

not tell him he never would be out again; she could not tell him what was to happen on the morrow.

She felt she ought to prepare him for the removal, but the words would not come. And now began to be presented to her mind what it would be to this proud, independent man to find that the only place left to him was that woeful refuge, the Poor House. She had all the hatred of her class for the idea, and could fathom something of the rage, and shame, and misery Fergus would feel when he found where his few remaining days would be spent. He would, she recollected, have no friendly hand to smooth his pillow, and it would be the face of a stranger on which his eyes alone could rest in that awful hour when body and soul are severed the one from the other. Unpitied and alone he must tread the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It was in vain that the troubled woman tried to drive away these disagreeable ideas; they haunted her all day long.

No wonder that, for once, she could not sleep after the day's toil was over; no wonder that, when she did fall into slumber, she dreamed that it was her own husband who was dying away in that far-off country over the sea, and that she heard him calling to her to come to him, for that he could not die alone.

The next morning she did not go out, as she had planned. That dream had settled the question for her as no argument could have done. Fergus should stay and die in peace, whatever it cost her of labour and care.

'There's a good God above as'll help me,' she thought, 'for He knows all about it.'

And then she took the burden upon her already over-tired shoulders without a word to anyone.

The doctor called again in a day or two, and when she told him she was not going to turn her lodger out, he remonstrated with her jocosely.

'You must have a stocking half full of gold hidden away somewhere, Mrs. Huckerby,' he said.

However, when he found that she knew her own mind and was not to be moved, he told her that he would see if he could get the Guardians to allow her something for Fergus, which would, at least, save her from money-loss, though, he added, she was but a goose for her pains.

To Mrs. Huckerby's great comfort, this small dole was allowed. She, however, kept the fact that he was existing on charity a secret from Fergus, and he was too weak and lethargic to reason out that his own stock of money must have come to an end.

(To be continued.)

ROMANISM.

UNITY among His followers was, we have seen, the earnest desire of our Lord Jesus Christ. That we all might be one in Him His dying prayer. Therefore the promotion of unity becomes a pressing duty for all who profess and call themselves Christians.

This unity was to be real and solid, and no sham. The idea that our Lord only meant an invisible sort of unity, and that there is some spiritual Church hovering over and mingling with the visible Churches, to which spiritual Church alone His prayers

and promises apply, is a mere modern invention whereby men seek to justify existing divisions. It has no warrant in Holy Scripture. In fact, S. Paul plainly teaches that there should be one Body as well as one Spirit.

Such being the case, you will observe it is impossible to agree with the principles of Congregationalism. In the Christian Church we are not independent one of another. All the members have their place in the one Body. And we cannot say that every man has a right to frame a