Our Story.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAHOR'S DAUGITER," RTC.

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

By this time they had reached the drawing-room. "What is it, Dr. Black-what is the matter?" asked Miss Denston, nervously, as soon as they

"It is a touch of inflammation of the lungs. Georgie," replied Hester. She was very pale, but calm and self-possessed as usual. "And there is a great deal of nursing to be done."

The doctor wrote a prescription, and the address of two or three nursing institutions, questioned Miss Denston as to hereditary disease, and the past physical history of the patient, to whichho received answers which were very encouraging, and gave fuller directions about treatment. Then he took his departure, and the full realisation of her responsibilities fell upon Hester.

Miss Denston was scarcely less upon her hands than her brother. She was in a state of great agi-

The first thing to be done was to run home, and get auxiliaries; for it suddenly struck Hester that her mother would come in and do what was neces-sary till the nurse could be procured. Grace would sary till the nurse could be procured. Grace would go for the nurse, no doubt, and Hester could return and help her mother and take care of Miss Denaton. Miss Denston, meanwhile, had better see the landlady, and make arrangements with her concerning the bedroom which must be got ready.

This plan she sketched rapidly to Miss Denston, as she put on her hat and jacket.

But when she reached home she learned, to her dismay, that her mother had just gone out. Grace was at home, and quite ready to set off at once in search of a nurse.

Then Hester hurried back again, having given Sarah directions to let her know as soon as her mother returned. She found that affairs had progressed in her absence. A room was happily vacant on the floor above the drawing-room, and a fire had been lit there. Thither Hester repaired, to find a smoky fire in a very small grate. This she coaxed and tended, and then bethought herself of what ought to be done to make the room suitable for an abode of sickness. Was the bed aired? She had better see the landlady about that, and, in any case, it should be warmed—the servant must bring a warming-pan.

Heater pressed her hands to her temples as she stood looking round the room. She had never had auch responsibility upon her shoulders before. And there was involved in it more than responsibility, These petty details of arrangements were invested with something approaching to solemnity. Mr. Denston was dangerously ill—that meant in danger of death. There was no personal feeling in Hes-ter's mind towards the patient, to distract by any keen pain or desperate anxiety from the sense of awe which enveloped him with a strange mystic interest.

Hester experienced a kind of exaltation of mind as she moved about the room, clearing the table and mantleshelf of superfluous ornaments, and arranging the furniture as it seemed to her would be most convenient, which inspired her movements, usually characterised by a slow grace, with vigour, and brought fire into her calm eyes.

Then she went down to the drawing room and said she must see the landlady. Miss Denston feared that person would object to be sent for twice in the same morning; but in the end the bell was rung, and a message sent to her. She appeared puffing and panting from the ascent of the stairsa fat elderly person, with a gay cap, and hands just rubbed out of flour.

"May I trouble you to come up stairs with me for a few minutes?" said Hester; "I am very sorry

The landlady was struck with Hester's manner. It was dignified and condescending, with a touch of graceful apology, which contact with a practical world obliged Hester to substitute for her usual hauteur. Mrs. Wilson had been cook ir "good families," and was sensitive to a lady's manner. She said-

"Certainly, ma'am; don't mention it," and the

two went up into the bed-room.

"Now I must tell you, Mrs. Wilson," said Hester, "that Mr. Denston is dangerously ill, much worse than his sister imagines; and we must not let her know this, because of her own delicate health.

"Ah, poor lady I certainly not; though, at the same time—you'll excuse my sitting, ma'am, as the stairs are too much for me nowadays—I may say that I sin't sure but what it might do her good, in a way like; for she aint, to my thinkin', as considerate as she might be to the poor gentleman up-

"Well, Mrs. Wilson," said Hester, ignoring the insinuation, "You will help, I am sure, to do the best we can for him now. His claim on you, as on me, lies in the fact that he is helpless, and has no one but us to help him. My mother, I hope, will come in by-and-by, to do what is necessary till the nurse arrives; but in the meantime he must come down into this room, and you will help him, will you not ?'

The landlady agreed willingly, and arrangements being made as to warming pan and blankets, she repaired to the floor above to conduct the removal of the patient. Heater had given urgent injunctions that he was to be well wrapped up; but waiting below through what seemed to her an unaccountably long interval, her anxiety grew to impatience, and she went part way up the stairs to listen, and finally running all the way up, she en-quired at the door if Mrs Wilson wanted anything she had not got. "No, miss, thank you; we'll be down in a minute, now," was the reply; so Hester went down a little way, and waited a strangage. window. Probably she had never felt so anxious, so full of care, in her life as at this moment. And yet it was not exactly a painful experience. Her form seemed to dilate with a new vitality.

In a few moments the door opened, and the two appeared. The landlady, fair and florid, with her gay cap ribbons, offered a curious contrast to the cadaverous patient she supported, who, muffled in blankets, walked with uncertain feeble step. On the way down he staggered. Hester, who was watching from below, aprang to his side, and placed his hand on her shoulder. At the same time a curiously tender sensation passed through her, by again "That is a rather mild expression, considerable experience she only offered confirmation of ering that this good fellow is lying between life and

the other vibrating also. Denston smiled faintly and said-

"Thank you. I am engaged in realising for the first time the rotary motion of the earth."
"Ah, poor soul i he's wandering," said the land-

lady to Hester, under her breath.

Denston gave a short laugh, which resulted in a cough, which made Hester tremble, and caused her to be doubly thankful when the patient was safely established in the room below. When Hester went into the room he was shivering very much, and with a beating heart she piled on blankets and stirred the fire, fearing that she had done badly, and that he had taken a chill. But he soon began to feel comfortable again, and then Hester poured out solvening influence of her speech, the fact being a dozen of the making and the literary and the she was the cloud clear from it as she expected under the solvening influence of her speech, the fact being a dose of the medicine, which had just arrived. He

"Oh, dear, what trouble I am giving I Is all this necessary?"

Sick people are supposed to have re-entered childhood for the nonce, and women instinctively speak to them maternally. Hester, who had never

been nurse before, spoke so to the sick man.

"You need not trouble yourself about anything.
Just do all that you can to get better. That is what we all want."

"How is Georgina?" he asked, as Hester took the glass, "not worrying herself, I hope."

"She is, of course, anxious about you," said Hes"Why, he supports that selfish old sister of his

"I believe I am very ill," said Denston, dublously, adding quickly, "but you need not tell her so."
"She knows you are very ill, and means to take

great care of you. But I think you must not talk."
The blood rushed to Hester's cheeks, and her heart seemed for a moment to stop beating at the next question.

"Does the doctor say I am likely to die?"

How ought she to answer? She felt that her

face was being examined.
"I really don't know what Georgina would do, continued Denston, as though he had gathered his conclusion. He had contracted his brows painfully, like one possessed by anxious thought. This would not do. Hester rallied her forces.

"But you will not die. We will nurse you well, and you will try to get well."

Denston smiled so mournfully that the tears which were near the surface in Hester's excited

mood rose to her eyes. "Shall I?" he said. The tone was faintly humorous, but in some way

there was implied, or so it seemed to Hester, an indifference in the matter, born of a joyless life.

"For your sister's sake, at least," she said,

"Yes, yes," said Denston, with a weary accent. He turned away his head and said no more. For her sake a good many things had had to be done. Hester went away to report the progress of affairs

to Miss Denaton, and also to find out if her mother had returned. As she did so, she was conscious of the growth of a new pain at her heart, whose birth

plained to her what was needed. Mrs. Norris entered into the affair with gentle alacrity, and expressed kind feeling towards the brother and sister, though perhaps regret that she had not been on the spot earlier to relieve Hester from her trying position predominated. But kind as her mother was, Hester was conscious of an importance in the experiences of her morning, which her mother did not enter into. It seemed as though a very wide interval stretched between the meeting with her mother and the last parting, though in point of time it was represented by an hour or two. She had felt the throes of a fuller life, startling her, rousing her out of the subjective habit which had become second nature.

CHAPTER XV.

DISILLUSION.

early part of the day, and had observed the doctor's carriage drawn up opposite, had drawn the natural conclusion that Miss Denston had experienced an access of illness. When Grace came to wait upon him at dinner, he asked—

"How is the lady opposite?" smiling in expectation of Grace's surprise at his acuteness. But her face did not afford the response he expected. It

was unusually grave as she replied—
"Not as well as one could desire under the circumstances. Waterhouse stroked his beard with a puzzled

"Oh 1" said Grace, a sudden illumination flashing over her face; " perhaps you do not know that it is the brother who is ill; Miss Denston is only alarmed.

" Denston ill I " Waterhouse rose from his seat by the window,

and came nearer. "Why wasn't I told before? Upon my word, that was too bad."

Grace spread out her hands deprecatingly, and retreated with the faintest of mocking smiles on her lips.

" Pray don't slay me, Mr. Waterhouse. I have been out all day seeking a nurse."
"I beg your pardon," said Waterhouse, retreating from his rather defiant advance, "but I am really so annoyed that I did not know of this. I ought to have asked when I saw the doctor's car-

riage, for I suspected the man was on the point of breaking down. Here was I at home all the morning, and never stirred a finger on his behalf! But I have not heard yet what is the matter. Low fever, or brain fever, I shouldn't wonder."

"No, it is inflammation of the lungs, and I believe, from what my sister says, the doctor con-"And you have been out seeking a nurse, you say?" Waterhouse continued

Waterhouse continued, after a moment's grave pause. "Yes, I have been to I really don't know how

many institutions, and have returned only a very short time ago, and my mother and sister have been over the way all day, so you see there was

"That is a rather mild expression, considagain

the received theory that pity unallied with contempt is in a woman's breast closely allied with affection, and is a chord that can scarcely be atruck without the chance this morning of sharing in the services whether you were not to blame in not giving me the chance this morning of sharing in the services

you were all so ready to give him. At least you might have allowed me to go for the nurse."

Grace, after a moment's reflective pause, folded her hands meekly before her, and smilling with a mixture of frankness and sauciness, said—

"It penitence be made a test of my good sceling, the virtue is of course not difficult to practise. I am very sorry I did not see my duty in the right light this morning. Considering my experience of your kindness and capabilities in such like emer-

that Waterhouse was conscious in the concluding had been watching her silently, as she moved idea of the administration of a slight cuff at the about, and now, when she held out the glass to him, same time with the pat. Lovers of all ages of the world's history have regarded such obliviousness on the part of their mistresses as the worst possible Index.

"But I will tell you what you can do," continued Grace-an idea atriking her-"if you would like to help now. My mother and Hester have been on duty all day, and must remain so until the nurse comes this evening. You might go and relieve them. It would be a great boon. I am afraid my mother will get over-tired."

Denston looked at her with a languid surprise in "I will do so gladly," said Waterhouse. "In any his eyes, which brought a faint flush into Hester's case, I should have gone over directly after dinner face, but did not reply otherwise than by drinking to see Denston. Why, Miss Norris, he is one of the medicine Hester held out to him.

The best fellows I ever met, and, at the same time,

"Why, he supports that selfish old sister of his—but I beg your pardon! I believe she is a friend of yours, and I really don't know her. I on'y judge from the facts of the case. I don't think a woman has a right to hang upon a brother, and he a poor, hard-working fellow, as she does. He has not an altogether amiable exterior, I suppose, but I have

liked him from the first."
Waterhouse spoke in an argumentative tone, as if combating Grace's objections, which, as she had not advanced any, caused her to make a quiet

expostulation.

"I did not contradict you, Mr. Waterhouse." But Waterhouse was too full of his subject to

heed this little check. "I have never-if you will believe me, Miss Norris—felt more sorry for any man than I do for him. He deserves a better fate than the sorry one that has befallen him. It reproaches me now that I have done nothing all this time for him; but, for

the life of me, I couldn't see what to do."
"I think you have already given him the cup of cold water."

Grace spoke in a softened tone, and Waterhouse glanced at her in wonder. She was looking at him seriously and sweetly. But, instead of improving the opportunity, Waterhouse coloured violently, and, after his first hasty glance, refrained from looking at her for some time: in doing so, like many another modest man, neglecting the good that had been sent him; but, perhaps, after all, not thereby damaging himself in her eyes.

So it came to pass that Waterhouse spent his had returned. As she did so, she was conscious of the growth of a new pain at her heart, whose birth dated from the early morning, when her friend had greeted her, but which at present she had no time to heed.

Hester met her mother at the street door, and extend them, did Hester think of relinquishing her responsible. sibilities. Her desire to be alone was mixed with a certain dread of the feelings and thoughts which she was aware would then clamorously thrust themselves upon her. Yet the craving for solitude was uppermost. It was not possible that the kiss with which she proceeded to bid her friend farewell could be what it would have been at any previous time. She was conscious that there was a lack of the usual heart-wholeness in it . for a moment she trembled lest her friend should see the differencewhich at such a time would have been doubly disastrous. But the fear was unnecessary-the erabrace, the same in form, was not recognisably different in spirit from usual, and Miss Denston re-

DISILLUSION.

| alone to-night. You will stay and sleep with me,
Waterhouse, who had been at home during the | will you not?"

This was perhaps the sternest claim which duty, the "stern daughter of the voice of God," had made upon Hester that day, so urgently did the claims within her cry out to be heeded. How did her bare room in the roof appear at that moment to be a veritable sauctuary—an unattainable sauc-tuary ! The vision passed, and Hester, with her usual deliberate calm, replied—

"Certainly, Georgie, if you wish it, if I can be

of any service to you."
"Can you ask it? My dearest girl, you can always be of service to me. Your presence is the only consolation I have."

Hester turned pale under the stress of feeling: which was for the most part a kind of terior, which these words stirred up in her—a terror only emotional as yet, springing from the mere sensation of social bondage—a sensation the meaning and source of which her intellect had not yet seized upon. She made no reply, but sat down passively by the side of the couch, and hardly responded to the clasp of Miss Denston's hand on her own. Her

abstraction was not unnoticed.
What is it, Hester?" asked Miss Denston. "Does it trouble you to stay with me? quickly. Hester turned her face to her friend, with what she was conscious was a merely mechanical smile.

"I am tired," she said.
"Of course you are, my poor child. Forgive my

thoughtlessness. You want food and sleep, you ring the bell?" Hester secretly hoped she was tired, being con-scientiously afraid that she had told a falsehood

for she did not feel tired. The mental excitement of the day was still running high within, and eclipsed bodily sensations. But Miss Denston was very kind to her on the strength of that falsehood, if it were one, and made her eat and drink, and petted her till Hester felt ashamed. But when all was dark and still, and the two lay side by side in

bed, Miss Denston's composure gave way.
"Hester," she cried, suddenly, "I cannot bear the darkness; get up and light a candle, and give

me another dose of the sedative medicine."

Hester did as she was directed. She brought there over the way all day, so you see there was the light to the side of the bed, and gave Miss tation |). Well named. I have seen one entitled really no one to give you the news, which, as you know Mr. Denston, would, of course, interest you with dry and silent sobs, a piteous sight to see, but saloons were equally honest, some of their victims in Interest me!" Waterhouse looked rather fierce she took the medicine and drank it, and after a might be saved from temptation, delirium and Hell, while sank back on the pillow quieted.

(To be continued)

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.

SECOND QUARTER.

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

LESSON VII., May 16th, John Iv., 43-54; memorize verses 48.51.

GOLDEN TEXT .- " Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth." - John iv., 50.

TIME.-January, A.D. 29. Soon after the last

PLACE -- Cana and Capernaum in Galilee. CIRCUMSTANCIS.—Jesus remained two days at Sychar in Samaria after his conversation with the

woman at Jacob's well. Then he went on to Gali-lee as he proposed when he left Judæa, and continuing his journey northward, he arrived at Cana in Galilee, where Nathanael, one of his disciples, had

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES -43. Thence: from Sychar, 44. A prophet hath no honour, etc.: Jesus gives this as a reason for coming into Galilee. (1) Either his own country means Judæa, his religious home; or (2) it means Nazareth, and gives the reason why he went to other parts of Galilee; or (3) it means Galilee, and means that Jesus had no honour there till he had acquired it In Judea. Then the Galileans received him. 45. At the feast: chap. ii., 13-25. 46. Water wine: chap. ii., 1-11. Nobleman: one who belonged to the king's court. 47. Come down: Capernaum was 1350 feet lower than Cana. 48. Except ye see signs: they did not care enough for the truth itself, but wanted outward wonders. Wonders were good to aid faith, but the mind longing for spiritual life and for God, was better. 52. Yester-day, at the seventh hour: 7 o'clock in the evening, Koman time, as is usual in John. (The Jewish notation would be t o'clock, 7 hours from sunrise.) The n-bleman and his servants started the next morning, and met between Cana and Capernaum. 53. The father knew: the sameness of the hour showed that the healing was through the power of Jesus. Himself believed: not only believed his word as before, but accepted him as the true Mes-

siah, as his Saviour and teacher. SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS -v. 44.—Signs and wonders as aids to faith.—The nobleman.— The progress of his faith.—Jesus healing at a distance, then and now.—Jesus still healing and helping.—What is it to believe on Jesus?

LEARN BY HEART Heb. xi., z; Ps. 103; 1-4.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY—Where was the scene of our last lesson? On what subject did Jesus give a lesson to his disciples? How long did Jesus remain at Sychar? What was the result of his labours there?

SUDJECT: FAITH AND ITS REWARDS.

I. FAITH'S FOUNDATION (vs. 43-45, 48).—Where did Jesus go from Sychar? To what town? What reason does he give in v. 44 for going there? Where was his own country? How was he treated in Galilee? What reason did they have for their faith? Are signs and wonders a good reason for believing? Is there any better foundation for faith? Why is a prophet without honour in his own country?

II. PAITH LEADING TO JASUS (vs. 46-49).—
What man in a distant city heard of Jesus? What need had he of help? Did he have any faith? What did it lead him to do? How long was the journey? At what time of the day did he arrive? How did he show the carnestness of his

III. PAITH REWARDED (vs. 50-54)—What did Jesus do for him? How could he heal a person so far away? Did he believe Jesus? How did he show his faith? Who met him on the way home? With what message? How did he learn for certain that it was Jesus who had healed his son? How did this increase his faith? What is the dif-ference between the faith when it is said himself believed and the faith referred to in vs. 48 and 50? mained happily unconscious of the speck of dis. Did he now become a real Christian? What do loyalty which was eating its way into the core of the fruit. She clung to Hester, and would not let her go.

"You must not leave me, dearest; I cannot be of the rewards for believing at first? What other rewards had he? What teaching as to Christ's Did he now become a real Christian? What do rewards had he? What teaching as to Christ's power to help do you find that will be a comfort to you? Can Jesus heal our sicknesses?

LESSONS FROM THE CAPERNAUM NOBLEMAN. J. That we should take our cares and sicknesses and troubles to Jesus.

II. That as he did so much for his sick son, so our heavenly Pather is ready with his loving help to us in our needs.

III. All that God has done for others strengthens our faith that he will help us.
IV. He that has any true faith will act upon that faith.

V. He that acts up to his faith will gain more VI. God will give us our desire if it is best for

our spiritual good.
VII.—God's answer to our prayers for temporal blessings increases our faith in him as our Saviour and teacher.

REVIEW EXERCISE.—(For the whole school in concert.)—1. Where did Jesus go from Sychar? ANS. He went to Cana in Galilee, 2. Who heard of his arrival? Anc. A nobleman of Capernaum, who had a son at the point of death. 3. What did he do? ANS. He went up to Cana to entreat Jesus to go and heal his san. 4. What did Jesus do for him? ANS. He made his son well without going where he was. 5. What was the result? ANS. The whole family became Christians.

WONDERFULLY CANDID.

THE liquor dealers of Mexico are wonderfully candid, as well as decidedly prosperous. Bishop Haven describes some illustrations of this which met his eye in Guanajato .-

"One thing does flourish, if the church does not -the liquor saloons. Here, as everywhere the world over, the chief of devils is drink: but here, unlike the States, it assumes its true name. See that one on the chief street, rightly named "El Delirio" (The Delirium); and this is "La Tentacion!!" with two admiration points—(The Tempwhich they now, under false pretenses, too surely bestow -- Home Missionary.