

same time, if it were not for Susie I would hope that it might be soon. A wistful look grew slowly upon her face, and her gaze wandered from her visitor to the rich rose, whose weight slightly curved its slender stem.

"Tell my grand-daughter what your favorite hymn is," suggested Mrs. Osborn.

"Would Miss Trenery be interested?" with a timid glance at Hope. Hope murmured a polite desire to know.

"It is the hymn which begins:

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there?"

That's what I so often ask myself. What must it be to be there?"

"But what do you do all day when you can't work?" asked Hope, her eyes becoming humid as she thought of the long hours of the many days which this suffering human being was compelled to pass without occupation, alone.

"What do I do? I think. Only sometimes I am in too much pain even to think."

"But when are you in such terrible pain?"—began Hope, her eyes suffusing as she thought of her own brilliant and joyous life, with not a wish ungratified.

"I'm afraid you'll think I'm preaching," returned Miss Dale, "and I don't want to preach." Hope made a negative gesture, and Miss Dale continued: "When I was a little girl, and able to go to church, I used to hear the minister speak of the peace of God which passeth all understanding. I usen't to think anything of it then, for I was a healthy, happy child. But now, for long years, I have been wanting to have that peace. And when I suffer too much to think of anything else, I pray for that."

"Surely, if anybody has it, you have," Mrs. Osborn ventured.

"Just a little sight of it now and then—just enough to know that it does, indeed, 'pass all understanding.' At those times I seem to see how it is that martyrs have gone to the flames with songs of salvation on their lips. I seem to understand what Christ meant, when He said, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.'"

Hope started. She recollected how, a little while ago, she had fretfully wished to be in heaven, as an escape from the petty vexation which visited her balmy life. But here was one who, with almost nothing to make existence happy, was proving, in her own meek and quiet spirit, that those who are most fit for heaven must carry something of it with them there. She could say nothing. She dare not glance at her grandmother, though she felt certain that those gentle eyes would not convey even an implied reproach. She remained

silent, while Mrs. Osborn, under the pretence of rearranging the invalid's pillows, slipped a crisp five-dollar bill under one of them.

"Thank you ever so much for coming," said Miss Dale, as Hope shook hands with her at parting. "Would you care—do you think—you will ever come again?" Then before Hope could answer, the sick girl continued, glancing at Mrs. Osborn, "She is so beautiful. It does me good to see her."

"O, I shall come often," cried Hope. "For it does me good to be with you!"

"As Mrs. Osborn and her grand-daughter passed from the room, the sunlight faded a little, and Miss Dale glancing at the rose, perceived that it had begun to droop.

The old lady and the young girl rode away in silence. But just before reaching home Hope turned to her grandmother and said:

"I don't wish I was in heaven just yet, grandma; but I wish that heaven was in me. You have shown me something new."—*The Churchman*, N. Y.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN INDIA.

C.M.S. TERMINAL LETTER, No. 8.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is a real pleasure to have this opportunity of writing to you. For I have a great love for all girls; and I want to tell you of some in the Punjab, so that your hearts may be warmed towards them.

I must ask you to come with me into a big two-storied brick building, right away in the north of India, two minutes' walk outside the Hall Gate of the great city of Amritsar. It is the Alexandra School (so named after H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, by leave of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), a boarding-school for upper-class Christian girls. As you walk along the passage and look into the big school-room through the glass doors, you will see four classes of girls industriously at work. The room is a large one, with whitewashed walls and raftered roof. We notice at once the number of doors—for there are actually ten—and several of these are standing open. In each class the teacher has a little wooden platform, and around this are arranged the children's desks.

Let us take a good look at the scholars as they work on unconscious of our presence. Bright, happy, intelligent faces they have, and most of them seem really interested in their lessons. They each have a desk of their own; and as they sit writing, or stand to answer some question, we feel as if we might almost be in dear old England. But, no; we notice their skin is darker than ours, of a