THE BATTLE WON

After taking half a dozen stitches she glanced round at Nessa, and seeing the girl's eyes wide open, and fixed upon her, her lips expanded and her eyes puckered up in a kindly smile as she nodded and said, "Goodafternoon, my dear."

"Goodafternoon, "sciel Nessand as the said of the

Good-afternoon," said Nessa. "Good-afternoon," said Nessa,
"Now I daresay you wonder who I am,
and how I came here, and all the rest of it,"
said the old lady, laying down her work and
taking off her spectacles, with her eyes very
tightly screwed up. "Well, my name is
Blount—and blunt's my nature!" She shook
her curls and assumed an expression that
seemed to say, "Do not make a mistake and
think I'm an easy-going, soft-speaking old
think I'm an easy-going, soft-speaking old ner curis and assumed an expansive and seemed to say, "Do not make a mistake and think I'm an easy-going, soft-speaking old woman"..." and I've come here to take care of you while Miss Grace gets a little rest and exercise and fresh air. And now fust of all, what do you want my dear?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Then let me turn your pillow. Don't be afraid. I've had children of my own, and nussed 'em through many a sickness; and if my heart is a little bit tough my hand is tender enough. Now, how's that lovey?"

That's a very sensible idea," said the old lady, screwing up her eyes again to put on glasses. "Do you know, I'm most agree ble surprised in you," she added, turning her face to Nessa as she adjusted her needles. "I know what you were, you know." She raised her knitting and shook her curls as a warning that she was about to be extremely blunt. You were a horse-rider in a sukkus, for my dear boy, Mr. Sweyn, told me so, though I could hardly believe it when I see you asleep; and it's still harder now I see though I could hardly believe it when I see you asleep; and it's still harder now I see your nice, honest eyes open, and here your voice, and see how prettily you behave yourself; and if they hadn't told me who aver yet deceived me, even when I nussed'em as children—and children are little rogues, bless their hearts!—there, I never could have believed that you were anything rogues, bless their hearts!—there, 1 never could have believed that you were anything but a regular young lady, born and bred."
"Don't you think a rider in a circus may

be a lady?"

"Well, they may, my dear; but in general I don't think they are. I was nuss in a nobleman's family for eighteen years, and all my life I've lived in the very best society, but I never yet knew any young lady show herself off in short frocks, and jump through paper hoops, and carry on Meg s diversions of that kind."

"But I didn't wear short frocks or jump through hoops."

"Not yet," Nessa said.

"No more she has me. She's one of those who don't like to be praised, or even to let people know of the good they do. It's something to do with young women like you—nussing, or something—I don't know exactly; but, anyhow, it means that she's going to give her time and her fortune to doing good to others. Well, she can't spend her money better, I suppose, than in such work; but I do hope she won't sacrifice health and happiness as well. A dearer gal never doing good to others. her money better, I suppose, than in such her money better, I suppose, than in such work; but I do hope she won't sacrifice health and happiness as well. A dearer gal never lived—nor a sweeter, nor a prettier, to my mind; and it does seem a pity—though I suppose I ought not to say so—that she can't be content to marry, and have a nice large family, and servants, and gardens, and all the pleasures of life. How is she to keep her husband comfortable, and look after her dear little children when they come, and enjoy herself going to operas, and Crystal Palaces, and wax-works, and the South of France in the winter if she's got all these. —Mrs. Blount hesitated a moment between the dictates of high principle and womanly feeling and then letting the latter take its sway, she added, in a tone of deep exasperation—"these horrid hospitals and things on her mind?"

Then you ought to have, my dear, said Mrs. Blount, emphatically. "Why, every young woman of your age ought to have a sweetheart. What have you been thinking and the south of the same that it care for more than another. Not one that I care for for at all in that way—as Miss Arnold cares for at all in that way—as Miss Ar

is she not?" Nessa asked, with a pardonable curiosity in that subject which will render

the most prudent young lady indiscreet.

Mrs. Blount turned round and nodded vigorously, with a significant wink and a ming smile.

becoming smile.

"Yes, my dear," she said in a confidential whisper; "you may say they've been engaged ever since they left off pinafores. They're bound to marry; and it's high time they were, for my boy, Mr. Sweyn—I call him my boy because I nussed him when he was quite a babe; and so I did my dear Miss Grace likewise, the families being related,

CHAPTER XXXI.

MRS. BLOUXT.

One day when Nessa had so far recovered that she could sit up in bed with a little help, and even change her position without pain, she awoke out of her afternoon sleep to find a stranger seated at her bedside in the place usually occupied by Miss Arnold. The stranger was a stout, motherly old lady, with a cap and French curls of white, silvery hair, a fresh complexion, a good-natured expression, and a pair of spectacles resting on the tip of her nose. She was knitting, and her lips were firmly compressed, giving a certain character of decision to the lower part of her face, in protest to the lines about the eyes, which denoted a tendency to mirth and laxity. A soft, white kerchief round her throat, fastened with an antique miniative brooch, set round with pearls, and a black silk dress, showed that she was by no means a common sort of person, even if her face and French curls had not proved the fact.

After taking half a dozen stitches she glanced round at Nessa, and seeing the girl's eyes wide open, and fixed upon her, her lips glanced round at Nessa, and seeing the girl's eyes wide open, and fixed upon her, her lips quy all night in a hospital and leaving him to take care of the baby. And you may be sure take care of the baby. And you may be sure married that he'll hold with his wife sitting up all night in a hospital and leaving him to take care of the baby. And you may be sure of this, my ducky, that if he don't like it she won't do it. If a husband is strong and manly, as he ought to be, and a wife is loving and wise, as she ought to be, not all the woman's rights that ever sent a parcel of old things wrong will ever take her from her fireside if he's minded to sit down there and be comfortable. Lord! how I am talk'ing, to be sure!"

and be comfortable. Lord! how I am talk' ing, to be sure!"
"If fear Miss Arnold has been sacrificing herself for me," said Nessa, after a pause.
"She has, my dear," replied Mrs. Blount, with a most decided nod. "She's knocked herself up for your sake. I warrant you've never found her away from your side when you've needed her. No. Night and day she has watched over you; and she wouldn't have gone away this afternoon if I hadn't come; and not then if you had been in any danger."
"Why?" asked Nessa, wondering. "She

nussed 'em through many a sickness; and if my heart is a little bit tough my hand is tender enough. Now, how's that lovey?"

"Oh, that is very comfortable indeed thank you."

The old lady gave a nod of approval as she stood with her hands folded before her ample person, looking down on Nessa.

"You have a very pretty voice, and I'm glad to see that you have very pretty manners also," she said, with a certain degree of patronage in her tone. "Now, would you like me to go on with my knitting, or would you like me to talk to you? I would offer to read something, but my sight is getting uncommonly short."

"If you could knit and talk at the same time," suggested Nessa.

That's a very sensible idea," said the old lady, screwing up her eyes again to put on glasses. "Do you know, I'm most agree'ble surprised in you," she added, turning her face to Nessa as she adjusted her needles. "I know what you were, you know." She loving kindness of her heart; and there's not a bit of fear or selfishness in it—face to Nessa as she adjusted her needles. "I know what you were, you know." She with then if you had been in any danger."

"Why?" asked Nessa, wondering. "She did not know me. She doesn't know me now. I might be the most undeserving creature in the world."

"That wouldn't make a pin of difference to her; except that I believe she would care more tenderly for you if she thought all the world despised you—bless her dear heart!" The old lady's voice trembled, and laying down her knitting she raised are more tenderly for you if she thought all the world despised you—bless her dear heart!" The old lady's voice trembled, and laying down her knitting she raised she raised about their souls—like a neighbor of mine, with about sixpenn'orth of furniture in his house, who can't rest or inght for fear of being burned out—who do right because it's a duty. Her goodness comes natural, and is owing to nothing but the loving kindness of her heart; and there's not a but of fear or selfishness in it—that there ain't."

With these words Mrs.

With these words Mrs. Blount took her

With these words Mrs. Blount took her knitting, and picking up a stitch went on in her confidential and less-emotional tone.

"She's not strong, you know, my dear, bodily; it's her untiring spirit that keeps her up, and leads her on to do things she ought never to attempt. Lord bless you! she'd never have sent for me to help her, but just kept watching you day and night till she dropped if Mr. Sweyn had not seen that she was overdoing it. He wrote to me telling me all about it—for I live at Brixton, which is a tidy way off; and you may be telling me all about it—for I live at Brixton, which is a tidy way off; and you may be sure I didn't take long to consider how I should answer his letter. Off I came by the very first train this morning, and now I am here I mean to stay till you don't want any more nussing."

"Oh, I hope Miss Arnold is not very ill."

said Nessa, reproaching hersel for not having noticed any change in her friend's

appearance.

"She's not ill, dear. I should hope Mr. Sweyn loves her too well to let it come to such a pass as that. But she would have worked herself ill if he had let her. She isn't ill. She won't allow that she is fatigued even, though the glass would show her that by her paleness and the dark lines under her eves. She only needs rest, fresh or I figured even, though the glass would show her that by her paleness and the dark line under her eyes. She only needs rest, fresh air, and that she can get now I'm here. The idea of Miss Arnold in this condition almost frightened Nessa.

"Ah, she s an angel, she is," pursued the old lady, with a slow shake of the head over her knitting; "and I suppose we ought to be grateful she is such; but I can't help wishing at times that she would go a pleasurin,' like other young ladies, and take a little more care of herself than she does of others. Has she told you of this new scheme of hers, my dear?" dropping her voice to a discreet "Not yet," Nessa said.

"No more she has me. She's let people be seen."

nice, young people sweethearting honestly too. And now, as I look at you with that sadness in your face, I shouldn't wonder if your're pining for some handsome gentlemen that you haven't seen all these weeks."

"No," said Nessa, quietly. "Sure-ly you've got a sweetheart, dearie.
I mean one that you like better than all the

the International. Still that weight lay upon her heart when she turned her thoughts to her friends, Grace Arnold and Sweyn Meredith, and pictured them together in the sunshine, happy in their mutual love.

SUNDAY READING.

God in Nature.

"All Thy works praise Thee."
Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine

When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine!

When night, with wings of starry gloom O'crshadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whos

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine!
When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine. Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine

become dear to them. The great gaps between the receiving of new converts into the church will be less frequent. It is astonishing how much will take place in two years of a boy's life. He is ten to-day, and two years will shoot him up wonderfully. He will soon want to unite with the church. He has been reto unite with the church. He has been recognized in the public service. The pastor is the boy's pastor, and that is a powerful magnet. No one is more loyal to his pastor than the boy to whom the pastor preaches. More than that, your five minute sermon to him will bridge the way to your regular sermon to the congregation. He will get more out of that than he has ever gotten before. Such special ministering to the children would result in large ingatherings of young people and children into the church, and the youth of our land would be revolutionized in a few years.

a few years.

4. Preach to the children for the sake of 4. Preach to the children for the sake of those who do not go to church. This is one of the very best ways to get them. Their children carry home the sermon. This begins the work. Their increasing interest leads them to beg the mother to go. Then father is besought and I am confident if a vote were taken from pastors who preach to children this fact would be testified to in many instances, that the seed of the children's sermon had been taken by the child and planted in the parents' hearts. and planted in the parents' hearts.

5. Preach to the children for the stupid hearer's sake. He will not sleep, you may depend upon it, during that five minute sermon. You can thus have a chance to get hold of him

6. Preach to the children for the tired 6. Preach to the children for the tired mother's sake. It will rest her more than the longer sermon, and besides she will herself get hints of some ways of preaching to them. She has been wishing her sphere in life had been greater. She might have done some great work. She goes to church feeling herself a drudge, and life an intolerable burden. Your sermon to her how and side. den. Your sermon to her boy and girl makes her more interested in them. If her minister her more interested in them. If her minister thinks her children important enough to be preached to fromithe pulpit, she takes heart, and goes home thinking that perhaps it is a great calling, after all, to bring up her boys

There is, indeed, every reason for preaching to the children.

A Mother's Ceaseless Love.

The Strange, Sad Vigil of Rizpah: "Bue the king took the two sons of Rizpah, th daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, Armoni and Mephiloseth; and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul, whom she brought up for Adriei the son Barzillai the Meholathite; and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the beginning of the barley larvest: And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest, till water dropped upon them from out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the art to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."

—I. Samuel XXI., 8-10.

Three thousand years and more have pass-

Three thousand years and more have passed away since Rizpah with breaking heart, kept her strange, sad vigil under the shadow of the seven crosses that darkened the sacred hill of Gibeah; three thousand years, each of which has had some terriorism to tell, and yet it is very questionable whether in all these years the world has furnished a more pathetic story than this, of Rizpah, "the mother of our many sorrows," of the ancient Jewish world. The awful story is told in a few words. To appease the unslumbering Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine —[Thomas Moore.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. S. W. ADRIANCE.

Quite a chorus of voices seem to be saying, "Preach to the children." A large number of answers were drawn by a contemporary some time since on this subject. They were from the pastors of widely separated churches. Many stated that they were in the habit of preaching five-minute sermons every Subbath, others that every little while they gave up the morning service to the children and preached a longer sermon, while still a third class said that they developed they endeavored to have each sermon contain something suitable to the capacity of the child-hearers, though never preaching directly to them. I fancy that if a vote service to the children and peoche morning of the control of the c

tion has just been formerly acknowledged by her Majesty in the usual way, and with-out comment. It will be interesting to watch and see whether anything more comes of the matter, and whether the Queen will think fit to express her views on the rights or wrongs of Sunday music.

A singular demand which may yet require theintervention of the courts to settle was the other day made on the Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon by Lord Sackville, as Lord of the Manor, who laid a claim for encroachment and rent in respect to the fountain and clock tower donated by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, in honor of the peerless poet. The council have decided to oppose the claim, contending that for six hundred years the spot in which the fountain stands has been used as a public market and that unless Lord Sackville can prove his manorial rights over the middle of the market square there has been no encroachment. If the representations already received are correct, many will heartily with the the constituted are contained to the peace of Europe. So it is the desire of the Committee that the scholarships shall be of a higher order than those now existing, and that their functions shall begin where the ordinary educational curriculum ends.

M. DeGiers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, is said to be completely satisfied with the result of the recent interview between the Czar and Emperor William. The meeting, he said, constituted a fresh and solemn affirmation of the good relations existing between Russia and Germany and would certainly contribute toward the maintenance of the peace of Europe. So it A singular demand which may yet require croachment. If the representations already received are correct, many will heartily wish that the grasping lord may be taught the salutary lesson he so manifestly needs, that he doesn't own the whole earth.

At no time in the history of England have so many good men and women been so actively engaged there in efforts to surpress the liquor evil as during the last decade. The most eminent clergy of all creeds, who have come together with hearty unanimity upon no other platform, have come together cordially upon that of temperance. Societies almost without number have been established throughout the United Kingdom, newspapers have been published to advocate temperance, missionaries have been appointed in nearly all parts of the country to preach the doctrine of temperance, and orators have been employed to go up and down the land to set forth the evils of intemperance. Yet, despite all the efforts made by a united pulpit, the press and philanthropic men and women; the official statistics just published by the Government show that during 1889 the production of intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom was enormously in excess of that of any other year during the entire decade in which the friends of temperance have wrought so hard and faithfully for the abatement or modification of the evil. The entire population is estimated to be under 35,000,000 souls, and the aggregate increase of the expenditure of the year for intoxicating liquors souls, and the aggregate increase of the exsouls, and the aggregate increase of the expenditure of the year for intoxicating liquors is set down as \$40,000,000. One of the most discouraging features of the statistics is that which shows that the increase of consumption was of spirits and beer, or of those liquors which are the favorite beverages of the poor. For beer alone the increased exliquors which are the favorite beverages of the poor. For beer alone the increased expenditure over 1888 was upwards of \$25,000,000, and the increase in the matter of spirits was but \$10,000,000 less. Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, upon the occasion of the presentation to Parliament of the annual Budget, proposed to largely increase the taxes on spirits and beer, stated that the greatly increased consumption of these liquors durincreased consumption of these liquors dur-ing the year past was chiefly due to the enlarged prosperity of the working people, who, having secured increase of wages, were enabled to spend more for drink. He stated that he did not propose the addition-1889 over 1888 for intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom. The total expendiable exhibit when considered in connection with the wide-spread efforts made by British philanthropists to reduce the liquor evil among their countrymen. It would seem to indicate that temperance societies should

The British Liquor Traffic

Dr. Joseph Parker, of City Temple, London, is at present wrestling with whathecalls a question of consistency and which is whether it would be any more inconsistent for him, a Trinitarian, to invite a Unitarian to preach in his pulpit, than for Calvinists and Arminians to preach for one another. He quotes Mr. Spurgeon as declaring that "it is nowhere said in the Scripture that Christ died as a substitute for all men." and points

Toronto University and McGill College are to be congratulated upon their good for-tune in being included in the list of colonial tune in being included in the list of colonial universities, which have been chosen to share in the annual grant of £5,000 which the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 propose to spend upon the educational institutions of the Empire. The object of the Commissioners is to foster the study of those branches of science (such as physics meaning the colonial co The statement made by his Honor Lieuten ant-Governor Anger before the members of the American Forestry Association, which is one tin Quebec last week, shows how much that province is in need of an application of the principles alvocated by the Association of the principles and chemistry), which are specially important in extending the industries of the commissioners is to foster the study of those branches of science (such as physics, mechanics and chemistry), which are specially important in extending the industries of the action. The money is to be divided into scholarships of £150 cach, tenable for two yet the Commissioners to three, provided that the work done in the previous year is satisfactory to the scientific appointed by the Commissioners. A scholarship when awarded shall be tenable in any university either at home or abroad, or in some other institution to be approved of by the Commissioners. A scholarship when awarded shall be tenable in any university either at home or abroad, or in some other institution to be approved of by the Commissioners to three, provided that he work done in the previous year is satisfactory to the scientific appointed out the tommissioners is dollars. Every the significance of these figures will see that the significance of these figures will see that vast as are the timber resources of that province, it will only be a question of a comparatively few years before they will be entirely exhausted, if this wholesale slaughter is permitted to continue. If Quebec is wise is permitted to continue. If Quebec is wise that he will not hold any position of enolument during its continuance. Of the twenty-five provincial and colonial universities embraced in the choice of the commissioners, the control of the commissioners of the commission The present allotment gives one scholarship each year to Canada, McGill College and

> maintenance of the peace of Europe. So it appears that the trip of the "gadahout Emperor" has not been altogether fruitless of good.