

times. It is the growth on the stagnant pond,—the deadly growth of a corrupt and decaying age.’

“But, oh! Cousin Kitty, when the world was turned upside down seventeen hundred years ago, in that corrupt and decaying age of ancient times, people found at last it was only as a plough turns up the ground for a new harvest.

“And sometimes when I hear what Mr. Hugh Spencer tells me of the multitudes thronging to listen to Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley, and the other preachers in America and Wales, and among the Cornish miners, and the colliers of the north, and the slaves in the West Indies, and of hearts being awakened to repentance and faith and joy even in condemned cells, it seems to me as if instead of *death* a new tide of *life* was rising and rising through the world everywhere, bursting out at every cranny and crevice; as in spring the power of the green earth bursts up even through the crevices of the London paving-stones, through the black branches of the trees in deserted old squares, through the flower in the broken pot in the sick child’s window, making every wretched corner of the city glad with some poor tree or blossom, or plot of grass of its own. But the dead tree, alas! crackles in the wind,—the life-bringing spring wind,—and wonders what all this stir and twittering is about, and means drily that it is the longest winter the world ever saw, and that it will never be spring again.

“As I did once, and for so long!—

“But we have come, have we not, to the Fountain of Life, and this tide of life is not around us only, it is within us, and sometimes the joy is so great it seems quite too great to bear alone!

“I should like to see you all one day, Kitty, and I *must*, if only to tell Aunt Trevelyman all you have been to your loving cousin,

“EVELYN BEAUCHAMP.

“P. S.—Mamma and I are so much together now, Kitty, I read to her hours together. Every morning, before she gets up, I read the Bible to her; and the other day, when I was a little later than usual, she pointed to her watch, and said in a disappointed tone,—