

but a flaring, uncertain light; and her heart beat tumultuously at the thought of the coming interview with Mrs. Sinclair, and apprehensive doubts as to its result.

"I must try, at all events," she exclaimed, as she finished her dressing at last, and issued from her room with her candle in her hand. She turned up the second short flight of stairs, and advanced towards the door of her late employer's bedchamber; she was in the act of opening it, when Mrs. Montserrat, gliding from what quarter Ruth knew not, but pressing in between her and the door, confronted her, with the old sneering and defiant smile wreathing her lips. "And what does Mademoiselle mean," she asked in a grating whisper, "by attempting to disturb Madams at such an hour of the morning as this? Madams, who is so poorly, and in fact extremely ill from all she went through yesterday."

Ruth, though at first startled and unstrung, and considerably embarrassed at this unexpected apparition, recovered her self-possession almost immediately. "I wish so much, Mrs. Montserrat, to see Mrs. Sinclair," she replied. "I wrote to her yesterday, and—I wanted to speak to her about that letter, for I only got a verbal refusal to it. Ruth felt, as she was speaking, that the eye of the woman was literally going through and through her; all she said was at random—the first thing she could think of. "Maby," she added, "she might relent, and allow me to stay on until Captain Sinclair returns."

"No use, Mademoiselle—no use. I can't possibly allow Madams to be disturbed."

"Well, Mrs. Montserrat, rejoined Ruth, growing more determined as she felt the importance of the attempt, "I must see Mrs. Sinclair, and I won't be kept out by any one;" and she made an effort to get by the housekeeper, and force her way into the room.

"Upon my word," ejaculated Mrs. Montserrat, now eyeing her antagonist with a suspicious, alarmed look, "we'll take care of that;" and driving Ruth forcibly aside, she quickly and softly turned the key in the door at which they were standing, and deliberately put it into her pocket.—"Come, now, if you please, and raise no more of your disturbances in the house," she added in an angry voice; and putting her hand rudely upon her shoulder, she compelled Ruth to go down the stairs before her.

Seeing that there was no use in resistance, and judging it safer, for the present, not to awaken any suspicion, she yielded, without further parley, to the housekeeper's violence.

On the stairs, they met Marks coming up; a significant glance passed between the two. "Bring down her things, will you, at once," said Mrs. Montserrat to her accomplice; adding something in a whisper that Ruth could not hear.

The hall door was open, and the car already at it; but it was a strange driver—not Patsey, as Bridget had promised. While the housekeeper and Ruth was standing in the outer hall waiting for Mark's return, the former shading the candle from the cold blast with her hand, Bridget suddenly burst open the door leading up from the lower parts of the house, and hastened into the hall with a large bowl of tea, and some bread on a plate. "There, Miss Morrison!"

she exclaimed indignantly. "She would not let me call you, nodding towards Mrs. Montserrat; and she wanted to hinder me seeing you at all; but, miss, I have brought you a drop of tea, and a bit of bread, and, for God's sake, take it before you go out this cold morning; wish, God help us!" exclaimed the poor, sympathising girl; and the feary tears began to gather as she looked upon Ruth, and beheld the seared, white expression of her face, with the dark circles under the large and unnatural-looking eyes.

Mrs. Montserrat said nothing, but cast a frowning look upon the housemaid that spoke more than words, and which the other returned with a scornful toss of her head.

"Indeed, Bridget," said Ruth, "I am greatly obliged to you, but I could not touch bit or sup;" and her sad, hollow voice went to the very heart of the servant.

"Take it, Miss Morrison, darling," she whispered, "if it was only to spite her; 'twill do her good; any ways ttry the drop of tea"

She so far yielded as to drink a few drops of the hot liquid, and felt a little warmed and refreshed by it.

"Did you sleep a bit at all last night?" asked the housemaid.

Ruth knew that the woman standing at her side was watching her reply, for she turned instantly as the question was put. Wishing to divert from her mind any lurking suspicion she may have had, she answered:—"Oh, I had one good sleep that refreshed me a great deal, though it was not in bed. I went down to the dining-room to ascertain the hour; I thought it was late, having forgotten to wind up my watch, but I found that it was only a little after one; the fire was still burning, and I was so cold that I remained below, and fell asleep on the sofa there for I don't know how long."

"Poor thing! God help you!" replied Bridget.

Mrs. Montserrat appeared relieved and satisfied at this colloquy, for when she passed out to the door with Marks, as he brought down Ruth's luggage, she whispered to him:—"All right; no fear." They both remained out side, and peered in earnest conference with the driver, while the things were being settled on the car.

"Tisn't Patsey, after all," said Bridget; "that fellow wouldn't let him go." She had no time for more. Ruth bade her a hearty adieu, when told all was ready now. Marks and Mrs. Montserrat remained watching her from the door, until a turn in the avenue shut out the car from view. One long look she cast back at the place that had been, in one sense, her home for more than a year past. How much of discomfort and trial she had borne during those thirteen months—not, however, without some gleams of sunlight breaking through the black clouds of recollection. Fondly, she thought of the little ones, and with grateful love dwelt upon that last touching farewell. Then came the overwhelming, terrifying remembrance of her protector's danger, and the rest of the weary, wretched drive to Newry was wholly occupied in deliberation upon what she should now do, foiled as she had been in her first attempt at saving him. The current of her thought was left free from

any disturbance by her driver—a stout, curly man, who never opened his lips during the drive, but occasionally eyed his companion advance across the car from the side he occupied. Of him, however, the poor girl thought little, she was pondering on the best course to pursue, and trying to recall the route she had overheard Captain Sinclair was to take.

"How foolish I was," she thought, "to say that I wanted to speak to Mrs. Sinclair about the letter, when I remembered that wretch said she had intercepted it, sure that alone would have made her keep me out. Reach him I must, at once; yet now I cannot remember one or two places they spoke of, Lisburn I recollect distinctly; he has to be early at the Downshire Arms. But where was he to go from that? Dear—I don't know what ails me! I can remember nothing."

At no time conversant with the names of many northern towns or places, her brain was completely bewildered. A kind of maddening confusion made her forget the next minute what was clear and distinct to her just before. She kept repeating "Lisburn" to herself over and over, for fear she might even let go that one clue, and was still endeavouring to call up some more of the forgotten details, when she was startled from her reverie by the driver breaking silence as they were entering the town, by saying, in a rude, coarse tone:—"I suppose I've to drive you to the coach-office!"

For a moment or two, she was so confused that she could not answer. "No, thank you," she said at last; "to the hotel please."

"Why, sure, you're going to Dublin!" "Yes," responded Ruth; "but I am not well enough to go on yet; and I must stop first at the hotel."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of William Hutton, that a countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, often passing his evenings from home, which made her feel very unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband.

The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile."

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.