

"Yes, sir. Sir Robert would listen to you. You are friendly with him, and he is in town. Won't you, please, do it?"

"Not if I know it, Johnny Ludlow. Solicitor Robert Tenby to give the living to a man I never heard of: a man I know nothing about! What notions you pick up!"

"Mr. Lake is so good and so painstaking," I urged. "He has been working all these years—"

"You have said all that before," interrupted old Brandon shifting the silk handkerchief on his head more to one side. "I can't answer for it, you know. And if I could, I should not consider myself justified in troubling Sir Robert."

"What I thought was this, sir: that, if he got to know all Mr. Lake is, he might be glad to give him the living: glad of an opportunity to do a good and kind act. I did not think of your asking him to give the living; only to tell him of Mr. Lake, and what he has done and been. He lives only in Upper Brook Street. It would not be far for you to go, sir."

"I should not go if he lived here at the next door, Johnny Ludlow: should not be justified in going on such an errand. Go yourself."

"I don't like to, sir."

"He'd not eat you; he'd only laugh at you. Robert Tenby would excuse in a silly lad what he might deem an impertinence from me. There, Johnny, let it end."

And there it had to end. When old Brandon took up an idea he was hard as adamant.

I stood at the hotel door wishing I could screw up courage to call at Sir Robert's, but shrinking from it terribly. Then I thought of poor Mr. Lake, and that there was nobody else to tell about him; and at last I started for Upper Brook Street.

"Is lady Tenby at home?" I asked, when I got to the door.

"Yes, sir." And the man showed me into a room where lady Tenby sat, teaching her little boy to walk.

She was just the same kind and simple-mannered woman that she had been as Annie Lewis. Putting both her hands into mine, she said how glad she was to see me in London, and held out her child to be kissed. I explained my errand, and my unwillingness to come; saying I could venture to tell her all about it better than I could tell Sir Robert.

She laughed merrily. "He is not any more formidable than I am, Johnny; he is not the least bit so in the world. You shall see whether he is"—opening the door of the next room. "Robert," she called out in glee, "Johnny Ludlow is here, and is saying you are an ogre. He wants to tell you something, and can't pluck up courage to do it."

Sir Robert Tenby came in, the Times in his hand, and a smile on his face; the same kind, rugged, homely face that I knew well. He shook hands with me, asking if I wanted his interest to be made prime minister.

And somehow, what with their kindness and their thorough, cordial homeliness, I lost my fears. In two minutes I had plunged into the tale, Sir Robert sitting near me with his elbow on the table, and Annie beside him, her quiet baby on her knee.

"I thought it so great a pity, sir, that you should not hear about Mr. Lake: how hard he has worked for years, and what a good and self-denying man he is," I concluded at last, after telling what Miss Deveen thought of him, and what Mrs. Toperoff said. "Not, of course, that I could presume to suggest such a thing, sir, as that you should bestow upon him the living—only to let you know there was a man so deserving, if—if it was not given already. It is said in the parish that the living is given."

"In this Mr. Lake a good preacher?" asked Sir Robert, when I paused.

"They say he is one of the best and most earnest of preachers, sir. I have not heard him; Mr. Selwyn generally

preached."

"Does he know of your application to me?"

"Why, no, Sir Robert, of course not! I could not have had the face to tell anybody I as much as wished to make it. Except Mr. Brandon. I spoke to him because I wanted him to come instead of me."

Sir Robert smiled. "And he would not come, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no: he asked me whether I thought we lived in Utopia. He said I might come if I chose—that what would be only laughed at in a silly boy like me, might be deemed impertinence in him."

The interview came to an end. Annie said she hoped I would dine with them while I was in town—and Mr. Brandon also, Sir Robert added; and with that I came out. Came out just as wise as I had gone in; for never a word of hope did Sir Robert give. For all he intimated to the contrary, the living might be already in the hands of the canon of St. Paul's.

Two events happened the next day, Saturday. The funeral of the rector, and the departure of Miss Cattledon for Chelmsford, in Essex. An aunt of her's who lived there was taken dangerously ill, and sent for her by telegram. Mr. Brandon came up to dine with us in the evening—but that's neither here nor there.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN PRAYERS.

Perhaps one of the hardest things to realize in the Christian life, is the idea of progress. We feel that having given ourselves to the Lord, having answered the call, "My son, give me thine heart," we have started aright, and now must only see to it that we do not fall back into carelessness and sin. But what do we read in our precious guide? St. Paul, speaking by the Spirit, says, "But we all, with open glass beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." This text should be our watchword—"from glory to glory," not stopping when we begin to see Christ, not standing still when we have gotten near to Him, but pressing on to higher levels, no more knowledge of that blessed Master, who is our example, our Guide, our Saviour. How are we to attain unto this ever-increasing knowledge and glory? Not, surely, in our own strength, else ere we had striven to take the first step forward, we should stumble and fall. Let us look again: "even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Emmanuel, the God-man, the lamb slain for the sins of the whole world, has gone up on high, but he has not left her comfortless. Into our longing hearts comes gently the blessed Spirit, to show us the way; to respond to our every sigh for better, higher things: to take us on, as we are able, from height to height of the knowledge of the Lord; to "take of the things of Christ and show them unto the world." How can we live near to Christ without gaining something of the Christ-like nature; how is it possible for us to behold His glory without some of it being reflected in our lives? Very feeble may be that reflection, yet some slight image of the Master must be in us, else we are not living near to Him; we are not recreated in His "own image." Are we gentle, and meek, and merciful, pure in heart, full of charity? If we are without these blessed signs of the Spirit's presence in our hearts, let us look to it, and see whether we are Christ's in deed and in truth, as well as in name. Let us look carefully into our hearts, judging ourselves, that we may not be judged. So striving earnestly, by God's help, may we indeed be blessed with such nearness to Christ that we cannot but go on from glory to glory, until at last, when we hear the Master calling us to come up higher, we may be ready to answer—"Yea, Lord, I come, I come."

CHARLIE'S KITTEN.

Charlie's kitten was a little tabby fellow, so plump and round, that the moment Charlie first set eyes upon him he christened him "Chubby," and as Chubby he was known from that time forward.

Now, Master Chubby was as wayward a little puss as ever mewed, and gave Charlie no end of trouble to keep him from being lost. Sometimes he would scamper off into the street and down somebody else's area or into somebody else's garden, and Charlie would have to go from house to house seeking for him. At other times he would hide away for hours, no one knew where, and just as he was about being given up for lost would walk in as quietly as though nothing had happened.

But one evening it was thought that Master Chubby never would be found again.

He had disappeared in a mysterious manner early in the day, and had never been seen since. Charlie had hunted for him everywhere, and at last was obliged to go to bed with the sad feeling that Chubby would never be seen again. He was so distressed that he could not sleep, but lay awake hour after hour thinking of his loss.

The night was very dark, with gusts of rain and wind, and Charlie was an exceedingly timid child, always afraid of the dark; and as he lay there listening to the rain as it beat against his window, and the wind as it moaned in the chimney, he felt very dull and lonely.

By-and-by he thought that, mingling with the sound of the wind and the rain, he heard a faint mewing. He strained his ears to listen; he even jumped up in the bed, dark as it was. Yes, he was certain of it—it was Chubby's voice. The silly creature ought to be let in; but how could he go down the dark stairs to the garden door? He shrank from the thought. He would call his mother, and tell her that his kitten was there. But then he reflected that baby was poorly and cross, and that if she were awakened mother would perhaps get no more sleep that night. He hesitated; Chubby mewed louder than ever; he determined to brave the darkness and go down himself. So he fumbled about for something to throw around him, and crept down the dark stairs, trembling with fear at every step. He let in the troublesome little truant, all soaked and dripping, shut him up in the kitchen, and crept upstairs to bed again, wondering at his own bravery.

And he was brave. He thought he ought to go down, and he went. And he who fears danger and yet faces it because duty calls him, is the bravest of the brave.

Every accepted prayer is not immediately answered prayer.

If you want to make sure of getting to heaven the best way is to make an early start.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

He who makes the fullest use of God's gifts is their real owner, for property does not become possession until the proprietor becomes the master.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS

Not Exceeding Four Lines. Twenty-Five Cents.

DEATHS.

TURKINGTON.—December 29th, at 69 Mountjoy Square, Dublin, Mrs. Anne Turkington, for more than forty-five years the faithful nurse and beloved friend in the family of Archdeacon Palmer.

A VIOLENT TEMPER.

What did I hear you say? that you had a quick temper, but were soon over it, and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as you got over your passion?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. It has been the way with many a murderer ever since. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with bitter tears. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; that 'Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city,' and that 'anger resteth in the bosom of fools.'"

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you? Yet it is worth a great deal more, yet me tell you, than a runaway temper.

Children's Department.

THE OLD NURSE.

STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER IV.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time."

"Remember, Alice," said Mrs. Forster, as she turned round at the door, about eleven o'clock on the following morning, "that letter to Mrs. Maynard must be written to-day, or Ellen Hope will lose all chance of the place; and the vases in the drawing-room want fresh filling; it is a long drive to Hel-sington, and I dare say we shall not be back till just dinner-time, so that you must see that everything is right before our guests arrive."

"Yes, mamma," replied Alice, briskly, "I will not forget."

And before the carriage had turned out of the lodge gates, Alice was already in her own room, preparing to look for Ellen Hope's direction.

And had not failed to put her sister's drawing things out in the most inviting order; and as soon as Alice caught sight of them she felt a strong inclination to finish her pencil outline at once, and get in a few preliminary shades of colour, as far as she could, in the house. The post did not go out till four o'clock, so she thought there was no hurry about the letter; and she might as well draw whilst the lights were good, as she could go to Nurse Amy at any time. So she set herself to her drawing—but one mistake in the perspective of the arch had thrown the whole wrong; and she had to rub out nearly all she had done, before she could get it to look right. The one o'clock bell rang just as she had had finished as far as she could go without returning to the church.

Alice's hasty luncheon was soon taken, and she proceeded to ransack her bureau in search of Ellen Hope's direction; but, alas, it was nowhere to be found! Alice was in despair. She remembered that her mother had told her, some days before, she should expect her to write this letter, and reproached herself for her own folly in driving it off to the very last day in which it could be of any avail. Her writing-desk and her letter-drawers were rummaged over with a frantic haste, which would make many hours' labour necessary to set all to rights again; but no direction could she find.

All at once it occurred to her that Ellen Hope's sister, who lived with a Mrs. Melcroft, about a mile and a half from Avonhurst, could give the direction, and if Alice could reach the house in time, she might still contrive to despatch her letter by the post; so she wrote her note in a blank cover, and then prepared herself for a walk. It was a "day of misfortunes" with Alice, like Rosamond's in the old-story-book;

she had ing-shce to men that om her best covered garden. At las but Ell Alice w of impar come, when th letter se began to of the had ma to delay to "try began to She n village a pass b church reached old nurs tomed "Oh, N we have Alice's for her t paleness trance h rose to d cheerful but I sh self aga be going hone to fail." "Ay d pressing things I since we though I old wom which w and was ing day. The d tered the party w to their lected th garden in vases, an guests a quicknes she had boughs of the thorr scratched she at last the corne The dr empty; and Mrs. blushing were of t ter," whi her torn could har the neces "Oh, retired to ing I ha grave all seriously really cou and Mrs. thought n "What asked An sister's lo you woul mamma l "As ye Alice, witi sad habit my head mamma w getting m getting wo