

voted wife, and loving, idolized child, to battle as they best might with poverty and disgrace. Nothing but the most pure and exalted Christian faith, could have sustained the wife and mother through the anguish of this cruel desertion.

Through all the process of arranging and settling the business affairs, her clear head and cool hand did most efficient service. She kept nothing back, not even her own jewels, and at length had the proud satisfaction of satisfying the last creditor. But she and her child were penniless and houseless; yet her courage failed not. She remembered how in her girlhood, she had been called quite handy in the work of millinery. She had, even, during the busy season, assisted the village milliner; and she doubted not but her natural ability for the work, aided by her past knowledge, would ensure success. But the crowded city was no place for a novice, and besides she longed for the quiet of the country, where none knew of her sorrow or his disgrace.

Her upright course, her high sense of honor, united with her sweet, gentlemanly manners, and meek Christian spirit, won her many warm friends; and when she stood ready, waiting for the train to take her to her newly chosen home, a heavy purse was placed in her hand, accompanied by what to her was better than silver or gold, a letter of warm wishes, of cordial, heart-felt sympathy, and high approval of her strictly honorable course, and prompt, decided action.

And now three years had passed; years too, of earnest toil and patient looking forward to the time when her husband should return—when forgetting the past, they could begin life anew. But God ordered otherwise. She had performed her part here on earth, and was needed in a higher sphere. And she went rejoicingly, doubting not the wisdom which ordered the event, and leaving, her noble Effie to continue and complete the work which she had thought to do, namely, to comfort, encourage, guide, bless, and with God's help, save the erring and misguided husband and father. And well was Effie calculated to perform the work. She had been an apt pupil of a noble mother.

After her mother's death Effie sold the shop to a lady who agreed to give her a thorough knowledge of the business, and a fair remuneration, for her labor. Here she passed nearly two years, in fact till

the pupil far exceeded the teacher. But she was not content. In all these years she had heard no word of her father, save a vague report that he was seen in Australia, about a year after his departure.

One thought haunted Effie continually. If she was in her native city, she would be more likely to find him. She dwelt upon this idea, until she resolved to wait no longer but to set out at once.

Through the influence of old friends of her mother, she succeeded in procuring a desirable situation at her favourite employment. Once fairly settled, and all her energies were directed to that one—to find out something concerning the whereabouts of her father. No means which she could devise were left untried; every newspaper was searched, every enquiry made, but all to no avail, until her friends advised her to give up the idea as fruitless. They little knew how the gentle girl had dwelt upon his return, until it was the absorbing passion of her life to faithfully perform her mother's dying instruction.

"So Herbert Stanley is smitten with the new milliner. Well, she is a splendid girl, and as good as beautiful, which last cannot be said of all the 'dear creatures,'" laughingly broke in the merry voice of her cousin Fred, as little Jennie Colson stood in the door gossiping with her troop of cousins, and some other young friends.

"Yes," was the reply. "But one thing, if she expects to get Stanley, she will have to give up that insane idea about her father. He is too proud to have his betrothed hunting up every emigrant ship, and searching hotel registers, to find one who would only be a disgrace to her when found."

"He is her father, and I honor her for it," said Fred, warmly. "I would not have a wife that was ashamed of her father."

"There," laughed Jennie, "Dr. Colson is on her side. If we say anything more, I am afraid Stanley will lose his already small chances."

"O, I never saw your divinity, so don't be alarmed; only this, I do admire to see a girl that has some aim in life besides excelling in every absurd fashion."

"There, Fred," replied Jennie, "you had better go now, and attend to your patients. I guess they are dreadful sick; I think I should be if I had you to attend me."