

Mona nursed her husband bravely, and not until he was well enough to be up and out did she fail herself. With haggard eyes Piers watched her strength lessening daily, and saw the colour fade out of her beautiful face, until he could bear the sight no longer, and sent a desperate letter to her father.

It was returned unopened. At last the time arrived when Piers would creep away through the back streets until he came to the shop where three golden balls were hanging, and, after passing and re-passing the door many times, he would dart in with his forced courage and place the much-treasured articles on the counter.

It was dark when he returned to the cold, bare garret, and Mona saw by his face when he entered that he had no cheering news to give.

"It is hopeless!" he wailed, turning towards the window; for he lacked the courage to face her.

She raised herself with an effort, and a hectic flush crept into her cheeks.

"Oh, no, Piers! God never forsakes the poorest of His creatures. He will help us yet, I know full well."

"It will be too late then," he muttered, his breast stirred to bitterness by the sight of her lying there.

"Oh, no!" she whispered feebly. "It will be all in His good time.—Come here, Piers! Kneel beside me!"

He bent down and kissed her pale cheek, then rose, without another word, and left the garret.

"I will try once more," he said to himself desperately. "I will humble myself to the dust if it will serve her."

Half an hour's quick walking brought him to Mr. Fairleigh's big house in Balgownie Square, and the footman, who was a new man, showed him unobtrusively into his master's study at once.

Mr. Fairleigh was sitting at his writing-table, and when he recognized his visitor he rose hastily from his seat, and his eyes blazed with anger.

"What are you doing here?" he cried furiously. "James must be mad to show beggars into my study without first consulting me!" And he walked across the room and laid his hand on the bell.

Piers followed him with a few quick strides, and gripped his arm in a vice.

"Do not ring until you have heard me," he said hoarsely. "It is a matter of life and death! Your daughter is dying of starvation in a London garret!"

"I have no daughter," said the other stolidly.

"Mr. Fairleigh, have pity," continued Piers. "I plead for Mona, not for myself. As you hope for mercy in the after life, show a little to your only child. God only knows the desperate straits we are in. Mona is dying, and the boy is crying out for food."

The elder man's face hardened. "I have no child," he repeated, moving restlessly under the grip of Piers' hand. "She chose to disobey me and leave me, therefore I recognize no claim on her part. Let her die of want with the man who has brought her to this pass."

Piers' face whitened, and his eyes flashed with scorn.

"You drove her to disobedience," he said, with forced calmness. "She only left you to escape from a distasteful marriage. Had it not been for that we would have waited patiently for your consent. I ask you once again—will you hold out a helping hand?"

"I will do nothing—nothing! I care not what becomes of you or her!" "Tell my daughter," he said, at length, turning round and facing Piers suddenly. "I will receive her back into my house if she consents to leave you and the child behind."

Piers turned away with a groan.

"Is that your last word?" he asked. "My last word. You had better leave me at once, unless you wish the servants to turn you out."

With misty eyes Piers threaded his way back through the squares until he reached the Chelsea Embankment, and stood for a moment resting against the ironwork of Albert Bridge.

It was a dark night, and there was a cold drizzle falling, which easily soaked through his clothes and wetted him to the skin.

He leant his arms on the bridge and looked over. How dark the water looked as the tide swept its way onward! There was something white on the surface! How swiftly it was carried along, until it drifted out of sight under the bridge!

He took a hasty glance around. Footsteps were coming nearer and nearer, every sound audible in the hush of the night. There was no time to be lost, as the policeman might be on him at any moment. It only meant a little courage and a plunge; then a rush of dark blinding water—and oblivion.

With a desperate courage he mounted the ironwork of the bridge.

But Piers Dashwood was not quick enough. As his fingers clutched the cold iron a man rushed forward hastily, and gripped the end of his coat with fierce force.

"Young man," said a stern voice, "would you throw away the life God has given you? Would you throw away all chance of Heaven by an impulsive, cowardly act?"

Piers turned uneasily, and saw a clergyman standing beside him.

"It is not an impulsive, cowardly act," he said hoarsely. "It is for others that I wish to die. My death would bring ease and comfort to my wife and child."

The old man's face worked with a tender compassion. Instinctively he recognized that the man before him was a gentleman, and the rest was easily understood.

"You have no right to take your life under any circumstances," he replied gently.

Piers looked into his kind old face. He forgot he was talking to a stranger, and only remembered that this was the first man who had spoken a kind word to him for many a long day.

"You do not understand," he said wearily. "If I die, it means forgiveness and wealth for them—for my wife and child."

"And you would buy it at such a price? You would leave your child such an inheritance of sin?"

"I cannot stand by and see them die. It is more than I can bear."

The clergyman looked closer at him, and he saw a strain of hunger in his face, and the despairing look in his tired eyes.

"Come with me!" he said, linking his arm in his. "Take me to your wife and child. We will go and see what we can do to help."

A quarter of an hour later Piers led him up the creaky stairs of one of the back streets of Chelsea, where they were living, and when they reached the garret he stood for a moment looking in through the half-closed door.

A low exclamation of surprise left his lips. What had brought about this change?

In front of a blazing fire stood the old family solicitor, stirring up carefully a bowl of soup which was standing on the hob; while by Mona's bed a nursing sister was quietly sitting with the child fast asleep upon her knee.

Piers opened the door wider, and went in.

"What has happened?" he asked hoarsely.

"A great deal has happened," the solicitor said quietly. "For two months we have been trying to find you, and only succeeded to-night. You are Sir Piers Dashwood now, with ten thousand a year."

The young man's face whitened.

"My uncle and cousin?" he questioned unsteadily.

HELPING MOTHERS.

"I always tell my neighbors who have children how good I have found Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. L. Reville, Gawas, Ont. Mrs. Reville further says:—"I would not be without the Tablets in the house for I know of no medicine that can equal them in curing the ills from which children so often suffer." It is the enthusiastic praise of mothers who have used the Tablets that makes them the most popular childhood medicine in Canada. Any mother using Baby's Own Tablets has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"They are at rest," said the other quietly. "There was a bad boat accident, and they were both drowned."

Piers bowed his head with a reverent gesture, and turned towards the clergyman standing by the door.

"How can I thank you?" he whispered, with a catch in his breath. "If it had not been for you, where should I have been?"

"Do not thank me," replied the old man. "Go down on your knees and thank God. It was He who sent me to save you. It was He who rescued you in your hour of trial."

Piers dropped down beside Mona's bed, and buried his face in his hands. There was a moment's pause, then the clergyman's voice broke the silence, breathing words of praise and thankfulness to God.

Many years have passed by since then, and Sir Piers and Lady Dashwood have long ago earned a place in the hearts of their tenants by their ready help and sympathy for everyone in trouble, and their hearty endeavors for their people's good.

No deserving cause ever asks help from the baronet in vain, and only his wife knows, as he listens to a prayer for succour, and his grave face softens with sympathy, that he is thinking of the word "fifty spoken" which saved him from death and everlasting destruction.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

It is reported that more than 100 Jewish families move into Jerusalem every week.

A postal service which will bring New Zealand within 2312 days of England is projected.

The output from the Transvaal gold mines during January amounted in value to over £2,200,000.

Patriots are regarding the proposed quarrying of Ailsa Craig as another injustice to puir Auld Scotland.

A new journal is starting in Scotland which is pledged to use "Scots" and "Scottish," but never to use "Scotch."

Carlyle's House, at Chelsea, London, was during the past year visited by 2,775 persons, the annual average for the last 11 years being 2,418.

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, of Tweedsmuir, author of several works on the Scott country, has returned from his tour of Canada and the United States.

General Hon. Sir Robert Rollo, K. C. B., died at Bournemouth on the 25th ult., aged 93. He served in Canada from 1855 to 1865. Sir Robert Rollo entered the 42nd Regiment as an ensign in 1832, and retired from it as Lieut. Colonel after the Crimean war. For eight years he served in Malta and Ionian Islands, and for four in Nova Scotia and Bermuda. While in Canada he acted as Adjutant-General and Military Secretary to the Governor. Since 1880 he had been Colonel of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. He was also Hon. Colonel of the Black Watch.