

"And now, dearest, tell me about yourself and the children and the old folks at Bazily. By the way, I suppose, my old friends Bertie and Lesley are grown out of all knowledge since I saw them last?"

"You will see them to-morrow," answered Mollie smiling. "You will find them rather changed certainly. But now dear Neal tell me how it was that terrible report reached us of—of your death? Oh! Neal, you don't know how terrible it was to me; my heart was nearly broken."

"My own sweet love," murmured Mr. Despard, and then he—well, well, I daresay it is not necessary to describe what followed as most of my kind readers will be able, with the aid of their experience and imagination combined, to picture pretty accurately the tender little interlude that occurred here.

"It was my poor friend Nelson Delmar who died," said Neal, when the interlude was ended. "Poor old fellow! I would have died ten times over to have saved him; he was a fine fellow. We were travelling together through Spain when I was taken with one of those low fevers prevalent in some parts of that country; Nelson insisted upon nursing me all through my illness, though I begged him to leave me. Well, I recovered and he took the fever and died; poor, dear old boy." There was a slight break in Neal's manly voice as he spoke of his friend, and Mollie wept outright.

"Oh Neal, how good he must have been; I wish he had lived," she said.

"The mistake, I suppose, arose from the similarity of our names. Stanly probably heard of Delmar's death from some foreigner who confused the two names."

"It was an error which caused all your friends great pain, Neal dearest," said Mollie, nestling her head on his shoulder; and in answer, he only drew her closer to him and kissed her silently.

And now, kind and patient reader; I have told my simple little story and there remains but little more to say. The events I have related happened years ago and Mollie Stuart has been Neal Despard's happy wife these many years; and has sons and daughters of her own. It is not so long ago that a pretty wedding took place in the little Church of the Ascension, when the bride was bonnie Lesley Stuart and the happy bridegroom our old friend Paul Huldiday, who had thus succeeded in winning his girl bride; the young clergyman who performed the marriage service was the Rev. Herbert Stuart, brother of the bride.

THE END.

SELECTED.

Comfort One Another.

Comfort one another;

For the way is growing dreary,

The feet are often weary,

And the heart is very sad.

There is heavy burden-bearing,

When it seems that none are caring,

And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another;

With the hand-clasp close and tender,

With the sweetness love can render,

And the looks of friendly eyes.

Do not wait with grace unspoken,

While life's daily bread is broken,

Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;

There are words of music ringing

Down the ages, sweet as singing

Of the happy choirs above.

Unsundered saint and mighty angel,

Lift the grand deep-voiced evangel,

Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.

Comfort one another;

By the hope of Him who sought us

In our peril—Him who bought us,

Paying with His precious blood:

By the faith that will not alter,

Trusting strength that shall not falter,

Leaning on the One Divinely Good.

Comfort one another;

Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,

While the Spirit's words remind you

Of the home beyond the tomb

Where no more is pain or parting,

Fever's flush or tear-drop starting,

But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.

—Mrs. Margaret A. Sangster, Brooklyn, L. I.

WE MOTHERS.

O, what mischievous, troublesome children we have! How difficult it is to manage them, and to enforce obedience. How much patience we mothers need, and what a hard life we have! But the fault after all is really not so much in the children as in ourselves. Worn out with petty vexations and cares, burdened with secret sorrows and pain, we bring to the work no vitality, no enthusiasm, no heart, and gradually we come to move through the same routine of every-day duties in a sort of mechanical way, weak and spiritless, till the home seems like a tomb. No wonder the children eagerly seek to escape from it. No wonder that their pent-up vitality and energy finds vent in noise and confusion distracting to their weary mothers.

But suppose we mothers hear some special good news, which animates our spirits and lifts the shadows from our hearts. O, how different then does all appear. Mother's face is radiant with smiles; she walks with an elastic step, and speaks to her children in cheerful tones; they catch the spirit and it pleases them. They are no better than they were yesterday, in one sense, yet they love their mother better, and that makes all the difference in the world in their outward conduct. They say to themselves, "How kind mother is! How pleasantly she smiles on us! She is not cross to-day." And even though they may be as noisy as yesterday, she is too happy to notice it, or at least to be troubled by it. She looks upon the children's faults with a lenient eye, and as they, in a measure, really try to please her, she says to herself, "How much better they behave to-day?"

O, it is not the sea—

It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

But ourselves,

That rock and rise with endless and uneasy motion.

We sympathize with each other. We cannot help it. Eye speaks to eye more plainly than ever tongue speaks, and the fire of enthusiasm which burns in our own spirits will flash through the windows of our souls to light up the eyes of our children and enkindle in them a similar fire which, though but a spark at first, may be fanned into a flame which shall burn with a steady and constant light, shedding cheerfulness on all around.

The mother may almost regard her children as a mirror. In their gloomy and listless looks she may see the reflection of her own troubles and perplexities. In their indolence of mischievous tricks she may see her own weariness or flagging health and spirits. The machinery is out of order, or she has neglected to wind it up. In their noiseless, cheerful diligence, their animated, happy looks, she beholds her own health and happiness, her own quiet, unwavering zeal, and unflinching love and patience.

Does not love beget love, gloom create gloom, mirth provoke mirth, cheerfulness send forth sunshine, and earnestness rouse the energies of all who behold it? So as true mothers we must seek to attain that self-command that will enable us to keep our own trials and perplexities, our sorrows and anxieties, buried in our bosom, that outwardly we may be cheerful and bright. We must have that deep love for our children that will lead us to enter into all their little joys and sorrows as if they were our own.

A heart at leisure from itself

To soothe and sympathize.

For our children's sake as well as our own it is important for us to keep ourselves in such a physical condition, by means of fresh air, rest, recreation, and all such means as are desirable and in our power, that we may enjoy life, and may have mental, moral and physical force enough to enter upon our life-work with enthusiasm; and last but not least, we