

# THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

## CHAPTER II.

RAFE THE PEDLAR'S DISCOVERY.

It was the year of that Egyptian campaign in which the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought and won after the long night-march beneath the stars. The British army thereafter entered Cairo, carrying their sick and wounded with them. In the hospital quarters an officer sat writing at a table. He was dark in complexion, as if he had been for many months under the burning glare of a sub-tropical sun; while the thin and wasted face showed that he had been and still was an invalid. In the regiment he was known as Captain Norham, but to the Vicar of Linlaven it was the Captain's young wife whom we saw enter the Vicar's study at the close of the last chapter, he, the absent one, was simply and more kindly spoken of as George. And it was to these dark ones at home—to his wife—he was writing now. Let us look over his shoulder and follow his pen.

"One evening," he writes, "I had a strange experience. It was after the receipt of my father's letter in which he informed me that your grandmother had resolved to settle her own property otherwise than upon you. I had been in a despairing mood for some days. My wound was not healing well, and I worried myself into something like delirium as I thought of the helpless state which my death would leave you and our poor children. That you should be entitled by all the obligations of natural law and family ties to the provision which your father's mother has in her power to make for you, and yet to be cut off therefrom by a perverse and unnatural act of will on the part of one so nearly related to you—this thought of all this burned into my brain, and I must have gone into a kind of frenzy.

"I do not know whether it was in a state of delirium or in a dream, but I found myself in the dear old church at home—the church of Linlaven. I was seated in my father's pew, and alone. It was night, and yet somehow it was not quite dark. The church was filled with a soft, luminous haze, as of moonlight through obscured glass. I sat, absorbed in the perfect stillness of the place. Then up in the church tower I heard the bell strike one—two—three—slowly, solemnly—till it had struck twelve; the last stroke dying away in long melancholy vibrations; and once more the church was all still as death. I then observed that the west door was open, and that a white belt of light lay across the porch. I saw, too, a figure standing there, shadowy, ghost-like, and yet alive. He entered, and moved slowly up the aisle until he had almost reached the altar. But he did not approach farther, for at this point he came over towards where I was sitting, then turned and stood before the burial-place of the Norhams of Brathrig Hall. I was close to him, and I knew him. My dear wife, it was your father, Arthur Norham! I never saw your father in life; and yet somehow I knew that this ghost, or apparition, or eidolon, or whatever it was, was your father. I could have touched him, I was so near; but I could not stir. He did not appear to be aware of my presence; but my eyes followed him, and I saw he was reading the letters on the white marble tablet which records his father's death. He stood before it with bowed head, as if in deep dejection and grief, and I heard these words uttered: 'He is gone; and I—unforgotten!'

"That Arthur's own mother up at the Hall should act with such persistent and merciless hostility towards her son's children. Why, Arthur Norham was flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood, so also are Clara and her two children. The woman cannot get rid of that fact; why, then, should she exhibit a kind of savage delight in facilitating arrangements to put the estates, past and present, out of the way of her son's children? Brookes when I was in town, and he says everything is practically settled, that that rascally Linley of Longarth is to have the property, and Clara and her children are to be left to starve as far as Arthur's mother is concerned. I say again, it is worse than a shame—it is a crime. Why, Arthur Norham did not sin half so deeply against his father, as she, his own mother, is sinning against him and his."

Clara lifted her eyes to Wilfrid, and there was a look of gratitude on her face. It sometimes does us good to hear our own feelings expressed for us.

"You must not forget Wilfrid," he said, "that it is doubtful if Arthur's mother can help herself so far as the Brathrig estates are concerned. No doubt she could—and as a Christian and a mother she should—make provision for Clara and the children out of her own private possessions. But as for the estates, that is a somewhat different matter, and she has not quite a free hand. When Arthur Norham left his father's house and remained so many years absent, the Squire, as a man of perception and knowledge of the world, could not fail to perceive that a young man with the strong and heady impulses of his son, and at an age when youth is peculiarly susceptible, would run a danger of marrying some one in the class of life with which he had now associated himself. However respectable and worthy that class might be, persons forming it were not such as the Squire, with his old-world notions of things, could quite approve of as family connections. Do not speak, Wilfrid; I am not going to argue the point.—Well, things being so, he had made up his mind that, if Arthur survived him, he should, married or unmarried, succeed to the property, being the elder of his two sons. But—and this is what I draw your attention to—if he predeceased his father, and had previously made a marriage without his father's consent, then the children of that marriage were to be completely and perpetually cut off from any benefit in, or succession to, the estates."

"Ah," said Wilfrid, "that's rather a different story."

"Yes," continued the Vicar; "that is why I am so much moved by this dream of George's. We found it quite impossible to obtain any clue to Arthur's movements after he left his home, which was but the day before his father's fatal accident. From that time Arthur no longer communicated with the family lawyer, or drew upon the sum of money which was payable to him, as previous to his disappearance he had regularly done. We might, if we were rich, fight the matter out in the courts of law; but the presumption would still remain against us, as we could not prove that Arthur Norham was alive at the time of his father's death. Nearly thirty years have passed, and the mystery of his disappearance has never yet been solved. But I agree with you in thinking that Arthur's mother, seeing that she has ample means of her own, ought to make some provision for the future of Clara and her children."

For more than an hour the three sat conversing on what lay so near to the heart of each—George's restoration to health, and the sad possibilities that might ensue if the event were not restoration. At length Clara pleaded fatigue, and retired for the night, carrying her husband's letter with her, no doubt to weep and pray over it alone, as good women do. Father and son continued to sit there for another hour, not saying much one to the other, but smoking together in the silent confidence of friendship, which at such times is better than talk.

The hour of eleven had pealed out from the church-tower, when a loud ring was heard at the door-bell. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Sommes, the old housekeeper, entered the study.

"Pleased sir," she said, addressing the Vicar, "that the gardener come to tell us that Rafe, the owl Scotch pedlar, has found a poor man a-lying to-night on Brathrig Fell, and Lawrence Dale the miller and some more o' them ha' gone up and carried him down. They ha' made a bed for him in the Owl Grange, and please, sir, could Mrs. George let us have some blankets and wraps to cover the poor man, for gardener says he is as near dead as ever man can be."

The Vicar replied that Mrs. George had retired for the night, and was not to be disturbed; but that she, the housekeeper, was herself to give the gardener what was necessary.

Wilfrid started to his feet, and said he would himself go down to the Owl Grange, and see what was afoot.

The Grange was a tall building just beyond the vicarage garden. The night was now comparatively calm, and the old building could be seen standing out black against the sky. From the doorway a gleam of light shone out; and on entering, Wilfrid found the pedlar, with some others, standing beside the figure of a prostrate man on a rough, untempered bed, evidently in a state of unconsciousness. Wilfrid put his hand on the man's wrist, and after a time satisfied himself that the pulse was beating—feebly and intermittently, but still beating.

The gardener arrived with the vicarage with the old man was carefully wrapped; and the pedlar volunteered to stay there for the rest of the night beside the man, and to give warning to the neighbours if anything happened to render help necessary.

Wilfrid thanked him for his kind offer, and bade the man good-night, promising to see to the sufferer in the morning. The other also retired, all except the pedlar, to whom Lawrence Dale the miller stepped back a pace and whispered: "Rafe, I fear that poor creature has something on his mind. Let what we heard him say yonder on the hillside to-night lie a secret between thou and I: I would ill become us to bring mischief on gray hairs like his."

The cold gray light of morning crept slowly over the silent hills and into the bowery dales of Cumberland. The wind had died away; but Nature, like an ailing child that has not slept, met the coming day with a dim and tearful look. In the Owl Grange at Linlaven the sufferer of yesterday still lay tossing in the weird delirium of pain, and with the fever light of fever in his eyes. Wilfrid and Clara entered early, and stood together a little distance off, and in their approach by the wild look on the sufferer's face. He heeded not their presence. He saw them not, nor heard. Clara went close up to him, and could not tell the pale light of the October morning as he revealed the pinched and worn face of an aged man, who suffered with large on every feature. He was still in a state of unconsciousness, and the sounds that escaped his lips were but the rapid, intelligible, continuous monotone of delirium, which falls so strangely on the watcher's ear.

She returned softly to Wilfrid's side, and advised him to send immediately for a doctor. When he sent alone, she turned once more to where the man lay.

"Poor creature," she said aloud; "what can have brought his gray hairs to this!"

The sound of her voice appeared to arrest the attention of the man, and to recall his wandering mind. By a quick movement, he raised himself up without pain, he half raised himself up, stretching out the other hand towards Clara with an agitated gesture of appeal.

"Ester," he cried, in wild, distracted tones—"Ester! ha' thou come to forgive me? Ha' thou come to tell me it were all a black mistake—a horrible dream from which I am now awaking? Tell me, truly, Ester—tell me!" And in his eagerness he seized her hand and pressed it to his burning lips. Then, as if the effort had utterly exhausted his feeble strength, he fell back on the rude couch, and his eyes relapsed into their former look of wild and wandering vacuity. If the veil of oblivion had for a brief moment been lifted from his mind, it must have been again as suddenly; for the room is once more only filled with the hoarse murmur of his inarticulate ravings.

Clara, as she dropped his hand, turned from him with a scared and bewildered look. Her face was ashy pale; and, as Wilfrid at that moment re-entered, she made him some hurried excuse and fled into the open air.

She did not stay till she had reached the vicarage and her own house.

"What a strange thing to fancy," she said to herself. "Yet why did he call me Ester? That was my mother's name. It cannot be!"

And she entered her own room, and shut to the door.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

An Instance of British Courage that Will Never be Forgotten.

The Birkenhead, troopship, iron paddle-wheeled, and of 556 horse power, sailed from Queenstown, 7th January, 1852 for the Cape, having on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2nd, 6th, 43rd, 45th and 60th Rifles, 73rd, 74th, and 91st regiments. It struck on a pointed pinnacle rock off Simon's Bay, South Africa, and of 635 persons only 184 were saved by the boat's crew of the crew and soldiers perished February 1852.

The foregoing is the record in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates of one of those striking events, the facts of which, once impressed upon the memory can never be forgotten. The details called to mind by the fact that the details were recently read out by German regiment, the Kaiser thus acknowledging that no more inspiring example of military heroism and perfect discipline could be imagined.

The story, despite the glory of its luminous heroism, is a sad one. The British troops fighting against the Kafirs had been hardily cut up, and reinforcements were urgently required. These reinforcements were sent out from Cork on board the troopship Birkenhead with all haste. Two regiments had suffered severely in the campaign—the 74th Highlanders and the 91st—and the reinforcements included 66 men to the 74th, and Captain Wright one sergeant, and 60 to the latter. There were also on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2nd Queen's Regiment, 6th Royals, 12th Regiment; 43rd Light Infantry, 45th Regiment; 60th Rifles; and 73rd Regiment. The 74th had lost its commander, Colonel Forsyde, in action, and Lieut.-Col. Seton went out with the reinforcements to take over the command. It was the senior officer on board the transport, and next to him in rank was Capt. Wright of the 91st. The Birkenhead, which was a fine paddle steamer, commanded by Capt. Salmon, a master in the navy, made a good passage, and on the 25th February, 1852, reached Simon's Bay.

Time was valuable, and not only was the ship steaming at a speed rapid for the period—eight miles an hour—but the commander of the vessel had shortened the distance, closely hugged the shore. Simon's Bay had been left behind, and every stroke of the paddle was bringing Algoa Bay, the landing place, nearer to hand. The night was fine. The waves rippled gently in the moonlight, and scarce three miles off could be seen the dull gray of the coast line of Danger Point—ominous name! The height of all were high, for never yet did the British soldier's heart fail to beat with quickened, eager excitement as he neared the enemy with whom he was about to engage. Numbers strolled about the deck, laughing, talking, and speculating on the work before them; a few were below lounging, if not sleeping, in their hammocks. Among those on deck at half-past ten in the evening was Capt. Wright, of the 91st Regiment, and he and the officer of the watch had a long conversation respecting a light which attracted their attention on the port side. There was a slight difference of opinion as to which particular beacon it was, but they were agreed that it was a lighthouse.

Just before 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, the leadman was on the paddle-boat preparing to heave the lead, as he had previously been doing, when suddenly as the good ship bowled along, there was felt a startling, jarring, staggering crush. The vessel had struck! Every heart stood still. Then rang out the voice of Capt. Salmon, "Full speed astern!" The engines, reversed, drew the vessel backward from the point of sunken rock which had pierced her bow, she struck amidships, driving her hull in, and totally breaking her up. In the instant it was seen that the Birkenhead was a total wreck. She had, indeed, already begun to fill in a sink. The crush of water must have instantaneously drowned a hundred men in their hammocks.

Now comes the record of the deed of unparalleled heroism. Cool as if he had been on the parade ground, the gallant Col. Seton assumed the direction of the men under his command. Quietly he ordered the boats to be heeled, and the roll of the drums immediately sounded forth the muster call. Many of the men below wit heard the summons of the drummer boys, understood that they had to appear for parade, and, instead of rushing in hot haste, undressed, to create confusion on the deck, numbers donned their uniform, and appeared in a few minutes ready to fall in. It was a sublime scene—sometimes the human soul can reach an altitude of dignity and nobility which is to itself so high that it is now. These men stood on the deck of a sinking ship; already she was setting beneath the engulfing waves, but quietly and without question they formed up at the call, yet firm order of their commander, and they bravely and thrillingly. Calling the other officers around him, he enjoined silence; then he desired Capt. Wright to give whatever assistance he could to Capt. Salmon. Speaking to the men, he told them they could not escape. The boats would only hold a limited number, and these the women and children would require. The women and children—the weak and the helpless—were to be saved! As for the soldiers—the brave and the strong—they would, if necessary, meet death with him!

If fear there was hidden in any heart it was conquered by discipline. Sixty men, told off in three reliefs, were put to the pumps on the lower after-deck; 60 were stationed at the tackles of the 100-ton box boats; all who were not required for active duty were drawn up in the poop, to ease the fore part of the ship, which was now rolling heavily. The troop horses were got up and pitched into the sea, some of the poor brutes swimming instinctively for the land, which could be seen in the bright starlight about two miles off. Awo-stricken and speechless, the women and children stood while the ship's cutter was got up; then the helpless ones were lowered, and, in a few minutes, aided by strong and willing hands, all were safe aboard. Then the ropes were cut, and the boat glided away. It had just got clear, when the vessel, working astern, struck again, causing another yawning chasm, through which the water poured in volumes. The outer bows broke off at the fore-mast, the bowsprit shot up into the air towards the foremast, and the funnel went over the side, carrying with it the starboard paddle-box and bust.

heroic officer's behest to stand calmly where they were and face the inevitable. There were no flashing eyes and resolute looks as if he had addressed them on the eve of battle; no answering cheer, such as would have greeted his orders. But each in that moment resigned himself to death, and took farewell of hope, and love, and life, and all things dear! Face to face with eternity, need we doubt that many a painful thought and bitter reflection rushed through the doomed men's minds? Many a backward glance would be taken in fancy on dear familiar home scenes, and well-beloved faces never to be seen again. But not a heart quailed, or gave outward evidence of mental struggle. Down, still down, sank the ship, yet all was calm on board, as if her company had been assembled for Sunday morning service. Sobbing wives and fatherless children were drifting over the blue expanse to a haven of safety but with Col. Seton—under the starlit sky—already in the grasp of death—there was no craven heart who wished to take the place of any of the helpless ones, and he saved instead. No; some at the pumps, although they knew the labor was futile; but the greater part, rank to rank, and shoulder to shoulder, stood on those sinking planks—faithful to duty—uttering no murmur or cry—a band of noblemen, whose true heroism no Thermopylae could rival, and whose devotion neither sin nor master ever excelled. And standing thus, in unbroken order, with the brave simple-minded sailors—who were to share their fate—gazing on them in speechless admiration, that battalion of British soldiers were swallowed up by the relentless waves. Not half-an-hour had been given for the grand display, all that is best and noblest in man. In all 438 souls perished—including the gallant Seton, whose noble heroism was an example to all—and not a woman or child was lost. Of the dead the 91st contributed Sergeant Butler, Corporals Webber and Smith, and 41 privates. May their glorious memory never be forgotten!

There were many miraculous escapes, amongst others that of Cornet Bond of the 12th Lancers, who was a splendid swimmer, and reached the shore by his own unaided exertions—afterwards lending valuable aid to others, who most otherwise have perished. But our concern is with the escape and adventures of Capt. Wright, of the 91st. Capt. Wright with five other men grasped a large piece of driftwood with which they came in contact when the ship sank. The sea was covered with such floating pieces and with men struggling in the water. So far as the captain could judge at least 200 men were at first keeping themselves afloat by clinging to pieces of the wreck. But men were sinking in all directions, and the sharks were busy at work. Three boats were drifting bottom upwards towards the land. With his five companions on the driftwood the captain was carried towards Danger Point. But the sea and the breakers combined to form a very serious impediment to landing, and to relieve his anxiety from the bit of timber which had carried them so far he parted from his companions and swam ashore. Others imitated his courage. Some who landed were almost naked, and none had shoes. This made progress into the interior through prickly brushwood extremely painful and difficult. Capt. Wright led a large party up country, until they arrived at a fisherman's hut near the sunset. By this time they were fearfully exhausted and hungry, having been on foot all day after the adventure of escape. Judgement of their discomfort, then, when they found the hut contained nothing to eat, and that nothing was procurable about the place! But Capt. Wright, with the "grip" of a true hero, set out alone, and dragged himself, rather than walked, to a farmhouse eight or nine miles distant, from which he sent back provisions to the companions he had left at the hut. Later, having gathered together 63 survivors, of whom 18 were sailors, he took them to Capt. Small's farm, where they were comfortably housed and fed.

Capt. Wright's exertions did not end here. In spite of his fatigue he returned to the coast, and for three days clambered up and down the rocks for about 20 miles to make certain that no helpless creature lay there requiring assistance. He was joined in the search by a whaleboat's crew, which sailed along the verge of the seaweed, while he moved along by the shore. Two men were found by the boat clinging to pieces of timber, and the captain found two other survivors in the clefts of the rocks—all being happily saved. A steamer was subsequently sent for the survivors, who arrived at Simon's Bay on the 1st of March. Capt. Wright bore full testimony to the heroism of all on board. Speaking of the officers, he said no individual officer could be distinguished above another. "All received their orders, and had them carried out as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom; there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion."

Such in brief is the story of the loss of the Birkenhead—a grand incident in the history of the world's brave men.

THE GUILTY FEAR SCIENCE.

Guided by Good Common Sense the Always Copyrighted.

On a trial for an assault a surgeon, in giving his evidence, informed the Court that, in examining the prosecutor he found him suffering from a severe contusion of the instrument under the left eye, with a great extravasation of blood and ecchymosis in the cellular tissue, which was in a tumid state. There was also considerable abrasion of the cuticle.

The Judge—You mean, I suppose, that the man had a black eye?

Witness—Yes.

Medical experts, when they get on the witness stand, are occasionally apt, like this surgeon, to hide what they know and to cover up imposing words. It is when doctor's permit their learning to be guided by their common sense that they do most to shield the innocent and convict the guilty.

The question whether the person who fires a gun or pistol at another during the dark night can be identified by means of the light produced in the discharge has long interested medico-legal minds. This question was first referred to the class of physical science in France and they ascertained it in the negative. A case tending to show that their decision was erroneous was subsequently reported by Fodere. A woman positively swore that she saw the face of a person who fired at another during the night surrounded by a kind of glory, and that she was thereby enabled to identify the prisoner. This statement was confirmed by the deposition of the wounded man.

Desgranges, of Lyons, performed many experiments on this subject, and he concluded that on a dark night and away from every source of light the person who fired the gun might be identified within a moderate distance.

A case is quoted by Fonblanque in which some police officers were shot at by a highwayman on a dark night. One of the officers stated that he could distinctly see from the flash of the pistol that the robber rode a dark brown horse of remarkable shape about the head and shoulders, and that he had since identified the horse in London stable. He also perceived by the same flash of light that the highwayman wore a rough brown overcoat.

This evidence was accepted, for it was considered more satisfactory than that of the man who swore that he recognized a robber by the light produced by a blow on his eye in the dark! The physicist knows that this is a clear impossibility, because the flashes thus perceived are unattended with the emission of light and it is not possible that they can make other objects visible.

In a case of murder by strangulation the woman who perpetrated the crime had been a nurse in an infirmary and accustomed to lay out dead bodies. After the murder she carried out unthinkingly her professional practice by smoothing the clothes under the body of her victim, placing the legs at full length, the arms out straight by the side and the hands open. The doctor who was called in at once declared such a condition of the body was quite inexplicable on the supposition of suicide, considering the amount of violence that must have attended the strangulation.

In another case the criminal had attempted to make the death appear like the act of suicide by placing the lower end of the rope near the hand of the deceased; but he selected the left hand, whereas the deceased was right-handed, and he had not leave enough rope free from the neck for either hand to grasp in order to produce the very violent constriction of the neck which had been caused by the two coils of the rope. A surgeon pointed out these things. Both criminals confessed their crimes before execution.

Sometimes criminals feign to be deaf and dumb. If the impostor can write he will be detected by the ingenious plan adopted by the Abbe Secard, an old French scientist. When the deaf and dumb are taught to write they are taught by the lip. The letters are only known to them by their form, and their value in any word can be understood only by their exact relative position with respect to each other. A self-educated impostor will spell his words of devils incorrectly, and the errors in spelling will always have reference to sound, thereby indicating that his knowledge has been acquired through the ear and not alone through the lip.

A man who had defied all other means of detection wrote several sentences in which the misspelling was obviously due to the misperception of the sound of the words. This showed he must have heard them pronounced. Abbe Secard concluded that the man was an impostor without seeing him, and he subsequently confessed the imposition.

An escaped convict was on trial before a French court and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm and the question submitted to M. Leroy, a medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed?

M. Leroy applied strong fiction to the skin on the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines on the skin, with a slight bluish tint. This, he means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks on the reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict who, thereupon, was barely restrained from knocking down the witness.

Basket Making.

Basket making, which used to be practiced more or less in every village, is now relegated almost entirely to machinery; and yet it is very easy, and children even may become very expert in its manipulation. Even the rudest and most primitive of handmade baskets make a pretty present if filled with mosses and growing ferns. At a watered place, the other day, a clever woman set some children at work on the carpets and chairs which were on the carpets. They suggested, found a ready sale, and brought in quite a nice little sum. Shoots of willow, were used in this instance. These were cut soaked in water, and afterward peeled. Strong pieces were laid across each other and woven together to make the bottom, the ends having been left sufficiently long to turn up when the foundation was large enough to form the uprights for the sides. Thinner strips were then woven in and out, thus forming a thick wickerwork. The edges were formed by the uprights or ribs being turned down and woven in. This is the rudest kind of basket; but every one knows what dainty things are woven out of bark and scented grasses. It is such pretty and easy work that it would be a popular handicraft for idle summer hours if once adopted by the busy bees of society. If an old basket is taken apart and woven together again it will give a practical knowledge of its construction which would be better than any directions that could be given.

Turn a crank loose and it will make itself heard.

Life's Queer Side.

Spiders have eight eyes.

Silk worms are sold by the pound in China.

A thousand children are born in London workhouses yearly.

A 14-year-old boy at San Jose, Cal., thrashed his father because he ordered him to bring in some hay.

The longest animal known to exist at the present time is the roqual, which averages 100 feet in length.

At a public entertainment in Paris a young man was hypnotized. Two days elapsed before he was restored to consciousness.

Georgia professes to have a girl from whose mouth there runs constantly a stream of water as from a small spring.

An old man 79 years old, living in Nodaway County, Mo., plowed his own land with his Spring with a horse 29 years old, which was born on the same farm and had worked on it with the old man ever since.

In India a huge funnel of wickerwork is planted in a stream below a waterfall and every fish coming down drops into it, the water training out and leaving the flapping prey in the receptacle ready to be gathered in.

Mercantile Item.

"How do you sell these peaches?" asked McGinnis of a colored woman who had them for sale.

"Six for a dime, boss."

McGinnis began picking out half a dozen of the largest and finest.

"You can't do dat, boss. Yer can't pick out de biggest ones unless yer buys 'em all."

It often takes a match to light up a young lady's countenance.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

The sweetest lives are those to which God is closest. Who close-knit strands of an unbroken thread, whose love ennobles all. This world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells. The Book of Life the shining record tells. Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes. After its own life-working, A child's kiss set on thy shining lips to make thee glad. A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich; a rich man, helped by thee shall make thee poor. Thy love shall be served through every sense of service which thou renderest. Mrs. Browning.

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