

combe, Martha heard her muttering to herself the words that had been in her mind all day: 'It'll be thick weather in the Channel.'

She must have dropped asleep toward morning, for when the day broke, she sat up in bed with a white, stricken face, and trembling all over.

'Hist! hist! D'ye hear it?' she cried, shaking Martha, who slept by her side.

'Hear what?' Martha said, sleepily.

'My boy a-calling. Get up an' open the door.'

Martha got up, unwillingly, and opened the outer door. There was no one there; only the wind came tearing in and blew out the candle she held in her hand.

'There's no one there, mother. You must have been dreaming. Lie down and go to sleep. How should Jamie be there?'

'He was there just now,' said the old woman. 'I heard him calling, "Mither, mither," as plain as I ever hear him in my life. Do you think I don't know my own son's voice?'

She was not to be persuaded that she had not heard Jamie calling. She lay back, faint and exhausted with every nerve strained to catch again the sound of that far-off voice. She must have dozed off while she was listening, for she aroused Martha again presently.

'Get up! get up!' she cried, in great agitation. 'Something has happened to Jamie. I have been struggling with him in the deep waters, and he called upon me to save him, "Mither! Mither!"'

'You have been dreaming, mother,' Martha said, with a white face.

'It's no dream,' the old woman said, solemnly, 'Jamie's in trouble. I've a-seen him, an' heard his voice. Get me my book, Martha, and my glasses; maybe the Lord'll hear my prayer. There's no way else I can help him.'

Martha tremblingly obeyed her mother's behest, and brought the big Prayer Book and the glasses, and the old woman sat up in bed, and read aloud the beautiful prayers for those in peril on the sea, while Martha, kneeling by the bedside, uttered the responses.

When the morning came, and people were astir in the village, the neighbors came in with dreadful accounts of fallen chimneys and roofs carried away, of ricks scattered about the fields, and trees uprooted and lying across the roads.

It was no wonder the postman was late; it was a wonder the mails had arrived at all. He paused at the garden gate to speak to Martha. She had opened the door and stolen out when she saw him coming. He shook his head; there was no letter. He accounted for it good-naturedly, as he had accounted for it the day before.

'Thick weather in the Channel,' he said. 'A sight o' wrecks on the coast; there'll be a lot o' mails lost, I reckon.'

There was no letter the next day, nor the next. Martha had given up expecting one. In her heart she had not believed it from the first. Her mother had ceased to inquire for letters after that first morning. She sat in her seat by the hearth, with her hands crossed on her lap, and a patient, waiting look on her wrinkled face.

On the third day at even, when the sun was setting over the moor, the latch of

the garden gate was softly lifted, and there was a step outside on the gravel. The old woman, dozing by the fire, heard the step, and lifted her drooping head. She would have risen from her seat, but her trembling limbs refused to obey her. There was a reason for her agitation; a man had lifted the latch and come in. It was Jamie.

'Mither!'

It was the old cry; but she did not answer it as of old. She sat white and still, clutching the arms of her chair. She thought it was a spirit.

'It's no sperrit, mither,' he said, with a catch in his voice, 'it's me, Jamie. I've bin nigh a-drownded, but the Lord has brought me safely back. I guess you've bin a praying for me, mither.'

When Martha, hearing voices in the room below, came downstairs, Jamie was kneeling by his mother's chair, and her arms were about him, and the tears were running down her withered cheeks.

'Jamie has come back,' she cried, in her quivering treble. 'The Lord be praised! Jamie has come back!'

This was the meeting he had looked forward to; the joy he had so nearly missed. In the presence of the solemn realities of life, of love and death, he had forgotten all about that twenty thousand pounds. It was quite a secondary-matter, after all. If he had met with failure instead of success, if he had come back a beggar, it would have made no difference in his welcome.

There are divine heights in the humblest hearts which no worldly success can affect; there is a simple homely treasure which is better than silver, and the gain of it, than fine gold.

### The Quiet Life.

Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground;

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with  
bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days and years slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
Together mixed, sweet recreation,  
And innocence, which most doth please,  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
Thus, unlamented, let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

—Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

### Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

### Burra Bagh.

(Margaret C. S. Marshall, in 'Wide World Magazine'.)

The day, which had been one of the hottest of India's hot season, was drawing to a close. Throughout the day the heat had been oppressive and overpowering, and in the late afternoon there were no signs either of rain or of a cooling breeze. The creepers surrounding the bungalow were drooping, and even the usually stately palms looked languid. Everything out of doors was motionless, as if paralyzed by the stifling atmosphere. 'Rain, rain, rain,' was the universal cry of thirsty nature.

At this time we lived away up in the North Provinces, fully twenty miles beyond the Mission Station of Rhanaghat, the missionaries there being our nearest white neighbors.

Round us on every side was jungle, stretching as far as the eye could see. To the west could be seen, in bright weather, the clear, sharp, snow-crowned peaks of the mountains more than a hundred miles away. Our beautiful white bungalow, which always looked so clean and cool—almost hidden in a wealth of roses and gayly-colored creepers, and surrounded by rhododendrons, azaleas, and other flowering shrubs—was built on the slope of a hill overlooking the little native village of Signal.

My brother was in government service, and the week previously he had received notice to meet a state official at Rhanaghat. He had gone with a company of natives, taking with him his guns and dogs, in order on the way back to try and rid the neighborhood of its terror, a man-eating tiger.

'Sahib,' said Chadda, one of our men, 'near Botta Singarum, a village two coss (four miles) off, there one 'Burra Bagh' ('bagh' means tiger) 'who kill plenty men; he ate one old woman yesterday. He has an evil spirit, sahib, for though all shikarman and village people plenty, plenty, looking, never can find him. Wo burra chor hy.' (He is a very great thief, sir.)

That was Chadda's account.

Inquiry more than substantiated the accusation made against the terrible Burra Bagh, and it was found that, not only was he a great thief, but a wholesale murderer to boot. Lurking amongst the dense brushwood that skirted the highway, he had within the last six months seized and devoured the amazing number of forty of the inhabitants—sixteen of whom were 'running postmen.' Over and over again he had snatched the cattle-watchers, leaving the cattle untouched. The natives were of the opinion that it was of little use seeking him, as he never remained two nights at the same place. My brother, however, was determined that these awful devastations should come to an end, and he therefore organized the hunt to take place on his way back from Rhanaghat.

So he departed, and I was left alone—alone in my little home up among the hills. Fear I knew not, so accustomed had I grown to the sights and sounds of jungle life. But on this the third evening of his absence, I began to feel lonely, and the extreme heat made me rather nervous in the bargain.

I had finished my home letters ere dusk, and, with a yawn, I drank the cup of welcome chakwa (coffee) which Bara, the ayah, brought me, then retired to my room, and was soon in bed. How hot it was! I