LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO

BED Mr. Editor,—While spending a tew days, a the pleasant seaside town of Aberystwith, Car-diganshire, Wales, I heard related what seemed to me either a fabulous story or a marvellous

The story was that a poor sufferer who had not been able to lie down in bed for six long years, given up to die by all the Doctors, had been speedily oured by some Patent Medicine. It was related with the more implicit confidence from the circumstance, as was said, that the Vicar of Llarrystyd was familiar with the facts, and could wouch for the truth of the report.

and could vouch for the truth of the report.

Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling, I took the liberty while at the village of Llanrystyd to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans, and to enquire about this wonderful cure. Though a total stranger to him, both he and his wife most gracefully entertained me in a half hour's conversation, principally touching the case of Mr. Pugh, in which they seemed to take a deep and sympathetic interest, having been familiar with his sufferings, and now rejoiced in what seemed is sufferings, and now rejoiced in what seemed

to them a most remarkable cure.

The Vicar remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his having mentioned the case to Mr. John Thomas, a chemist of Llanon. He said Mr. Pugh was formerly a resident of their parish, but was now living in the parish of Llanddeinol.

He strongly vouched Mr. Wm. Pugh's char acter as a respectable farmer and worthy of credit. I left the venerable Vicar with a liveher sense of the happy relation of a pastor and people, feeling that he was one who truly sym-pathized with a'l who are afflicted in mind, body, or estate.

On my return to Aberystwith, I was im-On my return to Aberystwith, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose reputation stood so high. His farm is called Pancom-Mawr, signifying "above the dingle," situated near the summit of a smooth round hill, overlooking a beautiful valley in which is situated the lovely ivy-mantled Church of Llanddeinol. I found Mr. Pugh, apparently about 40 years old of wadium height wather about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slight, with a pleasant and intelligent face. 1 told him I heard of his great affliction and ef his remarkable and almost miraculous relief, and that I had come to learn from his own

ing, what there was of truth in the reports.

Mr. Pugh remarked that his neighbors had aken a kindly and sympathetic interest in his case for many years, but of late their interest had been greatly awakened by a happy change in his condition. What you report as having heard abroad, said he, is substantially hie, with one exception. I never understook that my case was ever given up as hopeless by any Physician. I have been treated by hysician. I have been treated by several Doctors hereabouts, as good as any in but unfortunately no prescription of theirs ever brought the desired relief.

Fifteen years ago, he said, I first became con-

scious of a sour and deranged stomach and loss of appetite, which the Doctors told me was Dyspepsia. What food I could hold in my tomach seemed to do me no good and was often thrown up with painful retchings. This was followed after a time with a horseness and a raw soreness of the throat which the Doctors called bronchitis, and I was treated for that, but with little success. Then came shortness of breath and a sense of suffocation, especially nights, with clammy sweat, and I would have to get out of bed and sometimes open a door or window in winter weather to fill my lungs with the cold

About six years ago I became so bad that I could not sleep in bed, but had to take my unquiet rest and dreamy sleep sitting in an arm chair. My affliction seemed to be working downward into my bowels as well as upwards into my lungs and threat. In the violent cough; ing spasms which grew more frequent, my abdomen would expand and collapse, and at times it would seem that I should suffocate. All this time I was reduced in strength so that I could perform no hard labor and my spirits were consequently much depressed.

"Oh! don't say that !" replied Maggie, quickly, as the thought of her cousin's feelings, when he should hear the news, flashed across his mind. "It will be such a blessing when it comes! Think, Ethel, of a little creature"—here she halted for a moment, but only for a moment—"all your own, to love you and look up to you; there could be no greater happiness!"

Lady Ethel's breast heaved: she was not insensible to the prespect laid out before her. About six years ago I became so bad that I

sequently much depressed.

Early in this last spring I had a still more severe spasmodic attack, and my family and neighbors became alarmed, believing that certainly I would not survive, when a neighbor, who had some knowledge, or had heard of the medicine, sent to Aberystwith by the driver of the Omnibus Post, some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative

This medicine they administered to me according to the directions, when to their surprise and delight no lesss than my own, the spams becameat ease, and my stomach was calmed. My bowles were moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort a lithrough such as had not before realized in many years. I could walk around the house and breathe comfortably in a few hours after I had taken the medicine. I have continued to take the medicine daily now for something over two months, and I can lay down and sleep sweetly at nights and have not since had recurrence of those terrible spasms and sweatings. I have been so long broken down and reduced in my whole system that I have not tried to perform any very hard out-door labor, deeming it best to be prudent lest by over-exertion I may do myself injury before my strength is fully restored. I feel that my stomach and bowels have been and are being thoroughly renovated and renewed by the medicine. In fact I feel like a new man.

I have been much congratulated by m., neigh-

bors, especially by the good Vicar of Llanry-styd, who with his sympathetic wife have come styd, who with his sympathetic wife have comp three miles to shed tears of joy on my recovery. I bade Mr. Pugh good-bye, happy that even one at least among thousands had found a remedy for anaggravating disease. Believing this remarkable case of Dyspeptic

Asthma should be known to the public, I beg to submit the above facts as they are related to F. T. W.

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DUBLIN, Aug. 11 .- The Longford board of guardians has adopted resolutions denouncing five local landlords for the heartless eviction of fifty-six families. The action of the landlords, the resolutions say, is ascribable to organized attempts to create disorders and there crime in a peaceable country, the landlords knowing that it is impossible for tenants to pay rackrents. The board asks the Government to take immediate cognizance of the landlords' action in order to prevent wholesale pauperism, and the deportation of large numbers of the people of Ireland.

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BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, [MRS. ROSS CHURCH,] Author of "Love's Conflict," " Veronique,

CHAPTER XLV.-Continued. "I can't say I am. You see, his mother and I are not the best of friends, Maggie Do you know why I am ill? Has Dr. Chal-

"From over-fatigue, is it not, and perhaps mers told you!" a little worry combined with it?" said Maggle, affections tely, as she laid her hand on

Lady Ethel's. "Well-yes; but that is not all. I am going to have a baby."

Maggie had been looking earnestly in her face the while, but at these words she rose

and, dropping her hand, turned suddenly away to the window. "Indeed, dear!" the words were cheerfully delivered, though the voice was rather strained, "that is grand news. How pleased you must be."

She thought she had been reconciled to the marriage of her cousin, but this information

staggered her. Why is it that a woman, by strength of will and steady purpose, can bring herself to contemplate the fact that the man she cares for has preferred another—can even force herself to be a friend, where she has been a lover and yet have no firmness to look on children born of such a union?

She can let the man go! If he has lost his love for her, with what object should she seek to stay him? Let him wed elsewhere, if so it pleases him; but let it be a silent house he goes to! She does not say so, porhaps she hardly dares to wish it; but it is the natural language of her heart.

If he finds, greater pleasure, warmer looks, more constant love, in the embraces of a stranger, she is content; but may no sweet child seal the unhallowed union to bind their hearts irrevocably to each other. For children are a pledge-a sign-a token of affection-which no other thing can be; and the man who can look upon a woman and forget she is the mother of his offspring, is less than man-he is not deserving of the name. It is a sacred seal set on her which should for ever preserve her from the blight of coldness, unkindness, or neglect; and women, who have faith in the honor of the men they love, know it to be so. Maggie would not have altered one phase of her existence, if she could; she had no wish but to see her cousin happy with the woman whom he loved; and yet at the thought of this new life on its way, she trem-

bled and grew hot and cold by turns.

I only tell it to depict her resolution. This was nature, and she was natural from head to foot; but there was a stronger power within to overcome it.

"I am not sure of being pleased," said Lady Ethel, in answer to her last observation, "it came on me as a great surprise, and I think I have been rather sorry since than it came on me as a great surprise, and otherwise."

"Oh ! don't say that !" replied Maggie,

insensible to the prospect laid out before her,

"Well, I don't know! It will be an imalone, you see !"

"But you will not be alone then," said Maggie, confidently.

Lady Ethel looked away.

"At all events it is inevitable," she replied, after a pause, "so it's no use grumbling about it, Maggie. Is it not nearly time for tea? I am so thirsty;" and her willing

messenger flew to give the required orders. The days slipped tranquilly one after another. Maggie had nothing but good accounts to send to Cranshaws, and Lady Ethel

gratitude. and accustomed to regard everything and body exactly in proportion as it ministered that Maggie's constant attendance in her sick-room was amply repaid by thanks and multiplied caresses. She could not go out herself, and therefore it never struck her nurse was suffering for want of exercise; and it was not until Dr. Chalmers had spoken to her on the subject that she asked Maggie if she did not think a walk would do her good.

Maggie was enduring a slight headache at the moment, for, used to an abundance of fresh air and exercise, she had felt the close she cared to acknowledge; but she declined to avail herselffof Lady Ethel's offer till the

morrow. "To-morrow will be Sunday, you know," she said, with a smile, "and then, if you can spare me, Ethel, I should be glad to go to church. I have a friend belonging to the sisterhood of Saint Ermenilda's, and I want to attend service there."

" Saint Ermenilda's!" repeated Lady Ethel why, that is our church! we always go

"Is not the service very beautiful?" . Oh, yes! there is splendid music; and boy in the choir with a voice like a thrush. But horribly hard chairs; I advise you to take a shewl, or something to sit down upon. And you have a friend amongst the sisters? those women with black hoods and things how funny! I don't know any of them ; but I will order the carriage to be ready at a quarter past ten to-morrow to take you there. But not twice a day, Maggio! I can't spare you for more than the morning service, and I'm sure that's long enough for enybody."

And Maggie smiled, and promised not to be encroaching, whilst her heart beat faster at the idea of worshipping in the same church

as Sister Margaret. Yet, all this while she had been unable to say a word about her cousin Thomas. A score of times his name had been upon her very lips, but something in the face of Lady Ethel had restrained her. They had spoken of Cranshaws, of London, of the house they lived in, of the child that was expected; and yet the owner, the master, the husband, and the

father, was a forbidden subject. Maggie felt sometimes as though she could not bear it—as though she must transgress all bounds to plead the cause of him who could no longer plead his own—as though she must tell Lady Ethel either to give him her affection or withhold it from herself. It seemed so cruelly hard that of all topics spoken of between them, his name should be the only one forbidden. But the remembrance of Aunt Letty

and her last advice restrained her.
Maggie had the utmost faith in Miss Lloyd's good sense and counsel. She had told her not toot of myself. And just now I have a little

CHAPTER XLVL

waiting for the carriage to come round.

"" Psouthy dear child I you'll get nothing so comfortable as a pew at Saint Ermenild's, I can premise you. Go and sit down for the first rush bottomed chair you see, and consider der yourself lucky if you have uct a dress-maker on one side of you and a housemaid on

the slightest regards for one's feelings, and you never know next to whom you may sit." I'm The rich and the poor are met together,

da's was to Curzon street, she was almost ashamed to have had the carriage ordered for her : but she was quite ignorant of London, and would have had to ask her way. Besides, the church, which was a large solid structure of dark-red brick, stood back from the dwell ings in the thoroughfare it occupied, and by s stranger might easily have been passed by, though its deep bell gave sonorous notice of its proximity. It was approached through massive iron gates, and Maggie Henderson had scarcely set her foot within its court be fore the stillness of the place fell on her, and her heart said, "this is the gate of Heaven.

how much more so when she bad en tered them! The church was dim, almost ing service; but Maggie had no eyes for any thing but the numerous worshippers already scattered about the sacred building and engaged in preparatory prayer. She longed to join taem; to feel herself one with them in purpose as she was in spirit; and, timidly taking up her station at some distance from the altar, she remained lost to all things earthly, until the rising of the congregation roused her to the knowledge that the stalls were filled with white-robe choristers, and the ambassadors of Christ were ready to fullfil their mission. Maggie had never witnessed such a congregation, and as she stood up and saw, not only the sittings, but the aisles, crowded with enger faces all turned towards the chancel, the verse flashed across her mind: "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the House of the Lord."

ing looks in church before ; never more

ing. Then commenced the service.
There is no need to chant the praises of our liturgy, which every Church acknowledges to be as nearly perfect as it is possible for human work to be, but Margaret Henderson

Rapidly but majestically it proceeded, without hurry and without hesitation, yet with an amount of reverence conveyed by every look, and gesture, and position, which was as unusual as it was apparent.

Maggie listened to it all, as though she had the brief practical sermon, the solemn Credo, followed by the still more solemn Celebra-

flowing. She had loved Him all her life; yet now, loving Him no less, she glowed and done before.

having permitted her to love Him in return. What wonder she fell down and worship-

ped Him! Let none dream, however, that I imagine outward things make any difference in the soul's interior converse with its Maker; they elevate, but cannot widen it. Were it not so, God help the many who from the cradle to the grave possess no such advantages as those I write of; and had not Margaret Henderson been depicted in her country home as serving faithfully, I might not have dared to draw her feelings upon this occasion. But what she had said erstwhile to Colonel Bainbridge was the truth ; she would have scorned to desert His presence on an alter decked in rags, therefore she had carned the rapture she experienced now.

her entrance into the joy of her Lord? When she lifted up her face again—her blistered, tear stained, happy face-there was a glow upon it, such as may, perhaps, at times have shone on that of His disciples. It was still lingering there as she re-entered the deep porch, where Sister Margaret, who had been apprised by letter of her coming, was waiting to receive her.

The look exchanged between them was significant. You like it," said the Sister, as they

clasped hands of true fellowship. "Like it!" Maggie's eloquence failed to express all she felt. "O Sister Margaret, I. can think of nothing but that I love Him with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my mind, and with all my strength. I have seen 'the King in His beauty.' Blessed Saint Ermenilda!" as lovingly she gazed back into the empty church. "Shall I ever back into the empty church. "Shall I ever forget this day? I am not the same creature that I was on entering these wells."

"When are you going to become one of us ?" inquired her companion, smilingly. "When He pleases, Sister Margaret; I am all His, as you are, and cannot move hand or

to force Lady Ethel's confidence, and so she work at home," and then she detalled the circumstances of Lady Ethel's illness and the probability of her being much detained in-

"But you must come and see us before leaving London, said the Sister; and Maggie respective destinations.

The happy look that hand upon he did not escape the notice of large. The large of the large of the large of larg

elaimed, as Magdie went up to her side.

"Like is nomain fortit;" said Magdie, enthusiastically: "I am charmed delighted.

I have had such a happy time." I thought you would, everyone admires

it so. Are not the windows lovely?" Maggie started. "I don't think I saw the windows, Ethel!"

" Not the painted windows with the bis tory of Saint Ermenfida? Why, where were your eyes? They are considered the best things there. And the carved screen too." "The screen? Is that the part which divides the chancel from the nave?"

" Oi course ; it is all in marble, and came, I believe, from It-ly. What color did the alter wear to-day? "What color? I do not understand you,

Ethel. "Was it vested in red or green? Red is for the martyrs and saints, you know, but green means nothing. It wears green every

day."
"I am sure I can't tell you," replied Maggie.
"What a queer girl you are! I thought you were such a devotee. I suppose you

never looked at the altar at all?" "Oh, yes, I did," said Maggie, eagerly, and at the painting above it—the Biesser Virgin holding out the infant Saviour to the people. How beautifully it is done; the Child seems almost to stand out from her arms: and the expressio of his face. too!

could hardly take my eyes off it." "The lectern is generally considered to be a very fine piece of workmanship. I don't think I observed the lectern."

" What anthem did they sing to-day at th Consecration?" " I do not remember." said the other.

"Lou naven't seen anything, and you don't remember anything. Why what were you doing all the time?" Maggie was going to reply; she struggled

to get out an answer, but she could not man-age it, so she stooped down and kissed Lady Ethel on the cheek instead. "You might just as well have been at home with me," observed her ladyship, pouting. "I must go some other day," said Maggie, and see the things of which you speak. They would give me infinite pleasure, I can assure you. Only this morning-it was all so

new, you see-and-I was thinking of someshing else."
"What else?" demanded Lady Ethel. Maggie lingered for a moment by the bed side as though uncertain what to answer, and then, without speaking, left the room.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ICE BEGINS TO THAW. The rest of the day passed very quietly, for Maggie was more thoughtful than usual, and Lady Ethel dozed, or seemed to doze, away the greater part of the afternoon upon her hed.

It was dusk when she fully roused herself again; a soft air was creeping in at the inclosed windows, and the figure of her friend was but just discernible in the dim twilight.

Lady Ethel turned upon her heated pillow with a deep drawn sigh. Something had affected her; she was more low-spirited than usual. "How long the days are and how horrible

and silent everything appears! Why don't you light the candles?" "Too soon, is it not? and I thought that they might wake you."
"I have been awake for hours. What are

you doing, Maggie? You can't be reading, though you have a book in your hand." "No; it is too dark. I was thinking Ethel.'

"Of what?" "The sermon which I heard this morn-

ing."
"What a lively subject!" "It was very interesting, as you would acknowledge had you heard it. So short and yet so practical, and to the point. It was on

charity and the erroneous manner in which some people translate the word. The preacher said that, doubtless, there were many women present who, in a moment of excite ment, would throw a bracelet into the offertory bag, or bestow a shawl they wore upon a beggar, who would be incapable of resigning the enjoyment of an hour in order to set a good example, or gratify the wishes of another ! So try.e ; is it not ?"

"I daresay it is," with a yawn; "only I have not much faith in all that self-denying business, and people pretending that it gives them pleasure.

"Have you not!" The remark struck Maggie painfully, remembering, as she did, how often her cousin had given up his will to Lady Ethel's, and sought no return. "But you must often have seen and admired it. Ethel. There is nothing so lovely as unselfishness.'

"We were not addicted to practising the virtue at Lady Clevedon's." "And I have seen so much of it," said Mag-

gie, musingly. "I believe my dear uncl was one of the most unselfish creatures that

God ever made."

To this remark there was no arswer. "I have been thinking so much of him today," she went on, presently. "I wanted him in Saint Ermenilda's. He had never attended any but country services, you know, and funcied nothing else would please him but he was so thoroughly good and unaffected, so ready to believe that, in religion, everyheay must be before himself, and so anxious to promote the glory and honor of God, that I am sure he would have altered his opinion. He could not but have acknowledged the grandeur of what I heard to-day, as a fitting

would have thrilled and melted under it as mine did. Dear uncle?" Still there was no answer to her observations, but Lady Ethel turned restlessly about, until her head was turned from view "Of course I can't expect that you should follow me," continued Maggie; "you saw so little of him, but"-"I wish you wouldn't speak to me of

tribute to the King of kings, and his heart

The words came so abruptly and so vehemently, that her companion started. " Not of my uncle? O Ethel! surely you are not cherishing resentment for him still. Remember where he is-and that he can naver vex you more !''

him!"

her neck.

"It is not that?' The voice which snoke was broken. " Not that? Dear Ethel! what have I that he has not forgiven; he who forgave you over and over again, before he died." "Did ha? O Maggie!" and round came the positent arms to clasp themselves about

"Don't sob so ! dear, don't sob so, or you'll upset my calmness too. The occasion for it is all past. He will never teel annoy.

Ribel, weeping. His last looks his last while, they haunt hie day and night. Do you remember what they have if God Arinighty bless you and and your children if you have any!"

Left, dear, and they ought to comfort to me any limit to write the last will make him so unhappy! I was so so rade and underly limit to him. And then him so unhappy! I was so so rade and underly libin. And then him to think the would."

"But I made him so unhappy! I was so so rade and underly libin. And then him to think the would."

But still Lady Rthal 312

darling! He talked so often of you during the last few days, it seemed as though he intended you should hear how entirely he had forgotten your behaviour."

What did he say ?" "That he was sure you had so much sterling worth, beneath the crust of pride raised by your artificial education, that it depended on your husband's judiciousness whether you turned out a good wife or a bad

one."
"How little he knew of me! I am not teachable like that !"

" And that the greatest blessing God could send you would be children. Baby hands to pull down your reserve; baby voices to distract your attention from yourself; and baby wants to make you grow less selfish. I speak plainly, dear, as he spoke; don't let me offend vou."

There seemed little fear of that, if one might judge from Lady Ethel's low continued

"But Maggie—do you know—did he ever tell you that the reason that he was too late to see his father, was-because-because-I"

"He did not tell me, Ethel, but I guessed it. It was very, very sad, but you could not foretell the consequences, and it is all right now.'

" All right now?" In her surprise at the assertion, Lady Ethel stayed her tears to lift a flushed face of in-

quiry to her friend. "With regard to uncle. He knows now why his son was absent from his dying bed, and such things have no more power to vex him.

"But he cannot know that I am sorry." "Why not, dear? I believe he does; and thanks God for his death, if it has been the means of changing your state of mind. Dear Ethel, you don't half know what a loving soul he was. He never had an unkind thought for any living creature—is it likely he would begin now? Why do you cry still? You will be ill if you can't control yourself, and

then Dr. Chalmers will be angry with me." Yet still her face was bowed upon the pillow, whilst her trembling frame gave evidence of her emotion, and Maggie felt the time to speak had come.

"Ethel, there is something further. Your self-reproaches are not all for your careless speeches to my uncle. A deeper wound than that is troubling you. Why not give it vent? "U Maggie! you must guess what it

is. He was angry with me—justly angry; and in my resentment I insulted him upon his tenderest point. I said what was not true, and drove him from his home; and now-now"-with a failing voice-" I am so

"But, dear, I thought you did not care for him.

"Not care for him! not care for him?" exclaimed Lady Ethel, hysterically, as starting up she threw her arms above her head. "I care for him as my life, I would die to bring him back again! I am thirsting to hear the sound of his voice or feel the touch of his know that I shall never see him again as long as I live. And the child too—the child—I shall never put it in its father's arms. O Thomas! Thomas!" and with hidden face she rocked herself backwards and forwards

in her bed.
"Thank God!" said Maggie, solemnly. "For what? For utter misery?" inquired

Lady Ethel. "For the dawn of hope," replied the other. "If you love him, everything is easy. A

word will bring him back to you.' "Oh, no!" despairingly; "you do not know what passed between us, Maggie! I told him that I cared for some one else, and he will never forgive it or forget it. I said I hated him—I hated him !—him whom I would have died in the same hour to serve; but it was all my wretched pride, and I am rightly punished for it. O Maggie, my heart is broken; I shall never, never be a happy woman again."

"Hush! hush! no one can say so much as that, no one should dare say it whilst he lives.

"But so far off, and in that dreadful climate, he may never return." "If so, you will not be left alone." "I may never have the opportunity to tell

him l am sorry." "It will be told him for you, Ethel." "I may have to pass my life without seeing him again."

"But not without One who loves you far more than Cousin Thomas does; who suffers with every pain experienced by your heart, and echoes every repentant sigh you heave. O, Ethel," with clasped hands falling on her knees beside the bed, "do try to believe that He is by you at this very moment, hearing every word, reading each thought, and able by a breath to fulfil your dearest wishes if you make them known to Him." "I have forgotten Him so long," said Lady

Ethel, in a low voice. "He has never forgotten you, dear." "But that makes it so much harder. How can I go to Him just because I want some-

thing, when I never remembered Him in my happiness? It seems so mean," Nothing can be mean, dear, that brings us to His feet. And it is so sweet, whilst kneeling there, to think that He knows every thing; there is no occasion even to speak to Him : our tears are all the explanation that

He needs. And then, seeing that they still streamed down the cheeks of Lady Ethel, Maggie bent over the repentent girl, and took her in her arms as though she had been a little child, and sweetly kissing then: all away.

"Dear Ethel, don't cry any more. Every thing will come right in time; I am sure it will. And now you must let me ring for candles and your tes, or you will have a headache and be unable to sleep. And assuming a bright, cheerful counten

ance, she coaxed the invalid to eat and drink until her former composure was restored, and she saw her drop off tranquilly to rest. But the next morning, as soon as Lady Ethel's toilet was completed, Maggie came dancing to her bedside with pen, ink, and paper, and placed them all before her.
"For what?" she asked, in genuine sur

prise. "To write to him, dear. You must write said to make you cry? "You cannot believe at once to Cousin Thomas and tell him to come home. A word from you will bring him back again."

But Maggie had been too preciritate, and Lady Etnel shrunk from the proposal. In a soft moment she had acknowledged her fault and her repentance, but she was hardly prepared to put a seal to the confession, and a remnant of the old pride rose to hinder it.

"You will but tells him what you told to

Maggie saw her errand for the time was fruit-

less. ... May I write to him, Ethel?" she enquired, after a short pause.

of course t What has my leave to do with it? He is vour consin." "Yes: 1 but you know what I mean. May I write and tell him you are ill, and lonely, and in bad spirits, and that he must come

but nothing more, remember, Maggie! Now promise me.

swer, "and send or tear it up, as seems agreeable to you. That is a fair bargain, is it not! And now 1 must go and write it, or it will not be ready for to morrow's mail." In another hour she returned.

"There is my production, Ethel," placing two crossed sheets of paper in her band; "a fearful scribble, but I dare say you will be able to decipher it; and there is the envelope ready stamped and directed. If you don't like my letter tear it up, but if it meets with your approval, you had better send it to the post at once, I am just going round to see Sister Mar. garet, but shall be back before your luncheon time. Good-bye," and with a kiss she left

Lady Ethel regarded the sheets before her with somewhat of diemay. She knew Maggie's energetic character; and felt u

though she held her own fate in her hands. At one time she thought that she would send them to the post unread; but curiosity overpowered the half-formed resolution, and she commenced to peruse them. And as she read, and her own heart was laid bare before her, the tears gathered in her eyes and fell

upon the paper. Maggie had not spared her, had not mean to spare her. She spoke freely to her cousin of the mental anguish he had suffered and divulged to her at Cranshaws; enlarging on his love for Lady Ethel, and his bitter disappointment at the discovery it was not reciprocated; and then she touched upon the present weakness of his wife, her loneliness and need of careful treatment, and begged him to return to England as soon as it was possible to do so. And her allusions and entreaties pierced the very heart of the woman for whom they had been written.

Maggie had dexterously placed a pen an inkstand by the side of Lady Ethel's bed, and as she came to the end of the epists, where a little alip of fair paper had been left, unwritten on, her longing to have some communication with the man whose hands should touch it next grew too strong for her reint ance, and, seizing the pen, she wrote, huriedly, just below his cousin's signature.

'Oh, come! Do come! I want you!" The deed done, she felt half ashamed of it Supposing he should refuse a reconciliation and desire her to write no more, or taunt her with having made an ineffectual act of his miliation. Alarmed at the idea, Lady Ethel smeared over the words she had transcribed. to render them, as she thought, illegible; but the ink had already sunk into the this foreign paper, and having disfigured without aha baatii and enclosing it in the envelope, ordered Louise to have it taken to the post:

"Isit gone?" cried Maggie, when she re-turned from her visit; and being answerd in the affirmative, told Lady Ethel that she would lay her a thousand pounds: if she had them, that in two months' time Colonel Bain bridge would be back in England.

"I don't believe it," said the wife, despodently; "it takes more than a letter w make up a quarrel like ours—besides two months! just fancy, Maggie, what a time w wait! It seems an eternity in prospect." Nevertheless, she was much more cheerful after the letter was posted than she had been

bidding her good-night, said, rather awawardly, but with evident sincerity-"If you are going to read-you always do so, do you not?—you may just as well read

before, and that evening, when Maggie was

here as in you own room."

So Margaret Henderson sat down again the bedside, and read a certain gracions promise to the intent that, though a wome may forget her sucking child, there is One by whom we can never be either forgotten forsaken. "I cannot remember my mother," ssi

Lady Ethel, thoughtfully (she had alluded more than once of late to the same subject) but I have heard my father say that the last word she uttered was my name. mother's love must be a very holy thing." "Yes, or it would not have been chosen us a type of His. But, I thank Heaven, I have

never known the loss of it. Aunt Lizzie bu been my mother." " Is she so good to you?" "Oh, very good; so sweet, and patient and forbearing. She has never made the difference between me and Cousin Thomal on him. And in sickness or trouble, then no one like her; except, indeed, Aunt Lette

who is my peculiar property." Lady Ethel sighed. "It must be very sweet to have a mother she repeated.

"You have one, Ethel." The blue eyes were fixed inquiringly on he "Aunt Lizzie. Who could be more daughter to her than her dear son's wife

And I am sure that no one would be readisto not a mother's part to you. She would love you just the same as if you were he wn. For his sake, if for nothing else,".

And Lady Ethel fell to sleep with the words sounding in her ears, and a smile up

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HOME AT LAST. The time went on, until Maggie had near been a month in Curzon street, and Lat Ethel had so far regained her strength as be allowed to move about the house, and take carriage exercise. But she never cared drive out in the Park, nor would she go and where without her friend. Maggie seeme to have become indispensable to her, and the old haunts distasteful; so, by mutual conses they made daily excursions into the surroun ing country, and spent as little time as particle in the crowded theroughfares.

Yet even with this precaution it was n practicable for Lady Ethel entirely to avoit the remembrances that pained her. Mor than once, as she and Maggie Henderson dro out together, they came in contact with containing showily-appointed carriage, containing handsome woman, with a child seated by side; a woman who, passing Lady Ethers. without apparent recognition, stared wit supercilious contempt at her compani eliciting a justly-deserved condemnation iro

the lips of her step-daughter.
"There is my father's widow, Maggie, a specimen of courtesy for you. Not the

(From the Reading Daily Eagle.) Onions inhaled cause sleep, rest and repose. The soldier on his march and the exhausted iron worker get great strength from eating, the onion. Tie a fresh onion around the neck and bruise it to make its odor thorough. and you secure sound sleep from its nightly

their Celebrated Voltate Belts and Electric Appliances or thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous debilli y, Lose of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in scaled envelope with full particulars,

SAINT ERMENILDA'S. Lauppose i may ask for your pew ? waid Manufer, the next morning, as she stood by Lady Ethela bed, drawing on ber gloves, and

the other. That's the worst part of these high churches, they let everybody in without

said Maggie, amiling, "Just so," replied Lady Ethel, without the least conception of the meaning of that smile, "and I assure you I have sometimes had the shabbiest people possible put next to me. But if you go at once, dear, and get into the front seats, there will not be so much

fear of it." "I am not afraid," said Maggie, as she kissed ber friend and went downstairs. When she found how near Saint Ermenil

And if she felt so without its walls,

dark, for all its glass was stained, and in the chancel gas was lighted, even for the morn-

She had never seen such joyous, anticipatsolemn ones. The priests knelt; every knee dropped simultaneously upon the stone floor, of St. Ermenilda's, and for a few moments the silence of death pervaded the vast build-

had not thought it could be rendered as she heard it then.

only she was still a little too proud to confess | been in some happy, heavenly dream; it was too surprising, too wonderful at first almost to believe; certainly to mense trouble, and I feel very nervous; and adopt as one's own rightful heritage.

and"—with a quivering lip, "1 am all As the two bands of cheristers answered each other in the psalms-the glorious organ, whether sad or joyous, plaintive or solemn, tallying with the words they sang-they seemed to acquire a new meaning in her ears : and she took her part in the responses with the keenest pleasure. Then came the leasons, succinctly and decisively delivered : the glorious To Doum and the happy Jubilate,

tion. Maggie had entered Saint Ermenilda's progressed in strength and devotion to her with the intention of communicating, but husband's cousin; yet she was selfish in her when the moment came, her courage failed her, and she could not go up to the altar. Reared in an atmosphere of self-pleasing, An awe had fallen on her senses, a sudden new appreciation of the Majesty on High and her own littleness; and she could only to her gratification, she seemed to imagine fall upon her knees and worship; whilst she prayed to be made more worthy of that privilege. Hot smarting tears fell on the chair she leaned against—tears wrung from her by a bright vision of His love and her ingratitude -and vet tears that thanked Him for their

trembled in His presence, as she had never It was as though she had seen her Saviour lifted from the manager to the Throne-trom confinement to a London bedroom more than | the Cross to the right hand of God; that He whom she had worshipped in His painful earthly travail had appeared before her decked in robes of glory, making her for the first time fully aware of all His condescension in

Faithful in a few things, who would grudge

ance or vexation more."
"But I-I never shall forget," said Lady

"On, no! indeed I could not." Maggio's face fell.

home ?" "If you like," after a slight hesitation-"You shall read my letter," was her an-