

carefully the girlish sweetness of her face, and the perfect moulding of her sylph-like form.

His admiration of her was unbounded, and he then determined to seek her out and wed her. With little difficulty, he succeeded in gaining an acquaintance with her, and but four months had elapsed ere she was his affianced wife. During his first interview he learned that her name was Carrie Lee. His idea of being superior to those whose stations in life were humbler than his, was forgotten in the one absorbing thought that she was beautiful. When Carrie, who was a seamstress, in response to his declaration of love, asked, in her gentle, trusting way, if he could love and cherish one so humble as herself, he, in the falseness of his heart, told her, unhesitatingly, that he loved her better than all the world beside. He saw that she was wondrously lovely, and he knew that many would envy him a bride as beautiful as she; but he did not love her. It had been better for her future happiness had they never met, but it was not thus to be.

He most skilfully concealed from her his numerous faults, and that gentle trusting girl who was but little acquainted with the world's deceit, believed he would prove true. But when it was too late she found that she had been cruelly deceived by him whom she loved with all the fervency with which a wife is capable of loving.

Shortly after their marriage they removed to the village of R——. Percy would gladly have taken his bride to his father's luxurious home, if only for the sake of exhibiting her radiant beauty; but he knew that his haughty parents would not receive a seamstress for their child, so he wisely concluded to purchase a home where Carrie would be mistress. For a little while after their marriage he devoted himself exclusively to his gentle and affectionate wife; but as time passed on he became less thoughtful of her happiness, and ere a year of their wedded life had passed away, he was a gambler and an inebriate. Step by step he was led onward in the paths of wickedness by those who called themselves his friends, but who were in reality, his bitterest enemies. His home possessed no charms to him although his patient, trusting wife, strove to make his domestic life a happy one, by performing all the tender little offices which her loving heart suggested.

When three years of their wedded life had passed away, there came a smiling infant to their home. Carrie was then as happy as it

was possible for her to be without her husband's love. For the sake of her darling child, that devoted wife prayed that God would save her Percy from a drunkard's grave, and in the fulness of her faith, she waited, watched, and trusted. While those suppliant prayers were ascending to the throne above, where was he for whom they all were offered? In the company of vile companions he passed his time away, and thus endeavoured to forget his loving wife and fair-hair'd child.

Little Flora Herbert, at the age of five years was a beautiful and affectionate child. She was the only one that sorrowing mother had to cheer her saddened heart, and well did she perform her duty. Oft times when hope seemed dead within that mother's breast, that little child would climb into her lap, and throwing her arms lovingly around her neck, would gently soothe her aching heart.

* * * * *

'Twas a cold night in early winter. The rain fell in torrents from dark laden clouds, and all without was desolate. For three weeks Percy Herbert, had not crossed the threshold of his home. Bitter were the tears that feeble wife shed as she looked out upon the blinding storm, and thought that her much-loved husband might be exposed to it. Little Flora was quick-witted and wise beyond her years, and when she saw her mother weep her heart was filled with sorrow. Kneeling as she was wont to do, and clasping her tiny hands, she said softly and reverently, "Please, God, make Papa good." Then stealing to her mother's side she said, in her sweet, childish way, "Don't cry, dear mamma, I have asked God to make papa good, and I know He will."

Even that little child had faith in God, and who shall dare to say that that simple prayer was an unheard, an unanswered one? That mother's faith was strengthened by the soothing words of her little child. But that little one did not long remain on earth to minister and cheer, for ere the birds of summer sang their songs, and its fair flowers bloomed in all their splendour, little Flora was sleeping her "last long sleep." She was too pure a flower for earth, and ere the cold deceitful world changed her pure heart, she was arrayed in the sinless garb of immortality. She early learned the seraph's love—

She early trod the golden streets

And wore an Angel's Crown.

Shortly after the death of little Flora, Carrie was taken dangerously ill. The loss of her

darling child and her husband's wretched life both served to hasten on the ravages of that dread disease—consumption. For three long weeks she lay, as it were, on the borders of the tomb. Then the spark of life revived a little ere it went out for ever, and one calm beautiful night in early summer she summoned Percy to her side to say a last farewell before her spirit should wing its way to heaven.

When Percy saw that she was dying, his conscience smote him for all the wrong he had done that gentle being. He knew that she was prepared to meet that final separation, for calmly and trustingly she said, "Percy, I am going to God," and after a brief pause, she added in a mournful pleading tone, "Will you meet me there?"

Anxiously, earnestly, she awaited his reply. At that moment all was forgotten save his dying wife's request, and before he was aware, the words, "I will" dropped slowly from his lips. Two simple words they are, but they fell like balm upon the crushed and bleeding heart of gentle Carrie Herbert. She was then happy, and ere another morning dawned her soul had entered heaven's gates.

When the "narrow house" had enclosed the form of that fair wife, "beautiful even in death" then that wretched husband saw, in its true light, the danger of the wicked life he was leading. The trusting words of his dying wife arose then vividly before his mind's eye, and he mildly, sadly surmised, "had I been called to die, could I have said I am going to God?" Then the promise that he gave his sainted wife, when death's dark shadows rested on her brow, seemed a sacred thing to him, and kneeling there beside her grave he prayed that God would help him to keep that sacred promise.

From that time he led a different life, and often when tempted to pursue the vile pleasures that once afforded him delight the memory of his sainted wife and her last dying request led him to retrace his steps ere it was too late. The only shadow that darkened his declining years was the thought that he had hastened on the death of his pure and devoted wife, and caused her life to be so dark and dreary. In after years when he had grown old, often would he sit beside his young wife's grave, and mildly, mournfully murmur, "had I loved her as she deserved to be loved she might have been here now. Oh! God forgive me that I made her life so wretched!" But he mourned not without a hope of reconciliation, for he knew