

winter Nance dreaded it; the caravans had wintered side by side ever since her husband's death.

Joe, she knew, would keep his word; he would have nothing more to say to her unless she married him.

Ever since her husband's death Joe had been generally her devoted slave, and she knew now he was gone she should miss him; she knew, too, she was fond of him in a way, accustomed to his presence, and ready to put up with him, and make excuses for him; he had been very good lately to her poor boy; he was always good, too, to Lil, yet she dreaded putting herself into his power, still more putting her Lil into it.

She told Lil she was glad he was gone; she wanted none of them; but poor Missie grieved bitterly over blind Jenny and all the horrors she would have to suffer without her protection, while she shuddered at the thought of her mother ever marrying Joe.

"You never will do it, mother, you never will," she urged.

"No, no child; I can get along very well without he, never fear," was Nance's answer to this entreaty; but nevertheless her thoughts often dwelt on the advantages and disadvantages of such a marriage.

"Oh, mother, let us find a house like Jem said, and not go about any more," was now the constant burden of Dorothy's cry, and sometimes Nance listened to it, and even went so far as to make enquiries about any empty cottage they saw; but these enquiries always met with a rebuff, sometimes with rough, rude words of scorn.

After Nance had met with a few of these her pride was aroused; to be called a "gipsy thief" was hard to bear; she would be beholden to no one; she wanted none of their houses.

They lived hardly in spite of all Dorothy's exertions, and she no longer refused to sing, for she was singing for mother, and she had promised Jem to take care of mother; but her voice was not so strong, and often sore throats came to trouble her; it was a very wet summer, even the sun seemed to the sad-hearted wanderers to have left off shining.

They travelled very slowly, for the old horse was so feeble he could hardly crawl, while Turk, who still pulled the little cart, almost empty now, was not much more lively.

Priuce had grown into a big ungainly brown dog with an appetite which was never satisfied, but the warmest of hearts beat under his rough coat, and that he was almost savage in his bearing towards strangers made him a most valuable and valued guard.

To Dorothy he was inexpressibly dear as a relic of Jem, who had given him to her when a half-blind puppy, saved by him from a watery grave. The summer passed wearily; when a spare moment came Jem's few books were a solace to Missie, but she was almost as silent as Nance, who was perplexed with many misgivings for the future, while her foster-child was dreaming painfully over the past, and fretting at the thought that there seemed no escape now from the life she was beginning to hate more and more each day.

Numberless yearnings took possession of Dorothy, but one longing seemed at last to exclude all others, when it appeared to her impossible to obey Jem's wish of finding a settled home; she must go to Scotland—she must find out who she really was, who the baby was that had been brought home that night, for Dorothy's recollections of the early childhood, though even less distinct than Lil's, because much less dwelt on, were sometimes strangely bewildering.

But nothing must hurt mother; the fear that any harm could come to Jem's mother through these enquiries, made her sometimes try to drive away the wish that had filled her mind with many pleasant dreams; then the days would pass in a dull hopeless fashion, and no thought of a brighter future would come to cheer her.

One day she took courage to ask Nance to show her the clothes she had worn when she was pulled out of the water, explaining that Jem had told her they had been kept, and after some entreaties Nance consented to do so, saying she had not seen them herself for years, but she knew where they were to be found; she had not kept much, but if

Lil liked to hunt out a certain drawer, she would find them somewhere at the bottom.

Dorothy hunted with a good will; it was a very deep drawer, a general useful receptacle for odds and ends, and hidden away in a corner quite at the bottom, she at last came upon a small bundle containing a tiny cambric shirt trimmed with lace, and an elaborately worked robe, also a minute pair of knitted shoes.

She examined them again and again with intense delight; had she ever really worn such beautiful things!

"There's something else," said Nance, presently, holding up a little soiled garment; "it's so fine it must be something belonging—I never bought nothing like this."

Dorothy took it from her hand and turned it over eagerly, while a vague remembrance came to her, and she felt as if she had seen it before.

"It's dirty, too," said Nance, "I don't put away things like that, dirty."

The other things had been carefully washed though not ironed.

"The work has been picked off; look, there round the neck," continued Nance, taking it again; "whoever could have done that? I didn't, it was rolled up into a ball and stuffed into that corner; I never seed it before, however did it get there? it's so fine, it's just cambric."

"Look, D. C. is on it, mother," said Missie, breathlessly. "I remember 'twas Lisbeth picked off the work, and D., that's Dorothy, a name Jem said I fancied I used to be called that time when I was so ill—what's C. I wonder. I can't remember, but I think I knew once what it meant."

"Lisbeth; how did Lisbeth come meddling in here!" said Nance, in great displeasure.

"'Twas when I was ill," explained Missie.

"Well, it's not a baby's thing, so it can't be none of yours," remarked Nance, in great perplexity.

"Look, there are letters on the baby's things too, mother," said Dorothy, excitedly, "there's S. C. on both the things;" and she pointed out the tiny letters in white embroidery.

"So there is," said Nance with some consternation, "and I never noticed them before, but then I did not want to see nothing, and I couldn't read; now you'd better put them by again, Lil; it's no use fretting over them; if my poor lad hadn't brought you back to me, you'd have died sure enough."

But all day long Dorothy sat with the tiny garments in her hand; it was wet, and the day before had been a very hard one, and Nance, who was not feeling well, fell asleep, so she could dream on unimproved.

The rain beat drearily on the little window of the caravan, and hardly understanding the feeling, Dorothy felt herself again a little weebegone prisoner, cut off from all she loved and was accustomed to.

What could it all mean? if Jem had been only there to talk to, he would have explained everything; he had always told her she was off her head when she was ill, but then here was the shift she remembered wearing, and mother knew nothing about it . . . if she could only remember what the "C." meant, how happy she should be, but she could not remember, the name had long ago faded from her mind.

When Nance awoke she found that Lil had folded all the things carefully together, again wrapping them in paper, and she bade her put them away, and this time Lil made no demur.

That mother very much disliked talking of the past she knew, but after this hardly a day went by without her making some reference to it; it was a great satisfaction to her to know that Nance knew the name of the village within five miles of which she had been found, and she soon learnt it by heart.

*To be Continued.*

#### The Lord's Day.

How does its weekly return, bending over us like the bow in the cloud, with its sublime memorials of creation and redemption, invite and attract our meditations upwards, and even seem to open up a pathway for our feet into the heaven of heavens!

Weary with the week's work and worry, who does not hail with joy and thankfulness the holy day of rest, when, for a brief space, labour is suspended, and the soul is refreshed by communion with God, while the body gathers new strength for the daily toil? Obedience to the divine command to "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" brings its own reward, and a rich reward it is.

They are no true friends of humanity who advocate the desecration of Sunday and claim a so-called liberty to spend the sacred day as they please, rather than as God pleases. If we insist on liberty or pleasure of any kind which entails disobedience to any of God's laws, we must inevitably suffer for it sooner or later in some way or other.

Would we have this radiant memorial blotted out, and gaze upward only upon the dark clouds that have been gathered from our human cares and sorrows? or, remembering the truths which it commemorates, and the blessings of which it is at once the divinely constituted vehicle and guard, shall we not hail its earliest beams with those words of the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made"?

#### Bethlehem.

BY REV. S. F. HOTCHKIN.

Millions of Christian men, women and children, in all lands, turn their hearts to the ancient village of Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. Bethlehem was the birthplace of Benjamin and the burial-place of his mother Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob. It was styled Ephrata the fruitful, and in its rich grainfields Ruth, the ancestress of Christ, gleaned.

Here was the birthplace of David and of David's Greater Son. This little town sent forth, according to Micah, "the ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

David longed for the water of the well of his native town. The "City of David" held Joseph and Mary unnoticed in the throng, when they rendered to Cæsar's officials his due. The Wise Men, guided by a star, gave homage to one greater than Cæsar, following a Light which still guides disciples onward. The humble shepherds visited the "Good Shepherd" in his cradle. The Holy Innocents glorified Bethlehem by their martyrdom. In after days the Church or Basilika built and adorned by Constantine and his aged and pious mother Helena, who wished to worship at Christ's footstool, gave new glory to this town. The king and queen proved nursing mother and father to the infant Church (Eusebius, Life of Constantine, book iii. ch. 41, etc.). Here St. Jerome dwelt many years translating the Holy Scriptures into the Latin vulgate.

The gardens and terraces and olives and figs and vines which still adorn Bethlehem, show that its fruitfulness remains. "The House of Bread" has given "the Bread of Life" to all people.

Bethlehem in Pennsylvania took its name from the fact that Count Zinzendorf held a Christmas Eve service in the first house there, which had a stable attached to it.

In Christian lands every one of ripe years should be on Christmas a partaker of the broken Body and shed Blood of Christ before coming to the worldly banquet. If one would learn the lesson of Bethlehem, not simply in song and ballad and hymn and picture, but in heart, he should ask himself, What personal and living interest have I in this Saviour who, "for us men and our salvation came down from heaven and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary?" May all unite in the prayer, "Lord, evermore give us this Bread!"

#### The Chain of Love.

A pretty story is related of Kosroes, a king of Persia. There was in his army a brave and skillful general, named Rustem, who, because of his long service and many doughty deeds, was a great favourite with the soldiers. Unfortunately the hero had one fault; he possessed an exceedingly sensitive and touchy temper. Upon one occasion, having taken offence at some word or action of the king, he was so much incensed thereat, that he sought secretly to stir up an insurrection among the troops under his command. By some