

decided in your future course, that you may serve Him truly all the days of your life, and that at last you may see Him face to face, in the place which He has prepared for them that love Him."

The service ended and the congregation separated. In the porch the lady of the Manor waited for the poor fisherman's widow, and the two mothers stood side by side.

Lady Hayes bent tenderly over the fatherless child, and a tear fell on the baby's brow, where the baptismal waters still sparkled. She was thinking of her own dear boy who would so soon be motherless. "You must bring your little one to the Manor," she said in her soft sweet voice, and then her husband went up to her anxiously, and wrapped a shawl round her, and took her to the luxurious carriage, while the poor young widow wended her way on foot to her desolate home with her little christian child.

"Oh! Willie," she murmured, "if you could but have lived to see this day!" Poor thing, a year ago none had been so bright or so happy as she, but her joy had been short lived. She had married the handsomest young man in all Whiteford, ay and the best too. She loved to think of that now. Just one month ago her husband had gone out in a fishing boat with five others. A fearful storm arose. There had been weeping in many a village home, for during three weeks the boat had never been heard of; until one short week before that bright May day, five of the sailors returned to tell a tale of a miraculous escape. One of them had risked his life to save his fellows, risked it and lost it, and that one was William Hudson. The week after he left his home and his young wife, a little babe came into the world, who was never to know an earthly father's love or care.

"You're to be sure to come up this evening; my lady wants to see you partic'lar; and you're to mind and bring the baby with you," said Sir John Hayes' smart footman to Mary Hudson, some three weeks after the christening. So the young widow dressed her darling with great care, and took him to the great house.

Sir John met them at the door. His good natured honest face was clouded with grief. "Go up, my good woman," he said; "but dont let her talk much, she's very weak." The usual bluff hearty tones were strangely low and faltering. A servant led the way, and Mary followed over noiseless carpets into Lady Hayes' boudoir.

There she lay on her sofa. What a change a few short weeks had wrought in her appearance! Surely not even the idolizing husband could have wished to keep her from the joy to which she was so fast hastening. You saw it in her face at once, the bright expectation, the longing for rest, the unutterable peace. Mary Hudson started at the sight of the lovely vision.

"Mary," said the dying lady, "I have sent for you to bid you good bye. I am going home."

"Oh, my lady, don't say that."

She did not seem to heed the interruption, and continued; "I want to know if you will come and live at the Manor, and nurse my little one with yours."

"Thank you, my lady, I will do my best."

"I am sure you will," continued Lady Hayes, with a sweet smile on her pale face; "for the sake of your baby's father, you will be kind to mine when he has no mother, and in memory of the great blessing, the unspeakable gift, they received together, they must be friends always."