

family sent home from abroad to me. But, somehow, we have got on most happily, and now John and Annie are doing for themselves, and are every way a great help and comfort to me, for I'm getting an old woman now. That text from God's word, that helped me so, in my time of sore trial, has sustained and refreshed me in succeeding years." * * *

"And now, dear Mabel," said I, "if you are not wearied with speaking so much, tell us, before we part, what your other 'life-spring' is, for you said you had two."

"Ah, that is true," said the good old woman; "and the one about which we have been speaking could have no place for good, without the presence of the first. It is this, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' '*No wise.*' I might call this Divine word the parent of the former, the first gush from the Fountain of Life, giving life, and calling into being, in the renewed heart, the desire and ability to be regulated by such precepts as, 'Fret not thyself, in any wise,' to do evil.' '*Any wise.*'

"The Bible 'any wise' and 'no wise' are like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Precious, precious words! enough, if no more had been given, to lead a sinner from death to life, and from a life of ungodliness to one of holiness and preparedness for the kingdom. When tempted by Satan, and agonized with his suggestions, that I had sinned too much, in my temper and life; when I groaned under a sense of my past sin, and my present deadness,—who shall tell the tide of peace that rolled over my heart, as, finding myself at Christ's feet, the words sounded in my ear, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out!' And so I am kept in peace. The blessed words are the means of my salvation and sanctification. To His own name be the praise, that ever such life-springs streamed into the heart and conscience of Mabel Graeme!" * * *

"Well, Mabel," said my friend, who, as well as myself, had listened with absorbed attention to the interesting recital of the aged saint, "we must leave you now, and have greatly enjoyed our visit to you."

"It is I that have to say that, surely ma'am; and yet it is a pleasure to talk of the King, and His wondrous beauty, and gracious words, with any, however humble."

"Many a time you have cheered and encouraged me, Mabel, and I bless God for you. I hope to come soon again, and shall bring Rose and Helen next time. They have learnt some sweet new hymns, and are longing to say them to you."

"Good night, Mabel," I said, as I parted with the dear old woman; "I thank you, thank you." I could say no more, for my heart was very full. I had learnt lessons from her, for which, to this present hour, my heart rises in gratitude to God. As to her, so to me, the words, "any wise" and "no wise" have been indeed precious.

As we drove home, I contrasted my outward lot with hers. How much more prosperous for me! And my frame of spirit with hers—how painful for me was the comparison! Yet, remembering the promises on which I was anew and impressively made to hope, I again sought Jesus, and committing unto Him my whole case—carrying to Him my burden, with the temptation of temper and discontent, I experienced a peace such as He alone can give.

Mr. Hay met us, as we drove up the avenue, and, as he welcomed us back, said, "And how is good old Mabel this evening?"

"Well and bright as usual," said Ada; "and I must tell you, Edward, that Alice has certainly left her heart in the cottage, for she has not spoken six words all the way home."

She smiled to me, and whispered, as we went up stairs, "I am not jealous, Alice; I knew you would love her."

"Indeed, indeed, she has done me good, dear Ada," I replied; some of her bright rays have fallen across the darkness of my soul; and I humbly trust that, seeking daily to draw more copious supplies of living water from the Fountain of all life-springs, I shall henceforth live more like what I long to be, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, cleaving to Him as my alone refuge, and manifesting