

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued)

"Well, well, we'll see about it," humored her as though she were a child. "Will you not speak to this lady, Phoebe? She has come down here to help us all,—sick people, and unhappy people, and every one that wants help."

door every now and then, and she made Kitty open the curtains. If I may make so bold, those flowers are not for Phoebe, 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.

Phoebe that her sad case was not without alleviation. I was still more sure of the truth of my words when I saw with what care Miss Locke had prepared the invalid's meal, and how gently she helped to place her in a proper position. There was evidently no want of love between the sisters; only on one side the love was more self-sacrificing and unselfish than the other. It needed only a look at Susan Locke's form and that, care-worn face to tell me she was wearing herself out in her sister's service.

as the saying is, she worshipped the ground he walked on. Ah, Phoebe was bonnie-looking then, though she was never over-strong and had not much color; but he need not have called her a sickly ill-tempered wench when he threw her over and married Nancy. It was a cruel way to serve a woman that loved him as Phoebe did.

nature than all out preaching. You will be a 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 go on in this way," he continued; "and then he surprised me by asking if I had not yet seen the ladies from Gladwyn."

quite pale, was her answer; "but you have made me forget myself for the first time in my life." 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 creature you see. Yes, I will tell you all about it; but, half crying, as though she had lost hope of contesting my will, "You will not leave the picture to make my heart ache more than it does now?"

CHAPTER XI.

ONE OF GOD'S HEROINES.

No, I was quite right when I told poor

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 management I hoped to secure the greater part of the day for myself.

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

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As she rose she slightly turned round, and our eyes met for a moment; 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 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 up my mind which it could be.