

LADDIE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It is quite as difficult to rise in the world gracefully as to come down, but everyone agreed that John Carter managed to do it, and just from this reason, that there was no pretence about him. He did not obtrude his low origin on everyone, forcing it on people's attention with that fidgety uneasiness which will have people know it if they are interested in the subject or not, which is only one remove from the unworthy pride that tries to hide it away altogether. Neither did he boast of it as something very much to his credit, but to anyone who cared to know he would say, "My family were poor working people in Somersetshire, and I don't even know if I had a grandfather, and I owe everything to Dr. Savile." And he would say it with a smile and a quiet manner, as if it were nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to be proud of, but just a fact which was hardly of interest; and his manner somehow made people feel that birth and breeding were after all mere insignificant circumstances of life, and of no account by the side of talent and success. "He's a good fellow, John Carter, and a clever fellow too, without any humbug about him," the men said, and the women thought much the same, though they expressed it differently. Indeed, the glimpse of his early humble country life, so simply given, without any pretence or concealment, grew to be considered an effective, picturesque background which showed up to advantage his present success and dignified position. It was quite true that there was no humbug or concealment about him, that was the very truth he told, and yet, somehow, as time went on, the words lost the full meaning they had to him at first. Don't you know if you use the same words frequently they get almost mechanical—even in our prayers, alas! they are no longer the expression of our feeling, but the words come first and the feeling follows, or does not follow? And then, don't you know sometimes how we hear with other people's ears, and see with other people's eyes? And so John Carter, when he said those simple, truthful words, grew to see the picturesque background, the thatched cottage, and the honey-suckle covered porch, and the grand old patriarch with white hair, one of nature's noblemen, leaning on his staff and blessing his son; and he gradually forgot the pigsty close to the cottage door, and father in a dirty, green smock and hob-nailed boots, doing what he called "mucking it out," and stopping to wipe the heat from his brow with a snuffy, red cotton handkerchief.

But come back from the pigsty to the violets which are scenting the consulting-room and luring Dr. Carter, not unwillingly, from the *Medical Review* to thoughts of the giver. Her name is Violet too, and so are her eyes, though the long lashes throw such a shadow that you might fancy they were black themselves. It is not everyone—indeed, it is John Carter alone, who is privileged to look straight down into those eyes, and see the beauty of their colour; only he, poor, foolish fellow, forgets to take advantage of his opportunity, and only notices the great love for him that shines there

and turns his brain with happiness. His hand trembles as he stretches it to take the specimen glass, and the cool, fragrant flowers lightly touch his lip as he raises them to his face. "Pshaw!" I hear you say—reminding me of my own words, "there is no beauty in weakness, and this is weakness indeed!—a sensible man, past the hey day and folly of youth, growing maudlin and sentimental over a bunch of violets!" No, reader, it is power—the strongest power on earth—the power of love.

He had been used to say that his profession was his lady-love, and he had looked on with wondering, incredulous eyes at the follies and excesses of young lovers ; he was inclined to think it was a mild form of mania, and required physical treatment. And so he reached five and-thirty unscathed, and slightly contemptuous of others less fortunate than himself : when, one day, a girl's blue eyes, looking shyly at him through dark lashes, brought him down once and for ever from the pedestal of fancied superiority, and before he could collect his arguments, or reason himself out of it, he was past cure, hopelessly, helplessly, foolishly in love. They had been engaged for two days ; it was two days since this clever young doctor, this rising, successful man, with such stores of learning, such a solid intellect, such a cool, calm brain, had stood blushing and stammering before a girl of eighteen. If I were to write down the words he said, you would think my hero an idiot pure and simple ; the most mawkish and feeble twaddle of the most debased of penny periodicals was vastly superior to what Dr. Carter stammered out that day. But is not this generally the case ? Beautiful poetical love-scenes are frequent in plays and books, but very rare in real life. There is not one love-scene in a thousand that would bear being taken down in short-hand, printed in plain, black type, and read by critical eyes through common-place spectacles. Nevertheless, the feelings are no doubt sublime, though the words may be ridiculous. He was quite another man altogether (happily for him) when he went to Sir John M-redith, and told him plainly that he was no match for his daughter as far as birth went.

"My good fellow," the sensible little baronet answered, "there are only about ten families in England that can put their pedigree by the side of the Merediths, and it don't seem to me to make much difference, if you rise from the ranks yourself, or if your father, or grandfather did it."

"I can scarcely claim even to be a gentleman," the young man went on, feeling pretty sure of success by that time.

"Not another word, my dear boy; not another word! I respect your candour, and I esteem you very highly as an honest man—the noblest work of God, you know, eh?—though I'd like to hear anyone say that you were not a gentleman as well. There, go along! shake hands! God bless you! You'll find Violet in the drawing-room. Sly little puss! but I saw what was coming—and mind you dine with us this evening at seven sharp—old fashioned-folk, old-fashioned hours."

I think the wary baronet also respected Dr. Carter's income, and esteemed very highly his success, and having weighed the advantages of family and birth against success and

income, had found that the latter were the more substantial in the worldly scales.

To be continued.

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EYES OPEN.

"There's a work for me and a work for
you,
Something for each of us now to do."

"What do you mean by those lines you are singing, Rachie?" asked her aunt, as the little girl sang like a lark.

"I don't know, Aunt Amy. I guess I didn't mean anything. I wasn't thinking what I was singing."

"They are very good words to think about as well as to sing," said Aunt Amy.

"There's a work for me—" sang Rachie again. "But Auntie, those words are for bigger folks, aint they? There isn't any work for little bits of girls like me, you know."

"Are you sure, dear?"

"I think so, Aunt Amy. Big folks have work to do. Pape works down at his office—I went in there once, and he was talking to some men—he told me that was part of his work, and that the men paid him money; but, dear me! I might talk all day and no one would call it work or ever think of paying me a cent for it."

"No, I suppose not," said Aunt Amy, smiling at Rachie's mournful tone.

"And mamma tells the cook what to have for dinner and mends my dresses and talks to me when I'm naughty and plenty of other things. And you paint beautiful pictures and go out 'sistributing tracts and things. But there's no work for me."

"Perhaps you do not keep your eyes open to see," said Aunt Amy, passing her arm around the little figure. "There is nothing in the Lord's creation too small to have its work. The tiny ants and the bees are all busy, and even the birds and the butterflies have their full share in making things sweet and beautiful. Keep on the watch, little one, and see if you cannot do something before the day is over to make some one better and happier. Very small hands can bring an offering to Christ of loving kindness shown to His creatures for His dear sake."

Rachie took her Second Reader, and went off to school wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself. "There's somebody now trying to keep hers open."

She stopped a moment to watch

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old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was just now trying to thread a needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes. "Why, if here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you." "Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are most worn out, you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord will take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help and your comfort, too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle book and was bending over it with very busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I've threaded six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she drew near the