

"OUR FATHER."

If thoughtfully, in faith, we say:
 "Our Father,"
 We breathe a short but grand prayer;
 We praise God for the past, and pray
 For future tokens of His care.

"What light is thrown upon the past?"
 "Our Father,"
 On ways so rough once dark to us
 In learning, Thou "our Father" hast
 In mercy, led Thy children thus.

Veiled Future we would not now see,
 "Our Father,"
 Nor fret we o'er what may befall—
 Joy may increase, joy may fall;
 We bide Thy time, trust Thee with all.

Cause me, e'en me, though blind, to see,
 My Father,
 Since Thou art Father, I am "son,"
 A part, by Thee; a part for me—
 The child's small part that should be done.

Oh! send Thy Spirit from above,
 My Father,
 To make me Thy obedient son,
 To flood my heart with such a love,
 That Thy will, known, is Thy will done."
 Rochester, N. Y. H. F. WARREN.

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA;
 OR,
THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Old.

By Mrs. HUNT MORGAN,
 Author of "Isaac," "Catharine and Bayonet," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

UNDER THE ALMERE TREE AND AT HOME.

When Elvira returned to consciousness, she found herself in a narrow cell, in which she had never been before. Starting from her hard couch, with a confused recollection of some thing terrible in the past, mingling with the consciousness of the fearful present, she gazed around her prison.

As full remembrance came back, the reality of her position presented itself to her mind, with an overwhelming horror. She knew that she was in a chamber of these awful vaults. A dim, old lamp hung from the roof, and illuminated faintly the gloomy limits of her cell. She was where so many had suffered, perhaps died, for Christ before. Out of reach of human aid she now believed herself; for far above her head was the busy world, where the cry of hers could penetrate through the wild rocky walls which intervened. Only a week! They had said that in one short week she should share the fate of the abadesa, unless she recanted! She could not do that! She had died! No, come what might, she could not deny her saviour; but oh! why had he left her thus?

The passionate, rebellious heart rose up against the disposition of trial dealt out to it; and the one who, an hour before, had stood as a crowned queen of her own, and dared for Christ, now, in the sequestered silence and gloom, felt that all her strength was prostrated by the crushing agony.

Judge not harshly the brave young soldier who victoriously flings his colours in the very face of the foe, and then faints at the battle. It is one thing to bear the standard proudly in the thick of the fight; it is another to go alone, in darkness and weakness, over the ghastly field of the slain, knowing that a redler struggle cometh on the morrow.

The girl martyr, who had stood up so unflinchingly before witnesses, and refused to give up the truth, might well shudder in convulsive anguish when left alone in that dreary dwelling, with the dead so near. Yet amidst all the tugging tumult of her soul, no thought of yielding ever came. Only the mad cry, as her heart dashed, like a wild thing, through the bars, "Oh, could not God have saved us?"

And then, as she threw herself on the damp floor of her cell, burst forth the cry of Calvary.

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Only one week! Would Rembrand ever find her—ever discover which of all these numerous cells was hers? She had dreamed so sweetly of liberty; she had thought of long years to be spent in such noble work for God! Her father—oh, how she had longed for freedom for his sake, hoping to win him to Jesus! But now she had done nothing for the Saviour! She had tried to serve Him, who had so loved her; but she had elected nothing, and now her young life was to go out, without having lightened one soul to the Cross!

Who told thee that, poor tempted one? Canst thou not recognize the voice of the Abadesa of the brethren? Thou hast this night dreamed God's own way of salvation before thy unbelievers. How canst thou dare to say that thy words went not as an appointed message to one of those? And who but thy soul's adversary can say, as yet, that thy work is done, ere thou art? "Is anything too hard for Thee?" What though Apollon say to thee as he did to Christ, "I swear, by my infirmities, that thou shalt go no farther; here will I spill thy soul!" Canst thou not again remember the word of promise to the prey taken by the mighty? Let Apollon swear his belial oath to do thee hurt. Yet mayest thou laugh at his rage; for the mightier than he both sworn a stronger oath to do thee good—yes, God, "because He could swear by no greater, sware by Himself, saying, Surely blessing, I will bless thee."

And, as she lay there, the dark arches outside her cell seemed to roar in demonic triumph the cry—

"Alone! alone! Only one week!"

Suddenly arose up before her as a vision that scene of long ago, when Elijah, on Mount Carmel, dared greater odds than she had done that night; then, as in some spirit panorama, followed another scene—Elijah in the wilderness, alone, alone; no glory, no courage; the triumph and the pride fading out of the dim eyes that longed for a peaceful closing! But the loneliness and the weariness passed into a sleep of rest, while God's angel stood beside the worn-out prophet, exhausted in his Lord's grand

strife against sin; and prepared him for coming—not death—but work!

The scene faded from the mind of that prostrate follower of the ancient hero; and too weary, too utterly overcome for the joy of comfort, yet into the young throbbing heart stole the soothing of the angel's presence. For the Angel of the Covenant watched with her, as with the Hebrew children. Softly brooded over His martyr the still healing of His wings; and she slept on her prison floor.

In sleep came to her a larger, tenderer vision than that of Carmel and the wilderness. Calvary rose before her with its crimson cloud of suffering for her; and the empty sepulchre, radiant with resurrection glory, still for her. And from Cross and Tomb whispered to her heart's inmost depth, with thrilling sweetness, the words—

"In all their affliction, He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them."

CHAPTER XXX.

"PRUDENCIA SEES A BEHET."

Madre Juana sat in solemn state in the room where Madre Catalina had been only the day before. Malignant satisfaction curved the lips of the new abadesa, as she thought of the high-born community now subject to her sway, and planned how she would bring down the pride of the noble maidens who had slighted the soap boiler's daughter.

"We shall see," she muttered to herself with a fierce clenching of her bony fingers. "With all their boasted *angels*, and they could not, not one of them, contrive to do what I have done! I have served the Church, and the blessed saints, and I have not overlooked one! Ah! the holy souls, knows that and my golden *ducados* are worth more than they with their tawdry *angels* and! And they shall know it, as well as the saint, before I have been abadesa many days! I wish this were past, there would be another of my enemies gone! Madre Catalina is done with, that is one out of my way."

But as the dark deed of the night rose up before her, her yellow skin changed color perceptibly, even though all its hardness and rigidity, she shivered and started at her memory, which she went over devoutly, before she could recover composure enough to pursue her cogitations.

"That heretic novice will not do," Juana then went on. "I can see it in her eyes, the *malicia* and *malicia*. Well, so much the better, she will die. There is a triumph for the Church and for me!"

Just then a low knock was heard at the door. Juana paused a while, to show her authority by keeping the visitor waiting; and then her permission to enter ushered in, as she expected, Hermiana Prudencia.

La Madre Juana appeared to be engaged in telling her beads, and did not signal the nun to come forward, until she had gone through several *paters* and *avers*.

When at length she deigned to look up, and call for the sister's report, she was frightened to see that poor Prudencia was pale and trembling, as in mental pain.

"Your report, Hermiana Prudencia," croaked the harsh tones of the Abadesa, "you have seen the great and the water to the heretics?"

"Yes, madre," stammered Prudencia, her teeth chattering as with an ague.

"Did you hear any movement in either cell, or any voice? Did either of them attempt to speak to you when you put in the food?"

"No, madre," answered the nun, still looking overwhelmed with terror.

"Have you anything more to report?" inquired Juana, anxious to know the reason of her subordinate's discomfiture, but not wishing to manifest her curiosity.

"Oh, madre," exclaimed the nun, sinking on her knees, "I entreat you do not send me to the vaults again without a companion! It is such a dread place! I shall never be able to go alone there again."

"Faga," exclaimed the abadesa, scornfully. "A fine thing to say! An obedient daughter of the Church is always able to do what is required of her."

You will go to the vaults every day, Hermiana Prudencia, every day of the week, to carry food to the heretics' nuns there!"

"But not alone!" sobbed Prudencia, shaking in every limb. "Oh, Madre Juana, have mercy, don't send me alone! You know the rule of the house is that two, besides the abadesa, shall know the secret of the vaults. I am the only one of the sisterhood now in possession of the secret; choose my companion, venerable madre, and send me not alone!"

Juana rose with a stormy frown on her brow.

"Who are you, Hermiana Prudencia," she exclaimed, hoarsely, "that you should dare to dictate to me as to the rules of the house?"

"I only reminded you, madre," faltered the trembling nun.

"Reminded me," croaked Juana. "Do you pretend to remind me of my duty? I know my duty as abadesa without your assistance, have the goodness to remember. You have not now to deal with Madre Catalina. I am your abadesa; your superior!"

And Juana stamped her heavy foot passionately.

"But it is about—that is, I have seen—I mean it is Madre Catalina that is there!" gasped Prudencia, confusedly.

"There! Of course she is there, but enough! What do you mean, *hija*, by talking to me as if I were Madre Catalina, the traitor, the heretic?" cried Juana.

"Only, I saw her, madre!" whispered Prudencia, in a terrified whisper. "I did truly, Madre Juana!"

"Saw her? how?" asked Juana, with a half-gance over her shoulder, as if fearing lest her victim should appear to her also.

"In the long corridor," replied Prudencia, in the same quivering whisper. "She walked slowly up to me, as I left the cells. Her face—oh, I cannot tell you its awful whiteness! She fixed her eyes on me as she passed, and held up a brick! I thought her spirit was going to kill me for looking on last night; but she passed on, and I heard the rustle of her dress long—oh, so long! all along the corridor till I reached the chapel."

Juana, like most ignorant persons, was intensely superstitious, and she fully believed the story of Prudencia's having

seen the late abadesa's ghost. However, she rated the unfortunate nun for bringing such a report, and told her if she ever repeated her folly of to-day she should spend a month in the vaults, as punishment for her lunacy.

This was quite enough to stop Prudencia's mouth in Juana's presence; but the poor old nun could not keep her terror to herself, and though she dared not mention the vaults to any of the community, yet she could not help telling her friend, Madre Catalina, a spirit was in the habit of walking through the convent.

The sisterhood knew nothing of the fate of their abadesa. Juana, on taking her place, had informed them that she had been suddenly called to the head of another convent; but many who knew the character of their new superior feared the worst, and Prudencia's vague story gave ground for settled apprehensions regarding the missing one.

The accession of Juana to power struck dismay into every heart, and she who had plotted the downfall of her predecessor had need to guard her own position amidst the general hatred of those who trembled beneath her sway.

(To be continued.)

Number Ten.

It was a rainy day, and there were but few customers at Hunter & Hall's dry-goods establishment.

"The cash-boy's holiday," said one of the boys; "nothing selling to-day but gossamers and umbrellas. If it wasn't for a rainy day coming and making a break once in a while we'd be laid up."

A good time to read that paper you boys," said the old man, who was sitting at the counter. "It's full of adventures, hair-breadth escapes and shootings."

"Take it out of your pocket and let's hear them," said a chorus of voices.

"Come on, Ten," said one of the boys. "Move along here and make a place for Ted." Ted, by a quick push, pushed against the crowd which had gathered in a corner by the bundle counter.

"I don't care for such papers," said the newly arrived cash-boy. "There's nothing true in 'em—nothing improving or instructing. It was raining the kind of papers that made Johnny McPherson run away from home. He never would have turned out so had it hadn't been for that sort of reading."

"Ten's a preaching," said the owner of the paper. "Let's pass round the hat."

But Gilbert Shaw, "Cash-boy No. Ten," paid no attention to the taunts of his companions, and, sitting down by the counter, quietly took a paper out of his pocket, and after looking over the contents, read slowly and aloud: "A gentleman interested in an exhibit of \$5 for the best specimen of drawing made by a boy who has never had any instruction in the art, and who is not over fifteen years of age. Competitors for the prize must leave the drawings in by April 1st."

"You're the boy, Ten, to try for that; you'll get it, sure!" exclaimed one of the boys, whose attention had been drawn away from the alluring picture of the first paper.

"He made a good job of the doll-dress maker's sign," said one of the crowd, cheerfully.

"Did Ten paint that?" asked another. "That's a piece of artistic genius, I must confess."

"Ten's solid with all the ladies," said Oscar Holmes. "Miss McCleary up in the suit department does on him, and always asks, 'Where's Ten?' and the lady at the lace counter, she always gives him her sweetest smiles; and 'Amy Brown, Dolls' dressmaker, she's the painting of that wonderful sign of course she adores him!"

"You ought to be ashamed of your selves," said the bundle-boy, as Gilbert Shaw went off just then to answer a call for "Cash." Amy Brown is a poor little lame girl, and 'Ten' has been the means of setting her up in business. She was very poor, and didn't have enough to look after the dolls she dresses for the rich folks all about, and they pay her well for it."

"Don't know all that," said the largest boy.

"Three cheers for Cash," said another; and the repeated calls for "Cash" just then made the boys scatter in different directions.

When Gilbert Shaw went home that night he resolved to try for the prize. "I don't expect to get it, mother," he said; "but I shall lose nothing by trying, and I can spend my evenings practicing."

After he had confided his plan to his mother he went over to tell Amy Brown. She was very happy that evening, for she had just received an order for ten dresses for a dolls' reception.

"You ought to get the prize," said Gilbert, she said. "I do believe you will. How I wish I could do something to help you!" and the little girl read the announcement in the paper over and over. "Gilbert, Mr. Graham would give you some help, I know. He is a very kind man, and 'I'll bet he'll make all his little girl's doll dresses for nothing if he will show you how to make a good drawing."

"But the paper says it must be with out any instruction, you know, Amy, and it wouldn't be honest or honorable to get any one to help me," said Gilbert.

"How would the gentleman who offers the prize know whether the boys got help or not?" the little girl asked.

"If I cheated I'd know it myself, wouldn't I, Amy? and God would know that I got the prize by false pretences. No, I'll do the square thing, Amy."

"You are right, Gilbert, and I am wrong; but you have been so kind to me that I want so much for you to get it."

A few days before the 1st of April, Gilbert Shaw sent his drawing and his name as a competitor for the offered prize. No one saw the drawing but his mother and Amy Brown, and they thought it an excellent piece of artistic work; but they were partial judges and the boy did not count much on their opinions.

Nothing was heard from the drawing for some weeks and Gilbert Shaw had given up hearing from it. It had probably been lost through the mail, his mother said, or there had been some mistake about the address. But one morning he saw the cashier, and she fully believed the story of Prudencia's having

seen the late abadesa's ghost. However, she rated the unfortunate nun for bringing such a report, and told her if she ever repeated her folly of to-day she should spend a month in the vaults, as punishment for her lunacy.

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