughts. Must you have katydids even in winter, and butterflies to live for a hundred years? Is not their frailty the secret of their charm? What would become of the freshness of roses if they were strong as steel, or of the beauty of sunsets if the sun were always setting? Must a thing last to give you pleasure?—Charles Wagner.

We often hear men speak of the extremes of society. They are great; but they will be greater in the world to come. There it will not be wealth that divides, but character. Money will not be the measure of the man, but love, through the lineage of the Lamb.

Others may be allowed to succeed in making money, or may have a leg-

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acy left to them, but it is likely God will keep you poor, because He wants you to have something far better than gold—namely, a helpless dependence on Him, that He may have the privilege of supplying your needs day by day out of an unseen treasury.

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