

parting, and with a prayer in her heart for the sister so dear, that the good seed sown might bring forth fruit, she wended her way to her less fashionable, but happy Christian home.

To the smart maid who answered the door, Mrs. Gordon left a message she was not to be disturbed until dinner was served. Laying off her wraps she threw herself on a lounge and gave herself up to serious thought. There her husband found her some hours later when he returned from his office. Mr. Spain, his partner, had accompanied him home as he frequently did, for this brilliant lawyer always found a quiet dinner, where Mrs. Gordon presided, a particularly pleasant affair. Her husband's friend had always pleased and entertained her before, but as he told of his "polo match," "that great game of golf," "the athletic dance," "a rollicking hunting party," and the inauguration of a pedro club, for the first time it struck her that this clever man was truly selfish, never getting beyond the pleasures and gaieties of life that pertained to his own happiness.

It was apparent to Mr. Gordon that something had annoyed his wife, and to his anxious query, "Are you not feeling well, Lou?" she petulantly replied, "Certainly. Can your wife not be quiet for five minutes without being considered ill?"

It was with feelings of gladness she bade adieu to her guest, and as her husband was leaving, he drew her to him and, kissing her, said, "You must tell me all the trouble, little one, when I return." Her only answer was a poor wan smile in which burning tears fought for supremacy.

Being left alone once more she resumed her favourite seat beside the fireplace, and as she gazed on the burning coals she seemed to see such life pictures. Women

who had lived ideal lives—lives of service, and in contrast once more her own gay, thoughtless life in which self had figured largely. Her sister-in-law's busy, useful life, which she had often spoken of as slow and prosaic, seemed to rise before her in all the beauty of its unselfishness. With an unutterable longing that she might yet make a success of her life she dropped on her knees and in earnest broken words told her Heavenly Father of her sorrow for the past and her desires for something better for the future. With the "peace that passeth understanding" in her heart she rose from her knees. How she longed for and yet dreaded the return of her husband that she might tell him about it all. It was quite early when he returned, and his first question on entering was,

"Well, Lou, what have you done to-day that made you look so forlorn at dinner?"

With a sweet, sad smile, she replied, with an attempt at gaiety.

"It isn't the thing you see, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache,
At the setting of the sun."

"Well then, little woman, what is this dreadful thing you have left undone?"

Throwing himself at her feet and taking her hand in his, he said, "Now, 'fess up, and I will promise to let you off pretty easy."

It was some time before she spoke, and then she said, "It is such a long story. Justin, I hardly know where to begin. I think I will have to tell you my 'life's story.'" So from her girlhood days she told him, filling in the years as she went. It was interesting to this man of business to thus lie and study his pretty wife in this new role, and he smiled indulgently at her recital until she said,

"I heard a sermon once that