

1 Mrs. Jones or hey. You may ke, Mrs. Gentle, ay; "I like that as you look like ma'am, may I thin, yet most round the child, e first time since d into the com- g woman; but er she left some that they busid a and toast, un- dited back by that gh shed a warm ich immediately o dark for Dul- oman who knelt to her sister, who embling with ex- er hand a steam- real, strong beed- tter now—please f-tea." to be raised, and gling her, she took then, did she take, ood, toast and all, uly, flushed and beside of the bed, and already her ore natural in its u were to sing me quest; she felt her thing like a lump Home," repeated "Home, sweet e song—the song he felt, now that I never, never bear r little Angel had inning to join her so very prettily in an to feel all her when she made so Dulcie knew well a to Angel, what it Yes, Dulcie mist as she begged, in a Peachy would sing the little girl felt ght, she must make z over, her voice ter self-control, she a perfect knowledge ndience, and sweet bird-like voice took : first verse— a seems to hallow us orid is ne'er met with t, sweet, home! e home— suddenly broke on ted forward. by?" she gasped nd of choking sobs, be no more sweet y little Angel—my : since she had lain hat Dulcie had men- the first time a tear . Now the fall tor- h such an agony that t must need the weak, y was terrified; but at to do. She took d girl in her arms, er shoulder, and told Don't be frightened, y as long as you like, y you like. It'll do od." She also found to whisper to Peachy ken the pressure of and in all probability -my little lost, lost the poor girl. It was d spoiled themselves r very force were ex- utive, still holding Dul- oman, began her task of bout the little Angel; n can happen to the

"Oh," said Dulcie, "do you know where she is?" "I know she's safe, my love; you may believe me. I say as little Angel is safe; you may believe me, Dulcimer, for I had a little child o' my h'own. It ain't like as I, who have lost a child, 'ud tell a lie about another little child. Your Angel is quite safe."

"Do you think," asked Peachy, "as the good kind man wot took your little lamb away tuck h'our little Angel up too to the green pastures?"

"I know as He has her safe," said the woman; "He has her folded up in His arms. Little Angel is as safe as possible."

"I'm real, real glad o' that," said Dulcie. "The bitter had to do with 'out her; but I'm real glad as she's so safe."

A smile broke over the thin, wasted face as she spoke.

"Wot's the name o' the kind man?" asked Peachy.

"Oh, He have heaps and heaps o' names, honey. He's called the Good Shepherd—that's the name as seems most to suit Him, when you think o' Him wid the lambs; but His other name is Jesus, our blessed Saviour. I think, though, since he tuk my little lamb away, and is so kind to little Angel, as I like to think on Him by His name of the 'Good Shepherd' best of all."

"Do you think," asked Peachy, "as Jesus, the Good Shepherd, 'ull ever be so werry kind as to let us have our little Angel back again?"

"Oh, my darlin', I wishes as I knew. I'm —I'm not werry, werry sure but I'll ask Him, and I'll show you how to ask Him. Maybe He will, ef we ask Him."

"Oh yes; let's ask Him," said Peachy; "lets go to Him, and ask Him straight away. When shall we go, Mrs. Gentle?"

"I'll come again to-morrow and tell you," said Mrs. Gentle. "But now Dulcie must tuk her medicine and go to sleep, and you mustn't talk no more."

CHAPTER XXV.—HOW NANCY DIED.

Dulcie had taken her medicine, and had sunk into a sleep even longer and deeper, and more healing than her first sleep, before Mrs. Gentle left the children.

She went softly down the stairs, and when she came outside old Harper's door she even took off her shoes in her effort to move quietly. Her cares, however, were unavailing, for the old man, who seemed always now to be hiding behind his door, came, and with some force and roughness took the woman by her shoulder.

"I watched yer a-going h'up Mrs. Skeggs. Now you jest come in yere fur a minute." Mrs. Skeggs (for it was she) could not grow any paler, but a terrified look came into her timid dark eyes. She clasped her hands and said in a voice of entreaty—

"Oh! Mr. Harper, you won't tell my husband, you won't be so bitter unkind as to tell my husband; he'd beat me so awful. See yere! the last time as I went agen him, and it wotn't half nor quarter as much as this, he gav me these marks, they ain't near gone yet." She pulled up her black sleeve as she spoke, and showed some ugly marks on her arm.

"But wot did yer want a-creeping h'up to see them children fur?" asked Harper. "You're the wife o' Skeggs, and you know as well as I do as Skeggs has interest in keeping away from them children. Ain't it dreadful mean o' you to go agen yer husband like that?"

"No, Mr. Harper, ef you'll believe me, I ain't gone agen him, indeed, indeed I ain't. I didn't tell them children nothink, nothink wotn't ever. It wot jest as my heart hungered to know how they were. It wot no light thing to steal a pretty little love like Angel away from them. I feared much as they'd take it to heart most bitter, and I found as I wot right, fur it ha' near killed the elder gal."

Harper was silent, longing to hear Mrs. Skeggs's true opinion of Dulcie, and yet afraid to inquire. She looked at him for a moment, her courage reviving as he did not speak.

"I give Skeggs back the ten pound," she continued. "I give it him back, but he had got little Angel by that time, and nothink nor nobody 'ud make him let go on her. He jest put the ten pound in his pocket and laughed and said as he had got her fur nothink now, and that you could do nothink, fur he had it h'all in your writing as you give him Angel fur ten pounds, and he could punish you ef you went agen him."

Oh! Mr. Harper, why did you put it in his head?"

"I wish I hadn't and that's the truth," said Harper. "Yer husband is a real mean man, Mrs. Skeggs."

"It's the love o' gold," said Mrs. Skeggs. "He wot kind enough, and good enough afore he tuk up that 'ere passion fur gold. Why, I remember when h'our little Nancy wot born, how real pleased he wot, and how he used to play w'd her. We was happy enough, and he wotn't werry unkind to me until our Nancy—one day he found h'out as our Nancy could dance, real well. A fairy on the stage taught her and she did it; not so wonderful pretty as Angel, but werry near. Then he would have her—baby as she wot—to go on the stage, and he taught her to walk on the tight-rope. She wot a pretty little thing and real smart, but she wot afraid of her dad, and timid, and she didn't like the bright light nor the lots o' people. She wot not four years old, and not over strong, and it wot real, drefle bad fur her to be up till midnight. She faded and faded, and her father, he could see nothink, and never noticed how thin a.d white she wot growing. I used to stand behind the stage, and the werry moment she came out, I'd clasp her in my arms and off wid her to bed, and she'd lie in my arms h'all night long afterward. But one night, one drefle night, they brought her out to me in a dead faint; she had turned giddy and fallen off the tight-rope, and arter that she never held up her head again, and she died in my arms."

Harper said nothing; Mrs. Skeggs was looking straight before her, her eyes fixed mournfully on where her thoughts were, nothing outward was at that moment visible to her.

"It'll be the same with Angel," she said after that short pause for thought. "No little child can stand so hard a life. I take all the care I can on her, I put her into my Nancy's place, and h'every night she lies in my arms. But she'll die same as Nancy died; 'tis the late hours and the foul air as does it."

Now Harper was not interested in Angel. Neither the fate of the dead Nancy, nor the possible fate of the living Angel had power to affect him in the least. He did not believe in the stage having these injurious effects. He thought the life a very good one. Angel had pronounced no curse on him. Angel neither in life nor death could greatly affect him. But Dulcie! with Dulcimer it was vastly different.

"Look yere," he said, coming up close to Mrs. Skeggs. "I want ter know how you left that 'ere gal up-stairs."

"She may be a shade better now," said Mrs. Skeggs, "but she wot near enough to death when I come h'in. Yes, it wot a real Providence as I went to see them poor children. She wot werry near death when I weng h'in."

Harper shuddered.

"Look you yere, Mrs. Skeggs," he continued, "you needn't have no manner o' fear o' my telling on you to yer husband. I wouldn't be so mean. I'm real, real glad as you ha' come to see and tend that 'ere young gal. I don't want that gal to die. No, no; she musn't die. Why, I ha' sent fur a doctor fur her to-day. I'm goin' to pay him. He's a werry, werry clever doctor. You don't think as there's the least chance o' her dying, do you?"

"The cleverest doctor—no, not the cleverest doctor as h'ever was, can't keep 'em, when God says as they're to go," answered Mrs. Skeggs very solemnly.

"But, holy father Abraham! you don't think as the gal is goin' to die, Mrs. Skeggs? Speak h'out, woman, and tell the truth."

"I can't say, indeed, sir. I think as she's werry weak and ill, but she wot a shade better, or so I fancied, when I left her to-night."

"Then go back to her again, Mrs. Skeggs; go back, and spend the night wid her. Ain't it cruel to leave a sick gal all alone, like that?"

"No, sir; she don't want me, and she ha' Peachy. Peachy 'ull do wot she wants to-night. I can't stay away from little Angel. Angel 'ud cry all night through ef I hadn't her close h'up to me, and my arms tight round her."

"And the gal may die?" said Harper gloomily.

"Yes, sir; 'tis werry like as Dulcie 'ull die. She ha' got a most dreadful shock."

(to be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR- RENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubets Select Notes.) February 4.—Acts 3: 12-21.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Peter directing men's thoughts away from himself to Christ. It is said that when Leonardo da Vinci had finished his celebrated picture of the Last Supper which still stands on the wall of a convent in the city of Milan, he introduced a friend to inspect the work privately, and give his judgment regarding it. "Exquisite!" exclaimed his friend; "that wine-cup seems to stand out from the table as solid glittering silver." Thereupon the artist quietly took a brush and blotted out the cup saying, "I meant that the figure of Christ should first and mainly attract the observer's eye, and what- ever detracts attention from him must be blotted out."—Arnot.

II. "Christ the restorer." "Macaulay tells of a poor apprentice who made a cathedral window entirely out of pieces of glass that the master had condemned and thrown away. But when completed the window won the admiration of all. The master's boasted work was rejected, and the window made by the unknown artist from condemned material was given the place of honor in the great cathedral." So Christ takes fallen and sinful human souls, and is constructing out of them a beautiful temple of the Holy Ghost; and his glory and love shining through them, as the sun through pictured windows, makes them radiant with divine beauty.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. Verse 12. The true teacher always hides behind Christ, calling attention not to himself, but to his Master.
2. Very useful men must see to it that they are very humble.—Henry.
3. Verses 13-15. The best things are often rejected, because they come in such unexpected ways that we do not recognize them.
4. Like all true teachers, Peter was very plain spoken and charged the people directly with their sins.
5. Verse 15. Our Saviour is not a dead but a living Saviour, and proves that he is living by the works he does.
6. All who are healed bodily or spiritually are witnesses of the resurrection of Christ, that he is now alive and present with us.
7. Verse 16. Faith is the power of salvation for ourselves and others.
8. Verse 17. The apostles, though plain spoken, are kind and gentle, making all possible palliations for the sins of others.
9. Sins of ignorance can more easily be escaped than sins of wilfulness.
10. Verse 18. God is never disappointed or thwarted in his plans, but uses even the wickedness of his enemies to carry out his own purposes.
11. Verse 19. The first duty of men is repentance.
12. The two fruits of repentance are (1) forgiveness of sins, (2) times of refreshing, and the coming of Jesus to abide in the soul.
13. Verse 21. Jesus is the restorer of the soul and of the world, making a new and glorious temple of the living God out of the ruins of humanity.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Peter's sermon is a model for all teachers; (1) he presented Christ, and not himself; (2) he was direct and pointed; (3) he was kind and palliating; (4) he appealed to them to do their duty; (5) he showed them God's promises if they would obey. The subject is the promised Redeemer of the world. I. Rejected of men, verses 13-15, 17. Note Peter's palliation. Show why sins of ignorance can be forgiven more readily than wilful sins. II. Glorified by God, verses 13, 15-18. Especially in the proof that Christ was raised again by the wonderful deeds he was doing. Dead people have no such power. III. The restorer of the soul and of the world, verses 19-21, by repentance and conversion.

CHICAGO is convinced that most of the crime in that city is caused by intemperance, and will therefore raise the price of liquor licenses sufficiently to support an increase of her police force. A novel provision in the proposed scheme varies the cost of licenses according to the distances of the bars from the City Hall, the fee increasing as that point is neared.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is a worthless fellow, My second is empty talk; My whole's a delicious walk That grows by the garden walk.

- BEHEADINGS.
1. I am a decoration of nature; behead me, and I am not the highest.
2. I am the seed of a much-prized tree; behead me, and I am a grain.
3. I am a knavish fellow; behead me, and I am a collection of tents.
4. I am a pit; behead me, and I am delirious.
5. I am a fireplace; behead me, and I am a planet.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

I'm found in most countries, yet not in earth or sea; I am in all timber, yet not in any tree; I am in all metals, yet I am told I'm not in lead, iron, brass, silver, or gold; I'm not in England, yet thus I can say, I'm to be found in Westminster every day.

HIDDEN PLACES IN ONTARIO.

- 1. Philip, Em broke a dish.
2. Owen sounded the bell yesterday.
3. There is cold water on the table.
4. It is going to rain, Hamilton.
5. Good woad is dear.
6. There is a new market in the city.
7. Phyllis, towels are cheap.
8. It was on the moor Emma fell. EMMA NURSE.

ANAGRAMS.

The one blank is one word. The two blanks are two words made from that by arranging the letters in different order.

- 1. How it made poor ——— as she took a big swallow of the strong ———
2. My mother was very careful to ——— not to soil or tear my ———
3. He was a rough and wild boy; but he was sure his ——— always loved ———
4. Here poor ——— tumbling down from the top of that high ——— tree.
5. John has been gathering ——— from the tree; that accounts for these ———
6. We want a man of ———, who can enter ——— of lions.
7. Yes, ——— through that man's dishonesty ——— all her property.
8. As ——— in the kitchen, it pained us to see Bridget's careless ———.

WORD-SQUARES.

- 1. Kind of nail; to run swiftly; measure, as of land; a ruminant animal.
2. A historic garden; a kind of fruit; a girl's name; not far from.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(Quadrupeds and Bipedes.) 1. -n-o-o-t-n. 2. -h-n-c-r-s. 3. -a-g-t-o. 4. -l-m-n-o. 5. -h-a-a-t. 6. M-s-o-o-o. 7. -i-p-p-t-m-s. 8. -r-m-d-r. 9. -e-r. 10. -a-f. 11. R-o-o. 12. -y-n-

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

- NEW HEADS.— Bear Bear Bear Bear Bear Bear Bear Bear Bear Bear

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.— Oh! how stupendous was the power, That raised me with a word And every day and every hour I lean upon the Lord.

HIDDEN BIRDS.—1, Dove, 2, Finch, 3, Lark, 4, Hawk, 5, Weaver, 6, Cuckoo, 7, Martin.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.— FISHALLASH ECHOLOKRA ATOPOVAST RICEKESAE

CHARADE.—Purr-pet-yo-al-perpetual. CHENGA.—Lillian A. Greene.

THE COMBINED WEALTH of the members of the California Senate is about twenty million dollars. The Senate is composed of four editors, eight farmers, one miner, four capitalists, two merchants, five mechanics, one contractor, one physician, one viticulturist and fourteen lawyers.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think it ought to be oiled."