

but this came on so suddenly it has not been done, but I learned from one of his neighbors not long ago that he and his family were in good health and prosperous circumstances, and although our paths have not crossed in many years and we write each other very seldom, he cannot refuse to care for his sister's child. I want thee to write him immediately. Ruth, his address is in that upper drawer.' She stopped out of breath, and the doctor pouring some liquid into a little water in a glass gave it to her. After drinking it she revived a little and soon spoke again. "When Samuel died I felt that I could not live, but now I dread to go and leave Ruth." "But, Ellen, thee knows who has promised to be a father to the fatherless." "Oh, yes, I know, and I have been wonderfully supported. To-night, while alone, it was shown to me clearly that Ruth was to go to my brother's; perhaps I would have known sooner had I not rebelled against it. My brother's wife is a descendant of a strict line of Puritans, his children are brought up that way, for after his marriage Henry seemed to lose all interest in Friends, and since this grievous separation which has lately rent the church, he favors those who call themselves Orthodox. But 'all things work together for good to those who love God,' and I know thou dost love Him, daughter Ruth." Kneeling by the bedside while the tears ran in streams down her face Ruth clasped her mother's hands, but could not answer. "My daughter He will never leave thee nor forsake thee, He will be thy guide even unto death. Promise me that under all circumstances thou wilt ever listen for and obey this Guide." "O, mother, I promise," sobbed Ruth, as she buried her face in the pillow. Soon she felt a convulsive shudder pass through the loved form beside her, and ere she could lift her eyes the doctor raised her to her feet, and gently holding her hands in his he said. "Thy mother has entered into her rest, Ruth, and I

doubt not is even now re-united with thy father, where there are no more sorrows and separations." Then, raising his eyes, he prayed: "Heavenly Father, be with and bless this lamb of thy flock who has only thee to look to now. Let her feel thy presence as a strong tower, where she may at all times retire and be safe. Make her a blessing in the home which will henceforth be hers." As Ruth raised her head with a feeling of renewed strength she saw tears in the doctor's eyes, as stooping he said to her, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread, and remember, Ruth, His promises in Him are yea and amen, forever."

Two days later the funeral of Ellen Atherton was held in Green Street Meeting house, where many testimonies were borne to the Christian virtues of the deceased, and the loving wife was laid to rest by the side of her husband. Ruth returned to her lonely house to gather together her few possessions, and bid farewell to the only home she had ever known.

CHAPTER II — A NEW ENGLAND HOUSEHOLD.

In a spacious New England mansion preparations are going on for thanksgiving. "Come girls," said Margurett Martin, "I will prepare the turkey now so it will be ready to-morrow without more trouble, and you, Mary, get at those cakes, and I'll trust you with the fruit cake, Annie, only let me read the recipe to you before you stir it together." There was a tired, anxious look on the mother's face, and a scowl on Mary's as she went to her work. The large kitchen was scrupulously clean and lighted by two large windows; it received light also from a window in the adjoining pantry. "Come Annie," said her mother, "call Lizzie, it takes her a great while to do the chamber work." Lizzie, as they called her (Lizzette was her name), was a little French girl bound to Henry Martin until she was twenty-one; she was now fifteen but small of her age;