

THE MASTER'S REPLY.

Restless and unsatisfied,
 "Of what use is life?" I cried,
 All my wishes seem denied.
 All my duties trivial seem;
 I have energies I deem,
 What I could do oft I dream.
 But I cannot see my way
 From this spot whereon I stay;
 So hope fadeth day by day.
 Then a voice was at my side,
 "Let my conduct be thy guide,"
 'Twas his voice, the Crucified.
 "Law and prophets to fulfil,
 Was my life devoted still;
 For I came to do his will.
 "What that will? the Scripture saith:
 Three of public work, then death.
 "Thirty years unknown I trod
 Galilee's sequestered sod:
 Yet I was the Son of God.
 "Daily work at Joseph's call,
 Daily life 'mid duties small;
 Yet I was the Lord of all.
 "Daughter, if thy life be true
 Thou a blessed work shall do,
 Though unseen to mortal view.
 "I shall know it, I shall see,
 When obedient to me
 All thy life is full and free.
 "All thy quiet life I know,
 For I planned it long ago;
 Would'st thou that it were not so?
 "I have given all for thee,
 Livesthy quiet life for me,
 So it shall transfigure be.
 Now on these sweet words I rest;
 And have ceased my weary quest,
 For the Master knoweth best.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)
 CHAPTER XXIV.

AUNT RACHEL FINDS QUINCE AGAIN.
 Quince made his fires, swept his rooms, studied, recited and heard recitations. He was fully occupied, yet he found time to listen to Frank and to write to Hatham. The latter had particularly desired this when he went away.
 "I am not sure that it is the best thing for me to do; it seems too much like running away, though it is not actually running away. I am not more at home in Chelmsford than in any other place. It is beginning again, I hope," pausing in his speech and glancing around timidly; then, in a lower voice, "I am to try. You will think of this, Quince? And it will be easier for me among strangers."
 It was a very sudden movement; even Mrs. Seago had not known of it until the night previous. Hatham could scarcely make up his mind to tell her; and when he did so, it was in a few words. "If I fail, I shall disappoint you," was all that he could think of, as he said to Quince afterward.
 Frank was the last one to say "Good-bye" to him. It was the day of the regular reunion at Mrs. Seago's, and Frank's face wore a look of extreme seriousness as he came in from the station, where he had been to see his friend off.
 "Poor fellow! he was quite upset," Frank said to Mrs. Seago. "The only fear I have is that when he gets blue he will have no one to comfort him, and then he will forget."
 "Did he request you to write to him?" she asked.
 "He said he should look for letters. I think he quite expects that you will not forget him," replied Frank.
 If there was less music that evening because of Hatham's absence, there was more promenading and more opportunities for conversation with the students. It was the aim of both Mr. and Mrs. Seago to impress upon those with whom they had to do the necessity of having right principles as a ground-work, with thoughts of God and hu-

manity woven into the mesh of daily living and practice.
 Into this sweet home-life came Rachel Evans—"Aunt Rachel," as Gertrude called her. Quince had one day been sent to the station to meet an unexpected visitor, he not dreaming that it could be any one whom he had known. What was his surprise when Rachel Evans stepped forward! Her black dress told the story. Grandmamma Evans was dead, and her grave was made by the side of his own mother's. Another thing he discovered when Rachel spoke to him: suffering when Rachel spoke to him: suffering had softened her heart; her voice was not so harsh as formerly it had been. Upon the way back he told her of all that had befallen him since he had left her.
 "And Mrs. Seago is my sister. Did you know that, Quince?"
 "I did not know it—no. I heard Gertrude speak of 'Aunt Rachel,' but I did not associate the name with one who had known my mother, and who, when my mother died, took me into her own home."
 Quince gave a swift glance into Rachel's face. She looked wan, and the sight of her mourning-dress and her long black veil brought tears to his eyes, for they were worn for grandmamma; and now he knows how much he had been thinking of the time when he should meet her again.
 "Mother talked of you every day, Quince. It would have been a comfort for her had she known that you were making your home with the Seagos."
 "I see now how fully I expected to go back some time," was the reply.
 "I feel quite broken down, Quince; I felt that I must come, if only for a short visit, and since I have found you, I am truly glad I did so. Mother always said you would get on well, and I think, from your looks, that you have found friends. Your mother was a good woman, Quince; she could claim the promise, if anybody can."
 Mrs. Seago and Gertrude were waiting in the doorway. But few words were said; the sense of loss swept over each. Memories of what had been floated before them. The one being who had loved them above all others had passed away.
 Rachel had come to remain several weeks, and every morning Quince's room was visited and his wardrobe closely inspected. If there was a thin place in his coat-sleeve, it was soon made to look "as well as new," and his stockings were darned and put back in precisely the same place from which they had been taken.
 Quince listened with glad surprise as Rachel told him of Hugh Mercer.
 "He expects to preach the gospel. He has the quality of leadership in a remarkable degree," she said; "and, whatever he does, he enters into it so heartily that he induces others to follow the same course."
 Mr. Plaisted had known Rachel Evans in her young days. She had lived a busy, bustling life, and naturally she lacked the gentleness that belonged in such a striking degree to Mrs. Seago. But, notwithstanding her innate activity, she had no sympathy with excitement in church-work; societies she was afraid of, and to act in any official capacity was, for her, an unparliamentary innovation.
 Meeting her frequently in Mrs. Seago's parlor and finding her greatly changed from the Rachel Evans of time long passed, the minister ventured one evening to say to her.
 "We are about to organize a 'Woman's Temperance Union,' and, knowing your executive ability from experience, I have ventured to ask if you will help us. Any office that you will accept, from that of president down, may be yours," smiling into the face of his old acquaintance.
 "But I do not live here," was answered, with a little of the old terseness.
 "You will remain a few months, I presume?" with grave seriousness in his eyes.
 "I am here to-day, and I may be gone to-morrow. Indeed, had it not been that I found Quince, who was once a member of my family in Scarborough, I should have left before now," was the reply.
 Mrs. Seago joined them in time to hear the last remark.
 "We need you more than we need anybody else, Rachel."
 "I have accomplished nearly all that I can do here. I have learned a practical lesson, and I am going home to put it in force."
 Mrs. Seago placed herself in a listening attitude; Mr. Plaisted was calmly waiting the next utterance from Rachel.
 "When mother died, I felt that I could not keep my home. It was so lonely; everything reminded me of her, and it appeared to me impossible that I could ever again find sufficient interest in it to keep on. It is different now."
 "How is it different, Rachel?" asked Mrs. Seago.
 "I see now that I was selfish," answered Rachel. "Living as I did, Quince found a home with me; it was a help to him. He said to me yesterday that in all probability he would have yielded to discouragement had I not taken him in. And there are always homeless boys. I shall go home and open my house, and I shall employ just as many of them as I can."
 "It is a noble undertaking," said Mr. Plaisted.
 "I used to think about making money off the farm; I shall think about making a home for the boys. I shall take time. I must not sit still and brood over my loss."
 Mrs. Seago brushed away tears. "Rachel is greatly changed," she said to herself.
 "You will allow," continued Rachel, turning to Mr. Plaisted, "that we can each work best in our own harness. I am persuaded that it is best for me to return home."
 "With such a purpose before you, I cannot urge you to remain, although my plans are quite changed by your determination," returned Mr. Plaisted, with a faint smile. "If you can give a start in life to another young man like Quince, you well deserve to be called a public benefactor."
 Mrs. Seago looked at her sister through happy tears. It was evident that a deeper, richer life was dawning for her, lifting her up and over the loss and the weariness to a more real Christian living.
 Before Rachel left she had a good many talks with Gertrude and with Quince. The latter had become convinced that it was his duty to enter the ministry, and was looking forward to a life-work for others.
 "Mother always said this, Quince—that you would one day be a minister; but I did not then believe it. I am glad, Quince; and if in anything I can aid you, do not neglect to call upon me."
 "I shall go to Mr. Chase for the vacation. The farm is small; it will be rest for me."
 "You need rest now," observed Rachel. "But I cannot take it now," was the brief response.
 As the spring came on it was evident that Quince was growing thin and pale. Rachel was gone, but she had made an arrangement that would lighten his burdens materially.
 "This janitor business is done with," she said to Mr. Seago, in her quick, abrupt manner. "The boy is killing himself, in order to get an education; and when he gets it, ten to one he will be broken down and worthless."
 It was a serious question, and the good principal had not before regarded it in this light. The consequence was that a new janitor was engaged, and Quince found his burden lightened.
 CHAPTER XXV.
 A HAPPY CHANGE IN HATHAM.

Hatham had written to Frank Belden and to Mrs. Seago. He was grateful. The assistance he had received, the suggestions and the possibilities held up before him, had not been lost.
 "Do not imagine," he said, "that I have not spent hours and days in bitter rebellion. I bemoaned my fate and the fate of my ancestors with such a feeling of abasement and discouragement that I should have fallen into lower depths than I knew in Chelmsford but for the helping hand of a Christian woman who had known sorrow through the love of strong drink. She did not tell me her story then, but I heard it afterward; and I knew how it was that she had learned to love. The help you gave me, my friends, she supplemented. In my trial she came to me, and always with the Bible in her hand. In my struggle I was brought very low. Darkness environed me; I felt that I was lost; my props were all giving way."
 "I cannot tell just how it was; neither just how and when my feet touched the rock; and then, as one may stand in the soft gray of the dawn to watch the rise of the sun—first a faint glow, then a rim of gold, and at length the bright effulgence of the king of day—so I, folded and wrapped in with darkness, saw above the black waves

that rolled over me the faint glow of what proved to be a cross, and on it hanging One whose face was shining, and on his head he wore a starry crown. Transfixed, I stood forgetful of myself and of my woe, while a voice that thrilled me as music never did, whispered, 'Look and live.' I looked, I looked! It was no power of mine; for while my eyes were on that cross, and on that face so full of love and brightness, I felt myself rising to meet his outstretched hand. The waves of darkness fell away from me, rolling far behind. I was standing in a large place, and the Shining One was near me. I could see the marks of his anguish—the pierced hands, the nail-prints in his feet, and his bleeding side.
 "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," I whispered.
 "Be of good courage," he answered. "Fear not. I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."
 "It was the voice. I longed to hear it again; I wanted to be sure. I was afraid of being again swallowed up in darkness. In my eagerness I was pressing closer. Like the woman of whom we read, I longed to touch his garment, when the voice, nearer, sweeter, than it was before, sounded down to me:
 "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right arm of my righteousness."
 "When I looked up, the face of the Shining One had disappeared; only the brightness remained. The splendor did not dazzle me; it environed me. I felt it to be a strangely protective power; in its folds I was safe. It is with me still; it is real; I am strong."
 "Bear with me, my friends. I have purposely waited. I wanted to be sure: I am am sure. What time I am afraid, I look up. The voice I hear: 'Fear not, I will help thee;' 'I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight;' 'Look unto me, for I am God, and there is none else.'
 "Pardon, my friends, but I felt that you would like to know. It is all of grace; yet it is in part your own work. You opened the way; you made me to see the path that led to the radiant cross. It is a glorious work. And there are others. Be not discouraged; have patience with the erring at all times, as you had patience with me."
 Later he wrote:
 "You have heard me murmur because of my ample fortune, making that an excuse for my follies and wishing in my heart that it never had been mine. Foolish as it was, my desire was granted; a large portion of my riches has slipped away from me. Possibly I may in time recover it, but it is a mere possibility, and no longer to be counted upon. Meantime, I have received an offer from a large mercantile house, the chief members of the firm having had business with my father, and likewise knowing something of myself. I do not feel that I am sufficiently well acquainted with details. I have wasted my opportunities; I must go back and make up for lost time. A few months in a commercial college will, I think, give me the knowledge necessary to enable me to accept of their generous offer. Remember me, my friends, as often as you prostrate yourselves before the throne of grace. I must never cease the patient toiling after strength. As I have been helped, so must I help others."
 There were rejoicings and there were tears in Mrs. Seago's parlor when the letter was read. With trembling they recalled the fears that had entertained when the first invitation was extended to Hatham—the fears that in their effort to benefit him his influence over others whom he might meet in the hours of social intercourse would drag them down.
 "A lesson for us to heed in the future," Mrs. Seago said to Quince. "It bids us seize opportunities to do good in God's name without fear and misgiving. He will be strength for our weakness. He will in his own time and way perfect our work. The seed planted here will blossom in eternity."
 In Hatham's letter to Frank Belden he had written more explicitly of going out after others:
 "There is Paul Cassel; I am afraid I did him no good, Frank. You know him, I think. He came from Pemberton and lived for a time where I did, with Mrs. Fischer. He was often with me at Brinley's. He could drink a good deal and not show it. But he fell behind in histudies; I know he

did. I do it. How can I tell down to Brinley? Do, acquaintance, and now I him."
 Then told only for F individuals. Feeling the letter planned the reach prac "When good effect still, if y your fear remarked his friend way."
 "It was turned O "And I me."
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