

wife," he retorted furiously; "and the law can't touch her; if I mayn't beat you she may, and she shall or it shall be the worse for her."

Nance, who had been listening in an agony of fear lest any harm should come to Lil, while her own courage rose at the girl's brave bearing, here interposed, and said Lil would sing in the streets and that she always got plenty that way.

But Missie was now too angry to be silent.

"No, I'm not her child neither, and you know it, Joe Lovell," she said so scornfully that even Joe was impressed and eyed her with wonder.

She had grown very rapidly lately, and was almost as tall as the man she addressed; her clothes, if shabby, were scrupulously neat, her wealth of golden red hair was coiled high on the top of the head; truly she did not look one of them.

"I'll swear you're my child," he muttered furiously, "and you may swear yourself black in the face that you ain't, who'd believe you? I'd bring a dozen to back me!"

"Mother would tell the truth," said the girl, firmly, but when her eyes sought her foster-mother's face, she saw no reassuring answer, only trouble, fear and sorrow.

Joe gave a jeering laugh. "No, she won't either; Nance knows better than to put her neck into that noose!"

With eyes still ablaze with indignation Dorothy turned away, and the light in them slowly faded as the sense of her cruel helplessness came over her, but she did not falter nor waver in her resolution. Jem would never have liked her to go to such a place, and Jem had told her many a time that God would help her to do what was right if she would only ask Him with all her heart, and Jem had never told her anything that was not true; had not God helped her already by sending her to the hospital.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDLESS AMONG FRIENDS.

Joe Lovell was sharp enough to know that it would be dangerous for him to make any talk in Southampton about his treatment of his supposed step-daughter; the accident and the reason she had run from him blindly under the horses' hoofs would be sure to come out in an inquiry and create an interest for her; that lady, too, who had wanted to take her away from him would be sure to be on the lookout.

Besides the families were so well known in Southampton that in spite of his boast there might be some one ready to come forward and say she was not his daughter; the story of her adoption might even be known, while in a town where they were quite unknown no one could contradict his statements, and he determined in his own mind that next winter should find him among strangers. In a place where Missie would feel herself quite friendless she might be more amenable.

So when he had recovered his temper he spoke pleasantly to her, and soon seemed to have forgotten the cause of their quarrel, and Dorothy, glad to be at peace with him, went bravely and cheerfully about her daily work, her willingness being such a contrast to the laziness of his own daughters, that her value was daily increased in his eyes, and he had little chance of finding fault with her.

He now hurried their departure from Southampton, much to Dorothy's regret, for she was each day watching in the hope of catching a glimpse of the kind lady, many of whose encouraging words remained with her as she plodded up and down the streets.

April found them in the lanes of Somerset, not far from the village where Nance once lived as servant; she had expressed a wish to see the old scenes and Joe had wished to please her. When free from drink and in a good temper he was by no means a bad husband; his affection had been very real; she was the only being in the world to whom he accorded any, and the poor woman often felt bitterly that it was the presence of her foster-child that alone made quarrels between them.

She sometimes felt, too, that if she knew her Lil was safe she could bear anything else; but the daily dread which haunted her that he would ill-treat her child left her no peace. His jealousy of

Lil was so unreasoning that she could hardly guard against its outbreak, and this dread had changed her from the brave, self-reliant woman of the past into a down-trodden wife; if Lil had not been there she knew she would have been a match for Joe, but if one day he should grow savage and beat Lil, as he often beat poor Jenny, Nance felt she should never forgive him, and her revenge might be as terrible as his own.

The knowledge, too, that she was now weak and ill, and in no way able to cope with the tyrant into whose hands she had put herself, cowed her and made her nervous and apprehensive.

"Joe fed you when you was ill; you'd ha' been dead, Lil, now, if it hadn't been for he," was an argument she often used to quiet Missie, when her indignation led her to words of defiance; she knew that the remark seldom failed to touch her foster-child's generous spirit.

"He'd ha' better have let it alone, mother," she at last replied one day, bitterly. "How long will it be before I've paid him back? I work hard enough, you know I do. When you think I've paid him back I'll go."

"You don't know where to go to, Lil, my pretty; don't talk like that or you'll break poor mother's heart," exclaimed Nance, in sudden dread. "You don't know what dreadful things might come to you if you went away alone—worse things than Joe'll do . . . and what should I do if you went away? You know I'd go crazed, and Jenny, what'd become of she? Don't never say a word to Joe about going," she added, apprehensively.

"Never fear," replied Lil, somewhat impatiently; and then the love for her foster-mother made her forget her grievance, and she claimed the kisses which could now only be given in secret, and promised she would never leave her without telling her, and this promise quieted Nance's fears, for she knew it would be kept.

The fact that up to the time of her marrying Joe, Nance had never let her foster-child go about alone, had made Dorothy much more timid and less self-dependent, in spite of all her real courage, than girls of her own age in the class to which she belonged. And the fact that they were now in a country which was quite new to her helped to make her more patient than perhaps she would otherwise have been; if she did run away, to whom should she go?

Then how could she leave Jem's mother when she said she wanted her so much, and blind Jenny, who had no one but her to turn to in her helplessness?

The daily need of food was, too, sometimes so pressing that all her longings and aspirations were often forgotten in the struggle, and she worked harder than she had ever worked before, making herself so useful that Joe, in his better, wiser moments, gave her some grudging praise and hesitated to exasperate her by the jealousy which smouldered in his heart, and each day increased as he recognized the fact that his wife's affection for himself was a very secondary feeling to her love of her foster-child, in spite of her care not to offend him by any expression of it.

The wild flowers were now in full beauty, and Dorothy rose with the earliest dawn, and, sallying forth alone, not without an undefined joy in the solitude and the beauty of these early morning hours, would pick her flowers for the day's sale in the neighbouring towns. To do this she often walked miles with Jenny and Prince as companions, and their sale was very successful, for Dorothy had great taste in arranging her flowers, and both she and the blind child often evoked interest, though but a passing one, and many turned to look at them and exclaimed, "Poor children!" and they sometimes returned to the van with empty baskets, where they always found Joe waiting greedily for the money, for his share in the support of his family was small indeed.

To be Continued.

FALSE ECONOMY is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact, that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

A Mother's Gift to Her Daughter.

When, in future distant years,
Thou shalt look upon this page,
Through the crystal vale of tears
That dim our eyes in after age,
Think it was a mother's hand
Though her smile no more thou'lt see,
Pointing towards that Better Land,
Gave this sacred gift to thee.

Lightly thou esteem'st it now,
For thy heart is young and wild,
And upon thy girlhood's brow
Nought but sunny hope hath smiled,
But when disappointments come,
And the world begins to steal
All thy spirit's early bloom,
Then its value thou wilt feel.

To thy chamber still and lone,
Fly and search the sacred page;
When Earth's blandishments are gone,
Every grief it will assuage,
Close thy door against the din
Of worldly folly, worldly fear,
Only let the radiance in
Of each heavenly promise there.

When the bruised spirit bends
Neath the weight of sorrow's chain;
When of all life's summer friends
Not one flatterer shall remain;
Lay this unction to the wound
Of thy smitten bleeding breast;
Here the only balm is found
That can yield the weary rest.

Not alone in hours of woe,
Search the Scriptures, but while joy
Doth life's blissful cup o'erflow,
Be it oft thy sweet employ,
So remembering, in thy youth,
Him whose Spirit lights each page,
Thou shalt have abundant proof
He will not forget thine age.

About a Redbreast.

One day about the beginning of February last year, while I was sitting in the parlor of a farmhouse, a robin appeared at the window, and it seemed evident from his aspect and manner that he was nowise a stranger. Enquiring about him, I was told that during each of the previous five winters he had been a habitual and very familiar visitant. Two or three times a day he came to be supplied with crumbs of bread, or still more dainty morsels, a due share of which he was accustomed to carry to his mate, who, less bold, or less trustful than himself, seldom ventured to appear with him on the window-sill, but waited at a little distance to receive from him the substantial tokens of his loving regard. At nightfall he always entered the house by the opened window or the door, and perched on top of a barometer that hung on the opposite wall of the room, where he took his rest in sleep till the lamp was lit in the morning; and then he immediately began his sweet and mellow warble, as if to thank his kind friends for their continued hospitality. I was also informed that every summer two broods were reared, and that, when the fledglings had taken flight, the cock brought them with him to the window to partake of his fare; but as soon as they were mature enough to take care of themselves he drove them away from the place, and they were seen there no more.

Died for Me.

During the last American war, a farmer was discovered one day kneeling by the grave of a soldier lately killed in battle. He was asked if the dead man was his son, and answered that the soldier was no relation, and then he told his story. The farmer, who had a sickly wife and several children, was drafted for the army, and had no one who could carry on his farm, or take care of his family whilst he went to the war. Whilst he was overwhelmed with trouble, the son of a neighbour came forward, and said, "I have no one depending on me, I will go to the war in your place." He went, and was killed in action; and the farmer had now travelled many a weary mile to kneel beside his grave, and to carve on the headstone the words—"Died for Me."

What ought our gratitude to be to the Lord Jesus, who loved us, and died for us upon the Cross of Calvary. True gratitude is shown by deeds as well as words. Oh! let us try to show our thankfulness, not only with our lips, but in our lives.