

so?" Now that it was really at hand, she could not understand or comprehend the joy.

"You done! Nothing, nothing!" Somerset answered bitterly. "But, if these were not the thoughts which made you cry, what were they, Stella?"

"O Somerset, I was thinking if you would only love me!" As soon as the words were out of her lips, Stella would have recalled them: they seemed so strangely, so utterly presumptuous, coming from her to him.

Somerset raised himself from the sofa; and the tone in which he spoke was one which Stella had never heard before. Coming from any other but him, she would have conceived it low with tears.

"Is it possible, Stella, that you would care for or accept such love as mine, now, after all that has gone by? I did hope that you might forgive; but not that you would love me. If you only knew how I hate myself!"

She was on her knees beside him in a moment then, checking the self-reproachful utterances, and with the thin white hand in both of hers, covering it with kisses.

"Nay, do not waste your kisses there," he said huskily, stretching himself towards her: "let me feel your lips on mine, Stella."

The sweet radiant face was pressed to his; and in that long silent embrace the coldness and neglect, the indifference and hardness, the bitterness and rebellion of by-gone years were all swept away, and became as though they had never been.

"You shall never want my love again," he murmured presently; and that was all that ever passed between the two on what had been.

Radiant in her own beauty, in her fair white dress, and with the halo of love triumphant encircling her as with a diadem, Stella stood and gazed upon her brother—she, the weak timid child, the conqueror; he, the strong proud man, the vanquished; and yet both, at the moment, wholly unconscious of their position, so content and satisfied was each in the new-found happiness.

And Dr. Lyon's words on Christmas-eve flashed back on Stella's mind: "Sometimes, when it is winter with the spirit, and all is darkness and sadness around, the most precious unknown blessing may be speeding to us." Yes, it had been speeding even then, while she knew it not; and, all clear and manifest to her vision, as in a mirror, came now the purpose of the past months' trials, the bitter separation from her idolized darling, the long, sad, waiting weeks. O, how sadly, solemnly thankful was Stella now, that the sorrow had been sent her, since such had been the blessing.

"I am going to sit up to my tea, supper, or whatever you may call it, this evening. I feel quite well to-night," were Somerset's next words. "You must be awfully tired of bringing every scrap to me here."

"Tired! I feel as though I should never be tired again," Stella exclaimed; for the land into which she had so suddenly emerged was all brightness and buoyancy; and difficult indeed it seemed to realize that the present was not a strange and beautiful dream, too good and strange to last.

And, that first hard avowal over, Somerset too seemed in a new world. He could scarcely believe how he could have gone on so long indifferent to the sweet bright young creature, who hovered about him now, watchfully, lovingly; her sweet smiles and graceful joyous bearing giving a touch of sunshine to the smallest action. He had felt the calm of her presence ever since his illness; but conscience had not permitted him to rest or be glad in it. Now the cause of estrangement was removed, and every word and look told so plainly—what indeed actions had proved to Somerset during the past gloomy weeks—that all was freely forgotten and forgiven, and that the little loving heart was entirely his own.

It was later on in that same evening that a servant unexpectedly announced Dr. Argyle. This gentleman almost started on entering the room at the very new sight which met his vision, and he had to look twice before convincing himself of the identity of the personages. Somerset, in a low easy-chair before a little table, playing dominoes, his arm around Stella's shoulder; the latter kneeling on a cushion at his side, her face in a glow of rapturous content and happiness, and,

just at his entrance, raised towards her brother with a laugh of childish mirth at some small triumph in the game. Prudently, however, controlling his notes of exclamation to the strictly mental, the physician advanced, and congratulated his patient on the progress which the past few days had made manifest. And, while he was talking, the little white figure slipped away, and in the secret of her own room gave full vent to the tide of joy and gratitude which that night had brought her.

From thence she went to her sister's apartment. Dr. Argyle was just taking leave of Lora, and saying if all went well he should not be coming down again on her account. "Your brother insists on my eating some supper with him; and, as the mail-train leaves D—at 11 o'clock, I shall not have much time to waste. Miss Stella, I was to bring you back if I found you here."

"In five minutes, Dr. Argyle."

"All well. You see what it is to be such an important personage."

"Stella dear," Lora said, as soon as Dr. Argyle was gone, "tell Somerset I should like to see him to-morrow—some time in the afternoon, when I am on the sofa. I feel quite able, now; and auntie coming the next day I shall have to see her, and would rather begin with Somerset. And you come with him, darling, and talk cheerfully, won't you? Somerset must have change, the doctors say, as soon as possible; and Dr. Argyle has been talking of little Tracy coming down before very long, when the weather is quite settled. So that I must really rouse myself, and see about getting well as fast as I can." And Lora smiled.

Stella did not know all the effort it cost her sister to speak cheerfully as she did; and the thought of her little brother being really able to come to her seemed almost too good to be true.

(To be continued.)

#### The Superiority

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to the tremendous amount of brain work and constant care used in its preparation. Try one bottle and you will be convinced of its superiority. It purifies the blood which, the source of health, cures dyspepsia, overcomes such headaches and biliousness. It is just the medicine for you.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.

#### Intercession.

Some one is praying for me to-night;  
Some one kneels at a holy shrine;  
In the quiet gleam of a taper's light  
Two cheeks with starting tears are bright,  
And a name that is uttered is mine.

Some one is praying for me I know;  
Ah! hard was the battle I strove to win,  
Sharp was the onset, bitter the blow,  
That drained life's fountain and laid me low;  
And heavy my weight of sin.

Some one is praying for me this night;  
In an earthly temple he kneels alone;  
Some one wrestles with words of might  
That a heart so black may be washed and white,  
And his word mounts up to the throne.

The sound of the Angelus heard in the air;  
The strain of the choir in a sainted tower,  
The song of a child untouched by care,  
Are not so sweet as the peace of prayer  
That comes to my spirit this hour.

Some one on earth and One on high  
For a passing soul with pierced hand pleads;  
This night of battle, when I must die,  
Is bright as a pageant of victory  
With its trumpets and neighing of steeds.

#### In Palestine.

The London St. James' Gazette says: The report of Mr. Dickson, British Consul at Jerusalem, on the trade of his district, contains several items of interest. Trade with Great Britain in 1893 showed some falling off as compared with 1892; but notwithstanding there has been a steady increase for several years past. It is noted that English ale, which had been driven from the

market by the lighter beers of Austria and Germany, are again finding favor. It is sold at from 9d. to 1s. per quart bottle. The Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway hardly appears to carry as much traffic as might have been expected. There is a daily passenger train each way and also two goods trains. Still a considerable amount of merchandise is conveyed by camels between the two places, on account of both the Jaffa and Jerusalem railway stations being situated at some distance from the town. The railway company, in order to give further facilities to merchants, employ camels for the transport of goods from the warehouses to the stations. It is rumored that the line will be prolonged to Nablous and Gaza. Buildings of various kinds continue to be erected in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and the city is fast outgrowing its former limits. On the western side houses have increased so rapidly within the last few years that quite a large suburb has arisen where formerly fields and vineyards existed. Every available piece of land is now being bought up by private persons or by benevolent societies and missions, and already the name of "Modern Jerusalem" has been given to this new quarter. The latest enterprise suggested is the placing of a steam launch and lighters on the Dead Sea. If this were done, the produce of Moab, which is a country rich in cereals, fruit and cattle, could then be ferried across in a few hours in the lighters in tow of the steam launch, instead of having to be conveyed in caravans round the north or south end of the Dead Sea, entailing a journey of from four to five days.

#### A Swiss Maiden.

Down in one of the loveliest valleys among the Swiss mountains lived little Marie. How she loved her home! She had never seen any other place, but she always declared no place could equal her flower-filled valley. And I don't think she was far wrong.

In the summer time, flowers of every scent and colour grew in the warm air, and filled every nook and corner with brightness. Marie loved to go out in the freshness of the early morning and gather the flowers with the dew on; often she would make garlands and wreaths, and then return home with both hands full. These flowers she would make up into lovely bouquets, large and small, and take them to the hotel in the village, where the foreign ladies and gentlemen would buy them.

In this way she earned a little money, of which she was very glad, for her great ambition was to be educated for a schoolmistress; but her parents were so poor that Marie would not have been able to complete her education if she had not been industrious and tried to earn a little. What a busy, happy girl Marie always was! She had learned the secret that if you would be always glad, you must always have something to do. There is no pleasure in idleness. I wonder if you have found this out!

#### Walking in Darkness.

Sometimes we have an experience in life that seems like walking through a long, dark tunnel. The chilling air and thick darkness make it hard walking, and the constant wonder is why we are compelled to tread so gloomy a path while others are in the open day of health and happiness. We can only fix our eyes on the bright light at the end of the tunnel, and we comfort ourselves with the thought that every step we take brings us nearer to the joy and the rest that lie at the end of the way. Extinguish the light of heaven that gleams in the distance, and this tunnel of trial would become a horrible tomb. Every week a pastor has to confront these mysteries in the dealings of a God of love. To the torturing question, "Why does God lead me into this valley of the shadow of darkness?" we can only reply: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." We are brought into the tunnel, however we may shrink back. There is no retreat; we have nothing left to us but to grasp the very hand that brought us there, and push forward.

When we have reached heaven, we may discover that the richest and deepest and most profitable experiences we had in this world were those

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