

charge, and feeling considerably recruited, he undertook the work. The people expressly stipulated that he might or might not do any pastoral work, just as he pleased; if he would only preach for them they would be more than satisfied. So we find him comfortably engaged in his work; so happy, indeed, that he is almost glad of an excuse for remaining permanently. It is home to him more than anywhere, and happy is the man for whom work and home coincide.

The house is noisier and merrier than it used to be, for a little three year old boy keeps the place lively. He has a curly head of hair, fair now, to turn black by and by, and his features are his father's.

Mrs. Stuart, the older lady, is as active as ever, for she has renewed her youth since her son came home. And she is perfectly satisfied with her daughter-in-law. Never before has she had such active, sweet and calm content.

There appears to be no change in either Dan or Tim. They are not the kind to wear themselves out too quickly, either by work or worry.

Julius Caesar, sad to say, is no more. Two years ago he contracted a bronchial affection which put an end to all his fun with Eleanor. At first it deprived him of the first and loud part of his bark, leaving him nothing but the concluding snarl; then by and by the snarl became a wheeze, and the wheeze grew worse and worse till his efforts at barking became truly pitiable. But Eleanor had no pity for him. She seemed to exult in his collapse. He soon retired from the contest, and passed his days by the fire or on the verandah. But such an inactive and hopeless life did not suit him, and he soon succumbed.

When Julius Caesar died Eleanor did not go into mourning. On the contrary she seemed highly pleased. She began to show at intervals a less morose and savage temper. The younger Mrs. Stuart got into the habit of giving her lumps of sugar, as she used to give Jack and Jim; and the sugar seemed to go to the right place in Eleanor's strange constitution. The cow at odd times evinced a gleam of friendliness for her young mistress. Her coat gradually became softer, and her eyes not so green. Eventually it dawned on Mr. Stuart that Eleanor was really beginning to take flesh. It was a marvel to all who knew her. What a sensation it would be if some day in the remote future Eleanor should really go to the butcher. Yet that seemed to be just possible. But we need not stay here to speculate on the quality of the meat she may one day furnish to the world, or the bad words that may be uttered by those who shall dine on the toughest, or even the tenderest parts of her dainty carcass.

Miss Pearce's father and mother had been persuaded to give up the only child left them at home. They adopted an orphan niece whom they designed to fill Ethel's place. Mr. and Mrs. Winstall in consequence are happy in their New York home. Mrs. Winstall takes the active superintendence of the household, Methuselah being now strictly limited to the office of butler, which office he still fills with becoming gravity.

Two little boys, aged two and four make the Winstall mansion ring with their play. Mrs. Winstall writes occasional squibs for the New Era. There are days, weeks, or months when she writes nothing; she simply writes when something interesting or worthy inspires her. Her literary ambition is no *ignis fatuus* to lure her away from her more important household duties. If Mrs. Win-

stall has a warm heart and a bright fancy, she has also a level head.

She takes Miss Winstall's place in leading the family devotions, except on Sunday mornings when Mr. Winstall takes that duty himself. And the wife is moulding the husband in many ways into a more devout and earnest life. He takes a more active part in philanthropic movements in the city; he interests himself more directly in the affairs of Immanuel church; and he subscribes more liberally for the extension of the Gospel in the world.

Miss Grace Winstall has gained considerable fame as a singer. Mr. Rivers has been dangling around her at intervals, but she has given him no encouragement. And now at the age of twenty she has an understanding with her father that she will encourage nobody, and make no choice, for three years. She will then perhaps have found her place in the musical world, and be better able to choose her course.

Little Alfred died three years ago. He was a sweet, spiritual child; one of those who never seemed destined for long life, but who, like little Eva in Mrs. Stowe's tale, open the gates of heaven in their passage upward, so that those left behind see into the glory. The effect of the child's life and death was a special benediction to the father. The scales fell, at least in part, from his eyes so that he saw more clearly how little the world is worth, and in the same proportion he began to set a higher value on the things unseen and eternal.

Mr. Erwin is minister of a large church in a dense centre of population in New York. That is, it is a large church now. It had a very small following when he took charge, but he soon aroused a new interest by the earnestness and eloquence of his preaching, and still more perhaps by his sympathetic and helpful contact with the people personally. And the Gospel that he preaches is a Gospel for the bodies as well as for the souls of men. Yet he is never carried off by any mere craze of humanitarianism. His aim is to help men materially and spiritually, but he never fails to make the spiritual supreme. Already his church has been enlarged, and still it is filled. Mr. Erwin has found his life work, and he realizes how much better the work is, and how much more it brings, than in being, as Mr. Winstall once wished him to be, a multi-millionaire. And Mr. Winstall is one of his best friends still, ever ready to assist in any scheme for the furtherance of the work.

Mrs. Erwin has attained the cherished ideal of her youth. Her dearest ambitions have been realized. Her husband has developed a power which surprises even her who knows him so well. And she is heart and soul with him, taking the lead, as she is so fit to do, in many of the religious and philanthropic enterprises of the church.

Jerry and Kitty live in a cosy little house in the rear of the Winstall mansion. But poor Kitty is not the blooming rose that she was when we met her first. She is a lily now, and growing whiter, like the angel she is soon to be. She has been Jerry's good angel since that night when she went to the one Mediator. Since that time she has been leading, or luring, or dragging Jerry to more spiritual heights. For Jerry has been uncertain and slow; yet he has made progress; and Kitty's hope is, to meet him on the other shore. But oh, what a blank this world will be for Jerry and his two girl babies, when his angel is gone. Perhaps, though, she will be even more of an angel to him then than now. There will be one watching and waiting for him—possibly still

helping him on—to the better home. Ah, it is a comfort to have an angel like Kitty gone before. Then—

"Wait for me at heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone!"

otherwise sweet Kitty O'Connor.

Mr. Symington returned in due time from the scenes of his travels and studies in foreign lands. He was gone but a few months, but people somehow had the idea that he had acquired a stock of learning fit to weigh down most ordinary men. In fact, such learning was not for ordinary men, and they could not contain it—that was the popular impression. And Mr. Symington had kept his name well before the public at home, sending the papers glowing accounts of himself and his studies, and the men with unpronounceable names under whom he had studied. All this happened just as Mr. Wallace had predicted. Nor was Mr. Wallace far wrong either in predicting the contest there would be for Mr. Symington's rare ministerial gifts. He had his choice of three good churches within two months of his arrival. He affected to be prayerfully feeling his way, when in reality he was hoping for a certain other call, which did not come.

Mr. Symington at length condescended to accept the pulpit of a fashionable church in Brooklyn. There he remained a year. The pulpit could no longer be held by the glamor of his appearance or his great name. He began in fact to be found out, and the congregation was fast melting away. Then he resigned. To retrieve his position somewhat he married a rich wife. This was a good stroke, for a pretentious and impeccable church gave him a call in the hope that he would come to their aid financially. This little scheme not working satisfactorily, Mr. Symington fell into general disfavor, and in a year was again without a charge. After a long wait, and by the aid of strong personal influence, he received a call from a decaying church that hoped to fill its pews and its coffers by a new attraction. And Mr. Symington was an attraction for a while. He did not neglect his personal get-up. But even long hair and blue glasses become stale after a time, and Mr. Symington had no new attraction. So the congregation is falling away, and Mr. Symington is on the outlook for a new field. Perhaps he will make the discovery some day that reality counts for more than show.

The varying character and fortune of the friends whom we have met in this history give us a glimpse of the profit and loss account of life. It is a long and intricate account, requiring much addition and subtraction, and is never balanced in this world. We may learn, however, if we will, that character is more than wealth—that love is better than fame—that useful work is the noblest thing in life—that the material is ever inferior to the spiritual. What we really need is clearer vision. He who can see things in their true proportion is the real Seer. What a grand old word that is—the Seer. The Seer sees as the world does not see; and because he sees, he puts quite a different estimate on life's loss and gain.

The End.

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