

floating over her shoulders, and her large lustrous black eyes gazing upward with an intensity that would seem to penetrate the heavens, one might take her for the personification of prayer. After a long period of perfect silence, she sits down on a fallen tree, replaces her hair in the restraint from which it had broken, and walks slowly homeward. She quickens her pace as she comes in sight of an humble cabin on the edge of the forest, and is soon within its walls. Very softly she approaches a couch on which a woman is lying, but the loving glance and smile shows she has been expected, and she kneels by the couch and lays her cheek against the flushed face of her mother. "Sit by me, Asha, I wish to talk with you. Obediently the girl places a low stool by the side of the couch and sits down, clasping her mother's thin hand in her own. A moment the mother gazes in silence on her daughter, and her look grows sad, and a longing expression fills her eyes, as she says,—“My dear child, I fear I shall not be with you long, and O how can I go and leave you alone in the world ! the thought is worse than a thousand deaths.—Nay, I must speak while I can, you remember that kind lady physician you brought to see me, Asha ; if she were only living now I should have one friend. But, my daughter, you know the mission house where she dwelt. When I die lose no time in getting there, and entreat those kind people to keep you with them ; I repeat, lose no time, you know not the dangers to which delay may expose you ; you need not hesitate to leave me, for if anything needs to be done those kind people will do it ; promise me, Asha.” “O mother, I promise, but you may get better again, and I thought you did not quite like those people at the mission.” “My daughter, I did not like them once, I looked upon them as intruders in our country, coming for what would benefit themselves ; but at least they are not all so.” “What did you do in

the woods to-day?” “It was for prayer I went ; for help for myself, for strength for you, mother, and O so earnestly did I seek for the God who made all things, who is all-powerful ; surely if there be such a God he must hear me, he must help me—if he cares !” The girl had risen in her excitement, but her mother pointed to her seat, and taking her hand she said calmly : “He did hear my daughter, and he did help.” Then as the girl gazed earnestly into her mother's face, holding one hand upon her heart as if to still its beating, her mother continued : “Yes, my daughter, while you were engaged in prayer in the forest, He to whom you prayed sent His messenger here, I know of a truth it was His messenger and no other. He is a physician not only of the body but of the soul, and although he could not cure my worn out body, my soul is at peace. Before he came I had a strange feeling that help was coming to me, and I was not surprised when he entered ; he answered the questions which have long perplexed me ; now I know there is a God who loves me, who has always loved me, but I cannot talk more to-night. Get me some cool drink, Asha, I am not hungry, then come and lie beside me ; to-morrow I will tell you more.”

(Continued in next issue.)

Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss how to use his time.

To attain excellence in society, an assemblage of qualifications is requisite ; disciplined intellect, to think clearly and to clothe thought with propriety and elegance ; knowledge of human nature, to suit subject to character ; true politeness, to prevent giving pain ; a deep sense of morality, to preserve the dignity of speech, and a spirit of benevolence, to neutralize its asperities and sanctify its powers.