

down the cliff to see Mrs. Hubbard. Thou'lt feel better for having been alone a bit."

The yearning in the girl's eyes had softened to tears as she sat down on the rocky shore. The white-caps were chasing each other across old Fundy, as the great, full-bosomed tide prepared for its mighty swell, and the shouts of the students echoed far down the beach.

Yes, she saw Aunt Margaret's ideal for her. She knew nothing or little of Barbara Heck, or Elizabeth Fry, and countless other women, who were great simply because of their spiritual life, but she knew the old Gospel book well. She knew there were lives that were great, not merely because they strove to enter heaven themselves, but because they brought heaven down into the hearts of others. She even knew just a few such lives. Aunt Margaret, for instance, scattering God's sunshine everywhere. And as for John Payson, to whom she had been engaged for two years until last night, she did not believe a stronger saint ever lived. As to loving him, well, that was all over now, and she was to leave on the early train to-morrow to visit Aunt Margaret's home for a few weeks. If she regretted, none but the dear old aunt suspected, certainly not Jack, after all the discontented things she had said last night.

"Come, Jessie, my girl, it's time to get your father's supper," called Aunt Margaret's voice on her return.

It is an interesting walk, that from the wharf of South Joggins up to the row of miners' homes; the reddish mounds of clay rise on your left, where they have been heaped in the rear of the mines; the long piles of wood, the rough roadway, the unpainted houses in the midst of fallen timbers, decaying branches, and tree-trunks, here and there children playing in the unfenced yards, all combine to make an original, if not a pleasant, picture.

They met the miners coming up, for it was past three o'clock, the hour when day and night hands change; sturdy groups of them came along, with coal-begrimed faces, dinner-pails in hand, and little lamps in their cap-fronts. But they were intelligent-faced fellows, most of them.

Tourists who visit our eastern mines in search of archaic language and antediluvian ideas and customs, often greatly change their views. In the

first place they are greeted by fairly good English, in the second, they see the miners are, as a rule, owners of their own homes. Let the traveller stay over Sunday, and he will find a large proportion of them in the house of God.

But it is possible that their work has a dulling effect on the aesthetic side of their natures, for certain it is that in many localities they have a most unhappy disregard of paint, flowers, and vines. Their homes thus afford a suggestion of poverty, though their owners often earn a goodly wage. It was, perhaps, this side of life that repelled Jessie Martin.

"What ails John Payson to-day, I wonder?" remarked her father, as she prepared their evening meal.

"Why?" she asked, for she had not yet told her father.

"Why, he's as white as a ghost. The manager wanted him to quit this afternoon, but he wouldn't."

Jessie saw it as she knelt at her bedside that night—a white face, drawn with suffering, the suffering her discontent and faithlessness had caused, but still giving the laugh and smile to his fellows as he worked. She knelt—knelt so long she had forgotten self, and caught a revelation we all might catch if we would but look more steadily into the face of the living God. Her eyes had a something of the Transfiguration in them as she closed them in sleep that night.

It was not till three in the morning that her brother came up out of the mine.

"Fred, has Jack gone past yet?" she asked, gliding out into the kitchen.

"What! You up at this hour, Jessie? No, he didn't come up at all. There looked like a little danger of the props givin' way, down one of the galleries, an' he offered to stay with Sam Jacques, an' help fix it."

"Is there really danger, Fred?"

"Yes, there is. I don't see what makes Jack so rash. You'll have to talk to him, Jessie. There wasn't another two men in the mine 'ud do that job."

She did not speak—she could not, as she drew back into her room.

The moon hung low and pale in the west, outlining with her level rays the piles of turf and wood, and the group of old buildings about the entrance of the mine.

There would be no change of hands again till three o'clock in the after-