

how, whiles I'm waitin'," said Maidie. "I'll be too sleepy when I get hame; only I canna kneel doon verra weel, but God will na mind that." So the dear little lass clasped her hands, and said "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," and did not know, herself, how pathetic it was, as she stood bolt upright in the dark water that covered the small feet and ankles. While she prayed, the moon came out overhead, and its faint light struggled through the trees and touched the rock and the child's bright hair; and, after a while, something besides the moonlight visited the pool—something that came with heavy tread over the sand—and stooped and drank of the water, and slunk back again into its lair of darkness. Another and another of these visitors came, as the night hours went on, and drank, and glowered at the little child, with red, fierce eyes, and even rubbed their noses against her face and hands; then shook their yellow manes as they went muttering and growling away. Not one of them so much as touched a hair of her innocent head. "Who was it," said Lieutenant Ramsay, afterward, "shut the mouths of the great hungry creatures, but He who gives His angels charge over His little ones to keep them in all their ways?"

A couple of hours after Marjorie's departure, the scouting party came into the fort and was piped off to supper. Of course, Sergeant McLeod expected to find his little lass waiting for him at his own door, and was rather disappointed not to see her there. "She's fixed my parritch, bless her heart," he remarked, seating himself to the enjoyment of his meal, for which he had a pretty good appetite, thanks to his long tramp; "she'll be back anon." But Maidie did not appear, so, with a slight feeling of uneasiness in spite of himself, he stepped, rather briskly, over to Mrs. Brown's.

"Maidie not home?" repeated that good soul, aghast, "why, I left her here, it's a couple of hours or so, to go see Freeman's sick wife. She was darnin' your sock like a lamb, and was fixin' to get your supper ready in time. She's off visitin' the neighbors, likely."

Further enquiry was made, but no one had seen the child for hours. Then it occurred to the Sergeant, with a pang of terror, that she might have strayed outside the gateless inclosure. Beside himself with anxiety, the father peered about until he detected in the fine sand of the court two or three tiny foot-prints that pointed outward. Stepping outside he saw some others, faint and light, to be sure, but undoubtedly his Maidie's; such tracks could have been made by no one else in the garrison.

Restraining his wild impulse to follow the dear child's footsteps immediately, McLeod turned back hastily to beat up recruits to go with him.

A number of the men volunteered willingly enough, when the news of the loss of the Sergeant's Maidie spread through the post, for the child's pretty, bright, obliging ways had made her such a darling that nearly all the rough, simple fellows would have done anything for her.

They tracked her easily down to the bush, but among the stones and mosses and tangled ways the traces soon became confused and undecided, and at length were hopelessly lost. Long hours they searched and shouted, and climbed trees and cut down bushes and vines, going everywhere but in the right direction. As the night darkened among those gloomy shades, they shuddered to hear the growls and roars of the beasts of prey coming forth from their dens and lairs to seek what they might devour. Some of the men grew discouraged and wearied out, and returned to the fort. It did not seem possible that the poor bairnie could ever be found, alive or dead, but the father would not give up the search for a moment; he would have stayed there in the bush if every man had left him. At midnight, Lieutenant Ramsay came out with some fresh men to aid in the search, and joined the others just as they struck the river-bed where Marjorie had gone wild with delight over the beautiful and brilliant flowers a few hours before. They followed it painfully by the light of their torches and of the watery moonshine, until they gained the pool near the gorge, dark and dismal enough as the shadows lay upon it, shallow as it was.

"One of the lions' drinking-places," said Mr. Ramsay, and stopped to pick up something that floated in his feet. They all knew it—Maidie's little brown hat, with one or

two soaked lilies and ferns fastened to it yet.

Robbie Bell fell on his knees and sobbed like a child. "Lord keep the pair bairnies frae the jaws o' the lion!" he cried, and more than one man added an Amen.

The poor father groaned, "Gi'e Thy angels charge o'er her," then, presently, in a cheerier voice, he said: "She's a brave lassie, an' a fearless; she'd win her way better'n maist. We'll fin' her so lang as the wild beasts dinna."

It seemed a forlorn hope, but on they trudged, compelled at times to stop and rest, strong men as they were, and at last their lurid torches flickered and grew faint in the gray dawn, when the damp mists rose up from the moist ground, and the growlings of the lions who had been kept off by the torch-glare grew fainter and less frequent, and at length died away altogether.

McLeod was ahead of the others, with the young lieutenant; they had flung away their torches, and pushing through a thicket came suddenly upon the sandy shore of another lion-pool, the sand all trodden down and covered with fresh marks of lion-paws. A black rock loomed up out of the water just opposite them, and hardly had they emerged from the thicket when McLeod gave a gasping cry, and dashed through the water.

Malcolm Ramsay could not make out the reason of this movement at first, but in another instant he caught sight of a little shoe floating slowly on the pool, and next he saw a wee form standing in the water braced against the rock, bareheaded, her bright curls falling all about the tired little face, blue and ghastly in the weird light, the eyes round and wide and strained, with a pitiful, watching look in them, the two small hands tightly clasped together and dropped before her.

But instantly a look of joy came into the sweet eyes, an angel smile made the little face radiant—she had seen her father—he gained her side, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped his baby, his treasure, in his arms.

One by one all came up through the thicket, as though an electric message had brought them. McLeod strode through the water bearing her in his strong arms, crying himself like a baby, while she raised a trembling little hand and stroked his brown face and kissed his rough cheek. The men all gathered about dear Maidie, kissing her hands and dress, and even her little, stained foot. Some of them pointed to the countless lion-tracks all about; some fell on their knees and hid their faces. It seemed difficult to believe that this was really their Maidie, and that she was alive, for, by all tokens, she must have been the very centre of a host of lions, throughout the dreadful night.

"Maidie, darling," said Lieutenant Ramsay, in a choked voice, "were not you afraid?"

"Na," said the innocent lassie, turning her eyes on him, "not a bit afraid. I knew Daddy wad luik for me, and God wad tak' care o' me till he cam'; but I was weary waitin', and a bit lanesome, too, till some dogs cam' to drink the watter, and they seemed company, like."

"Dogs?" echoed the young man.

"Aye. Big, yellow dogs; I never seed sic grand big anes. They rubbed their noses on my face and glowered at me; but I didna min' them, not a bit."

Oh, the child! How the men looked at each other! To think of her safe among the lions all night—the fearsome beasts seeking their prey, and not a hair of her head harmed!

Then the tired head sank on her father's shoulder, and safe in his tender hold, the watching and waiting, the irksomeness and pain all past, the child's eyes closed and she dropped dead asleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion—which asserted itself, now that the brave spirit had no need to bear up the frail little body any longer.

And so he carried her home. They all wanted to carry her, but the father would give her up to no one else; not even to Mr. Ramsay. Good news flies fast. When Marjorie and her body-guard arrived at the fort, her rescue was already known, somehow, and all hands had turned out in the early morning sunshine to rejoice over her, and the Highland pipes played their sweetest and cheeriest to welcome the dear lamb who had been lost and was found, and who did not know until they all marched away forever from Tamashaki, three months later, how great had been her peril, and how wonderful her deliverance.—*St. Nicholas.*

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

III.

"Important sale of excellent household furniture and effects at 18— Terrace, Kensington.

"Messrs. Hook and Walker will sell by auction, at 18— Terrace, on the 10th and 11th of November, 18—, commencing each day at twelve precisely, all the modern household furniture, comprising," &c., &c., &c.

We need not copy the whole of the bill, such may be seen and read anywhere any day of the week. Thus was Bates's home broken up. Month after month rolled wearily by, and then came this crisis.

The family were about to leave London for Liverpool. Just before their departure Mrs. Bates received a foreign-looking letter; it was from her only brother, and although she had heard from him regularly since he had left England, never had any of his letters been looked for so eagerly as this one. He was in America, transacting business for a Manchester house; and with tears of disappointment she read his words: "Do not write again until you hear from me; I expect to leave this place (Charleston) for New Orleans in a day or two, and my whereabouts will be uncertain for a time. I will send the address as early as possible."

"How foolish!" murmured Mrs. Bates; "why did he not tell me to write to the Post Office? How can I tell him to write to Liverpool now? I shall never hear from him again;" and so she grieved that he would not know how or where she was situated.

In the dead of winter they sought a home in a strange place. They rented a small four-roomed house. Mr. Bates, after some difficulty, obtained a situation in an architect's office; he was very clever, and fortunately quite unknown in Liverpool; and to avoid recognition by name, he adopted the pseudonym of Bryant.

For a time he went on more steadily, and hope began to revive in his wife's heart. She would have gladly taken in a little sewing, but, to use her own words, "her hands were tied" by a baby of five months old. The home and children were kept very neat and clean. Had a stranger peeped into the little room designated "the parlor" (although it was made a sleeping-room at night), and had he noticed how well brushed the bit of faded carpet was, how tastefully yet cheaply the windows were draped, how nicely the cheap pictures were hung, and how well the whole of the poor furniture was arranged, he would have said that the place belonged to some one who had seen "better days."

Mr. Bates had not been in his situation three months before he exposed himself. All along he had drunk deeply, but secretly, which his employer had reason to suspect. But one day he presented himself completely intoxicated, and was forthwith ordered out of the place. Mr. L— was a stern, proud man; he looked upon a drunkard from only one point of view, and judged him mercilessly. He had "no sympathy with men who made brutes of themselves; where was their self-respect?" and so on. The declaration, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," seemed perfectly just and right in his eyes. But he never cared to light on such texts in the Bible—"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak." He considered himself included in the brethren addressed, "Ye who are spiritual," yet he heeded not the exhortation made to such, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness."

Without having any recollection of his abrupt dismissal, poor Bates went the next morning to business as usual. Great was his astonishment to receive a severe reprimand from Mr. L—. How the old proud spirit rose up and could scarce be restrained from resenting the unnecessarily harsh words! Thoughts of his wife and children deterred him, however; and with tightly-compressed lips, and a face dark with suppressed feeling, he bowed to the decision of the man (whom he felt to be his inferior in many respects), that he should receive "a prompt dismissal on the repetition of the offence."

Within a month from that day the "offence" was repeated and the threat put into execution.

That was a time of sore trouble whilst

Bates was in search of another situation. The family could not live without food, the father would not live without drink, and so they were reduced to great straits. There were the same old difficulties to be met and overcome in applying for employment. Character was enquired into, recommendations required. One day, weary and worn, Mr. Bates entered a large warehouse, and made the usual enquiries. A gentlemanly-looking man, with a pleasant, benevolent countenance, came forward to speak with him. He saw at a glance what sort of a man Bates was and had been, and he felt for him. He thought of the temptations that surrounded the drunkard, and could make allowances for his circumstances.

Mr. Bates told him much. Mr. Harris was a man who could easily win the confidence of those in trouble. He listened patiently and kindly to what Bates had to say, and finally offered him a situation which would engage him in writing the whole of the day. This, though different from what he had been accustomed to, was gladly accepted, and he went home fully determined to merit the kindness and goodwill of his benefactor, and to prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him when he should enter upon his new duties.

Very pleased was his wife to hear the welcome news. "Now, Aleck," she said hopefully, "if you will only mind, this will prove the beginning of better things, I believe. Do you think, dear, you would like to take the pledge? Do, now."

"Not a bit of it, Marian; I shall take care of myself this time, never fear. I always feel weak and low; I am sure I need stimulants."

His wife sighed. "Do be careful, Aleck," she said earnestly.

Time went on, and Bates kept pretty steady, at least during the daytime. But he never went to bed perfectly sober, and consequently felt the craving for the early morning dram, in which he regularly indulged. Throughout the hours of business he made strong efforts to control himself.

At the time he was earning nothing for a week or two, Mary, their oldest child, had sought for something to do, and had been successful in getting "a little place," to take care of a baby for sixpence per day. However, now that their prospects were becoming brighter, Mrs. Bates thought she might give it up, to attend school with Jessie. So one evening she said, "I think, Mary dear, you might leave Mrs. Smith, and get to school again for a time; you will be learning something."

Mary looked pleased. "I should like to, indeed, mamma. I do want to learn so much." Her eyes were tearful.

It was arranged, therefore, that on the following Monday she was to be free once more for school.

But—alas for the "buts!"—the very day succeeding the one on which this arrangement had been made Mr. Bates came home sadly intoxicated. It was a lovely afternoon in early summer. The warm, pleasant sunshine streamed through the little window and danced on the kitchen floor, and the soft breeze, which plays as kindly in the dirty streets of the city as around the tree-embowered cottages of the country, dallied with the few cheery-looking though common geraniums that bloomed in the window.

Jessie, poor little fragile, delicate Jessie, was out with her two brothers. The baby was asleep in one corner of the kitchen; and Mrs. Bates every now and then had to look up from her sewing to say "Hush!" to a bright little fellow who was building a house of empty cotton-reels on the floor. "Don't you talk, Harry dear," said she, as the child was chattering to some old gentleman whom he fondly imagined to be the keeper of his "house." "Ma doesn't want baby to wake yet; she has such a lot of work to do before tea." And so Master Harry carried on his conversations in whispers for the next five minutes. Then came some one bursting in at the street door. Mrs. Bates rose hastily, thinking it was the children. She raised her finger as the door opened; but it was not they. Her heart sank. What could have happened to make her husband like this again? She put the question very softly to him. He swore at her, and commenced raving like a madman. The baby woke up screaming, and the little boy hid his face in his mother's dress. Words were unavailing at such a time; so Mrs. Bates silently moved about, preparing the children's tea, with the baby in her arms.

(To be Continued).