



HE DREW THE OLD BIBLE FROM ITS ACCUSTOMED SHELF."

drew near
Then it was
Grant who
after a whis-
per from
Lucy, drew
the old Bible
from its ac-
customed
shelf, and
placed it be-
fore his aunt.

"There
are the two
or three of
us left yet
mother
dear," whis-
pered Lucy.
"Shall I ring
for the
girls?"

Mrs.
Dimsdale
assented
and, though
the lips of
the house-
mother
quivered a
little and her
voice trem-
bled, she
went through
the words
"Except the
Lord build
the house,

they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

This verse was but the preface, followed by Psalm ciii.
Lucy and Grant Outram looked at each other as the reader began the lovely song of praise which the children had been used to call "Father's Psalm," because he so often chose it. They used to watch the glad light in his face as he read: "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children"; and they saw the same light in the mother's face now. They were half afraid lest voice should fail her amidst the memories those words would bring. But their fears were needless. The words themselves gave new strength, and there was almost a ring of triumph in the voice as it ended: "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

A simple prayer followed, and, as the little company rose, each felt that they had shared in the dedication of the new home.

(To be continued.)

My name that could suit your dwelling,
I have only intimated that it was to be No. 4."

"Shall I ask you to suggest a name?" said
My impression is that you said it was not
to give one to the house, and you just ran
on, whilst she listened and shook her head at

"Are you are right, Lucy. Your mother was
a good listener, waiting for a pause to tell me
backing my brain for nought. Aunt Mary,
pardon me if my zeal in your service made me
discretion. Believe me, I agree with you
is preferable to anything else. If you
do call the house by any name in my list,
I will be forgotten which you had chosen, and
I will try to every one of them in turn. No. 4
is my memory."

The talk round the table meant little. It
was childish, but it was not without its use.
Thoughts of the mistress of No. 4 steadily
present surroundings, until parting time