

of whom he was the assistant Pastor.) "Is this nothing?"

"Oh," said Irene, blushing, "I was thinking, if only I could write a story it might help somebody."

"So it would, little one;" and a sad look crossed her brother's face, which made Irene ask anxiously what was the matter.

"I am rather anxious," he said, "about that poor old man; he seems so full of earthly things, and whenever I try to speak to him on higher matters, he attempts to change the subject."

Irene did not answer at once. She knew too well, from being so much with Cyril, the anxieties of a pastor's life.

"Shall you be able to take me to the cemetery to-morrow?" she said at length.

"No! I am so sorry, but I promised the old man to take him something he thought he should fancy to-morrow. I could not bear to deny him for my own pleasure; but Rolf will take you, little one."

It was a severe disappointment to Irene, for owing to an accident in her childhood, she was unable to walk at all, and going to the cemetery with Cyril was her weekly pleasure, for there lay the earthly remains of her parents.

CHAPTER II.

"In little things of common life,
There lies the Christian's noblest strife,
When he does conscience make
Of every thought and throb within,
And words and looks of self and sin
Crushes for Jesus' sake."

Monsell.

THE next day, when Cyril went to see the old man, Irene lay on the sofa, waiting patiently for the afore-mentioned "Rolf." She had not long to wait, for a knock at the door was heard, and on her saying, "Come in," a tall middle-aged man entered.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting. I was detained by Cyril on the way; but it is now getting late. Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes!" said Irene; and he gently lifted her off the sofa, and carried her in his strong arms to the little wheeled carriage that was at the door; it was not long before they reached the cemetery, and

Rolf had wheeled the little carriage close to her parents' grave.

It was a beautiful June day, and the lake was very still and clear, with all the different lights and shades. Irene never cared to talk much when she was at the cemetery. Cyril knew this, and never urged her to do so.

Rolf was an old friend of their father and mother's: Mr. and Mrs. Graham had both died of a fever that was prevalent in Finlen, when Cyril and Irene were both very young, and they had appointed Rolf as their children's guardian. Rolf was the pastor of Lucerne, and Cyril assisted him.

Irene often said to Cyril she could not understand Rolf, "he looked so grave and stern," she was, in fact, rather afraid of him, and on the day of which I have been speaking, neither she nor Rolf felt inclined to begin a conversation.

At last Rolf spoke; "Cyril has been telling me that you think of writing a story, can I in any way assist you?"

Irene did not answer at once, but at last she said, "I have been wanting to write a story very much, as I thought perhaps it might help others; and it seems to me I lead such a useless life," she added, half-timidly.

"It is a blessed thing indeed, dear child, to help others," said Rolf, gravely. "We are all members of a large family, and we must try all we can to alleviate the wants and sorrows of others; but don't be vexed with me, if I say this: Can we only help others by writing stories? I believe from my heart," he continued, "that God may indeed bless a story, if written with an eye to His glory alone, but surely there are many in this wide world who have helped others, and yet have not written stories at all; verifying Tennyson's words, 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood!' But don't think I am hard-hearted," he added, seeing Irene's grave face, "but believe that I have your interests more at heart than I think you know; great sorrow that darkened my early youth has made me seem grave and stern, but I don't wish to be so; I know you have thought so sometimes."