UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued)

"Well, well, we will see about it," humor ing her as though she were a child. Will you not speak to this lady, Phœbe? She has come down here to help us all, -sick people, and unhappy people, and every one that

wants help."
"She can't do anything for me," muttered Phoebs, restlessly; "no one—not even you, doctor, can do anything for me. I am doomed,—doomed before my time."

Mr. Hamilton looked at me meaningly, as though to say "Now you see what you have to do; this is more your work than mine." I obeyed the hint, and accosted the sick woman as cheerfully as though her dismal speech had not curdled my blood.

I hope I shall be some comfort to you; it is hard indeed if no one can help you, when

you have so much to bear !"

"To hear!" repeating my words as though they stung her. "I have laid here for three years-three years come Christmas Eve. doctor, between those four walls, summer and winter, winter and summer, and never knew except by heat or cold what season of

ten, -and how gently he spoke !- "have I not told you over and over that things may mend yet if you will only be patient and good? You are just making things worse by bearing them so badly. Why, a friend of mine has been seven years on her back like you, and she is the happiest, cheeriest Lody; it is quite a pleasure to go into her room."

"Maybe she is good, and I am wicked." returned Phobe, sullenly. "I cannot help it, doctor; it is one of my bad days, and nothing but wicked words come uppermost The devil has a deal of power when a woman is chained as I am."

"Don't you think you could exorcise the demon by a song, Miss Garston?" observed Mr. Hamilton, in an undertone. "This is just the case where music may be a soothing influence; something must be tried for the poor creature."

The proposition almost took away my Sing now ! before Mr. Hamilton ! And yet how in sheer humanity could I refuse? I had often sung before to my patients, and had never minded it in the least; but before Mr. Hamilton!

"You need not think of me," he continued. provokingly,-for of course I was thinking of him; "I am no critic in the musical line, Just try how it answers, will you?" And he walked away and turned his back to us, and seemed absorbed in the sampler.

For one minute I hesitated, and then I cleared my throat. "I am going to sing Phobe. Mr. Hamilton thinks it will do you good." And then, fearful lest her waywardness should stop me, I commenced at once with the first line of the beautiful hymr,

Art thou weary ? art thou languid ?" My voice trembled sadly at first, and my burning face and cold hands testified to my nervousness; but after the first verse I forgot Mr. Hamilton's presence and only remembered it was Charlie's favorite hymn I was singing, and sang it with a full heart.

Abide with me," and several other suitable hymns, and I did not stop until the hard look of woe in Phoebo's eyes had softened into a more gentle expression.

As I paused, I looked across the room. Mr Hamilton was still standing by the mantelpiece, perfectly motionless. He had covered | too much for her. his eyes with his hand, and seemed lost in

he did not look at me as he spoke. "Phobe, cheerful; he says the dull surroundings de-has the young lady done you any good? Did press and keep you low and desponding, and worked hard to-day. To-morrow, if you ask am going to sing to you, and then we will have a talk."

"I shall not wait to be asked," I returned, answering the dumb, wistful look that greeted the doctor's words. "Oh, yes, I shall come again to morrow, and we will have a little ill-tempered remark, and began a little Scotolitalk, and I will bring you some flowers, and ballad that I thought was bright and spirited. be a threefold cord of sympathy for her to bind round ber harassed soul through the long hours of the Eight,

Mr. Hamilton followed me silently out, and on the threshold we encountered Susan Locke. She was a thin, subdued-looking privet. woman, dressed in rusty black, with a careworn, depressed expression that changed into pleasure at the sight of Mr. Hamilton,
"Oh, doctor, this is good C. you, surely,-

and you so busy ! It is one o Phobe's bad days, when nothing pleases her and she will have neight to say to us, but groan and groan until one's heart is pratty nigh broken. I was half hopings that you would look in on us and plus her a bit of a word.

" Miss Gareton, bee done more than that," ed Mr. Homelton. "I think you find your sister a little cheered. ive her something comfortable to eat and drink, and speak as cheerfully as you can. Good-night, Miss Locke." And then he motioned to me to precede him down the little garden. Mr. Hamilton was so very silent all the way home that I was somewhat puzzled; he did not not speak at all about. Phœbe,—only said that he was afraid that I was very tired, and that he was the same; and when we came in sight of the cottage he that no doubt she was right, that in that left me rather abruptly; if it had not been place af outer darkness there should be weepfor his few approving words to Susan Locke, I should have thought something had dis-

pleased him. Uncle Max made me feel a little uncomfortable the next morning. 1 met him as I was starting for my daily work, and he walked with me to Mrs. Marshall's.

"I was up at Gladwyn last evening, Uraula," he began. "Miss Elizabeth is still away, but the other ladies asked very kindly after you, Miss Hamilton means to call on | Susan." you one afternoon, only she seems puzzled to know how she is ever to find you at home. I cannot think what put Hamilton into such bad temper: he scarcely spoke to any of us, and looked horribly cranky, only I laughed at him and he got better; he never mentioned your name. You have not fallen out again, eh, little she-bear?" looking at me rather anxiously.

"Oh, dear, no; we are perfectly civil to each other; I understand him better now." But all the same I could not help wonderies, as I parted from Max, what could have made Mr. Hamilton so atrangely silent.

It was still early in the afternoon when I found myself free to go and see Phobe; she had been on my mind all day, and had kept me awake for a long time; those miserable eyes haunted me. I longed so to comfort her. Miss Locke opened the door ; I thought she seemed pleased to see me, but she eyed

my basket of flowers dublously. "Phobe is looking for you, Miss Garston though she says nothing about it; it is not her way; but I see her eyes turning to the

Kitty open the curtains. If I may make so bold, those flowers are not for Phobe, surely?" "Yes, indeed they are, Miss Locke. Dr. Hamilton wishes her to have something pleasant to look at." But Miss Locke only shook her head.

"The neighbors have sent in flowers often and often, and she has made me carry them out of the room; the vicar used to send them, too, but he knows now that it is no manner of use: , she always says they do not put flowers in tombs, only outside them: she will have it; she is living in a tomb."

"We must get this idea out of her head," I returned, cheerfully, for I was obstinately bent on having my own way about the flowers.

Kitty was sewing on a little stool by the window; the curtains were undrawn, so that the room was tolerably light, and might have been cheerful, only an ugly wire blind shut | mirthful.

out all view of the little garden.
I could not help marvelling at the strange perversity that could wilfully exclude every possible alleviation; there must be some sad warp or twist of the mental nature that could be so prolific of unwholesome fancies. As I turned to the bed I thought Phabe looked even more ghastly in the daylight than the year it was. And I am young,—just turned four-and-thirty,—and I may lay here thirty years more, unless I die or go mad."
"Now, Pheeze," remonstrated Mr. Hamilgloomy, but their expression struck me as more human; her thin lips even wore the semblance of a smile.

When I had greeted her, and had drawn from her rather reluctantly that she had had some hours' sleep the previous night, I spoke to Kitty. The little creature looked so subdued and moped in the miserable atmosphere that I was full of pity for her, so I showed her a new skipping-rope that I had bought on my way, and bade her ask her aunt Susan's permission to go out and play.

The child's dull eyes brightened in a mo ment. "May I go out, Aunt Phobe?" sho asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, go, if you like," was the somewhat draught.
ungracious answer. "She is glad enough to get away from me," she muttered, when Kitty mising to had shut the door gently behind her. "Chil dren have no heart; she is an ungrateful, selfish little thing; but they are all that; we clothe her and teed her, and it is little we get out of her in return; and Susan is working her fingers to the bone for the two of us."

I took no notice of this outburst, and com-menced clearing away the medicine bottles to make room for my basket of chrysanthemums and ivy-leaves. Uncle Max had procured them for me, but I had no idea as 1 arranged them that they had come from Gladwyn.

Pheebe watched my movements very gloomily; she evidently disapproved of the whole proceeding. I carried out the bottles to Miss Locke, and begged her to throw them away: they are of no use to her," I observed. "Mr. Hamilton intends to send her a new mixture, and this array of half-emptied phials is simply absurd; it is just a whim. If your sister asks for them when I am gone, you can tell Ler that Miss Garston ordered them to be destroyed."

On my return to the room I found Phobe lying with her eyes closed. I could have laughed at her perversity, for of course she had shut them to exclude the sight of the When I had finished, I bent over Phabe flower basket, though it was the loveliest and asked if I should sing any more, and, to little bit of color, the dark red chrysantheum my great delight, she nodded assent. I sang nestled so prettily among trails of tiny variegated ivy. I resolved to punish her for this piece of morbid obstinacy, and took down the wire blind: she was speechless with anger when she found out what I had done. but I was resolved not to humor these ridiculous fancies; the dull wintry light was not

"You must not be allowed to have your profound thought. He absolutely started own way so entirely," 1 said, laughing; when I addressed him. "your sister is very wrong to give in to you. "Yes, we will go if you have finished," but Mr. Hamilton wishes your room to be more you close your eyes and think you heard an I must carry out his orders, and try how we angel singing? Now you must let me take are to make your room a little brighter. her away, for she is very tired, and has Now"-as she seemed about to speak-"I

> "I don't care to hear singing to-day, my head buzzes so with all this flack," was the sullen answer; but I took no notice of this

ballad that I thought was bright and spirited. if you care to hear me sing I have plenty of She closed her eyes again, with an expres-pretty songs." And then I kissed her sion of weariness and disgust that made me forehead, for I felt strongly drawn to the smile in spite of my efforts to keep serious; poor creature, as though she were a but I soon found out that she was listening, strange, suffering sister, and I thought that and so I sang one song after another, without the kiss and the song and the flowers would | pausing for any comment, and pretended not to notice when the haggard weary eves unclosed, and fixed themselves fire on the flowers, next on my face, and lest and longest at the strip of law, with the bare gooseberry-bushes and one narrow path edged with

> W. nen I had sung several ballads, I waited tor a minute, and then commenced Bishop Ken's evening hymn, but my voice shook a little as I saw a sudden heaving under the bedelothes, and in another moment the large, slow tears coursed down Phœbe's thin face. It was hard to finish the hymn, but I would

not have dispensed with the Gloria, "What is it, Phobe !" I asked, gently, when I had finished. "I am sorry that I

have made you cry." last, with difficulty; it eases my head, and I thought nothing would ever draw a tear from me again. I was too miserable to cry, and they say-I have read it somewhere, the days when I used to read—that there is no such thing as a tear in hell."

I tried not to look astonished at this strange speech. I must let this poor creature talk, or how should I ever find out the root of her disease? so I answered quietly ing, without tears, and a gnashing of teeth, beside which our bitterest human sorrow

would seem like nothing.
"That is true," she returned, with a groan; "but, Miss Garston, hell has begun for me here; for three years I have been in torment, and rightly too,—and rightly too,—for I never was a good woman, never like Susan, who read her Bible and went to church. Oh, she is a good creature, is:

"I am glad to hear it, Phœbe; so, you see, your affliction, heavy as it is, -and I am not saying it is not heavy,—is not without alleviation. The Merciful Father, who has laid this cross upon you, has given you this kind companion as a consoler, What a comfort you must be to each other! What a divine work has been given to you both to do, -to bring up that motherless of cature, who must owe her very life and happiness to

She lay and looked at me with an expression of bewildered astonishment, and at this moment Miss Looke opened the door, carrying a little tex-tray for her sister. I had a glimpse of Kitty curled up on the mat out-side the door, with the skipping rope still in her hand. She had evidently been listening to the singing, for she crept away, but in the distance I could hear her humming "Ye banks and brace" in a sweet childish treble on about that; she has had a deal of that was very harmonious and true.

to place her in a proper position. There was when he threw her over and married Nancy. evidently no want of love between the sisters; It was a cruel way to serve a woman that only on one side the love was more self-loved him as Phœbe did." only on one side the love was more selfsacrificing and unselfish than the other. It needed only a look at Susan Locke's spare form and thin, care-worn face to telt me that she was wearing herself out in her sister's service. Phebe looked in her face and broke into a harsh laugh, to poor Susan's great same woman since then, though her health alarm.

" What do yo think Miss Garston has been saying, Susan? That we must be a comfort to each other. Fancy me being a comfort to you! You poor thing, when I am the bold me that it is far better that Phobe never plague and burden of your life." And she had a chance of marrying him, for she would laughed again, in a way that was scarcely

"Nay, Phœbs, you have no need to say such things," returned her sister, sadly; but she was probably used to this sort of speeches. "I am bound to take care of you and Kitty, who are all I have left in the world. It is not that I find it hard, but that you might so He kept Phobe away from him. Phobe make it easier by looking a little cheered is not one to bear unkindness, -it just mad-

sometimes." Phube took this gentle rebuke somewhat

scornfully.
"Cheered! The woman actually says cheered, when I am already on the border-land of the place of torment. Was I not as good as dead and buried three years ago? And did not father always tell us that hell begins in this world for the wicked ?"

" Ay, that was father's notion; and I was never clever enough to argue with him. But you are not wicked, my woman, only a bit tiresome and perverse and wanting in faith. And Miss Locke, who was used to these wild moods, patted her sister's shoulder. and bade her drink her tea before it got cold, in a sensible matter-of-tact way, that was not without its inflaence on the wayward creature; for she did not refuse the comforting

I took my leave soon after this, after promising to repeat my visit on the next evening. Phoebe bade me good bye rather coldly, but I took no notice of her contrary mode. Miss Locke followed me out of the room, and asked me anxiously what I thought of her

nister. "It is difficult to judge," I returned, hesitating a little. "You must remember this is only my second visit, and I have not made much way with her. She is in a state of bodily and mental discomfort very painful to witness. If I am not mistaken, she is driving herself half crazy with introspection and self-will. You must not give way to this morbid desire to increase her own wretchedness. She needs firmness as well as kind-

Miss Locke looked at me wistfully a mc-

ment. "What am I to do? She would feet herself into a fever if I crossed her whims. Directly you have left the house she will be asking for that wire blind again, though it would do her poor eyes good to see the thrushes feeding on the lawn, and there is the little robin that comes to us every winter and taps at the window for crumbs; but she would shut them all out, -birds, and sunshine, and flowers."

"Just as she would shut out her Father's love, if she could; but it is all round her, and no inward or outward darkness can hinder that. Miss Locke, you must be very firm. You must not move the flowers or replace the blind on any pretext whatever, She must be comforted in spite of herself, She reminds me of some passionatechild who breaks all its toys because some wish has been denied. We are sorry for the child's disappointment, but a wise parent would inflict punishment for the fit of passion."

Miss Locke sigbed; her mouth twitched with repressed emotion. She was evidently an effectionate, reticent woman, who found it

difficult to express her feelings.
"I am keeping you standing all this time," she said, apologetically, "and I might have asked you to sit down a minute sort of experience in her life. in our little kitchen. Let me pour you out a cup of tea, Miss Garston, Kitty and I were just going to begin."

I accepted this offer, as I thought Miss Locke evidently wanted to speak to me. She seemed pleased at my acquiescence, and told Kitty to stay with her aunt Phoebe a few minutes.

"I he ye baked a nice hot cake with cur rant; in it, Kitty," she said, persuasively, "and you shall have your share, not and buttored, it you will be patient and wait a

"She is a good little thing," I observed, as the child reluctantly withdrew to her dreary post, after a longing look at the table, while Miss Locke placed a rocking-chair with a faded green cushion by the fire, and opened the oven door to inspect the cake. "It is dull work for the little creature to be so much in the sick-room. It is hardly a wholesome atmosphere for a child." Miss Locke shook her head as though she

endorsed this opinion. "What am I to do?" see returned, sorrowfully. "Kitty is young, but she has to bear our burdens. I spare her all I can; but when I am at my dressmaking Phote caunot be left alone, and she has learned to be quiet and handy, and can do all sorts of things for "You need not be sorry," she sobbed at Phœbe. I know it is not good for her living

> reverently. We must see what can be done for Kitty, was my answer, "She can be free to play his banns, while I am with your sister. I sent her out "I war with her new skipping-rope this evening. What brought her back so soon?"

child's life as well as ours," she finished,

"It was the singing," returned Miss Locke. "The street door was just sjar, and Kitty crept in and curled herself up on the mat. It sounded so beautiful, you see; for Kitty and I only hear singing at church, and it is not often I can get there, with Phobe wanting me; so it did us both good, you may

be sure of that I could not but be pleased at this simple tribute of praise, but something else struck me more, the unobtrusive goodness and selfdenial of Susan Locke. What a life hers must be! I hinted at this as gently as I conld.

"Ay. Phobe has always been a care to mo," she sighed. "She was never as strong and hearty as other girls, and she wanted her own way, and fretted when she could not get it. Father spoiled her, and mother gave in to her more than she did to me; and when trouble came all along of Robert Owen, and he used her cruel, just flinging her aside when he saw some one he fancied more than Phæbe, and driving her mad with spite and jealousy, then she let herself go, as it was never religious, not to speak of, all the time she kept company with Robert, so when her hopes of him came to an troubles patiently."

"And then her health failed." "Yes; and mother died, and father followed her within six months, and Phoebe could not be with them, and she took trouble, and that is why I cannot find OHAPTER XI.

ONE OF GOD'S HEROINES.

No. I was quite right when I told poor was a worthless sort of fellow, that

door every now and then, and she made Phoebe that her sad case was not without al. as the saying is, she worshipped the ground nature than all our preaching. You will be a leviation. I was still more sure of the he walked on. Ah, Phoebe was bonnie-looktruth of my words when I saw with what ing then, though she was never over strong care Miss Locke had prepared the in and had not much color; but he need not valid's meal, and how gently she helped have called her a sickly ill-tempered wench

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"She has certainly had her share of trouble." How long ago did this happen to your

"It must be five years since Roberty and in the negative. Nancy were married. Procede was never the afterwards; Mr. Hamilton always says she has had a good riddance of Robert. reflections rather impatiently. He never thought much of him, and he has "I declare, Max, you have had a chance of marrying him, for she would have been a sad burden to any man; and she would not have had you to nurse her.' And Miss Locke's careworn face brightened. "That is just what I tell myself, when I am out of heart about her; the Lord knew Robert would have been a cruel husband to her, -for he is not too kind to Nancy, -and dens her, - and we have all spoilt her."

" Just so, and she knows her power over you. I am afraid she gives you a great deal

to bear, Miss Locke." "I never mind it from her," she answered. simply. "She is all I have in the world except Kitty, and I am thinking what I can d cept Kitty, and I am thinking what I can do is very charming, my dear, but I have letters for her from morning to night; that is the best and the worst of my work, one need never stop thinking for it. Sometimes when I am Elizabeth comes home to-morrow; she is the tired, or things have gone with my customers, or I am a bit hehindhand with the rept, I wish I could talk it over with her ; it would ease me somehow ; but I never do give way to the feeling, for it would only

fret and worry her." "You are wrong," I returned, warmly " Mr. Hamilton would tell you so if you ask ed him. Any worry, any outside trouble, would be better for Phobe than this unhealthy feeding on herself. Take my advice, Miss Locke, talk about yourself and your own troubles. Phobe is fond of you, it will rouse

her to enter more into your life." Miss Looks shook her head, and the tears

came into her mild hazel eyes. "There is One who knows it all. I'll not he troubling my poor Phobe," she said, and her hands trembled a little. Kitty came in at this moment and said her aunt Pheebo wanted her, so we were obliged to break off the conversation.

I thought about it all rather sadly as I sat by my solitary fire that evening with Tinker's head on my lap. He had taken to me, and I always found him waiting for my return; but it was less of Phobe than of Susan I was thinking. It was so absorbed in my reflections that Uncle Max's voice outside quite startled me.

"May I come in, Ursula?" he said, thrust-ing in his head: "I have been at the choirpractice, so I thought I would call as I

passed." Of course I gave him a warm welcome, and he drew his chair to the opposite side of the fire, and declared he felt very comfortable; then he asked me why I was looking grave, and if I were tired of my solitude. I disclaimed this indiguantly, and gave him a sketch of my day's work, ending with my talk to Suran Locke.

He seemed interested, and listened atten-

"It is such a sad case, Max, -poor Phobe's, mean, -but I am almost as forry for her Susan Locke is such a good weman." "You would say so if you knew all, Ursula, but Miss Locke would never tell you horself. When Phobe's illness came cu, and Hamilton told them that she might not get well for a year or two, or perhaps longer, Susan broke off her own engagement to stay with her sister. Her father was just dead, and the child Kitty had to live with them."

"Miss Locke engaged |" I exclaimed, in some surprise, for it had never struck me

Max looked amused. "In that class they do not always choose youth and beauty. Certainly Susan Locke was neither young nor handsome, but the was a neat-looking body, only she has aged of late. Do you want to know all about it? Well, she was engaged to a man named Duncan: he was a widower with three or four children; he had the allsorts shop down the village, only he moved last year. He was a respectable man and had a comfortable little business, and 1 dare say he thought Miss Locke would make a good mother to his children. She teld me in their place, all about it, poor thing! She would have liked to marry Duncan; she was fond of him, and thought he would have made her a steady husband; but with Phoebe on her hands she could not do her duty to him or the children. " And there is Kitty; and he has enough of his own; and a sickly body like Phoebe would hinder the comfort of the house, and I have promised mother to take care of her. 'And then she asked my opinion. Well, I could

overweighted with work and worry. "I think so too," she answered, as quietly as possible, 'and I have no right to burden Duncan. I am sure he will listen to alone with us, but the Lord has ordered the reason when I tell him Phobe is against our And she never said another word marrying. about it. But Duncan came to me about six months afterwards and asked me to put up

to mind, and five children, counting Kitty,

and a bedridden invalid, her hands would be

"I wanted Susan Locke,' he said, in a shamefaced manuer, but that sister of hers hinders our marrying; so, as I must think of the children, I have got Janet Sharps to promise me. She is a good, steady lass, and

Susan speaks well of her.' Uncle Max had told his story without in terruption. I listened to it with almost painful interest.

With what quiet self-denial this homely woman had put aside her own hopes of happiness for the sake of the sickly creature de pendent on her! She had owned her affection for Duncan with the utmost simplicity s What a life hers but in her unselfishness she refused to burden him with her responsibilities. If she married him she must do her duty by him and his children, and she felt that Phoebe would be a

drag on her strength and time. She is a good woman, Uncle Max." observed, when he had finished. "She is working herself to death, and Phobe never gives her a word of comfort.'

"How can you expect it?" he replied "You cannot draw comfort out of quietly. empty wells, and poor Phobe's heart is like a broken ciatern, holding nothing."

"But surely you talk to her, Uncle Max?" "I have tried to do so." he answered, eadly : "but for the last year she has re fused to see me, and Hamilton has advised end she had nothing to support her. It me to keep away. If I cross the threshold needs plenty of faith to make us hear our it is to see Miss Looke. I thought it was a whim at first, and I sent Tudor in my stead but she was so rade to him, and lashed her self into such a fury against us clerice, that he came back looking quite scared, and asked why I had sent him to a mad woman."

"She was angry with me to-day." And I told him about the blind. "That is right, Ursula," he said, encourahe gingly. "You have made a good beginning: the signing may do more to soften her strange

comfort to Miss Locke, at any rate." And then he stopped, and looked at me rather wistfully, as though he longed to tell me something but could not make up his mind to do it. You will be a comfort to us all if you than yours, and has made me the crazy creago on in this way," he continued; and then he surprised me by asking if I had not yet seen the ladies from Gladwyn.

The question atruck me as rather irrevalent, but I took care not to say so as I answered

"You have been here marry a week; they might have risked a call by this time," he did not fail for a year or more returned, knitting his brows as though something perplexed him; but I broke in on his

"I declare, Max, you have quite piqued my curiosity about these people; some mystery seems to attach to Gladwyn. I shall expect to see something very wonderful."

"Then you will be disappointed," he returned, quietly, not a bit offended by my petulance. "I cannot help wishing you to make acquaintance with them, as they are such intimate friends of mine, and I think it will be a mutual benefit."

Then, as I made no reply to this, he went

on, still more mildly:
"I confess I should like your opinion of them. I have a great reliance in your intu itson and common sense; and you are so deliciously frank and outspoken, Ursula, that I sha'l scon know what you think. Well, I must not stay gossiping here. Your company wrong lively one, -not quite of the Merry Pecksniff order, but still a bright, chatty lady.

> 'From morning till night It is Betty's delight

To chatter and talk without stopping.' You know the rest, Ursula, my dear. By the bye," opening the door, and looking cautiously into the passage, "I wouder whom the Bartons are entertaining in the

voice.' "It is only Mr. Hamilton," I returned in differently. "I heard him come in half an hour ago; he is giving Nathaniel a lesson in "I heard him come in half an

kitchen to-night? I hear a masculine

mathematics.' "To be sure. What a good fellow he is !" in an enthusiastic tene. "Well, good-night, child; do not sit up late." And he vanished. I am airaid I disregarded this injunction. for I wanted to write to my poor Jill-who was never absent from my mind-and Leabia; and I was louth to leave the fireside, and too

much excited for sleep. When I had finished my letters I still sat on gazing into the bright caverns of coal, and thinking over Susan Locke's history. "How many good people there are in the

world!" I said, half aloud; but I almost jumped out of my chair at the sound of a deep, angry voice on the other side of the

"It is a thriftless, wasteful sort of thing burning the candle at both ends. Women have very little common sense, after all." 1 extinguished the lamp hastily, for of course Mr. Hamilton's growl was meant for me, though it was addressed to Nathaniel. I heard him close the door a moment afterwards, and Nathauiel crept back into the

kitchen. I woke rather tired the next day,

and owned he was right, for I found my duties somewhat irksome that morning. The feeling did not pass off, and I actually discovered that I was dreading my visit to Phabe, only of course I scouted it as non-Nies Locke was out and Kitty opened the door. Her demure little face brightened when she saw me, and especially when I

placed a large brown-paper parcel in her arms, of that oblong shape dear to all dollloving children, and bade her take it into the kitchen. "It is too dark and cold for you to play outside, Kitty," I observed, "so perhaps you will make the acquaintance of the blue-eyed baby I have brought you; when Aunt Susan comes in you can ask her for some pieces to

dress her in, for her paper robe is rather cold,' Kitty's eyes grew wide with surprise and delight as she ran off with her treasure; the baby doll would be a playmate for the lonely child, and solace those weary hours in the sickroom, I would rather have brought her they shake off the dust of the holy place carea kitten, but I felt instinctively that no animal would be tolerated by the invalid.

It was somewhat dark when I catered the ron, but one glance showed me that my directions had been obeyed; the window was unchaded, and the flowers were

Phæbe was lying watching the fire. I saw at once that she was in a better mood. The few questions I put to her were answered quietly and to the point, and there was no excitement or exaggeration in her manner. I did not talk much. After a minute or

two I sat down by the uncurtained window and began to sing as usual. I commenced with a simple ballad, but very soon my songs merged not but own that with the shop and the house into hymns. It began to be a pleasure to me to sing in that room. I had a strange feeling as though my voice were keeping the evil spirits away. I thought of the shepherd-boy who played before Saul and refreshed the king's tormented mind; and now and then an unuttered prayer would rise to my lips that in this way I might be able to comfort the ead soul that truly Satan had bound.

When my voice grew a little weary, I rose softly and took down the old brown sampler, as I wished to replace it by a little picture I

had brought with me.
It was a sacred photograph of the Cruci fixion, in a simple Oxford frame, and had al ways been a great favorite with me; it was less painful in its details than other delinea tions of this subject : the face of the divine sufferer wore an expression of tender pity. Beneath the cross the Blessed Virgin and St. John stood with clasped hands.—adopted love and most sacred responsibility,-receiving

sanction and benediction. I had sourcely hung it on the nail before Phoebe's querulous voice remonstrated with

"Why can you not leave well alone, Miss Garston? I was thanking you in my heart tor the music, but you have just driven it away. I cannot have that picture before my eves; it is too painful.'

"You will not find it so," I replied. quietly; "it is a little present I have brought you." My dead brother bought it for me when he was a boy at school, and it is of the things I most prize. He is dead, you know, and that makes it doubly dear to me. That is why I want you to have it, because I have so much and you so

My speech moved her a little, for her great "So you have been in trouble, too," she complexioned, and very sallow; she said softly. "And yet you can sing like a her appearance did not interest meanly at the gate of Paradise." nearly at the gate of Paradise." . 7 912 "Shall"I tell you about my trouble?" I returned, sitting down by the bed. .. It wrung my heart to talk of Charlie, but I knew the history of his suffering and patience would teach Phoche a valuable lesson.

An hour passed by unheeded, and when I had finished I exclaimed at the lateness of the bour.

quite rale," was her answer; "but you have made me forget myself for the first time in my l'fe." She stopped, and then with more effort continued, "Come again to-morrow, and I will tell you my trouble; it is worse than yours, and has made me the crazy cra-ture you see. Yes, I will tell you all about it;" but, half crying, as though she had little hope of contesting my will, "You will not leave that picture to make my heart ache

more than it does now ?" "My poor Phæbe," I said, kissing her, when your heart once aches for the thought of another's forrow your healing will have begun. Let that picture say to you what no one has said to you before, that all your life you have been an idolater, that you have worshipped only yourself and one other---i"

"Whom? What do you mean? Have you heard of Robert?" she asked, excitedly, ou neard of teoperation and asked, excitedly, "To-morrow is Sunday," I returned, touch ing her softly. "I am going to church in the morning, and I shall not be here until evening; but we shall have time then for a long talk, and you shall tell me everything." And then, without waiting for an nswer, I left the room. I: was late indeed, Miss Locke had long returned, and was busy. ing herself over her a ster's supper; she neld up her finger to me emiling as I passed, and I peeped in.

Kitty was lying on the rug, fast asleen with the doll in her arms.

"I found them like this when I came in," whispered Miss Locke; "she must have been listening to the music and fallen asleep. How late you have stopped with Phwbe! it is

nearly eight o'clock."
"I do not think the time has been wasted," I answered, cheerfully, as I hads her good night and stepped out into the darkness. Is time ever wasted, I wonder, when we stop in our daily work to give one of these weak ones a cup of cold water? It is not for me to answer; only our recording angel knows how some such little deed of kindness may brighten some dim struggling life that seems over-full of pain.

CHAPTER XII. A MISSED VOCATION.

It was pleasant to wake to bright sunshine the next morning, and to hear the sparrows

twittering in the ivy. It had been my intention to set apart Sunday as much as possible as a day of rest and refreshment. Of course I could not expect always to control the various appeals for my help or to be free from my patients, but by man-

agement I hoped to secure the greater part of the day for myself. I had told Peggy not to expect me at the cottage until the aftercoon; everything was in such order that there was no necessity for me to forego the morning service. My prcmise to Phoebe Looke would keep me a prisoner for the evening, but I determined that her sister and Kitty should be set free to go

to church, so my loss would be their gain.
I thought of Jill as I dressed myself. She had often owned to me that the Sundays at Hyde Park Gate were not to her taste, Visitors thronged the bouse in the afternoon; Sara discussed her week's amusements with her friends or yawned over a novel; the morning's sermon was followed as a matter of course by a gay luncheon party. "What does it mean, Ureula ?" Jill would say, opening her big black eyes as widely as possible; "I do not understand. Mr. Erskine has been telling us that we ought to renounce the world and our own wills, and not to follow the multitude to do foolishness, and all the afternoon mother and Sara have been talking about dresses for the fancy ball. Is there one religion for church and another for home? Do we fold it up and put it away with our prayer-books in the little book-cupboard that father locks so carefully ?" finished Jill, with

Poor Jill! she had a wide, generous nature. with great capabilities, but she was growing up in a chilling atmosphere. Young girls are terribly honest; they dig down to the very root of things; they drag off the swathing cloths from the mummy face of convention ality. What does it mean? they ask. Is there truth anywhere? Endless shams surround them; people listen to sermone, then fully from the very hem of their garments; their religion, as Jill expressed it, is left beside their prayer-books. Ah! if one could butses clearly, with eyes purged from every remnant of earthliness. - see as the angels do -the thick fog of unrisen and unprayed prayers clinging to the rafters of every empty church, we might well shudder in the

clozging heavy atmosphere. Jill had not more religion than many other girls, but she wanted to be true; the inconsistency of human nature baffled and perplexed her; she was not more ready to renounce the world than Sara was, but she wished to know the inner meaning of things, and in this I longed to help her. I could not help thinking of her tenderly and pitifully as I walked down the road leading to the little Norman church. I was early, and the building was nearly empty when I entered the porch; but it was quiet and restful to sit there and review the past week, and watch the sunshine lighting up the red brick walls and touching the rood-screen, while a faint purple gleam fell on the chancel

pavement. Two ladies entered the seat before me, and I looked at them a little curiosly.

They were both very handsomely dressed, but it was not their fashionable appearance that attracted me. I had caught sight of a most beautiful and striking face belonging to one of them that somehow riveted my atten-

The lady was apparently very young, and had a tall graceful figure, and strange colorless hair that looked as though it ought to have been golden, only the gloss had faded out of it; but it was lovely hair, fine and soft as a baby's.

As she rose she slightly turned round, and our eyes met for a roment ; they were large, melancholy eyes, and the face, beautiful as it was, was very worn and thin, and absolutely without color. I could see her profile plainly all through the service, but the dull in passive expression of the countenance that she had turned upon me gave me a sensation of pain; she looked like a person who had experienced some great trouble or undergone some terrible illness. I could not make

no claims to beauty. I could see her face plainly, for she looked round once of twice as though she were expecting some

She must have been over thirty, and had rather a singular face; it was thin, dark-To my surprise, just as the service com-menced, Mr. Hamilton came in and joined them. So these must be the ladies from Gladwyn, I thought. The beautiful pale girl must be his sister Gladys, and the other one

Miss Darrell. Ir be Continues.

he hour.

A new "champion" has arisen in Santa Ross, "Ay, you have tired yourself; you look Cal, He are forty raw eggs in fifteen minutes.