# dur Story.

#### BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC. CHAPTER H .- (Continued).

NO. 47 DARBARA STREET. "THEY are horrid, Kitty, so they are; that is a most appropriate word. I was only joking. You may thank goodness that we have nothing to do

with them

Hester happening to leave the room just then, Grace said in a low tone to her little sister, "Run, Klity run to the window, and see if the distress signal is hoisted over the way"

Kitty, nothing toth, peeped behind the blind.
"Yes," she announced in a loud whisper, "the

cuttain is pulled only half across."

"Ah, so I thought. Then we may expect Mistress lietty to desert us very speedily, I suppose; but I shall try to get her to stay to night. Now, Kitty, for the parcels," she continued, as Hester re-entered the room, and with much eagerness Kitty brought them, and assisted at untyings and unwrappings, and manifested due wonder here and delight there. It was not often that such excite-ments occurred in that household.

"But show us the dress, Grace," said Hester;

"that is the most important purchase, and I know you have bought it, by the shape of that big parcel."
"Of course I have bought it," said Grace, who reddened visibly from some cause not apparent to the surprised sisters; "but just look first at Kitty's gloves; did you ever in your life see such a bar-gain? And, mother, I thought this would sult you," and sho ned a silk neckerchief of a rich hue round her mother's neck.

"My dear, you have been very extravagant," said Mrs. Norris; but her face brightened, and she seized her daughter's hand, with an impulsive

movement, and kissed It. That is nothing. You big people never remember that it costs nothing to dress my little body.
Try as I may, I cannot spend half my dress-money

in decking it out."
"Now, I will look at your dress, you tantalizing little creature," said Hester, unfolding, as she spoke, the wrappings from the largest parcel of all, and disclosing a roll of a dark soft aubstance, a warm

brown in colour.
"O:, lovely!" exclaimed Kitty, hanging over

the table in breathless interest.

'Yes; it is just the thing," said Hester, more calmly; though dresses were not to be regarded lightly as vanities by these girls, but rather as among the more serious problems of life. "But, Grace, surely you have got more stuff here than you need," she continued anxiously; "I am afraid you have made a mistake."

Surely, surely not I" cried Grace, clasping her hands, with a little scream of horror; but there was a sparkle in her eyes which betrayed her. "But do you think it is possible that we might make a dress for you out of the surplus? I should not mind so much in that care."

"Grace t" exclaimed Hester, reddening vividly, in her turn, while all eyes were fixed in amezement on the small elder sister, whose gift seemed to them all more like that of a fairy godmother than that of an ordinary mortal.

There were, indeed, tears gathering in Hester's eyes, not so much of pleasure in the gift-though that was not small to a grateful girl of eighteen, whose best and only respectable dress was a merino of four winters' careful wear, daily more visibly whitening at the seems-but tears which came at thought of the thousand and one small sacrifices, and some greater ones, which must have slowly accumulated round this unpretending deed.

" I feel like David did about the water at the well, Grace-how can I ever wear this?" she said

at last, with half a sob.
"Oh, dear!" said Grace, tartly; "do let me run

away with it, Kitty; she'll burn it, or throw it out of window, or something." And, catching up the dress, she hurried out of

the room, thereby cunningly eluding any further embarrassing remarks. After she had disappeared, however, she looked in again, saying, rather shyly— "Hester, does the divinity demand incense to-

night?"

liester's face lost on the instant its suffusion of grateful feeling.

"Miss Danston is expecting me," she answered, with some formality.

Don't go to-night. Stay and play to me to cure my beadache. "I cannot, Grace. I would gladly do so, but I

cannot to-night." Grace turned away without further audible remark, but on the other side the door she expressed her feelings by a slight shrug of her shoulders.

## CHAPTER HI.

NO. 42 BARDARA STREET.

Hester soon after went up stairs to her own room. It was at the top of the house, and was but a poor place. But that mattered little to Hester in comparison with the privilege of solitude which she there enjoyed. The house contained more rooms than the necessities of the family required, but, as it was one of several bequeathed to Mrs Norris by her father, from which her income was mainly derived, it was economical to occupy it. So Hester had no occasion to share her bedroom with elifer of her sisters. Grace, indeed, had always slept in her mother's room since the time when Hester's earliest recollections began, and that was fourteen years ago, when she was four years old and Grace was ten. She remembered mistily being told one day in a big nursery that the doctor had brought a new baby-sister, and, in consequence, wishing to beat the doctor, and she also had a picture in her mind belonging to that time of a bearded face associated with the name "papa," and with occasional delightful tossings in strong arms. Little more had been retained by her childish memory previous to the uneventful years which, ever since that time, had slipped by over her head in this Barbara Street house. Of her father's death, and of the consequent break-up of the luxurious home in which they had lived up till that event, she remembered nothing.

Kitty was a baby of a few months old when they had come to Barbara Street, and now she was an angular girl of fourteen, and Hester's pupil, as Hester had once been Grace's. Por neither of the girls had been to school; there had been no money to spend on education, and what of culture they possessed was doe to their mother or to their native quickness and perseverance. To the former might be attributed Hester's fine touch on the old Broadwood, and Grace's ready patter of the French

tongue, for Mrs. Norcis had been a pupil of Moscheles in her sirlish days, and had been "finished in Paris. It had been owing perhaps, in paris to the demand upon her to keep, for the make of her daughters, those acquirements from slipping away before they could be of use, which had in early day debarred their mother from yielding to that fatal inertia of mind which ultimately destroys the faculties like a crerping paralysis.
But if the girls owed much to their mother, they

owed perhaps still more to a natural brightness of intelligence, and a disdain of empty-mindedness, which stood them in place of that standard which social criticism sets up in the minds of ordinary gitls.

Hester had gone to her room to put on a nit and shawl, but having arrived there she sat down and looked before her absently, with her hands in her lap. She was somewhat like her mother in appearance, but a marked difference existed between the two personalities. The main expression of Hester's tail, graceful figure and regular features was like her mother's, one of repose and dignity bordering on coldness, but it was a coldness altogether lacking signs of the latent fire which appear-

ed to amoulder under her mother's calm existior.
The first impression Hester gave would probably be that she was not beautiful, the second that it would be difficult to prove she was not. Beauty of form could not be denied to her; perhaps it was an absence of light and colour about her face which made it ordinarily unattractive. Her brown hair, though abundant, had no lights in it; her eyes were a clear unsparkling haze), and her mouth, though well moulded, and enclosing perfect teeth, had no play of expression when she spoke, which an observer could find interest in watching. Yet why Hester's face should be thus expressionless it would be hard to say, for she had feelings to the full as keen as those of Grace, and an inward drama of personal hopes and fears much more vivid than her sister's, whose face showed as varied a play of light and shade as a mountain lake.
But then Hester's feelings were frequently not such as she wished to express, except to one indi-

vidual, and her lips and eyes had been often with intention restrained from using their natural language. And as our faces, of whatever kind we may have been blessed with, are only Nature's capital with which she starts us in life, they will be in the end pretty much of our own making, and show a sesuit which we have been unconsciously adjusting all our lives in the maniputation of our wits and characters.

Heater had been going through an experience of self-repression only this evening. It had been while still smarting under the sting of Kitty's manifested preference of Grace over herself, and while still struggling to control the sore and Jealous feelings which this had stirred up in her, that Grace's generosity declared itself. At the moment a generous appreciation of the deed had sprung a generous appreciation of the deed had sprung forth to meet it, and had swallowed up other sensations, but speedily they returned upon her with added bitterness. The glit had a hundred pricks which stung her whichever way she turned. To receive such a benefit from Grace just then was more than her conscience would bear. She sat alone in her room trying to get such a mastery over her feelings that the expression of them-might not be drawn from her by the almost resistless influence of the friend whom she was about to see. Hester's acquaintance with this friend had been brought about in an accidental way. She had one day in the previous summer been walking alone in the Chester Road, the main thoroughtare which runs through the suburb of Lowerbury, and into which one end of Barbara Street debouches. She became aware of a figure before her making such faltering and feeble steps that Hester feared she would fall. The lady presently walked to a shop window, and while apparently examining its contents leaned very heavily against it. Hester also walked up to the window, and saw with alarm that the atranger's face was of a ghastly pallor,

and her lips had a bluish tinge.
"Pardon me; I am agaid you are not well,"

ahe began. gularly penetrating voice; "but it is nothing more than an attack of a kind I am quite accustomed to. I have foolishly over-tired myself."

" May I get you a cab?" "No-oh, no 1-my home is close by in Barbara Street."

"Then pray allow me to walk with you," said Hester, offering her arm.

When they reached the lady's door, which proved to be just opposite Hester's own, she said :

Will you not come in and see me sometimes i I have seen you and your sisters frequently from the window of my room, where I am usually a prisoner. My name is Denston-Miss Denston." Hester promised. It seemed to her, even then, that she could with difficulty have refused any request made to her by this new acquaintance. The first visit led to a renewal of the invitation, and an intimacy sprang up, which was confined to these two. None of the other members of the Norris family had visited Miss Denston, nor was Hester on any but the most distant terms with that lady's brother, with whom she shared the drawing-room apartments of No. 42. It had now become a custom for Hester to sit with her for an hour or two when this brother was absent.

Hester, with a sigh, at last roused herself, and, putting on a hat and throwing a shawl round her shoulders, went out luto the dark night. The light from Miss Denston's drawing-room streamed into the atreet from the uncurtained half of the window. This was the signal Miss Denston arranged to give when she needed her friend. When Hesterreached the door of the room, she opened it very quietly, for noise must not be suffered to pass that thres-A heavy thick curtain fell over the door on the inside, and the air which met the incomer way heavy, and rich with perfume, partly artificial, and partly to be attributed to a superb pink hyacinth standing on a small table near the couch on which Miss Denston was lying. A fine bronze lamp dif-fused a clear subdued light through the room, and illumined especially a writing-table littered with manuscripts. The various elegancies observable here and there were noticeably incongruous with the ordinary lodging hours furniture and appointments. But Miss Denston, dressed in a loose gown of black satin, was herself the most noticeable object upon which the eye fell. Her figure was slightly deformed, but an Indian crepe shawl thrown over her shoulders left the fact barely perceptible. In age she appeared to be about thirtyfive. Her sallow worn face was crowned with a mass of jet-black hair, and was lighted by singular eyes, with very distinct irises, in colour of that transparent pale-blue which seems to possess a magnetic quality. She fixed them upon Hester, entering from behind the curtain; with a half-tender, half-reproachful gaze.
(To be continued)

# Pho Bulpit.

### SUNDAY EVENING WITH THE OHILDREN.

BY REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

" West ye not that I must be about my Father's business f

One of the most beautiful things in all the world is a child's love of a parent, and just because it is so beautiful it is God's very best picture of the Spirit of Jesus. A good child in a happy family can help us better than anything else to understand how simple and real was the love of Jesus to God. His warm young heart went into what He had to do for God with such enthusiasm as to make Him quitp surprised, almost pained, that men did not understand. "Wist ye not," he exclaimed—"wist ye not that I must be about my l'ather's busines? I have read a story of a Russian girl, the child

of a Russian soldier, which will help us to understand the attong feeling Jesus had for what Ho called His Father's business. Prascovia was the giri's name, and her father was banished from Russia by the tyrant, Ivan the Terrible. Hedd not deserve to be banished; he had done no harm, and was a good and true man. But that did not matter. To Ivan tue Terrible, prejedice was enough. For some reason or other, Ivan hated Prascovia's father, and banished him from his home and his country away into a cold, dreadful desert, where he was condemned to stop and pine till he died. It was a terrible doom. The poor man went, and with a broken heart. With him, too, went his wife and his one child, the child I am a problem about 122 condemned to the child I am speaking about, Prascovia, then a tiny creature of a few years old. And there Prascovia's father lost all his joy. Many were the bitter tears he shed this fot crushed him; his health failed; he became teeble, and sad, and wretched; and little Prascovia saw this, and she became sad and wretched too for she fied a tender heart, and she wondered and pondered why he was so,

At length, as she grew older, she came to know the cause. She knew that he pined for his old far-away home, his friends, his freedom, and his native land; and she saw that could he but go back to them he would be strong and well and happy again. Then she became slmost ill with longing for her poor father's return. That he should be allowed to return became the one desire of her heart, the one hope of her life, its prize and crown. What joy would it be to see him at rest in his own proper home again! And she thought about it till, in her young fancy, she saw it—ber father well and happy again f—and she was all rapture and ecatasy. And why not?—what hindered? Only the Emperor's heart; she must get at the Emperor's heart. Oh, if he but knew how good her father was, he would be sure to relent and alter the decree, and let him come back again and be happy. As she thought, she became more sure that she had only to tell the Emperor the facts, and he could not deny her request. To her girlish enthusiasm the distance to the Emperor, many hundreds of miles, seemed nothing. As she thought of all that she might do, if she could only reach him and tell her rate, her g owing mind had no room for thoughts of any kind of difficulty. At length she came to ask her-self, "Shall I go?" Then she came to feel that she ought to go, till at length-no matter what the difficulties, what the consequences—she must go. Her fallier's business became the joy set before her. Men might laugh at her plan, her body might feil lier on the way, defeat might await her at the end, but forebear she could not; the venture must be made. When the time came for the earnest child to

start, her heart was a tumult of joy. Along the first few miles of the way she ran; the long distance she had to travel, the long time it would take, were nothing to her, for to all perfectly holy purpose a thousand years are as one day. But it makes one very sad to read of what she suffered before that long journey was ended. Again and gain she lost her way; she begged, sometimes receiving an ungracious gift, sometimes having a a dox set at her, which tore her poor garments, and bit her thin limbs. Many a night did she sleep in a hovel, sometimes in a kindly cottage; sometimes she had not where to lay her head. Through snow and rain and mud she plodded her way, week after week, month after mouth, penniless, alone, timid, hungry, waked to the skin, sick at heart, faint, footsore, frezen. When she explained her errand she was often counted mad. When she passed through a village, bemired by splashing vehicles or by a fall in the mud, people found it in their hearts to make her a laughing-stock and mobbed her. Nobody understood her, everybody judged her to be a mere tramp and counted her a vagabond. One feels most sad to think of this perfectly beautiful girl as, lonely and depressed, she had many a quiet cry. Such was her life for the eighteen wearisome months through which she was dragging herself to Moscow, But nothing could turn her back; her inner life was one of unquenched passion for her banished father's return to his home, and all pain and suffering she bravely endured for this joy set before her. She must be about her father's business.

After-ailong and bitter time she reached the Emperor, told her tale, and-happy day !-moved his heart, won her father's liberty, and finished the work she had undertaken to do. Her father re-turned to home and freedom. But, alas, alas! the work cost the enthusiastic girl her life; shortly afterwards, she fell ill and died.

This touchingly lovely story of a child's fidelity to an earthly father has many points of comparison with the story of the beautiful love of the Son of God. First, then, it was with such feelings as those of Prascovia that Jesus left Heaven and journeyed through His earthly life. Men had banished His Pather from their hearts, and His one end and aim

a loving heart is God's rest and home. Then, too, Jesus suffered much in doing the work that He set Himself to do. It was a bitter time that He had before He accomplished His desire. He was dispised and rejected, and though. He did not complain. He often had to go away from people to be all alone, and once even in public He com-

was to get them to bid Him come back again; for

pletely broke down and cried. And there is one other point. It is this; so great was the love of Jesus to His Father that, under all pain and sorrow, and in dying on the cross, it was the source of strength and joy. He never turned back, or regretted that He had begun the work, but gladly went on to the end. And the last point Jesus, like Prascovia, did what He wanted to do. dozen human minds at length yielded to His pleadings, and open hearts bid God come in. plea that opened them was His own God-like spirit in life and death. That same plea opens hearts still, and every heart that opens adds another drop I to the cup of Jesus' joy.

## Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS. CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

LESSON IV., Jan. 24, 2 Kings xxv., 1-12; memorize Verses 11, 12,

GOLDEN TEXT.—" By the Rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."—Ps. exxxvil, t.

Time-jerusalem destroyed in the summer of Plue.—Jerusalem uettiogen in the sommer of B. C. 586. Eighteen years after the last lesson. Plue.—Jerusalem 1 Riblah, 75 miles north of Damascus; Babylon.
Rulers—Zedekiah, 21st and last king of Judah,

a son of Tosiali; Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. Prophets .- Jeremiah, in Jerusalem (627.582);

Rzeklel, in Babylonia (598-573); Daniel, in Baby-lon (628-536); Obadian (585).

Parallel Accounts. - Jet. 11, 4-16; 2 Chron. xxxvi., 11-21; Jet. xxxix., 1-8.

Biblical Literature of the Period. - Jet., chaps. xxi.-xxiii., xxviii.-xxxiii, xxxix., and Ps. ixxiv. and lxxix, give pictures of the slege. "Lamentations" describe the captivity. "Obadiah" belongs to the early part of the captivity.

Grecumstances — We turn now to the history in

the Book of Kings. It is 18 years since the last

lesson's story, but we must give a brief glance at the intervening history.

Approaches to the Final Doom.—The first captive ity (where the 70 years' captivity referred to in Jer. xxiv, to, begin.) was soon after the last lesson, B.C. 604. Daniel was among these cap ives. The second captivity took place six years later, B.C. 598, by Nebuchadnessar; 50 000 people and great treasures were carried to Babyium (2 Kings xxiv., 9-16).

Brekiel was among these captives. (Brek. I. 1, 2.)

Helps over Hard Places—I. Ninth year of his—
Zedekiah's reign. Tenth month—Tuebet, which includes from middle of December to middle of January. Hulls forts—high wooden towers from which to fling darts, firebrands, or thrust battering-rams. 2, 3. Eleventh year, fourth month—July, B.C. 586. A year and a half after the slege began. During this time the 3 023 captices of Jer, xxv., 28 (where "7th" should be "17th"). 4. By way of the yale—at the south of the city. The besiegers entered on the north. Toward the plain—of Jericho. cho. 6. Riblah - 75 miles north of Damascue, Here Nebuchadnezzar was overseeing two sieges, one at Jerusalem, and one at Tyre. 12. Remnant

of the multitules—those outside of the city.

Subjects for Special Reports.—The first captivity.

The second captivity.—The third captivity.

God's justice in the punishment of the Jews.—

His mercy.—How the way of transgressors is hard. The benefits that came from the captivity.

Learn by Heart.—Prov. 1, 28-32; xxix. 1. Exek.

xvili., 31, 32.

OUESTIONS.

Introductory. How many years intervene be-tween this lesson and the last? Who was king at the time of this captivity? Give the date. What prophets lived at this time, and where? Have you read over the history of this time as given in Jeremish and Chronicles?

SUBJECT-THE WAY OF TRANSCRESSORS IS HARD.

I. The Beginning of Sorrows.—What great trouble had Jeremiah foretold on account of the sins of the Jews? (Jer. xxvii., 22.) When did this captivity begin? (2 Kings xxiv., 1; Dan. i., s.) What prophet was among the captives? (Dan. i., i, 6.) When was the next capture of Jerusalem? (2 Kings xxiv, 8-to.) Describe it. (2 Kings xxiv.) 8-16.) How many captives were taken? Towhat place? By whom? What great prophet was among them? (Etek. i., 1, 2) Who continued to warn and entreat the people to do better? [Jer. 22, 1-3; Bzck. 2, 1-3). Way did God send these punishments upon them? Did he want them to suffer? What did he wish for them? (Ezek. xvill.)

Why were there so many of these lesser captivitles before the final destruction? Why does God send sorrows and pains upon us? Whom does He send to warn and entreat us?

II. The Great Sile y 'vs. 1-3)—When did the great slige begin? How long ago was it? Who were the besiegers? (Jer. xxxiv., 1.) Describe the siege. How long did it continue? What is said of the famine? (V. 3; Jer. xxxviii., 21; xxxviii., 0. Firsk s. 10) Ezek. 5, 10)

What captives were carried to Babylon during the siege? (Jer. lii., 28.) ("7th" there should read "17th.") By what land-purchase did Jeremiah show his faith? (Jer. xxxii, 6:15.) What pasm of repentance on the part of the Jews? (Jer. xxxiv., 8.20.) Nebuchadnezzar's army was called away at this time, for a season, by the Egyptian attack. (jer. xxxvii., 5-8)

III. Destruction of ferutalem and the Temple (vs. 4.12).—Where did the king go when the Chaldean army entered the city? Where was he taken? What was done to him? How long after this was the city destroyed? (vor. 8.) What was done to the city? What to the temple? What to the remaining lightheasts? maining inhabitants?

What treasures were carried away? (2 Kings xxv., 13-18) What book of Jeremiah laments over this terrible time? Did this discipline cure the Jews of idolatry? Show that now the way of transgressors is hard because of the troubles in the way; the warnings; God's hindering mercies and love; the destruction at the end of the way.

LESSONS FROM THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM. 1. God's object was love, to cure the nation of idolarry.
2: God pat every hindrance possible in the way

of their ain and destruction—prophets, warnings, mercies, time for repentance, a vision of the end. 3. God is just, and will surely punish the wicked. God is mercitul, and desires that all should

turn and be saved. 5. God makes the way of sin hard, that men should not walk in it.

6. Those that go on in sin must go against God's love, God's goodness to them, warnings, entreaties, Bibles, Sabbaths, the Holy Spirit, the certainty of punishment at last.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

(For the whole School in Concert.)

16. What great event had Jeremiah foretold to the Jews? Ans. Seventy years captivity on account of their sins. 17. When did this captivity begin? of their sins. 17. When did this captivity begin r. Ans. B.C., 604. 18. Who made them captives? Ans. Nebuchadnessar, King of Babylon. 19. What did he do with them? Ans. He took their treasures, and sent the people to Babylon. What more did he do? Ans. He utterly destroyed their city and the temple.—Peleulet.