

We are not going to rest satisfied, Mr. Dennis, until the best things in our reach are brought within yours, also. But, Mr. Dennis, you must be as true to us as we are to you!"

Mr. Dennis stands looking at her attentively with his great, soft, boyish blue eyes. They rest on Lois of the eyes of an intelligent dog, which cannot quite understand your words, but enjoys your kindly tones.

"Miss," says he finally, "if I could write me name straight, I'd put it to the pledge and give it to you for acceptance - I would that! But bein' as I be -"

Mrs. Dennis gives a little low cry. She well knows the importance her Tom attaches to "putting his name" to things.

"Come along, Dennis," says Mr. Whitney. "That's the sort of wedding present Miss Gladstone would most value."

But the man hangs back. "I'll not go a stumblin' in there among the leddies - but if you'd bring the paper out -"

In a trice Lois has pen, ink, and the Total Abstinence Pledge, at the curbstone. She holds a book as writing table; and under the street lamp, with a shaking hand, the man writes his name. His wife looks on. She scarcely draws her breath.

"There," he says, "I niver went back on that name yet." You can remember that, if ye like."

His eyes are down, he chooses not to see the hand she offers. He turns away with an indescribable look of pride and unworthingness.

"Come along wid yez, Kate!"

He thrusts his wife's hand within his arm, and with the other hand dashing a half-filled bottle from his pocket upon the stones of the street, never looking behind to see it break, he stalks off, his steps unsteady still.

"Well, my little street preacher," Max says, as they open Hannah's door, "it is men like Dennis, only far worse, among whom we go."

The door swings back upon a pleasant scene a bright room dotted from end to end with the "little white tables" poor Mrs. Dennis longed to see. Some are set with dishes, some are littered with books and papers, most of them are surrounded by groups, at one half a dozen men, at another a man with his family - evidently the working class do look upon a supper here, like Mrs. Dennis, as a "trate."

Mr. Clay, one of the city's solid men, sits comfortably in an arm-chair, reading the evening papers; and as they pass along they come upon Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Stillman, cozily tete-a-tete over their coffee.

You see it is unobtrusively managed, but the Rooms never fail at night of certain presences, winning, dignified and refined, which inspire decorum and self-respect - the working people who co-no hither feel instinctively that they are stepping upward as they come.

They go on into Hannah's big kitchen, nodding to the little girl waiters as they pass. Through the open doors of a large parlor they see, at the piano, her exercise book open before her, one of Hannah's sewing girls, of whom Lois has often heard her speak, as possessing a rare taste for music. Caddie Greenough is at her side.

"There will be one the less girl to be dependent upon cheap sewing, let us hope," says Max.

In the same room is a table strewn with drawing materials, and surrounded by a dozen girls, heads down, intent on their work. Passing from one to another, criticizing and instructing, they see Elizabeth. She looks up, pencil in hand, and nods.

Hannah has discovered them. She drops the bread knife, and hurries out. Lois warmly clasps her hand, and reaches the other to Mary Ann.

"Well, what cheer, dear Hannah?"

Hannah answers in the most elastic of tones.

"It is all cheer, Miss Lois, and a plenty of it. 'Tis said as the beer saloons feels us so soon - dozens of them - tells us how they would ha liked the coffee best any day if they could ha' got at it. And, Mr. Whitney, you can't go to think ov they do henry the dailies along o' their coffee - hit do make 'em respect themselves more nor any hother thing - a sittin' and a readin' like the best. I gets dinner now reglar for some hover a 'undred girls - everything is so comfortable and so busy, and my sick ones are a gettin' well, I do believe."

Lois follows her glance, and shakes hands with the tall Taft girls. No hectic flushes now, no coughs.

"Yes," says Tillie, polishing her caps "I am better. Hannah's kind of Movement Cure is just the thing - this kneading bread, and flourishing the broom. I begin to believe what the doctors say about housework. I shouldn't wonder now if I did make a live of it, after all."

Lois stops a long time in the kitchen. She smiles at Linda - the girl evidently has the creditable appearance of the whole establishment on her shoulders. She is here, there, everywhere - "goin' round after 'em," she calls it. For Tillie Taft invariably makes a mess with the coal, and does not always hang up the broom. The elder Miss Taft is apt to misplace the cruets in the castors, and, among so many, there is no certain place for the spoons, while Mary Ann, though she scrubs, and scrubs, never sets back anything; even Hannah leaves bread crumbs on the dresser. But Linda is neat - very neat, and, also, very "scold y."

Lois, as she goes, out, touches the chronic crease between the two sharp young eyes. "I know it," says Linda, meekly. "But I don't want your good-bye finger always pointing at that!"

So Lois kisses her - between the eyes. As they pass the parlor again, she points Mr. Whitney to the half dozen walnut book-cases. There is a little crowd around them. Anna Francis, the librarian, sits near, recording names and numbers.

"This is cousin Elizabeth's gift to the Rooms," she says, "nearly a thousand books. And it is a *tidel* library, Max. She has acquainted herself with every one. She says in not one is there a thought that can destroy or disturb the reader's faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. She rejected many a fine book unhesitatingly, because, at some place, some little place, she could discern a seed of religious doubt spruiging up, or else all ready and ripe to drop into unsuspecting minds. I believe she would now throw aside the grandest records of science if she detected that poison. For," said she, sadly, "I myself shall never be quite free from my old habits of doubt until I see Him face to face on the resurrection morning - and God forbid that from my hand a like curse should fall upon any human being."

The sun shines with spring-like softness upon this, little Lois' bridal-morning. The day is most tenderly sweet and fair, like the face into which Saidee tearfully looks, leaning in at the carriage-door. She, and Elizabeth, and Mrs. Whitney, stand near. They are the dearest, and the last to say adieu. On the verandas, at the doors, through all the familiar faces of Lois life here. There is Dr. Guthrie, and Pastor Nelson, and Caddie Greenough, Hannah, Mary Ann, and Linda. But it is Elizabeth, and Saidee, and Mrs. Whitney - the dearest and best, who hover near until the last. Little Theo is lifted to papa's shoulder.

"We will see the very last of her, won't we?" papa says, cheerily, but he winks and blinks and coughs to that degree that Theo turns and looks at him with childhood's elfin sharpness.

"Papa, you *th* cryin' and couthin thaid, nobody wath to cry."

But Mrs. Hurd - she obeys "couthin's" injunction admirably. She has married Lois away with all the magnificence due "Mrs. Hurd's niece," and bidden her an ostentatious farewell. It is a precious relief, this "seeing the very last of her."

"What a six months!" she says to the familiar within her breast. "I never was so put about by any living creature. If there is a class that I hold in abhorrence it is the Radicals. A Radical in religion is quite as bad as any other - and if ever there was a thorough Radical it is my sister Theodosia's stubborn daughter. I am thankful to have Saidee out from under her influence."

While Lois' aunt is thus fearing that neither of her daughters will ever be quite the same again, the eldest one, with sweet last words, reaches her hand across to Mr. Whitney. "May she be the blessing in your home that she has been in ours."

"You have been a blessing, but most of all to me, always believe that" Saidee whispers, kissing the happy young face again and again. "Oh, you will never know how I have loved you, cousin!" she says, with the last kiss of all.

No! happy Lois never will. Then, like Elizabeth, Saidee reaches her hand across to Lois' husband. She lifts her sweet, frank eyes. "Good-by, cousin Max!" "This 'cousin Max' is dimly conscious that very little of the pain of this parting, on Saidee's side, is upon his account; but there is no time for reflection.

"There's the train now!" The driver slams too the door, leaps to his seat, the horses spring away, and they are gone.

Just as the guests are going, Mrs. Whitney and Saidee meet in the deserted drawing-room. They stand silent, a moment, among the wedding flowers; and then Saidee's bright head, so bravely carried all these last days, droops suddenly forward into her hands.

The tender arms gather her close. "My own precious girl!"

It is but an instant. Saidee lifts her face and looks in her own frank way into those tender, womanly, motherly eyes; and then she smiles. "Don't pity me, dearest of friends. God is good. There is work - there is always work, you know, left after the great happinesses of earth sweep by us. And, dear Mrs. Whitney -"

"I know that for me, as well as for them. God did the best."

Yes, sweet Saidee, in your true heart:

"It will matter by and by  
Nothing but this - hat Joy or Pain  
Lifted you skyward, helped to gain,  
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,  
Heaven - home - all in all - by and by"

THE END.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

John Henry Newman.

TRUTH'S Sunday Essays will aim at giving some account of the most remarkable leaders of religious thought in our own times, those men and women who, as every division of the great Christian army, and wearing any one of its numerous and very different uniforms, have been instrumental in influencing for good the generation of which we and they form part. We shall approach every church or denomination of which we have occasion to make mention in a spirit of friendly and appreciative criticism, in a spirit that is as remote as possible from that of the hair splitter of controversy, dealing with that in which all Christians agree rather than the points in which they differ.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, the established Church of England, originally a compromise between Protestantism and Catholicity, seemed altogether under the influence of its Protestant element - it had become little else than a department of the civil service, its bishops with treatises on Greek particles, its theology had degenerated from the great days of Jeremy Taylor, or Butler, into the dullest of Classical literature; it regarded everything Catholic as a superstition without power to renew its vitality in these enlightened days. It was reserved for Newman to lead a reaction in the Catholic direction, which was to revolutionize the Established Church, and draw many of her ablest sons with himself to the allegiance of Rome.

John Henry Newman was born in 1801, and was brought up in a religious home, after the method of the Evangelical movement which at that time, in the impulse of John Wesley's revival, was still dominant among the more religious members of the established Church. When a youth he studied deeply the leading Evangelical ministry, especially the Church history of Joseph Milner, which thus early gave his mind a turn toward the study of the fathers, and the idea of a great historic church. But he went to Oxford a decided Low Church man, firmly convinced that the Pope was anti-Christ, and he became an enthusiastic promoter of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

At Oxford young Newman encountered another influence of the revived taste for medievalism, which in the England of the first part of the nineteenth century had been promoted by the poetry of Scott and Wordsworth. Newman gained a fellowship at Oriel College, one of whose fellows, John Keble, in 1827, had published a remarkable book of poetry, the "Christian Year," breathing the spirit of such ecclesiastical traditions as had survived the overthrow of the august historic Catholicity in various nooks and side-currents of High Church-

ism under the first Stewart Kings. In Keble's poetry, under stained glass windows and dim religious light, auto-styled priests and guardian angels move in quasi-divine procession to the music of the organ, or rather, perhaps, of the melodeon. It was all very pretty, and so attractive to young ladies and curates as to speedily become a power in the Established Church.

To this movement Newman adhered and gave it the formative impulse of one of the most vigorous intellects of the age, of a writer of whom the London *Saturday Review* said (in its best days) that he "had left an indelible impress on English thought and speech. But Newman was no dreamer, no mere ceremonialist or ritualist. He sought a spiritual home, an infallible voice on earth to teach and forgive. This he tried to persuade himself could be realized in the Church of England. He became vicar of St. Mary's, the church of churches in Oxford. Then the youth of England's aristocracy of thought and culture drank in those marvellous "Parochial sermons." So marked their individuality, so vivid and forcible is their self-restrained power, sentence after sentence driving further in the wrong thoughts which the peroration clinched in the hearer's mind. Newman, unlike Keble or the bulk of the High Church revivalists, was no ritualist, no advocate for mere prettiness of ceremonial. His entire intellect was turned on the question: "How is it possible to escape from Atheism?" and when he came to the conclusion that refuge was only to be found in the most ancient church of all, he gave up his fame, his prospects, his enthusiastic followers, and left his beloved Oxford to be admitted into the church of his adoption by a simple monk, one Father Dominic. "Oxford," he says in his apologetic, "I have never seen since, except the spires from the railway station."

Dr. Newman was unpopular with those who, under Pius the Ninth, directed the current of church preferment. He lived as a humble priest at the oratory of St. Philip Neri. But the present Pope did honor to himself and the august church of which he is the head, by raising to the color of royalty and martyrdom, the purple of the Cardinal Princes of Catholicity, and of the noblest and purest of its ministers, a thinker and a writer, who can only find his peer in St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Paul.

C. P. M.

The Unseen Hand.

"Thank you very much, that was such a help to me," said a sick woman, as she dropped exhausted on her pillow, after her bed had been made for her.

The friend to whom she spoke looked up in surprise. She had not touched the invalid, for she had feared to give pain even by laying a hand upon her. She knew that the worn body was so racked with many pains, and had become so tender and sensitive, that the sick woman could not bear to be held or supported in any way. All that her friends could do was to stand quietly by her.

"I did nothing to help you, dear I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind without helping you at all; I was so afraid of hurting you."

"That was just it," said the invalid with a bright smile: "I knew you were there, and that if I slipped, I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear nor feel you. I knew I was safe, all the same, because you were ready to receive me into your arms if needful."

The sufferer paused a moment, and then, with a still brighter light on her face, she added:

"What a sweet thought that has brought to my mind! It is the same with my heavenly friend. Fear not, for I will be with thee. It is the promise, and, thanks be to God, I know He is faithful that promised. I can neither see, hear, nor touch Him with my mortal sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are the Everlasting Arms." - *Cottage and Artisan*

To restore gilding to picture frames, remove all dust with a soft brush, and wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.