feeble old woman, doffed his hat with an oldtime stateliness to her, patted tow-head, and then went up the steps to the store, supporting the old woman with one arm, while the child clung to the other.

"Is that the minister?" asked Caroline.

"Bless you, no, miss; that's Mr. Darwin who gets more out of his land than any man in the place can get out o' his. But, bless him, why wouldn't things prosper for him! If ever there was a saint on this earth! He's not over strong, more's the pity—and ever since his wife died he's been frailer nor ever."

Mrs. Baxter was quite a noted biographer.

## CHAPTER IV.

Caroline went into the woods one day, searching for flowers. She felt very peaceful and happy. She gathered the sweet, wild blossoms until her arms were full of dog-tooth violets, and late hepaticas, and fragrant dicentras. Then she went towards home.

"There is a stile over there, if you wish to go out," said someone,—and Caroline looked up to see Mr. Darwin. He had a little lamb in his arms, and was tenderly binding up a broken leg of the little creature.

So he walked towards the village with her, still carrying the wounded lamb, and as they went he told her the names of the flowers, and their manner of growth.

So they became friends, and from that day she was willing to listen at his feet while he talked of the people of Barrow, and he would speak in the kindest way of their little idosyncrasies and foibles, dwelling upon the strength of character of this one, upon the tenderness and sympathy of that one, and upon the latent powers in some other.

"Ah, there are noble possibilities among these people," he would say. And she wondered at his knowledge of human nature, for she felt that he understood it.

She did not realize yet that he was a teacher.

It had been the hottest day of the season. The curtains were drawn back from the window in the little house across the way; but the air stood motionless, and a little figure lay panting on the bed. Little tow-head was nigh unto death, and Caroline was bending over him, moistening his fevered brow. His poor, deaf mother was weeping wildly on her husband's breast in an adjoining room, but grandma sat, still and white, by the little bed. Her eyes were fixed in unutterable sorrow upon the child's face, but there was a holy calm upon hers which was not all sorrow. Perhaps she was looking forward to the time when she and little tow-head should walk the fair pastures hand in hand.

"Poor little tow-head! Presently he looked up and smiled feebly. "That's Car'line!" he whispered—he and Caroline had become fast friends during the past weeks—"My Car'line!" And the words were very sweet to her.

A gentle touch rested on her shoulder. She looked up to see Mr. Darwin.

"Can you bear this?" he whispered.

She nodded, and Mr. Darwin was gone. She heard his voice in the adjoining room, and soon he entered with the parents.

The paroxysms of grief were over, and Heaven seemed almost in the midst of the silent group. It was over at last, and when the grey dawn stole in past the lilac-bush, Grandma, Caroline, and Mr. Darwin stood alone in the room.

"God bless you, Mr. Darwin," faltered grandma, "what would they do without you?"

But Mr. Darwin stood with folded arms, looking down upon the dead. His face was full of an unutterable sorrow.

"Grandmother," he said, "I once had a little boy, too. He was the image of his mother," and Caroline knew that his great heart was with them.

## CHAPTER V.

BARROW, August 1st.

Dear Ethel,—As you see I am here still. However, I shall be with you in a fortnight, and how glad I shall be to see you all again!

Yet truly, I shall be lonely in leaving Barrow. How I shall miss Becky, and big, good-hearted Joe, and Grandmother Holden, and Mr. Darwin and all the rest! Do you wonder at this, from the land of Nowhere?

Mr. Darwin is as ever the ministering spirit of the community. Farmer Goldsmith's boys passed a few minutes ago, on their way to get a Latin lesson from him. They are such clever, interesting boys! People say Mr. Darwin intends educating them. He must be particularly interested in Bert, for he said one day, "Bert is an orator. I owe it to the world to push him forward in my stead."

Then Mr. Carnie (the slow farmer)—do you know what I saw him doing the other day?

A woman's husband was killed last week, and people have been about collecting money for the poor woman. Mr. Carnie had just been paid for something, and had a roll of bills in his hand when the collector came up. Mr. Carnie is not at all rich, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him hand over the whole roll.

"All this?" said the collector, and Mr. Carnie, as usual, took time to mop his face with a red bandana. There was a suspicious moisture about his eyes, but he didn't say a word but, "Ya-as. Oh, Lord! Poor Jerry!" Jerry was the man who was killed. Don't be shocked at the exclamation dear; it is life here.

Did I tell you that my violin proved useful in the Sunday-school? There was a great commotion for a week or two among some of the old covenanters. But everyone seems reconciled to it now. Old Deacon Harris told me the other day that he thought the way I held my head "made the fiddle kind o' solemn," but it has been a great help. The singing has improved so much. Good-bye, dear. Just one fortnight longer!

The "good-byes" had all been said. Caroline's trunks were carefully bound at the back of the open stage, and Caroline herself was perched on the high, spring seat. The whole village had turned out to see her off—and there was loneliness upon each face. For this dainty, little lady with her bright ways had become a general favorite. Mr. Darwin was the last to shake hands. As he did so, reaching up to her over the boxes, he slipped a paper into her hand.

On the way she read it:

"Child, you do not know what your coming has done for us here. I tell you this that you may see what an influence little things have on the lives of those about you. You have given many of us new views of life. You have unconsciously instilled principles of refinement—which will not soon die out—into the minds of these simple and honest people. Yet vou have not been a giver only. You have received more than you can think of from these same simple people. Only an outsider could see the softening process that has been going on in you since you came among them. You will not soon forget Grandmother Holden. God bless you."

When Caroline next heard of Mr. Darwin he was sleeping on the hill-side at Barrow beneath the silent snow. But who can say that his work was not done? Who dare measure the infinitude of his influence?

## THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN GUILD.

As journalistic visitor to the various philanthropic, educational and charitable institutions, I came, in the course of my wanderings, to a handsome, four-story structure on McGill St., known as the Y. W. C. Guild. The secretary, Miss Bambridge, kindly escorted me through and made the needed explanations.

On entering the Guild building the lobby is found to contain a long table spread with the most attractive current literature. At the right of the doorway is a committee room utilized once a week for the meetings of the Astronomical Society, also for gospel meetings. To the left of the entrance is a double room for the secretary's office, and parlor. Opposite the committee room and the secretary's office is the entrance to the lecture hall. A more beautiful and compact auditorium could rarely be found. The spacious gallery and the main floor slope, so that every seat commands a full view of the platform. At either side of the latter neat dressing rooms are conveniently arranged.

Under the lecture hall is a gymnasium, fully equipped with all necessary apparatus. It is 65 feet long by 45 feet wide. The instructor is Miss M. Thompson, whose class numbers about 35. This class is to take a prominent part in the closing exercises in marching, wand drill, clubs, dumb bells, tableaus, etc.

The Guild parlor is a most beautiful room,

The Guild parlor is a most beautiful room, running along the whole front of the second floor over the main entrance, the secretary's office and committee room. In it is a lending library of several thousand volumes.

On the second floor there are numerous class rooms, in which are taught elocution, music, (vocal and instrumental) bookkeeping, shorthand, dressmaking and cutting, plain and fancy sewing, writing. English literature, painting and drawing, and in fact about everything that it is necessary for a nineteenth century girl to know.

The writer was privileged to view some exquisite china painting, the work of Miss Porter, whose studio is in one of the brightest of the Guild rooms. In the basement, or really the first story, a practical cooking class is conducted.

Each Monday evening is devoted to the social life of the members of the Y.W.C.G., and on that evening concerts are held, friendly little repasts are served, and members feel particularly in touch with fellow members.

A class lately started is the millinery class, which has an enthusiastic membership.

The indefatigable President of the Guild is Mrs. Harvie, the well-known philanthropist and temperance worker. To her energy and foresight, her indomitable perseverance and her Christian faithfulness, may be attributed much of the Guild's success.

The Guild property, including land is worth some \$42,000, and each year since the society was started the balance for current expenses came out on the right side. This speaks volumes in these depressed times.

The Gazette is the organ of the society.

## WOMEN'S PROGRESS.

It was decided at the last session of the Ontario Legislature, that women lawyers should be allowed to act as barristers and plead the cases of their clients. The debate was most amusing, several members contending that women had already too strong a foothold in the positions held by men; but Hon. G. W. Ross, the true friend of Canadian women, upheld in a delightful manner our side of the question. "Why should they not act as barristers? The whole world knows they make far better pleaders than the men do."

The session was held about Easter time, and many of the members, remembering the eloquent pleadings of their dear wives and daughters for Easter finery, said never a word more but supported the motion to a man.