

Wedderburn," she said, in a very disagreeable voice; "your telegram was quite a surprise to me. May I ask what is your business?"

"I am here at Sir John's request, Lady March," answered Mr. Wedderburn, quite courteously, yet with a certain curtness which I well understood. "It is a long journey to Balswinton, and as I am extremely anxious that we should catch the three o'clock train, I shall be glad to see Sir John without delay."

"He is very ill this morning," she answered, sharply, "and as Dr. Laidlaw has not yet been here I don't know that I should be justified in allowing you to go up; he must not on any account be excited; indeed, already his mind is wandering, and he does not know what he is talking about."

"The letter I received this morning, written in his own hand, was perfectly clear and concise," said Mr. Wedderburn, calmly. "I hope for Sir John's sake that you exaggerate his condition. Will you kindly tell him that I am here?"

I remember how she stood defiantly at the table, while they regarded each other steadfastly without a falter on either side. They were sworn enemies at heart, and had ever been since that memorable day when the marriage settlements of Balswinton were drawn up in the dingy little second-rate drawing-room, in the villa overlooking the Forth. Lady March knew that the keen eye of the astute lawyer, who seldom made a mistake in his estimate of human nature or human affairs, had read her false nature then like the page of an open book.

"There are things more important in this world than your convenience, Mr. Wedderburn," she said, insolently, "and I decline to allow you to see Sir John until the doctor has been here."

"When does he usually make his visit?" he asked.

"When it suits him," she replied; and we only learned long after that on that particular morning a groom had been dispatched to Lauder, to ask Dr. Laidlaw to postpone his visit until the evening, as her ladyship would not be at home.

"As Sir John is so ill, probably he will not be later than one o'clock," said Mr. Wedderburn, musingly. "I shall wait till then; after that I shall insist upon seeing Sir John whether you wish it or not, Lady March."

(Continued.)

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

### THE EVENING OF LIFE.

The morning of life was clustered with bloom,  
Sweet, sweet was its fragrance, and rich its perfume.  
The dew on the roses, the birds on the tree,  
Shared pleasure and love both abundant on me;  
But when noonday's full sun did lick up the dew;  
And birds ceased their song and to shadow withdrew;  
Then did the fair pleasure and hopes of the morn  
Evanish, and leave me alone and forlorn.  
And now in the evening of life's shortest day,  
Earth's joys have departed and all flown away—  
But thanks to kind heaven, though lost pleasures I mourn,  
In faith I look forward to morning's return.

—Christian Observer.

### WOMEN WHO SHOULD NOT MARRY.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was fifteen."

The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.

The woman who thinks she can get \$5,000 worth of style out of a \$1,000 salary.

The woman who wants to refurnish her house every spring.

The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.

The woman who does not know how many cents, halves, quarters, dimes and nickels there are in a dollar.

The woman who thinks that men are angels and demigods.

The woman who would rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons old.

The woman who thinks that the cook and nurse can keep house.

The woman who reads cheap novels, and dreams of being a duchess or a countess.

The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it.

The woman who marries in order to have somebody to pay her bills.

The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day.

The woman who expects to have a "good, easy time."

The woman who cares more for the style of her winter cloak than she cares for the health and comfort of her children.

The woman who stays at home only when she cannot find a place to visit.

The woman who thinks embroidered centerpieces and "doilies" are more necessary than sheets, pillow-cases and blankets.

The woman who buys bric-a-brac for the parlor and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors.

The woman whose cleanliness and order extend no farther than the drawing-room.

The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.

The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive eucyre prize.—*New York Times*.

### MOTHER HAVE YOU COME?

Word reached a mother during the war that her boy had been wounded. She hurried to the field and found the hospital. The doctor said, "Your boy is sleeping. If you go in and wake him, the excitement will kill him. By-and-by, when he wakes, I will gradually break the news that you have come."

The mother with her great hungry heart yearning to see her boy, looked into the doctor's face, and said, "He may never waken. If you will let me go in and sit beside him, I promise not to speak to him."

The doctor consented. The mother crept to the side of the cot and looked at her boy. How she longed to embrace him! After a few moments she laid her hand on his forehead. The moment her fingers touched his brow, the boy's lips moved, and he whispered without waking or opening his eyes, "Mother, you have come." The touch of love's hand reached the boy's soul even in his delirious sleep.

There is One whose touch means more than a mother's. It is the touch of a pierced hand—pierced in love's sacrifice for our redemption. Some of us are unconscious of the wonderful love that is bending over us with infinite yearning. May the touch of that blessed hand reveal to our hearts the love, and may we answer in faith's whisper, "Jesus Thou hast come!"

### CHURCH OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

The most beautiful church I ever saw—or ever expect to see, until I worship in the "house not made with hands"—is not a full-grown church; it is only a chapel—a small, low building, put up at the expense of about a thousand dollars. It is beautiful, because the cellar-wall is a free-will offering from poor farmers who had a right to claim a winter's rest after the busy harvest season; because each timber of the framework represents hours of hard toil in making aprons and holders, by the sale of which to raise a few dollars—hours needed for rest of some mother's weary head and tired hands; because every clapboard tells of a pipeful of tobacco less for the father; every shingle, a cup of tea less for the mother and the daughter; and every nail, a stick of candy less for the child. It is beautiful, in containing an organ, while there are no organs in the homes of the givers; in having pictures on its walls, though theirs are blank; in its carpeted aisles, while the floors of the donors are bare.—Alvan, F. Sanborn.

You can't jump away from your shadow, but if you turn to the sun your shadow is behind you, and if you stand under the sun your shadow is beneath you. What we should try to do is to live under the meridian Sun, with our shadow, self, under our feet.—F. B. Meyer.