

the sake of him who had shattered their hopes to the ground.

IV.

'But Lucy—I don't understand. I thought it was a settled thing long ago. We were born for one another, and you have given me every reason to hope. I am making money, and can offer you a good home. Why will you not listen to me?'

'It is true . . . I did once love an honest, true, open-hearted boy . . . I loved a student for the Church—one who was to devote his life to the highest and noblest calling. . . . But he is gone, and I cannot love the one who now stands in his place.'

'But why, Lucy? I am the same. . . . I have not altered much, though I have given up sentimental religious beliefs. I have kept steady—and now I am in a fair way of becoming a rich man, and can give you a better home than I ever expected to. What is the difference in me?'

'All this is the difference,' was the quick though sad response. 'The world has come between you and me—the world and all the things that are in the world. I could have loved and waited for a poor hardworking curate, but I cannot yoke myself with an unbeliever.'

'You shall do just what you like, and have plenty of money for charities and all that . . . then your answer is final, Lucy?'

She was done, and he retraced his steps alone over the moors where they had played as happy, light-hearted children.

V.

'Your father is very ill. Come at once.'

The short message was handed to Adam Clifford on Saturday night. Another year of ambition and love of money had hardened him, and, though free from vices, had deepened his love for the things of the world, until his old life seemed very far away, and the religious training of his boyhood was forgotten altogether. Saturday night—his father ill, and perhaps dying. He could only get as far as N—that night, and would probably have to wait till Monday morning to pursue his journey. Arrived at N—he was forced to possess his soul in patience. But would the time never pass? What a dreary Sunday in a small cathedral town! He must do something. He would go and see the cathedral. But hush—a service is taking place—he would sit down and listen to the music. . . .

Presently the music ceased, and after a moment or two an unseen voice gave out the text. 'And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?' He started as if he had been struck. God was calling him—'Where art thou?' His own father was calling him. The scales fell from his eyes, and in a moment he saw all the folly and emptiness of worldly gain and worldly life, and before he left the cathedral his flesh came again to him as the flesh of a little child. 'Adam, where art thou?' kept ringing in his ears as the train sped onwards through the night, and the answer was not unheard amid the bustle and roar of the railway—'Here am I, Lord.'

Epilogue.

The new curate of Glentworth, whose duty it was to relieve the vicar whom age and ill-health rendered unfit for the work of so wide a parish—the new curate walked across his native moors to a certain garden in the valley. A fair young form was sitting in the shade, book in hand, but she was not reading. . . . 'Lucy!' with humility—'will you love the poor curate, and share his work with him?'

Long after, the old people were laid to their rest, one of the most hard-working clergy-

men of a poor district in London was Adam Clifford, encouraged, strengthened and aided by his help-meet Lucy.—M. E. E. Storey, in the 'Sunday at Home.'

'Narrowed' Lives.

(Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The phrase 'narrowed lives' was suggested to me by the words of a friend who is deaf. 'My life is narrowing down to a dreary point,' she said. 'Can I do nothing to make it worth my while to live?'

I have thought much about it since then. Should life to an immortal being ever 'narrow down'? Was not the path that God's children tread intended to grow brighter and brighter 'unto the perfect day?'

Yes, I know, there are physical limitations; yet, when one thinks of Helen Keller, one feels that common drawbacks ought not to be mentioned. Still, to the ones limited they are always present, and the days must be planned with them in view. I wonder whether it would not be possible so to plan that the very narrowing of one's circle because of them would deepen the influence for those reached.

Let me dream a little. I have a friend who is sufficiently deaf to be embarrassed by ordinary conversation. She almost dreads even the family circle, because friends are likely to drop in and try their nerves, and hers, with attempts to make her understand. She is over-sensitive, of course; that is one of the results of any physical limitation, and calls for a resolute will to put it aside as much as may be.

But my friend knows how to read aloud in a manner to make even the ordinary daily newspaper attractive to listeners.

In the city where she lives there are many blind people, and many who, though not entirely blind, have so limited sight that they can read very little for themselves. In my dream I behold that good reader planning to enter that open door, selecting her friends, choosing her material, apportioning her leisure time, and becoming by degrees a minister of grace to those who, if they cannot see, can hear, and who learn to love the 'music of her voice' not only, but who grow into sympathy with the great thoughts she brings to them. More than that, some among them, I note, as the days pass are being led into intimate fellowship with the Master; and I know that there will be stars in my friend's crown, almost because of her physical limitations.

I know another woman who is quite deaf, but she has a choice pen. Her style is so very charmingly natural and conversational, and she has so many pleasant topics to write about, that entire strangers beg to hear her letters read.

In my dream I see that woman making a systematic offering of this special gift for the comfort and uplifting of the 'shut-in' sisters who are everywhere. She has a list of people about whom she has heard incidentally; and with these, as many as her time and strength will allow, she opens correspondence, and carries the breath of flowers and the sound of birds and the sunshine of sympathy and good cheer straight into their sick-rooms. She does more than that; she breathes about those beds of pain the aroma of one who 'has been with Jesus,' so that they come to know him in a new and blessed sense; and only the pen of inspiration could tell the story of what her ministrations accomplish.

There was a young woman who used to attend the Pastor's Aid Society to which I belonged years ago. She ceased coming because of deafened and sensitive ears, and lives a narrowed life because of them. Yesterday I had

a thought about her, which in my solitude I spoke aloud.

'Why don't they make that woman their society treasurer? She is business-like and methodical. She would keep every item of income and outgo in so plain a way that he who runs could read. Because of her deafness all reports would have to be rendered to her in writing, which would be good for the society, and excellent discipline for its members. She would be a capital collector of dues because of her business methods, and also because no delinquent would like to meet her, on the street, for instance, and scream out an excuse for further delay. I am quite sure that physical limitations in this case would increase usefulness.'

This reminds me of another woman who used to be an active member of a missionary circle, but who now sits at home alone on the day of the meeting, and sometimes weeps because she can no longer hear well enough to keep in touch with the work. That is what she thinks. But I have a vision of her as having gathered about her blank books of convenient size and shape, one for each mission field. They are labelled 'Africa,' 'India,' 'Mexico,' and the like. For these books she began to glean and clip and copy. From newspapers, from magazines, from rare books, from reports written to her by personal friends, from any and every source of supply that an indefatigable gleaner can discover, she gathered her treasures, pasting or writing each in its own order. In due course of time it became noised abroad that 'Aunt Mary,' as she was familiarly called, had a valuable scrap-book on India, for instance; and the army of overworked, hurried people, as well as the army of careless people who neglect preparation, fell into the habit of going to her for help. In my vision the work grew and grew, until the time came when Aunt Mary was not only in touch with the missionary circle again, but was the recognized authority on missions for every member of that church; and every member of her circle was proud of her.

Postal Crusade.

Our many readers who are interested in this work will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Cole has been ill for some time, and quite unable either to answer letters from friends in India and this country or to continue the little leaflet, 'The Post-Office Crusade.' With returning health she hopes to be able to take up her work again, but meantime wishes to make this explanation.

From a letter recently received from Mrs. Cole, we take the following acknowledgments and items of interest regarding the work of the Crusade:—

'The sum of \$1 has been received from W. W. and H. W. for a 'Messenger' to India, the balance to go to the cot in Dr. Grenfell's Hospital.

'I cannot give addresses of boys or girls in India in the 'Messenger.' The Mormons watch its pages, and if addresses of natives are given they will be supplied with Mormon literature. Neither do I send them now to those who ask for them. In the above instance the 'Messenger' will go to the little son of "Pearl of Bliss" and "Heavenly Happiness." Their marriage was a romance in India, and their little children are charming. The father, who is a friend of Miss Dunhill, carries the 'Messengers' in all directions.

'\$51.25 came in, in one day in April, from two friends who support a native preacher and Bible Woman in India.

'\$10.00 came from Mrs. Lee at Calcutta in April, and \$5.00 for the "Kavi," a native paper. \$2.20 was also contributed by a friend in Ottawa for the Crusade, in April.

'With gratitude for what has been received, trusting still to be of service "some glad day,"

Faithfully,
'M. EDWARDS COLE.'

Acknowledgement.

FOR THE LABRADOR MISSION.

Previously acknowledged, \$28.35; In His Name, \$3; A Friend, Barrington, \$1; Ida M. Thomas, Argyle Head, \$1; Annie B., Castleford, 50c; Harry J. McNally, Blair, \$1; total, \$34.85.