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The look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes:
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The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woful way of sin:
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in Thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

Select Literature.

Her Vocation;

OR

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

BY ELIA CHEEVER THAYER.

'Dear love, I can look forward now with the hope of claiming you for my wife very soon. I have been lucky enough to obtain a situation as bookkeeper in the mill, and poverty cannot divide our lives any longer.'

He had rushed eagerly to meet Theresa Hale with these words, as he perceived her coming across the field towards the stile where he had been waiting. His handsome young face was all aglow, and his blue eyes sparkled.

But Theresa was not responsive. She had stopped at his approach, then drew back a little, heedless of his outstretched hands.

'The salary is not large,' she said, chillingly. 'At least not large enough for such enthusiasm, I am sure, Malcolm.'

His hands fell, and he gazed at her half-averted face with a look of pained reproach.

'It is large enough, dear, to make what was impossible yesterday possible to-day,' he said, in a tone which matched the look.

The rich color on her cheeks deepened a little, but it was with an air of impatience, rather than tenderness, that she asked:

'But what has become of your ambitious projects? Have you given up all idea of going out West somewhere, and trying to make a fortune, as your cousin did? and do you expect to settle down in a horrid, dull little town like this, and be a bookkeeper in the mill the rest of your life?'

'Why do you speak in such a way, Theresa—as it you didn't love me, when you know my first object has always been to earn enough so that we might be together? The rest will come after. We are young yet, Theresa, and need not fear the future, so long as we are sure it cannot separate us.'

Her fingers played nervously with a gold neck-chain which she wore ostentatiously, and which was too elegant not to seem out of place against the background of a woollen dress of cheap texture. It had been presented by the congregation of the church which was indebted to her for voluntary services in the choir, and it had marked an era of discontent in her life.

'I cannot help being afraid, when I remember it is Mr. Arnold's vacant place that you are going to take, and think how his wife has worked and toiled, always doing her own washing even, and economizing all her good looks away. Now she is left a widow without a cent, and with three children. I must say what I feel, Malcolm,—that I was made for something better than to darn and patch, and that I am sure such a life as hers is not my vocation.'

'Your vocation?' he repeated, with a quiver in his voice. 'I thought that you had found out long ago, darling, that your vocation was to be my wife.'

The words touched her, and with her countenance changing and softening she went and laid her head against his arm in a way that was habitual with her.

'I did not intend to hurt your feelings, dear,' she said. 'Haven't I loved you ever since you used to draw me home from school on your sled, and save all your candy and apples for me? But you must not blame me if I do not forget the old days when we used to sit on this very stile and build air castles. You were going to be a lawyer, like your father, you know, and finally go to Congress; while I was to be a great singer, and have so many diamonds that I should blaze like a star. We were only children then, of course, and when we grew older your father died, and you had to leave college and support yourself as best you could; and the only chance I had was to sing in the choir. Yet something of the old dreams remained, and I never suspected, until now, that you would ever renounce ambition.'

Malcolm had thrown his other arm about her shoulders as he listened, and its clasp tightened with his response.

'Neither do I forget the old days, my dearest. But what *I* remember most vividly is the sweet companionship, the affection which has outlived our childhood, which has brightened our youth more than the realization of our most extravagant hopes could have done without it; and, above all, the wish transcending all other wishes, that we might live our lives together. Theresa, unless I accept this situation that is offered, it will be many years of waiting, apart. I have not renounced ambition, but without you, and the hope of having you for my own postponed from year to year, I might lose courage. Let us have faith in the future, dear, and in our love.'

Theresa did not move as he bent down and laid his face against hers, and held her close. She thought of the moonlight night, now almost two years ago, when, on this very spot, he had taken her in the arms of a lover for the first time; and of the thrill of happiness with which she had awakened to the knowledge that it was something deeper than mere boy's and girl's affection which was in her heart and life.

Subdued by the recollection, she was almost conquered. But her eyes suddenly caught the gleam of a link of the necklace on her breast, touched by a ray of sunshine, and it acted as a reminder of something very different. She laid her hand on his shoulder, in an undecided manner.

'Dear Malcom,' she murmured, 'you will not doubt that I care for you more than all the world, even if I am a little less impatient than you for our—our marriage? When I met you just now, I, too, had found a new opportunity, and I was intending to ask your advice.'

Malcolm raised his head.

'What do you mean?' he asked, rather apprehensively. 'Is there anything that can interfere with your naming our wedding day?'

Theresa hesitated, looking rather confused under his anxious scrutiny. Then drawing away from him, she pulled a letter from her pocket.

'Promise me to be reasonable, and I will tell you all about it,' she said, coaxingly.

'Reasonable? Surely you know me too well to have any doubts on that point. But—you have made me feel uneasy. Who is the letter from, dear?'

'I shall have to go back—to explain it,—to the night they gave me this necklace, after our Sunday night concert. Don't you remember there being some strangers present, who were professional singers, belonging to a company traveling through the country, and that they complimented me very highly?'

'I remember,' Malcolm returned, briefly. His apprehensions were increasing and assuming shape.

'I had a long talk with one of them, a Mr. Bertram,' Theresa continued. 'I told him how it had always been my dream to become a prima donna, and he said it was to be regretted that I did not have money to go abroad and study. Since then I have felt more discontented than I ever did before. My necklace has seemed like a symbol representing what might be—and I felt as if I was wasting my life in this dull country town, where there was no possible opening for me except to wash my aunt's dishes.'

'I know, dear, that your fate has been hard—that you have had very little to make you happy. But was my love nothing?'

'Now, do not speak reproachfully again, Malcolm,' she entreated. 'Your love was so much to me that I was all the more anxious to show myself worthy of your belief in my abilities. I wanted to do something to make you a little proud of me. So when I found this letter at the post-office I was as pleased as I was surprised. It is from Mr. Bertram, Malcolm.'

Malcolm's face had brightened at the first of her reply, but at the conclusion it grew dark.

'Why should this fellow write to you, Theresa?' he questioned.

'Read it, and you will understand,' she said.

Malcolm opened it, and in a moment had learned that its mission was to offer Miss Theresa Hale a position at a fair salary in the Bertram Concert Company, which was being organized for a tour through New England. If the offer was accepted, it would be necessary for Miss Hale to join them at once at a town mentioned, some fifty miles distant.

The young man felt his worst forebodings realized as he read, and could not at once risk either a question or a comment. At length, however, he managed to say, with an appearance of carelessness:

'Singular he should have remembered you so long—it's a year ago, isn't it, since he was here and heard you sing? Of course it's a compliment, and he could not know of your prior engagement.'

Theresa regarded him furtively.

'You refer to my promise to sing in the church?' she asked.

'I refer to your promise to sing for me. That was included, of course, in your promise to be my wife. The greater takes in the less, you know,' he said, with a confidence that was far from being real.

She drew away from him, and stood apart, as she returned, with an accession of petulance:

'Don't be absurd, Malcolm. That is an entirely different thing. Surely you can guess now what I wanted to ask your advice about.'

His pulses throbbed excitedly, but he controlled himself sufficiently to answer, calmly:

'Certainly it wouldn't be strange if you had some idea of accepting Mr. Bertram's offer, and wanted to consult me about it, for when you received his letter, an hour ago, you were ignorant that I was in a position at last to take you away from your disagreeable surroundings at home. It is too bad to disappoint Mr. Bertram, but he is a little too late, isn't he, dear?'

He waited anxiously for the response, which was not immediate.

'I—we had better talk it over,' she stammered, at length. 'You see—I—I—am not so sure about his being too late with his offer.'

'Ah! I cannot be blind to the truth any longer. I understand what is in your mind.' Malcolm broke out, with an abandon of all restraint. 'You are thinking of making me a secondary consideration, and of joining this concert company, just the same as you would if all our love, our hopes had never been, and on the eve of their fulfilment. You are tempted to choose a life away from me, rather than a life with me, because there is a chance of change and excitement in the one, and the other holds only a true, devoted affection. Theresa, is this love?'

Her eyes flashed as she returned his look.

'Rather let *me* ask *you* if it is love that would bind with fetters of poverty the object it professes to adore, and is unwilling to make the sacrifice of a little patience? Why should you be angry because I see clearer than you the wisdom of waiting? If I can make a career for myself, your chances will be greater than if you were hampered with a wife. As you have said, we are young, and so we can afford to wait, and work apart, if we must.'

Malcolm had grown pale. At any other time, perhaps, he, who was always so discriminating, would have met her acknowledgment in a more sympathetic spirit, and been able to realize that it was not a lack of affection which impelled her, but the inordinate desire of an aspiring nature, warped out of proportion by its uncongenial surroundings.

But the shock of her reluctance had come upon him at a moment when he had been filled with the joy of expectation; when his heart was bounding with eagerness at the thought of his dearest hope being near fulfilment; and it had been so much to bear and be just.

'There could be no question of waiting between two who really loved each other, unless from the sternest necessity,' he cried, hotly. 'Let's have no equivocations, Theresa; no fallacies. Your choice lies between that man's offer and mine. There can be no middle course.'

She straightened herself up, throwing her head back with an indignant motion.

'I do not wish to talk with you in your present unreasonable mood,' she said, coldly. 'I consider the opportunity which has come to me one that I am not likely to have again, and I do not propose to throw it away because you choose to be selfish and unfair. I will leave you to come to your senses by yourself.'

As she spoke Theresa seized her letter and climbed over the stile. But as she turned up the road she heard him follow, and then his hand grasped her arm detainingly.

'Stop!' he exclaimed.

Theresa paused, looking over her shoulder into his agitated face.

'Well—what is it?' she asked impatiently.

'Only this' he replied, in a hoarse, tense voice, 'if you leave me now, you leave me forever.'

For an instant everything swam around her—the strip of woods with bare, desolate tree-branches outlined against the sky; the long, frozen road; the isolated white house yonder in the field; Malcolm himself, with that hard, determined expression in the eyes which had never before given her other than kind and tender looks. Then, recovering, she tore herself away defiantly. She, too, was chilled and disappointed, for she had expected sympathy and co-operation in her project. And she, as well as he, yielded to the worst promptings of impulse born of the moment's revolt.

'You can take whatever course you like,' she said, as decisively as he had spoken. 'I shall accept Mr. Bertram's offer.'

With the words she walked quickly away. But she listened in vain for his footsteps upon the ground behind her. Malcolm did not follow.

A feeling of terror such as she had experienced when he declared if she left him then it would be forever again took possession of her. But she drove it away, lashing her anger vigorously. It was their first quarrel, and if he proposed to begin their married life in this way, it was time he was taught a lesson. He would be ready enough to ask her pardon when he found she was not to be frightened by a man's petty tyranny that wanted to tie her down to drudgery, when instead there was a chance for her to try her wings. Hadn't he always loved her and made her pleasure his? Of course he had not meant what he said about parting forever. Part? They two part who had loved each other so long—really part? Impossible!

Then her thoughts went to the letter she held crumpled in her hand. It must be answered at once, she remembered, and a doubtful, hesitating expression crept over her features. It was very hard to go against Malcolm's wishes even when he was unreasonable. She loved him so dearly!

Slowly she opened the gate and went up the walk towards a small yellow cottage, which was one of three remote from the thickly settled part of the town. A woman of middle age, very thin and with a sharp nose and chin, came out on to the piazza at the side, from the back door. This was her aunt, Mrs. Eaton.

'You are always gadding about when there's work to be done,' was her greeting, in a thin, rasping voice. 'Goodness knows, I have got over expecting any gratitude from you for giving you a home after your father and mother died, but I do expect you to earn your board. But all you seem to think of now is getting that chain on to you, and running around the village. Folks are talking pretty plain about your wearing it on all occasions, and I don't believe they would have given it to you if they had known how you would flaunt it.'

Theresa reddened, and stopping, looked with a flash in her eyes at her aunt. Then the glance went beyond, through the open door into the kitchen, where on the table was a pan of apples waiting to be pared and sliced, and where everything spoke of the unalluring detail of household work; and then, as in a vision, she saw the glare of lights and shimmer of silk, and seemed to hear strains of music dying into the applause of which she had tasted sufficient to know its intoxicating flavor. That moment was fateful—it ended her hesitation.

Grasping her necklace with one hand, and with an air of resolution, she held out the letter in the other to her aunt.

'You will see by this that I shall not trouble you or the village gossips long,' she said, loftily; and swept on into the house, where Mrs. Eaton presently followed with wondering ejaculations, but evidently impressed and rather subdued. She was a person of good intentions, and had given her sister's orphan child a home in her own family, where children were not scarce enough to make an addition to their number desirable, with the kindest of motives. But all that was best in her somehow turned acrimonious by the time it reached her tongue, and Theresa had borne the burden of this peculiarity ever since she could remember.

'But what will Malcolm Wentworth say to it?' Mrs. Eaton asked, suddenly. 'Not that I approve of your keeping company with a fellow who has never been able to support himself since his father died, still as you *would* have your own way about him, I suppose he'll have to be consulted.'

Theresa steadied herself against a chair.

'Malcolm and I understand each other perfectly,' she responded. 'As for his earning a living, he has just obtained a situation as bookkeeper in the mill, and I think you forget how hard it was for him to change the plans for his life which his father had made.'

'Well, I suppose it was a blow to the boy to have to leave college, and I'm glad he has stepped into old Arnold's shoes at the mill. But have he and you agreed that you shall go off with this company?'

'It is decided that I shall go,' Theresa replied, determined that her aunt should not have a chance to gossip about the quarrel, which of course would soon be made up. 'As I must answer Mr. Betram's letter at once,' she added, 'I am afraid I can't pare the apples just now.'

'Never mind them,' returned Mrs. Eaton, with unusual good humor, 'write your letter and take it down to the office right away. Well—well! To think you should have turned out a real genius!'

Theresa did not falter as she wrote; but she hurried a little, hoping Malcolm would still be lingering by the stile which she would have to pass on her way to the post-office. He was not there, however, and she went on with a pang tearing at her heart, although she had held stubbornly to her purpose. In this purpose she was upheld by Mrs. Greenough, her music-teacher, at whose house she stopped before posting the momentous letter, and to whom she confided the story of Malcolm's 'unreasonable behavior.' Mrs. Greenough, a young widow who supported herself by teaching music, had always been interested in Theresa, and had enrolled her among her pupils without any certaintp of receiving other payment than such as the girl could give by sewing for her.

'I have always believed in you, my dear,' this lady said. 'I am sure with fair opportunities you will make a success. I know something about Mr. Betram's company—they are engaged mostly to sing at lyceum courses, and he is perfectly reliable. It will be good practice for you, and may lead to a better opening. As for this lover of yours—you know I do not approve of early marriages—I learned the folly of youthful sentiment long ago—but be sure you have only to be firm, and he will yield the point soon enough. There is nothing like beginning right with a man. But do not think of *him*—think of your vocation.'

Yet, notwithstanding these assurances, Theresa paused at the stile on her homeward way, and grew sad as she thought how often he had waited for her here as she came from taking her lesson, and that perhaps they would not meet again for—who could tell how long? and grew a little frightened at what she had done.

But there was no turning back now, even had the prospect of change and excitement, of music and applause, been less enticing. She could not believe, either, that Malcolm would remain unforgiving. He would come to her, and their parting would be hopeful and tender. Preparations for her departure kept her too busy to leave much opportunity for brooding over the situation, and this of course helped her to keep up her courage. But all the time her nerves were stretched to their utmost tension, and she slipped away at the hour she was accustomed to meet Malcolm by the stile. But he did not come, nor had she seen anything of him when Mr. Bertram's answer arrived, enclosing a railroad ticket, and giving her directions where to join the company immediately. Then her obstinacy broke down, and she wrote to Malcolm, sending the note to this house by one of the children:

'DEAR MALCOLM: I am going away in the first train to-morrow morning, and I want to say good-by.'

With trembling fingers she tore open the note which her little cousin brought in return. It was brief, and ran as follows:

'We have already said good-by to each other. You have made your choice, and must abide by it.'

(Concluded in our next.)

A Terrible Race for Life.

BETWEEN TWO ENGINES AND A TRAIN WHICH HAD BROKEN LOOSE.

A freight train on the Denver and Rio Grande road last week left Lovee. It was made up of two engines in front and twenty-two cars of cattle, ten freight cars and caboose and an engine in the rear. The train soon broke in three parts and then began a race for life, as the middle section had no brakeman on it. The engines ran three miles at the rate of over a mile a minute down a grade ninety feet to the mile and there the middle section with seventy-four cars loaded with cattle and lumber overtook them. The first engine escaped, but the second was overwhelmed in a great mass of flying wreckage, which buried Engineer William Glener and Fireman Thomas Baker, killing them instantly. Portions of timber on the flying cars were thrown over two hundred feet. Seven cars of cattle and eight cars of lumber were piled up in the wreck, and all killed or horribly mangled. Two brakemen were severely injured.

LITTLE STINGS.—The hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little stings that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they cannot be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts. Some disagreeable habit in one to whom we may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to our sense of the fitness of things, may demand of us a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene than an absolute wrong committed against us. In the one case endurance is all that is possible; in the other we may sometimes rightfully fight—and there is a world of comfort in the powers of action.

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. 'Putnam's,' sure, safe, painless.

—Mrs. M. M. Ricker, attorney-at-law in Washington, D. C., formerly of Dover, has placed on file an application for admission to the bar to practise law in New Hampshire. Women have been admitted in all the New England States except New Hampshire and Vermont.

Well Pleased.

DEAR SIRS,—I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time and was cured by two bottles, and I must say it is the best thing I can get for general use as a pain reliever. J. MUSTARD, Strathavon, Ont.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Their Baby.

HOW A BURGLAR'S REORMATION BEGAN WHEN HE HAD PLANNED A ROBBERY.

Over on the west side is a house in which lives a man who passes many sleepless nights. He has tried every kind of treatment without avail, and is forced to spend the weary hours in reading. Frequently he does not go to bed at all, dozing off occasionally in his arm-chair over a prosy passage in the book he is reading. His nervous system is so delicately organized that he is sensitive of the least noise about the house. If he were not a fearless man his midnight vigils would often be turned into horrible periods of unrest. But instead, the hours of darkness have taught him much that the ordinary mortal who sleeps soundly can never know.

The other night he was aroused from a reverie over Wordsworth's 'Ode to Immortality' by a peculiar noise at one of the basement windows, as if somebody was trying to open it. He went softly to the window of the room above that from which the sound appeared to come and looked out. Sure enough, a burglar was attempting to raise the sash. The window was fastened, and the intruder was about to cut the glass, so as to reach in and undo the lock. The owner of the house went to his room for a revolver, intending to fire it and frighten the thief away. Upon his return to the window he saw by the light of the street lamps that the burglar had desisted from his purpose, at least for the time being, and was crouching down in the shadow of a bush in the little grass plot in front of the house.

Looking to see what had caused a cessation of the burglar's efforts to enter the house, he discovered on the front stoop the form of a woman, apparently not very old, who was bending over a little bundle which she had laid on the top step. The situation was interesting. The man in the window gently raised the sash without making noise enough to disturb the woman as she bent over the little package, or the burglar, as from behind the clump of bushes he furtively watched the actions of the woman on the stoop.

It did not take long to decide what was in the bundle nor what the woman intended to do. If there had been any doubt it would have been dispelled when she uncovered the face of a tiny sleeping babe and pressed her lips to the innocent little face. Then she clasped her hands, and in a voice broken with sobs and scarcely audible to the watcher in the window or to that other one behind the bush, said:

'Oh, God—here is my little baby. Jack's baby and my baby, only Jack don't know that she is his baby. Jack went away, God, before baby came. And, dear God, I don't believe he would have gone away if he had known baby was coming, because—just because. She is so like him, God, he couldn't help loving her and caring for her. But Jack is gone somewhere, I don't know where, and he don't write to me or seem to care for me or baby any more, only that he don't know about baby, or else he would. And I am so poor, dear God, I can't keep baby! I can't have her live where I must! I can't see her grow up to hate her mother and to curse the day she was born! No, God, I don't believe you can ask that of me. It wouldn't be right. And now, dear God, I am going to leave my sweet little girl here to be taken care of. I know they are good people and kind in this house. I watched them to-day when a beggar went to the door. They were kind even to him. So they will be kind to my little baby, because they can't help it. If they only look once into her pretty blue eyes they will love her, God, just as I do. Not as much, for they can't. They will love her enough to keep her—I love her enough to give her up. And now, dear God, over baby's sweet little face, please care for her and keep her, and don't forget Jack. Jack was good to me while he was here, and I love him even now, when it seems as if everything was so black'——

The poor woman broke down completely and turned away with one last, long kiss on the babe's puckering lips.

The man in the window saw the figure lurking by the bush start. He thrust out his hand with the revolver in it, so that he covered the thief if he should make any movement toward woman or babe. The woman slowly descended the steps and walked down the path, passing close to the spot where the man was hidden. Suddenly he sprang up.

'Bess!' he cried.

'Jack?

'Bess! I heard you. Is it our baby?'

'Whose else could it be, Jack?' said the little woman, sweetly and confusedly.

'Come, Bess, we'll take her home.'

'Home?'

'Yes.'

'Where is our home, Jack?'

'I'll make one, please God!'

And arm in arm they went away into the night with a little bundle of sunshine wrapped lovingly within the arms of the happiest woman in the city that night.—*Chicago Times.*

Sudden Change.

Mrs. George Flewelling, St. John, N. B. writes:—'I suffered from weakness and costiveness, so I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I finished it, noticed a change. After using three bottles I am now entirely cured, and recommend B. B. B. as a positive cure for costiveness.'

—Iron is rolled so thin at the Pittsburg Iron Mills that twelve thousand sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines through one of these sheets as readily as it does through greased tissue-paper.

—Weak eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.