

he asking, and even without it; but while he hung his head in shame the old appetite clamored for appeal. Again it was his master; again he yielded, and again he came home drunk.

As he went in at the door his little girl ran screaming from his presence. Angered by her fear of him, he ran after her and caught her just as she reached the head of the stairs, but staggered uncertainly, and father and child fell with a deafening crash to the hall below. The father rose to his feet sobered in an instant, but his child lay motionless, a pitiful little white heap, before him. The poor mother had heard the noise from her work in the kitchen, and in an instant was kneeling beside her little girl, calling to her to speak and on God for mercy. She looked up into the face of her husband with dry eyes, too crushed to weep. 'You have killed her!' she said very slowly, as one dazed and unconscious of what she was saying. 'You have killed my darling! You have killed my darling!' And picking the little one up in her arms she hurried to an adjoining bedroom and laid her on the bed. Then throwing herself down beside her child, she wept.

It was all too true. Nevermore the little feet would run on love's errands, nor the merry voice make sweet music. The feet were quiet forever, and the music of her voice was still in death.

For a moment the father stood stupefied, then going to the old secretary in the sitting-room he took from the bottom drawer a revolver that had not been used for years. Examining it carefully to see if it was loaded, he put it into his pocket and strolled out of the house. The next morning, as the milkman was coming into town, he found the body of poor Jack Wentworth lying in a clump of bushes on the Salem road with a bullet-hole in his temple.

For three or four years after that I heard nothing of Mrs. Wentworth. She moved away from Lynn, and I lost all trace of her until six months or more ago I began to hear of a wonderful woman temperance agitator, who carried her listeners by storm, and was making a mighty revival of 'no license' through many Massachusetts communities. To-night I have heard her for the first time. Her power is past all belief. No wonder that men are curious to know the secret of her intensity and the passionate fervor of her eloquence; but she keeps her secret well. Never, in any of her public utterances, has she spoken of the cruel past that has driven her out into this public work, diffident and timid though she still is; but I know, and I do not wonder. God bless her with more power!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost lay
These near horizons on my way.
If I could all my journey see
There were no charm of mystery,
No veiled grief, no changes sweet,
No restful sense of tasks complete.
I thank Thee for the hills, the night,
For every barrier to my sight;
For every turn that blinds my eyes
To coming pain or glad surprise;
For every bound Thou settest nigh,
To make me look more near, more high;
For mysteries too great to know;
For everything Thou dost not show.
Upon Thy limits rests my heart;
Its safe horizon, Lord, Thou art.

—Quoted in 'The Ministry of Comfort.'

Not a Matter of Fees

(L. G. Moberly, in 'Christian World.')

Sir David Grainger's butler looked with astonishment at the figure on the doorstep.

'It is not at all likely as Sir David will see you,' he said in his haughtiest manner; 'this is the middle of his consulting hours, and he don't have time for nothing else.'

The figure on the doorstep moved a trifle nearer the door. It was a very ragged and miserable figure, and if the butler had acted according to the promptings of his own heart he would have shut the door in the woman's face and bidden her go about her business. But he was acutely conscious that the consulting-room was unpleasantly near the front door, that his master had uncomfortably sharp ears and, further, that it was one of Sir David's foibles (a ridiculous foible his butler considered it) not to allow people to be summarily dismissed from his door until their business had been ascertained and attended to. The butler, therefore, compromised matters by half closing the door and saying in a low but firm voice, 'This ain't the time to come here, whether it's begging you're after or not; Sir David, he's busy.'

But the woman on the doorstep was not to be thus easily rebuffed. She came nearer to that fast-closing door, and said brokenly: 'Oh! mister, let me wait to see 'im. I won't do no 'ahm, and I ain't come fer to beg, bless yer 'eart. Let me wait till 'e can see me—for the love o' Gawd.'

Her voice was considerably raised by the end of her sentence, and the butler glanced round nervously at the consulting-room door.

'Well, look here,' he whispered roughly, 'you come in quietly then, and sit down here, and don't you move till I tell you'—and with a gesture as rough as his whisper he pointed to a bench in a dark corner of the hall towards which the visitor crept humbly.

She was a little woman, whose white, haggard face bore the self-evident marks of poverty and hunger. Her clothes were very old and ragged, her apology for a bonnet would have disgraced a rag and bone man. Certainly she was not the kind of person one is accustomed to see in the hall of a celebrated consulting physician. The butler felt this acutely. He hovered about the hall with an expression of outraged dignity; he found it in his heart to wish that his master—so satisfactory in all other respects—was not possessed of a craze for philanthropy. Not that anyone like the present visitor had ever within the butler's memory sat in the hall before; but still he knew that it was as much as his place was worth to send away a suppliant. And he felt himself to be justly annoyed and injured.

The woman in the corner looked round her with wondering, fascinated eyes. She had never in her life been in such a place as this before; the stateliness and beauty of it awed and half choked her. She dimly felt that she was out of place; she drew her skirts closely round her with an instinctive fear of harming the soft carpet that lay at her feet, the beautiful carved oak bench upon which she sat. The warmth, the peaceful atmosphere, the very pictures on the walls made her feel as though she had stepped from the grey street into another world.

She sat there for what seemed to her a long, long time. Now and then one of the doors opposite to her opened, and a lady, or gentleman came out of the one room and went into the other, or was shown out of the front door by the butler, now all smiles and obsequiousness. The woman who sat and waited shrank further into her corner as she watched these smart men and women come and go. They were so unlike her; they belonged to the beings whom she designated as 'toffs.' She began to wonder how she had ever dared to come to the great doctor's house, how she had ever found strength and courage to tramp those miles of weary streets to reach him!

Once she almost made up her mind to slink away again, without fulfilling her mission, but a picture sprang into her mind of a tiny back-room in far away Shoreditch, and of a child lying there and panting out his little life, and—she stayed.

The time dragged heavily, but at last—at last she saw a familiar form come out of the door on which her eyes were fixed, and she sprang to her feet. The doctor was not alone; by his side was a graceful woman, beautifully dressed and of stately bearing. The woman who watched heard the doctor say quietly: 'I am sorry, your grace, but it is quite impossible for me to go back with you to Surrey to-day. Your little girl is evidently going on extremely well; your doctor's note to me is most reassuring; I will try to fix a day to go to you later on in the week. To-day it is really impossible for me to go out of town except for a case of emergency, and that, I am glad to say, does not apply to your little daughter's illness.' And he bowed the lady out courteously.

The heart of the woman who waited—sank. If the great doctor could not do what this grand, beautiful lady wanted of him, was it likely that he would grant the request of a poor body like herself? In the bitterness of her soul she almost smiled at the thought of her own audacity. She made a step forward with a hazy idea of getting out of the door and away as quickly as possible, when the doctor turned and saw her.

'Are you waiting to see me?' he asked, and his tone was as courteous and pleasant as that in which he had a moment before dismissed a duchess.

'Yes, sir,' the woman faltered. 'I was a-waitin' to ask you'—she broke off suddenly, then went on hurriedly—'It's my little Bert what's took bad.'

'Come into my room and tell me all about it,' the great man said, gently.

'And makes me go in 'is room in front of 'im like as if I was a lidy, same is 'er 'e showed out,'—the woman told her friends afterwards; 'there's a reel gentleman for yer—'e ain't no bloomin' sham.'

Sir David pushed forward a chair for his strange visitor, and sat down himself beside his table, looking at the woman with keen, shrewd eyes, that were yet full of kindness.

'Now, then, Mrs. —, I don't think I know your name, do I? Tell me what the trouble is.'

'Lizer Denham, that's my name, sir, and I didn't ought to a' come troublin' a grand gentleman like you; but I remembered as you was always good to poor folks, when I was in the 'orspital, and I come—I come—'