

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria"
St. Mark set the pulpit for an hundred
chimes dear;

The purple curtains of the west
Have almost hid the sunset's fire,
Which, flaming Venice-vard, a crest,

A thousand leagues one tone can call,
A thousand leagues one picture bring
In fadefless form and scene to me,

O angelus-hour to heart and soul,
O angelus-hour of peace and calm
When o'er the farm the evening stoles,

"Sweet were the echoes that fell on the
ear;"
"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria"
I worshipped betimes with my swarth
gondolier.

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Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.
BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE."

The party had reached a lonely part
of the hills and returned for a day or
two to take shelter in a shepherd's
deserted hut.

"I must go back to the convent! Say
that I may go back," she pleaded, in an
abrupt, trembling voice.

"Do not be angry with me! Do not
make it harder for me," hurried on the
quivering voice, "I would never have
come away but to bring you the tidings
about Agnes; and now that is done, it is
borne in on me that I ought to go back.
You have all been very good to me, but
you have my sister, you do not really
need me, and I have brought you only
sorrow and trouble."

"Marguerite!" repeated Monique
Chevalier once more, this time in a tone
of keen reproach. "But she was relieved
of her first fear, that the girl's brain was
falling."

"Have our privations been too severe
for you?" he asked sternly. "Is the
true worth less than it costs, Marguerite?"

"She turned and looked at him,—such
a look of grave, gentle reproach that
Eglantine burst into tears.

"Did I leave a soft couch and a plen-
tiful board to come to you? Will I go
back to anything but stripes and revil-
ings, and imprisonment?" asked the
elder sister, and then she sank at Moni-
que Chevalier's feet, and covered the
mother's hand with her tears. "Do not
think me ungrateful. Do not think I
have not been happy with you! I am
contented. What are those outside dis-
counts to the love and light I have
found with you? Ah! you do not know
what it has cost me to make up my
mind to go back. But it is burnt into
my night and day, that I came away
without witnessing for the light, that I
turned my back upon the Cross. You
have had nothing but sorrow and trouble
since I came to you! God will not let us
rest until I go back, and give His mes-
sage to the darkened souls I left behind
me."

"The understood her at last. With a
low cry, Madame Chevalier folded her
in her arms, and looked up at her son.

"It is a remnant of her old British
brought," he said harshly. "A relic of
their superstitious 'will worship and
voluntary humility.' Marguerite! if you
are trying to atone for the past, you dis-
credit your Lord's perfect work. If you
think you yourself more pleasing in
His sight, you are untrue to the liberty
wherein He has made you free. Vol-
untary martyrdom is only another form
of penance, and penance is slavery! To
go back to St. Veronique, to the death
from which He saved you, is to go back
to your old yoke, not to His cross nor
the honor of His name."

"Softly, Rene!" whispered his mother,
for Marguerite was trembling visibly.

"You do not understand," said the
nun in a broken voice. "It is not to
add to His work, nor to win favor in
His sight. I know better than that. It is
His love that constrains me, I have
done nothing for Him all my life, and

there is nothing for me to do out here.
I could at least tell them what the light
has done for me; if only one heard me
before I was silenced, it would be worth
dying for. I cannot help feeling that
God has left me without the claims of
other work, that I might be free to go
back and bear my witness." She had
lifted her head, and was looking at him
deprecatingly, but Rene's cloudy brow
did not clear.

"Have we no claims upon you?" he
asked reproachfully. "Is it nothing
that my mother looks to you, and leans
upon you as a daughter,—that your love
has poured a stream of sunshine upon a
path that has known many a sorrow, and
your lips speak to her a comfort no
other can,—nothing that your coming
has been to us all like the dawn of a new
day, that to look at you, and remember
the darkness out of which you have been
brought, is to understand the precious-
ness of the truth, and the power of God's
grace, as we never did before? If you
look like a lowly vocation to you, in con-
trast with a martyr's crown, but cannot
think it unnoticed in the sight of Him,
who Himself came to 'comfort all that
mourn.' To be a light in a dark place,
a song in the night to those bruised and
bleeding hearts, is that nothing, Marguerite?"

Marguerite's eyes were fastened upon
his mother's face.

"Is this so?" she asked.

"It would be the crowning sorrow
of my life to give you up," was the answer.

"Marguerite burst into tears. 'Oh,
forgive me, forgive me! I did not think
it could matter to any one but me. How
could I know I had come to be so much
to you,—how could I understand?'"

Eglantine drew her sister's head to her
shoulder. There was a sunny gleam on
the dark lashes still glistening with tears.

"There is plenty of work for you," she
whispered, "but for one most of all, my
dauphin; I told you that our mother said
she hoped I would make up to her
father for all he had missed in her, but
I have been so full of myself, I know so
little of God, I have never done it. It
must be your work, Marguerite; you are
so much better than I, you look so much
like our mother, he will listen to you, as
he has never done to any one else. And
you can tell him that the truth has done
for you. Oh, my dear, I have felt from
the first that the work to be done was
istry. I believe God will bring you to-
gether some day."

"You will not have to be angry with
me again," Marguerite said presently,
looking up at Rene. But Rene had gone.

"That night, as he sat a little apart in
the shadow, a timid hand touched his
arm.

"You were displeased with me this
morning—you thought it was very wicked
to wish to go back to the convent?"
said Marguerite's low voice.

"I was disappointed," was the grave
answer. "I am very jealous for your
growth in grace, and I cannot bear that
any root of bitterness from the old life
should spring up and trouble you. It
pained me too, Marguerite, that you
should find your life with us, hard as it
has been, so easy to resign."

"Ah, you do not know! I could not
let you know then," she interposed
quickly. "I have had to struggle with
myself for days and days. Every time I
thought I had made up my mind, the
first look of a little Gabriel's hand
would take all my strength from me,
and I am ashamed I should have found it
so hard to do anything that I felt was
right."

"It was because it was not right that
you found it so hard," if God had called
you to the sacrifice, He would have given
you the strength. Marguerite, promise
me, once for all, that you will never
again think of laying down your life."

"Never, unless God asks for it in a way
I cannot mistake," she replied. "Then,
you would not wish to hold me back?"

"I would not hold you back," she
answered. "But something in his face
made Eglantine remember the night
when he had led Agnes up to Fulcrand
key."

The next morning he started them by
proposing to make the little chalet their
permanent resting place.

"The search has evidently been aban-
doned," he said, "and we have all lived
too long without the sunshine. The hut is
too far removed from the road, too
much hidden by the pines, to catch the
eyes of any passing travelers."

"But provisions—how are we to obtain
food?" asked Eglantine.

Rene led her to the doorway and
showed her through an opening in the
trees the chimneys of a farm-house in
the valley below.

"The inmates are brethren who have
been forced to abjure, but are still at-
tached to the truth," he explained. "I
was there before daybreak this morning,
Eglantine; they loaded me with all I
could bring away, and will let us have
provisions whenever we need them, but
they ask no questions for their own
sakes."

"That is well," she answered joyfully,
and when he came in that afternoon
with a string of trout he had caught in
the neighboring brook, he found a cherry
fire blazing on the hearth, the evening
meal set out on a rustic table which
Eglantine and Marguerite had fashioned
with their delicate hands, and little
Gabrielle taking her first steps on the
boarded floor.

Rene followed her to the edge of the
wood.

"I will be within call if you want me,"
he whispered. "There is something in
the poor fellow's manner which makes
me fear for his reason?"

"Do not speak to me of them, madame!
Do not speak to me of them, madame!
Do not speak to me of them, madame!
Do not speak to me of them, madame!

"With a pitiful cry, Henri's wife ex-
tended her hands. Jean raised them to
his lips, but prevented the consolation
that trembled upon her tongue.

"Do not speak to me of them, madame!
Do not speak to me of them, madame!
Do not speak to me of them, madame!
Do not speak to me of them, madame!

"I have seen him," he said stolidly.

in the fire, and his joy no man had been
able to take from him. God was very
near, and he would soon be at rest, but
he would wait your coming in a better
world."

There was a long silence. The dusk
deepened, the mountains broke sang on
Jean gazed absently down into the
stream. At last the wife lifted her face.

"I must see him," she said in a low,
steady voice. "If he is dying it will
make him happier to have me smooth
his pillow, and if not, it will give him
strength and courage to live. Oh, Jean,
surely you will help me—for his sake, and
as mine."

The valet recoiled.

"I dare not, my lady! He laid it on
me as my last duty, that I should see
you did not. 'She will want to come to
me, Jean,' he said, 'she will not think of
her own safety if she feels there is any-
thing she can do for me, but she must
not be allowed to take the risk. Tell
her I lay it on her as my last request,
my last command, to match harder to
render, but after a moment's struggle
the wife put herself out of the question.

"Do you go back again, Jean? Will
there be any way of finding out when
the end comes?"

"I go back certainly, my lady. The
jailed man, however, he does not know when
my master's sufferings cease."

"And meanwhile, if he should not be
as sick as he thinks, if there should come
some way of serving him, which he could
not foresee, when he asked that prom-
ise—you will let me know, Jean? I
will never disobey him for my own sake,
but ever since Rene and Marguerite
have been given back to us, I have been
trying to plan some way for his escape."

"Escape!" echoed Jean, his eyes
glowing suddenly through the dusk.

"God forgive me, madame, but I never
thought of that before. Ah, that would
indeed be to know one moment of hap-
piness again before I die." And without
waiting for reply, Jean broke away from
his master's wife and disappeared in the
wood.

Eglantine watched anxiously for his
return, for days after, but the valet came
no more.

(To be continued.)

How George Ran Away.

The story that Alice was reading was
"Whittington and His Cat." George
thought it rather hard when his mamma
asked him to put it by when she was
for her. All the time he kept thinking how
nice it would be to do just as he pleased.
After awhile he said:

"Mamma, I think I'll run away."

"I do not understand you, dear," she
answered.

"Very well, you may go if you are not
happy in your home," replied the moth-
er. "I will be here to get ready. You
need not run away."

Then she tied some of his clothes in a
large handkerchief, and put the bundle
on a stick, over his shoulder, like the
picture of Whittington. She kissed him
good-bye when she heard the street-door
for him. George looked pretty solemn
as he went down the steps. In a minute
he went back and rang the bell. Mary
let him in, and he ran into his mamma's
room.

"May I sleep on the back porch to-
night?" he asked. His lips trembled a
little.

"No, dear; your papa doesn't like to
have tramps on the back porch," she
replied.

"Then I can stay in the stable with
John?"

"Oh, no! You had better run away at
once, a long way off, where you can do
as you please."

"Poor George was in tears now. "O
mamma, mamma!" throwing him-
self in her arms, "I do love you so, and
I don't want to run away, I hate to do
as I please. May I come home again to
live?"

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SLEEP. While children sleep They know not that their father prays— Bending in blessing o'er their imploring grace for after.

While children sleep They never dream that other That they may have their When morning comes they And never ask how they are.

Do we not sleep? And know that the Faith With watchful care about O He bends in blessing from His love broods o'er us day.

Do we not sleep? And never cease their other Bending the sheaves that ours; We see not how the shadows Which mark the swift departs.

Frugality may be termed the prudent, the sister of and the parent of liberty, extravagant will quickly and poverty will ensue and corruption.

A Little Let-Up. by ELLEN GONWY. It is a hot, dry, dusty day. But I—taking the advice doctors give us every autumn—postponing all work not necessary, not perfectly congenial, not perfectly comfortable, not perfectly quiet, not perfectly a picnic.

Now I shouldn't naturally like the fact of my dining out and cold peas, with a slip over chocolate and a bit of selt, would be of interest to myself and Martha. But as flour-barrel table in our sl and watched the lilac leave the window in the breeze, through my idle mind some experienced housekeeper years ago: "I always had prepared and served with same formality when I am all I have my house full of guests it doesn't do to allow my least let-up."

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