

Love and Obey.

secretly from beneath the surface. Wild flowers, and various shrubs, especially the caper-tree, grow luxuriantly round it. The water flows out of the pool by a small opening cut in the rock, and is carried along through little clay-walled channels to refresh the gardens which are planted below on terraces, illustrating the Scripture expression, "a fountain of gardens" (Song of Solomon, iv. 15), for a fountain in such a situation waters many gardens.

Love and Obey.

 IN a small room, neatly and comfortably, but not expensively furnished, sat a young and comely woman. Her fingers were mechanically occupied with some kind of needlework, but her thoughts were plainly far away; and doubtless they would have wandered yet farther if their flight had not been interrupted from time to time by the prattle of a girl of some three or four years old, who was nestling on a stool at her feet, and very busy with a pair of scissors "cutting and contriving," as she had seen her mother doing in the morning. That the young mother's wandering thoughts were only partially arrested, was plain enough, for she had not noticed the havoc the little maid's cutting and contriving was making with her silk apron. That her thoughts were not of a pleasant nature, was evident from the pained weary expression of her features, and a kind of scared and terrified look which would at times pass over them.

Mary Campione had married the object of her affections. To love her husband, therefore, was the most easy and natural thing in the world; but to obey! that was a very different matter. And yet it should not have been a difficult matter; for George Campione was a fond indulgent husband, who never opposed her wishes or thwarted her inclinations except for grave and cogent reasons. But in her old home Mary had always had her own way; her will had been paramount, and she had been accustomed to indulge it, though all besides had to yield up theirs. So she found it hard now to accept a subordinate position. And she did not accept it, nor would she acknowledge that her will was now subject to that of her husband.

Hence came strife and bickering. For however disposed her husband was to gratify her wishes, and however little he might desire to do anything to which she made objection, occasions would arise when the two could not see or think alike, when neither could convince or persuade the other, and when consequently one or the other must give up the point in question. At such times Mary held out to the last, always insisting that her way of thinking was the only right one. George, on the other hand, yielded the point, but with a sore feeling at his heart, as though she were presuming on his affection, and taking advantage of it, to oust him from his proper position as head of the household.

Things had come to a climax on the morning of the day on which I have introduced Mary to the reader. An advantageous proposal in the way of his business had come to George from the