

"Come to me again if it pains you," said Bethia, with a kind smile. "I am always here now and at leisure."

The leisure of which she spoke could have been comparative only, for, as the patient left, Tony roused from the corner in which he had been sitting demurely still.

"I know my spelling quite well, sister. Will you hear me and then let me go and play?"

"You shall go and carry a parcel for me to sister Sophy," answered Bethia; for she knew Wesley's rather stern notions on the subject of children's amusements. "He that plays as a boy will play as a man," was Wesley's idea; and Bethia had some difficulty in paying a reverent respect to her patron's wishes and yet securing lively Tony all the movement he needed.

Fortunately Tony was quite satisfied with the promise, and repeated his spelling with a fluency that delighted his sister. She gave him a word of praise, and received in return an affectionate hug that made her glance towards the stranger present with the first sign of bashfulness she had shown; but the squire only smiled and patted the little lad on the shoulder as he started on his errand pleased and proud.

A child's cry came from the inner room, and Bethia at once disappeared. Bab was there mounting guard while the baby slept, and through the closed door Bethia's voice could be heard soothing the crying infant and talking pleasantly to her little sister.

"She's a good maid," said Mrs. Wesley, who now came in and greeted the squire like an old friend; "and she has had a handful of care for one so young."

More to beguile Mr. Patterson's time while he was waiting than for any other reason, Mrs. Wesley told him Bethia's story. The squire listened as if he had found the key to a puzzle. He said nothing then; but for the day or two that he, like the other assistant preachers in town, shared the daily life of the Foundery, he watched Bethia closely. At the end of that time he laid his scheme before Wesley.

"You want to turn your house into a home for the Lord's destitute ones? It is a thought worthy of you, brother Patterson," said his leader.

"I am glad you approve," answered the squire. "And what say you to making this family the first inmates? You cannot shelter them always, but in my house there are rooms for the children to run in, and there would be quiet, too, for the father at his studies. The young maid and Hannah will care for all, and for more orphans if I find such."

"I think it an excellent scheme," returned Wesley, his eyes brightening, as they always did at any prospect of benevolence. "Brother Patterson, you are laying out your talents at good interest."

"And that maid will be a blessing wherever she goes," added Mrs. Wesley softly.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY PROFESSOR LEWIS M. HAUPT.

Through the long day and longer night
We lie upon our beds in pain,
While anxious vigils watch the light
Of lives that flicker, wax and wane;
Yet some remain, and hope regain.

When days to weeks are lengthened out
And mortal weakness claims its own,
When hope is overwhelmed by doubt
And we are longing for our home;
Sad and alone, we weep and moan.

The weeks are months, the months are years;
And still we linger in this vale
Of human misery and tears,
Praying that God would hear our wail
To rend the vail and end the tale.

"My ways are not as thine," replies
The Comforter, to every breast.
"My grace sufficeth," from the skies
Comes the refrain that bringeth rest
To heart distressed, from spirits blest.

"My yoke is easy," and you'll find
"My burden light." You shall not fall,
These sufferings will but sanctify
And help you to await the call
Which comes to all, in hut or hall.

Let Patience have her perfect work
And show the road that Jesus trod,
That never mortal man may shirk
The narrow way that leads to God.
Whose Golden Rod doth gently guide
Unto the blessed Saviour's side.

—The Lutheran Observer.