

*AT HER GATES.*

many as worthy, or worthier, and with capacity for joy as keen, who are denied everything, everything but pain. I am fully satisfied. I am, God knows, only sometimes haunted by the fear lest prosperity, freedom from care, absolute happiness, should render me selfish or hardened to the sorrow of others."

"It will never do that, Elizabeth; you need have no fear."

"We do what we can, but poverty and evil do not press here as in cities. It is within the reasonable grasp of dealing. We are building a cottage hospital at Port Ellon, and it will be perfect of its kind, so that we can deal with ordinary cases, and even extraordinary ones. But after all it is very little; we have not the absolute misery of despair and want meeting us on every hand; it is like playing at doing good."

"You can plunge into the old paths when you come to London next month," I said, suggestively.

"Yes, I can; but I found myself last year a good deal hampered. Elizabeth Glen could go where Mrs. Keith Hamilton is not welcome. I have closed up many doors of usefulness by my marriage."

"But opened others," I said, hastily, for I could not bear to hear her even seem to hint at disappointment.