

rapidity. The flushed cheek, and wearing cough, were unnoticed at first, for the calm cheerfulness and serenity never failed; the sweet smile never faded from the lips, not even when they were white in death. The feet that trembled with swift weariness, still hastened cheerfully on errands of love; the hands that daily grew more thin and transparent, still labored unremittingly in loving service. Little Alice was content to spend and be spent for Christ, and, humble as was her position, she was yet living a regal life, "hid with Christ in God."

There came a day when strength failed utterly. Strong hands, made suddenly tender by pity, lifted the fainting child, and laid her upon the bed from which she was never again to rise. But no one believed that then. Mrs. Agnew, disturbed by the sudden interruption in her orderly household, teased by the unwonted care of her children, troubled by Alice's sickness, and beginning to realize something of her untiring faithfulness, hurried to and fro, anxious and sad, resolutely shutting her eyes to every suspicion of danger, and ending every sentence with, "She must get well directly; we cannot spare her."

The days and weeks went on, while the little face grew whiter and thinner, and the breath shorter and more painful. When the Christmas chimes of 1861 were ringing out upon the air, the kindly physician, who came from little Alice's chamber, laid his arm on Mrs. Agnew's arm, and said: "She will never see the New Year." She did not, she would not believe it. Four days later, on the 29th of December, 1861, he spoke again; "She is dying." With sudden and sharp belief that his words were indeed true, Mrs. Agnew hastened to the chamber. The blue eyes met her own as she entered. The wasted hands were stretched towards her, as though beseeching a caress for the first time in all the years that the child had dwelt beneath her roof. With sudden and great ruth for all the lonely and orphaned life that the child had led, Mrs. Agnew sat down by the bedside, and gathered the wasted form to her heart. A sweet smile of perfect rest and peace came over Alice's face. "You have been very kind to me. Good-bye." The lips drooped, the hands unclasped; the light of heaven seemed just dawning on the still white face, and then suddenly it changed. A strange, trembling wistfulness spread over it; the eyes opened with an intense, yearning look in their depths; the lips white and already growing rigid in death, moved convulsively, spoke: "Tell me; shall I ever find you again? *Do you love Jesus?*" It seemed as though the spirit waited for an answer before it took its flight; and the answer was given: "You have taught me, darling. I will love him. I will begin now."

Last New Year's day they buried Alice Foster Dana in one of the wind-swept burial-places of Cape Cod. Over it the snow is heaped. Above it the winds hasten forever hither and thither; sometimes in fierce anger, sometimes with a wailing and sobbing moan. Close by it the ocean waves ebb and flow, and chant their ceaseless dirge. It is a wild spot. But Alice is not there. Whither she has gone, many are following; some burdened with heavy grief, "weary and heavy laden;" some with swift footsteps that tarry not by the wayside. *Are you following?* Little Children! I have shed some bitter tears since I began to write this story, but I have written it for your sakes. *Shall you ever find Alice? Do you love the Lord Jesus? Will you love him?*

MABEL.

—S. S. Times.

LEAPING FROM JOY TO JOY.

Listen to the story of a poor widow, who had once crept out to a mother's meeting. A visit was paid to her by the lady superintendent one bitterly cold afternoon in February, and the portrait is sketched by her:

"I found her in a back kitchen, which once was used for a wash-house. The pavement of the back yard came nearly to the top of the window, and so obscured the light that I could at first see nothing but a speck of fire in one corner of the