CHAPTER I. A retired sea-captain had built the ouse that Miss Burram lived in, a fact which perhaps accounted for its proximity to the ocean and its isolation. It was to the ocean and its isolation. It was built of rough-hewn stone, and with every indication that the style of architecture as well as the material was chosen for strength and endurance rather than for ornagent.

There were three stories in addition to a basement. An immense corridor ex-tending from the front to the rear entranowed from end to end a magnificen

ces showed from end to end a magnificent view of the bay and in the distance the open ocean. Immense rooms faced both sides of this corridor, except where space was left for the broad oaken staircase.

The Captain had built the house five years before it had come into Miss Burram's possession, when there was hardly a sign of a settlement within ten miles of him, and when none of the railroads from adjoining cities came nearer than twelve miles. He had furnished the house in somewhat costly but incongruous taste, built a stable, putting into it a half-dozan horses, hired an army of servants, and inviting his male friends—of whom he had scores—almost nightly, summer and

inviting his male friends—of whom he had scores—almost nightly, summer and winter, held high carnival.

Four years of this hilarious living, however, terminated the Captain's life, and consumed the whole of the means by which he had supported it. His property, including not alone the house, and several feet of the beach, but a half mile of good solid ground at the rear of the house, had to be sold for debt, and Miss Burram bought all except the horses

Who Miss Burram was, or where she came from, her neighbors were too few and too widely scattered to find out, and the lady herself showed no disposition to make acquaintances. She took possession

make acquaintances. She took possession of the house as soon as it was renovated of the house as soon as it was renovated by paint and varnish, bringing with hei two servants—a man and a woman—s buggy, a closed carriage, two handsome horses and a cow. She made no change in the furniture, and her few visitors were in the furniture, and her lew visitors were as delighted with the isolated situation of the property as Miss Barram, who was fifty years old, and of an independent and somewhat masculine turn of mind. She was enraptured with her water view and her distance from other dwellings, and in her drives ever the lonely country and her walks for miles along the beach she reveled in the wildness and the silence that surrounded her. She gave no thought to the crowded cities whose overflow might have found here breath-ing space and better health; she felt alone t of fierce delight in being able walk for an hour without coming even to a squatter's shanty, and in knowing that few rowboats save her own broke the waters of the bay that divided the Townaters of the bay that the price of New Utterton.
At the end of three years, however, her

satisfaction began to be marred; families from adjoining cities were rapidly buildfrom adjoining cities were rapinly duticing homes in her vicinity, a general country store kept by one Bilber Herrick was opened, and before four more years had gone their rounds she was startled to find something like a very thriving town at her doors—a town that had been named Paratrayilla, after the man whose agents Rentonville after the man whose agents had bought, not alone every foot of purchasable ground in Miss Barram's vicinity, but whose purchases had been extended for six miles. On one half of extended for six inness. On one had of the land so bought, nest, comfortable cot-tages had been erected, and sold or rented very reasonably to people of modest means; the other half, which was to be means; the other haif, which was to be beautified by parks and elegant streets, had been divided into building lots and sold at very high prices to wealthy persons. Two churches had been built as well as a school—a school that was the pride and boast of the town—a half-dezen slub horses and boals, and two railrands. club houses and hotels, and two railroads deposited their passengers within a quarter of a mile of Miss Barram's property. Every foot of the beach was in demand by boat clubs, the largest and most fahlonable, the "Onotmah," having its quarters directly adjoining her extensive domain. inh houses and hotels, and two railroads

all kentonville in fact, though singu at all Kentonyme in fact, though singu-larly enough she was not averse to hear-ing news of Rentonville folk; she heard it frequently from Sarah Sannott, who was ef maid of all work; occasionally Hardman, who was her coac man, hostler, gardener, window cleaner and general chore-man; but she got her information chiefly from Bilber Herrick, at whose store she condescended to trade for such small articles of household need Mr. Herrick kept, and for such larger articles as he obligingly ordered from the

city.

Mr. Herrick, being a Scotchman by descent, and a Yankee by instinct, was able to gauge his customer, and having a gentlemantly exterior joined to a fluent and flatering tongue, ne kept Miss Burram's patronage, not so much because of her need of his wares, as because of a certain satisfaction she took in visiting his tain satisfaction she took in visiting his to hear his news.

There was also in Herrick's character a vein of inquisitiveness that would have done credit to the most prying of feminine souls; he scented mysteries as unerringly as a hound scents the object of the chase, and he pursued his scent with much the same persistency, but in a covert, canny manner that completely deceived the un-suspicious. From the moment that he took up his residence in New Utterton and learned that Miss Burram was a dweller in his vicinity, she was an object of intense interest to him; the interest inreased when she became his customer and early detecting her relish for news of Rentonville folk and Rentonville doings, despite her protested aversion to both, he, owing to his own special aptitude for finding out other people's business, was never without some gossip to impart whenever he saw her. Other stores similar to Herrick's had sprung up in the town, but Miss Barram visited none

of them. Of course Herrick agreed with all her or course herrick agreed with an in-rant against the town, though where his individual regrets came in it was hard to see, considering that increase of popula-tion must bring to him an increase of business. On one occasion, lest his in-stant assent to every thing she urged might ven to her appear somewhat inconsisthastened to add:

ent, he hastened to add:

"It is a thousand pities that they should have disfigured all this beautiful scenery with a hasty, ill-made, and probably vulgar town; and I regret it despite the increase of trade it has brought to me, for this freedom for myself and my family,

this magnificent breathing space, this distance from one's neighbors, I consider better than an increase of business."

"And you are right, Mr. Herrick," assented Miss Burram with emphasis.

"But we cannot stay this thing," continued the store-keeper, "for this man Renton, they say, is immensely wealthy—a sudden inheritance, I believe; and he has set his heart upon making a town he has set his heart upon making a town here, principally to benefit the poor who are now huddled together in tenements

"Principally to benefit fiddlesticks," "Principally to benefit fiddlesticks," said Miss Burram contemptuously; "he had better let the poor alone and mind

"That's what I say; that's what I've said a hundred times to Mrs. Herrick; Bessie, I've said, 'the poor are an ungrateful lot, and they ought to be left to shift for themselves; it's their own fault that they are poor in a country like this where there is so much room,' waving his hand toward the open shop door, 'for every man to make a living; but to come back to this fellov Renton—why, he's been trying to buy up my place and I have heard that he is going to try to get yours."

yours."

"Let him try," was the answer, temper showing in every feature of her face; and sure enough, when one of Renton's agents did call the very next day, he was a gents did to a contempt by

and sure enough, when one of Renton's agents did call the very next day, he was met with such anger and contempt by Miss Burram, that he felt constrained to make an humble apology.

To signify her feelings about the matter she gave immediate orders for a very high and closely paled fence to take the place of the low paling with which the retired Captain had inclosed the property, and for huge signs to be nailed to the trees warning treepassers that they should be dealt with according to law.

The gossip that Sarah Sinnott bore to her mistress' ears, Sarah managed to get through occasional visits beyond the big gate of the high fence; for privately Sarah did not share the contempt of her mistress for the new life which had come to the place, and she managed to make more than one acquaintance among the domestics of the Rentonville families; an acquaintance that was all the more cordinate the acquaintance are acquaintance that was all the more cor-dially tendered when it became known that Sarah could tell fortunes from the teacup. Of course, Sarah had to return the compliment of the confidences which were given to her by imparting whatever she knew about her own mistress, though she knew about her own instress, though, fortunately for Miss Barram, the only things which Sarah did know, were that, Miss Barram wore imitation jawels, keeping her real ones in a safe deposit vault in the city, and that Miss Barram disliked and contemned everything in the new town. In this way the lady's configuities, were better, known than peculiarities were better known than they might have been, and she came to be regarded by most of the residents as a very rich, hard, eccentric old maid whom nobody would think of of visiting socially, much less of applying to for charity.

## CHAPTER II.

It was what Sarah Sinnott called a "rain-washed morning," and everything from the surf that beat furiously upon the beach to the rain that sounded on the windows like a rattle of small shot, and the wind that howled among the and the wind that howed among the trees and wailed around the corners of the house, was suggestive to Miss Burram, as she sat alone at her breakfast, of shipwrecks and drowning sailors. On this very last day of August ten years before, she had taken possession of her present home, and during that time she had seen many storms even more violent than ent home, and during that time saw had seen many storms even more violent than the one now raging, and through her glass she had watched the struggle of more than one vessel with the elements. Twice a drowned sailor had been thrown up on the beach at her very door, but, further than to despatch her hired man for the proper authorities to remove the body, she gave herself not so much con-

body, she gave herself not so much con-cern as to express even a little sympathy for his unfortunate fate.

With perhaps some expectation of meeting again a white distorted face looking up to her from the sand, she got up and went to one of the high wide win dows; there was nothing to be seen but the troubled waters, and nothing to be heard but the furious grinding of the domain.

The lady was very angry at all this progress, and she lost no opportunity of inveighing against Renton and his agents, through it long and steadily, her erect through it long and steadily, her erect through it long and steadily. figure showing well in its dark red velvet dress, edged at the throat with white lace, and fastened at the same place with an immense imitation opal pin. The glass showed no more than she saw without it: everywhere the angry waters, but nothing more. She put the glass down and turned back to the table, where an accidental pushing aside of a plate revealed what she had not noticed before, a letter. She took it up with a haste that upset her coffee, but without paying any attention to the acci-dent, she turned the letter to look at its superscription, an expression of disgust coming into her face as she read:

"MISS BEDILLA BURRAM, RENTONVILLE P. O."

She touched a hand-ball and Sarah innott responded. Sarah was as tall as her mistress, and five years younger, but gaunt, high-shouldered, with red hair, large, gray, solemn looking eyes, and an unusually long, thin pale face. Altogether she was a very solemn looking person, always walking on tiptoe, and giving the im-pression of "somebody dead in the house." But she had her moments of

nonee. But she had her moments or compensation for all this seriousness—moments when without any apparent provocation she would throw her apron over her head and laugh convulsively behind it. She entered Miss Barram's presence now with the air of one about to receive a last message. and she stood receive a last message, and she stood with her arms folded under her apron and her great serious eyes fixed upon her mistress, who asked sharply:

When was this letter brought?" "This very mornin, mem" (Sarah's manner of pronouncing ma'am), "Jeem" (she meant Jim) "fetched it from the post-office.

"How long was it in the post-office?"
"I couldn't say, mem, for Jeem was a tellin' me about the elected lights they're a-goin' to have down there;" there," was meant Rentony by " down was meant Rentonville, neither mistress nor maid ever speaking of the new town by its proper name; "and I new town by its proper name; "and I didn't ask him nothing else; they're a goin' to have the elected lights by Sat-

urday night, Jeem says."
"Umph!" Miss Burram ejaculated, indifferent alike to correction of, or amusement at, her domestic's pronuncia-tion of electric. "Ask Jim how long this letter was in the post-office."

"Couldn't do it, mem," Sarah answered with a gravity befitting some "It is for me to ask yo

most painful announcement. "There's no Jeem in the house to ask, seeing as he's gone to attend to the orders you gave him yesterday.

him yesterday."

"That will do then," said Miss Burram, turning to her letter.

"Yes, mem," responded Sarah, and then she went as she had come, on tiptoe, and taking so long to close the door in order to do it noiselessly that her mistress called impatiently:

"Go Sarah!"

At which Sarah yanished, letting the

"Go Sarah!"
At which Sarah vanished, letting the
door shut with a slam that made Miss
Burram start; but she was too much interested in the letter which she had just opened to pay any more attention to her handmaiden just then. "My DEAR BEDILLA:"

Miss Burram smiled with disdain.

"This communication will surprise you : it is to ask you to receive Rachel—" Miss Burram threw the letter from her in angry excitement and half rose from her chair; then she picked it up, resumed her seat, and with lips pressed tightly to-

seat, and with hips pressed tightly togother, read on:

"You know where Rachel has been for the last seven years of her life, and i shall not hist at what your conscience may think about it—doubtless, one so independent and determined ayds well informed of the affairs of her neighbors is Rentonville has very clear ideas on the subject of Rachel and also of Rachel mother. Rachel herself has not; a pleasant fiction has been repeated to her which served the purpose of stopping her own very natural questions and other people's unnecessary ones. She will tell you all about it if you will give her the opportunity to do so, and she will also telly about her life during the last seven years with Tom and his bind mother, and how she daily threaded needles for the blind mother, and grew to lave and to look up to Tom, till to her he re presented everything that was best and bright est in the world. But the blind mother did and Tom had to go to see, and I stepped in for Rachel's sake. She knows little about ma and less still about you. It is my wish that he ignorance be continued—let her charles he present beliefs and tell her nothing. All the if of course providing you accept her charge, and feels that which case Rentonville shall know no more of Rachel thas gother, read on :

ignorance be continued—let her cherish her present beliefs and tell her nothing. All this orders providing you accept her charge, in which case Rentonville shall know no more of you am it does at present, nor of Rachel than you yourself may choose to tell.

"Should you reject Rachel, I shall find a home for her in Rentonville, in which case it will become absolutely necessary to give her history. Send the bill of her expenses to me, but further you need not tell me. I shall learn it all some time. She will be ticksted to you to morrow; send Jim to meet her; but no, her attendant will consign her to one of the Rentonvil is hacks with directions where to leave her; only open the gate of your high fence so that the hack may pass, and Rachel be set down at your door.

"Yours as ever,"

"Yours as ever, "TERRY."

Miss Burram turned again to the date Miss Burram turned again to the date of the letter. It was three days ago and should of taken but a day to come from the place whence it was sent. Rachel was due yesterday. What if she were not coming after all? Miss Burram's heart gave a throb of delight, but her delight was premature, for at that very instant a Rentonville back was turning into her property, Jim Hardman, for his own convenience having left the gate open convenience having left the gate open when he drove from the stable a half-hour before, and in a few moments more the hack set down before Miss Burram's door a little plainly dressed girl about ten

Sarah, seeing the child from the kitcher window, supposed there must be some mistake, and she hurried forth to rectify it; but the little one, on seeing Sarah, said with a coolness and self-poseession that nearly took the woman's breath: "I have come to live with Miss Bur-

ram. Sarah immediately turned about with out waiting to ask the little stranger with in, or to put any question to the hack-driver, who was preparing to return, and

lmost ran to her mistress:
"There's a child out here who says she has come to live with you."
"O-h!" ejsculated Miss Barram, and

"Bring the child to me."

Expecting to find the little girl where she had left her at the foot of the halfdozen steps which led to the upper en-trance, Sarah, on leaving the dining-room, went out by the upper door. There was no one there, but through the kitchen door, which she had left open when she went to tell her mistress, she saw the little girl, who, knowing of no reason to remain in the wind and rain when a place of shelter was open, had gone into the kitchen and seated herself in Sarah's own comfortable chair before the glowing fire; the shawl which had wrapped her was quite off, and she was reclining against tne cushioned back of the chair with perlect ease. On hearing Sarah's footsteps,

"Looking for me? I was waiting you."
"Well, may I never be burned nor
"Well, may I never be burned nor

drowned alive," said Sarah, as she en-tered the kitchen, but the little stranger only turned back, reclining again on the only turned back, reclining again on the enshion, and seemed to be enjoying very much the comfortable fire.

"I'm to fetch you to Miss Burram," said Sarah at length, when she had waited some time for the little one to

speak.
The child arose, gathered her shawl The child arose, gathered her shawn about her, then fixed upon Sarah eyes as large and gray as Sarah's own were, and the woman not knowing well what other remark to make, led the way to the dining-room, where her mistress said:

"Come in," to the child, and "You need not wait," to Sarah.

Sarah went reluctantly, but in the kitchen she had her usual satisfaction; she threw her apron over her head and

laughed for nearly five minutes, laughed for nearly five minutes,
"Come in," again and Miss Burram, for
the little girl hesitated just as she crossed
the threshold, as if repeiled by the strong
masculine face of the lady, the masculine
resemblance being very much brought
out by a thick growth of black hair on
her nuper lin. Saning the childly healts. her upper lip. Seeing the child's hesita-tion, Miss Burram repeated her invita-tion, and added, not unkindly, but with a

suggestion of repressed severity:

"And tell me your name."

The small stranger advanced, the shawl dropping from her hold, ane showing a plump, straight, well-molded little figure, though its symmetry was mostly con-cealed by a very ill-fitting dress. Under her round straw hat showed an unusual quantity of very dark brown hair cut snort to her ears, a low, broad forehead, cheeks without color but well rounded, a nose that began by beautifully Grecian,

up, and a mouth and chin both of which Miss Barram calmly noted all these features while the child was approaching, but her severe self-possession received a shock when the little one asked, looking

but ended with a most disappointing turn-

very fixedly at her:
"Pon't you know my name? If you don't, some one has told a lie, and it isn't

Tom The blood rushed to the lady's face, and her hand that rested on the edge of the table trembled, but she answered in

"It is for me to ask you as many ques- be happy.

tions as I choose, and it is your duty to

"Very well," said the child simply, and taking her shawl wholly off, she seated herself in one of the easy-chairs to Miss Burram's dumb amazement. When she recovered her voice said with greater sternness than before:

"You have very bad manners—you should not have taken a seat in a stranger's house till you were asked to do so."

The child sprang to her feet, her whole face crimson.

The child sprang to her test, her whole face crimson.

"Tom said it was manners to sit, if you were tired, even if nobody didn't ask you to, and you didn't ask me, and you knew I was tired, 'cause you knew I was coming, and coming would make me tired—and Tom knows, and he wouldn't ever tell me if it wasn't right—and Tom said you was a lady, but I guess he didn't know you."

know you."
She seemed to pour out her words, sh spoke them so fast and so passionately and Miss Burram for another moment was dumbfounded. Then she said with

was dumbrounded. Then she said with more sarcasm than sternness: ;
"I don't think Tom did know me, but resume your seat and perhaps we shall come to an understanding after awhile."
The child did not sit down again; instead, she moved away from the chair, picked up her shawl which had fallen to the floor three it over her arm and

the floor, threw it over her arm and waited for the lady to continue. Miss Barram thought it best not to re Miss Barram thought it best not to repeat her invitation to a seat, and not knowing how to continue the attack upon, or to effect a truce with, the odd little creature, she thought it better to effect a retreat in the shape of turning the child over to Sarah. So, touching the bell, she said when Sarah appeared:

"This is RachelMinturn; she is going to live hore-she is to be my charge: to live here-she is to be my charge she says she is tired—give her some breakfast with you, Sarah."

breakfast with you, Sarah."
And Sarah saying as usual, "Yes, mem," went out of the room on tiptoe, beckening the little one to follow.

Miss Burram got her writing materials.

Miss barrain got her whitely allow itals.

"My Dear Terry:

"Rachel has been here just one half-hour; according to your letter, which I did not get till this morning, she was to have arrived yesterday. I have not asked the cause of the lay, nor do I care. I only know that of a low, illiterate woman. She flust with the sit so little virage with the self-possessit of a low, illiterate woman. She flust Terri at me three times in the coursest of ur brief interview, and broadly suggested that as 'Tom' never lied I must be self-possessit or brief interview, and bread the self-possessit of the moral training, whether by sourceder or not, but I decline to accept the as a spy upon my conscience, with mich view you have doubtless sent her to me. My conscience is in need neither of espionage nor reminder. As to my treatment of Rachel—it shall accord with my own feelings and convenience—you have sent her to me with a threat, if I should reject her-I sceept her—that is all; she is my charge, mine—and I decline to be answerable to any one save myself.

"Bedlix Burram."

In the meantime Rachel was sipping

In the meantime Rachel was sipping tea and eating hot biscuit with Sarah in the kitchen, within sound of the surf that was still beating furiously upon the beach. She ate slowly but with every appearance of relish and with frequen looks about the clean cozy kitchen. particularly attractive on such a morning when all was discomfort without. To the odd child all the kitchen surround-ings seemed to be a personal part of the solemn-looking woman who was pouring out the tea and buttering the biscuit. Perhaps what helped that fact was the raphing covering of the long settle near cushion covering of the long settle near the fire, being of the same material as Sarah's dress, and the surface of the pew-ter teapot looking just like Sarah's breast-pin. And Sarah's carroty hair was ex-actly the color of the binding of a book that rested on a shelf over the kitchen range; and Sarah's solemn silence helpe the feeling in the child's mind, for that funereal woman had not spoken a word she was waiting for the little stranger to begin so that she might know, as it were, just the ground on which she stood, but as her visitor did not seem to intend to speak, she could endure it no longer. "Didn't you never see Miss Burram efore?" she asked. Rachel shook her head.

"Ain't you anything to Miss Burram?"
ked Sarah again. And Rachel again

shook her head.
"Well, I knew you was a-comin," pursued Sarah,—"I knew you was a comin' by the tea leaves in my cup; I told Jeem so: I can always tell things that's a goin' to happen by tea leaves

Rachel stared, and Sarab, either be-cause the child's wonderseemed so ludic-rous, or her satisfaction in having at rous, or her satisfaction in having at length roused the little one's curiosity had to vent itself, was seized with her odd fit of merriment—up went her apron over her face, and she chuckled behind it till the little girl began to think the wo-man must be mad; but when the fit was over and Sarah uncovered her face there was not a sign to show she had been laughing—it was the same long, solemn face that had looked at the child a few

moments before.

"Ain't you a funny woman!" burst from Rachel. from Rachel.
"I ain't so funny as Jeem is; he's cut

on the bias."
" Who's Jeen?" asked Rachel.
" He's Miss Burram's hired man; he came here when I did; but he never sees things straight. There, that's now," as a light wagon drawn by a some horse and driven by a low country-looking man drew up before the

nen door. Yes, that is Jeem," repeated Sarah, as she opened the door for the man to

Jim waited to throw a rubber blanket Jim waited to throw a rubber blanker over the horse, and then he came in with a slow shuffling step and a look that seemed to take in only the things that were in a straight line before him. In that way he did not appear to see Rachel, and Sarah had to call his attention to her,

which she did by saying:
"Here's Miss Rachel Minturn, Jeem; "Here's Miss Rachel Minturn, Jeem; she's come to live with Miss Burram—she ain't nothing to Miss Burram—she ain't never seen Miss Burram before, but she's goin' to live with Miss Burram; she's goin' to be Miss Burram's charge."
And then, as if struck anew by the Indicrousness of the situation, Sarah's apron went over her her head and she chuckled as she had done before.

as she had done before.

Jim did not seem to mind Sarah's strange merriment, but he did appear to be very much astonished at and impressed by Rachel's presence. He looked her all over with his big and somewhat bulging avant than he sabbed his hand. her all over with his big and somewhat bulging eyes; then he rabbed his hands together and said, "Oh my!" in a quick gasping kind of way, and at length, as if he felt it was his duty to play in some part a sort of host, he went up to her, held out his hand, and said: "You're welcome, Miss, I hope you'll

Rachel unhesitatingly gave him her hand, looking at the same time, very fixedly into his face. It had the heavy features of a common, illiterate man but a kindly look with all, that somewhat won the child.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Jim." she said, with an old-fashioned air

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Jim," she said, with an old-fashioned air that sent Sarah into another paroxysm under her apron and made Jim stare with ludicrous wonder; but the horse was growing so restive he appeared to be trying to back the wagon into the kitchen window, and Jim had to go to the rescue, saying to Sarah as he did so:
"I'll have to put him in the stable while I'm having my breakfast; I thought he'd stand for a while, for there's no knowing but Miss Burram may want to take a drive."

"That's just what I told you," said "That's just what I told you," said Sarah as she shut the door on Jim, "he always does things in a roundabout way—he can't see things straight, and he can't think straight—he knew right well that the beast wasn't goin' to stand quiet out there in the rain, and he might just as well have put him in the stable first as last; but he always does things on the basis. Finished your breakfast, Miss?"

Rachel nodded in reply, and leaned back in her chair to wait for Sarah to say what wasnext to be done. Sarah did not know what might be next in order, but she did know that she did not want the child in her kitchen staring at her in that

child in her kitchen staring at her in that child in her kitchen staring at her in that manner, and she thought the very best thing to do was to inform Miss Burram that her Charge had breakfasted, and to ask for further orders about her; so she went to the dining roam where her mistress sat still, and told what had brought

Miss Burram thought for a moment. floor—that is the room she will occupy —and did any trunk come with her?" "No mem, nothing but herself." "Very well, and tell Jim when he re-

turns that I shall want him to drive me

to Herrick's."
Sarah vanished, and directly Rachel Sarah vanished, and directly Rachel was following her lead to the upper story. The "end room" was small, but its two little round windows looked out upon the water, and that seemed to be the only fact which appealed either to the child's interest or notice, for, going instantly to one of the windows the clouded panes of which Sarah wip d with her apron, Rachel remained looking out, clearing the glass for herself as often as it became obscured, and showing no disposition to turn her attention to anything else. turn her attention to anything else.
"Miss Barram said this was to be your

room," said Sarah. Rachel seemed not to hear.

"Guess you'll find it comfortable," re-marked Sarah again; "it's got just as nice things in it as any other room."

nice things in it as any other room."

Rachel still seemed not to hear.

"What do you think you'll do first?"
ventured Sarah again, determined to
make the child speak, and curious to find
out something about her: "go to bed first
till you're rested, or write a letter to the
folks as sent you here? Because if you
want to write a letter I'll get Jeem's pen
and ink for you and some of his letter
paper."

paper,"
Rachel turned so suddenly from the window that Sarah retreated a step.
"I won't do anything first; I'll just stay

here till you go."
"May I never be burned nor drowned alive!" exclaimed Sarah as she retreated to the door, but Rachel had turned again to the window; seeing which, Sarah de-termined that the child should hear, since she evidently would not see her departure, gave the door a slam that resounded through the house and brought Miss Bur-

ram from the dining-room. "Sarah." she said severely, as soon a be said, sue said severely, as soon as the caught sight of the woman descend-ing the stair, "was it you who slammed that door?"

"It was, mem," replied Sarah solemn-"That is the second time this morning

"That is the second time this morning you have done so; I insist that it shall not be repeated."
"Yes, mem," redlied Sarah again, and as soon as she was out of sight of her mistress she sat lown on one of the steps of the stair, threw her apron over her head and laughed till she heard Jim's voice in the kitcher calling her.

the kitchen calling her.

"She's going to Herrick's?" repeated
Jim when he heard Miss Burram's order.

"Yes, to Herrick's" said Sarah, "and
she was at Herrick's yesterday, and she's never done such a thing before as go to Herrick's two days in succession."

Jim stared, then he said mildly "It's her own business, Sarah, if she goes to Herrick's every day."

"No, it's not her own business; she's goin' to Herrick's now on business of the

Jim being a very peaceful-minded man

only said:
"Maybe so, Sarah."
"The little girl that came" had darted to the door the instant she heard it slam and finding that it had a key she locked it; then going back to the window she threw herself on the floor, flinging off her

hat as she did so, and burying her face in her hands, let her grief that she had bravely repressed for the last twenty-four hours have full vent. TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. Familiar Friendship With Jesus.

When Jesus is present, all goes well and nothing seems difficult; but when esus is absent, every thing is hard.
When Jesus speaketh not within, our comfort is worth nothing ; but if Jesus speak but one word, we feel

Did not Mary Magdalene arise presently from the place where she wept, when Martha said to her. The Master is come, and calleth for thee? (John, xi. 28

Happy hour, when Jesus calleth from tears to joy of spirit!

How hard and dry art thou without esus! How foolish and vain if thou

desire any thing out of Jesus! Is not this a greater damage than if thou wert to lose the whole world? What can the world profit thee without Jesus ?

To be without Jesus is a grievous hell, and to be with Jesus a sweet paradise. If Jesus be with thee, no enemy can

hurt thee. We are what we are in the judgement of God, and we are nothing more. -Father Faber.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEATH AND ASSUMPTION OF MARY.

We are told that after the dispersion of the Apostles, the Blessed Virgin dwelt in her house beside Mount Sion; and that she sedulously visited all the spots of her Son's life and passion so long as she lived, and she is said to have lived twenty four years after the Ascension of Christ. And when, on a certain day, her heart burned within her with longing for her Son, so that she broke out into very abundant tears, the Angel Gabriel stood beside her, and reverently saluting her, told her, on behalf of her Son, that after three days she should depart from the flesh and reign with Him forever. And the Angel gave her a branch of palm from paradise, which he commanded should be borne before her bier. And the Virgin, rejoicing, gave thanks to God, and besought two boons of the Angel — first, that her sons, the Apostles, might be assembled at her death, that she might die in their presence, and that they might accompany her to the tomb; secondly, that in ex-piring she might not behold the Evil One. And the Angel promised her that these things should be. And the palm-branch was green in the stem, but its leaves were like the morning star.

And while John was preaching in Ephesus, behold it thundered, and a cloud caught him and set him down at Mary's deor. He entered in, and Mary marveled and wept for joy. She told him that she had been sent for, and that Christ had brought him to her. She besought him to take charge of her burial, and to bear the palm branch before her bier. And while John was wishing for the presence of his brother Apostles, behold they were all transported in clouds from the places where they preached, and set down together before the door of Mary. To whom, while they gazed on one another, greatly astonished, John went forth, warning them of Mary's summons, admonishing them not to weep, nor let it be imputed to them that they who preached the R surrection feared death.

And when the Holy Virgln beheld the Apostles assembled around her, she blessed the Lord; and they say around her, with lights burning, and watched till the third day. And toward nightfall on the third day Jesus same down with hosts of saints and angels, and they ranged themselves before Mary's couch. Sweet hymns were heard at intervals till the middle of the night. And then Jesus called ner softly twice that she should come to Him; and she answered that she was ready joyfully to yield the spirit. And thus her spirit quitted the body and flew into the arms of her Son. she neither suffered pain nor her body

corruption. Now the Lord commanded the Apostles that they should carry her body into the valley of Jehoshaphat and place it in a new tomb that had been dug there, and watch three days beside it till He should return. And straightway there surrounded her flowers of roses, which are the blessed company of martyrs; and lilies of the valley, which are the bands of angels, confessors and virgins. angels that had remained in heaven came down to meet the angels that ascended up from earth, and the latter answered and said: "This is she who is beautiful among the daughters of Jerusalem, even as ye have seen her full of grace and love." Thus her soul was received up into heaven, rerejoicing, and was seated on the throne at the right hand of her Divine Son. And the Apostles saw that her soul was such that no mortal tongue could ex-

press its whiteness. And when the body was laid on the hier. Peter and Paul had t the other Apostles ranged themselves around it. John bore the palm branch in front of it. And Peter began to sing, "In exitu Israel de Egypto," and the rest joined softly in the psalm. And the Lord covered the bier and the Apostles with a cloud, so that they might be heard but not seen. And the angels were present, singing with the Aposties. And all the city was attracted by that wondrous melody.

But the Jews ran to arms that they night seize and burn the body. And the high-priest put forth his hand to overthrow the bler; but his hand straightway withered, and the rest of the people were stricken with blind-ness. Then the high priest besought ness. Then the high priest besought Peter, who promised that if he con-fessed that Mary was the Mother of God he should receive his sight. And he confessed it and saw. And taking the palm branch, by command of Peter man among the he touched each people ; and such as believed in the Most Blessed Virgin received their sight, but such as believed not re-And the Apostles laid the body of the mained blind.

Virgin in the tomb, and they watched eside it three days. And on the third day the Lord appeared with a multitude of angels and raised up His Immaculate Mother, and she was received, body and soul, into Heaven.

## SECULAR PAPER DENOUNCES "SOUPERISM."

A Virginia minister offers a new suit of clothes for those who need them, provided that they attend church as long as the clothes last. This is another new way of securing converts. The faculty among the ministers of discovering original methods of making the Gospel work is growing. Picnics, enches parties, ice cream, operation making the Gospel work is growing. Pic-nics, euchre parties, ice cream, operationusic, lunatic preachers and the Lord knows how many other schemes are in operation to gather in the lost. "Repent and attend the reversible socials," was not what Peter said, neither was "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you a new suit of clothes," what Jesus said. The Gospel needs no "barker" to attract atten-tion to it. Where the real thing is preached people will throng to hear\_it.

If it be true that some people reso much that they have no time le for thinking, it may also be a fact th for thinking, it may also be a fact the some who cannot read do a greamount of thinking. There are st left in England many old people f whom printed matter has no meaning the state of the whom printed matter has in meaning until it is read by others—a thing be noted by persons of leisure went to be useful. Speaking general

ally, there are no more appreciati and intelligent hearers than those w cannot read for themselves. The are unwilling to lose a single wor and at the end are ready to pass an eamination in the matter read to the Education, valuable as it is, is not ways intelligence; which is only other way of saying that a man w cannot read or write may be a ve intelligent man. William Lethers was a case in poi He had retired from the clog tr

with a very snug little income, mothan sufficient for the needs of him and his wife. Knowing his lack education, some Ridingdale peo prophesied that now he had sold prophesion that now he had sold business he would just mope and mo get into what they called "a poor I way," and die before his time. So way," and die before his time. S people did not know their Willie Father Horbury says that to this Billy is the busiest man in Ridingd There is an acre or so of garden

hind the pretty cottage that Billy owned these many years, and bey the garden, removed far enough f the house to be inoffensive, there several pig sties and a poultry The fowls are known to belong to M Lethers; she feeds them and col their eggs-though since her ill grandson Tommy. There are m hens and there ought to be many in the pantry of Jane Lethers; it is set there are. They disappear some Tommy is above suspicion in matter, and the grandmother ki that the eggs are not stolen, though she pretends that their di-pearance is one of the mysteries of I fancy she would give a fairly

guess as to their destiny.

The kindly tricks and chari dodges of old Billy were sure to b fell down last winter on a slide i close to the Widow Kerry's cot and being set on his feet agai kindly hands, was observed to fee, fully in his pockets and take there half a dozen smashed eggs-his s was complete. His first care w get away from his friends and tak fuge in the widows's cottage.

Billy's pockets were a prove Ridingdale, for they were made o ample plan of a gamekeeper's, ran right round his capacious Children regarded them as a s lucky bag, and the luck depend the time o'day. Morning was a opportunity, for after Billy had lo to the pigs and spent an hour or the garden, he was wont to beg rounds, and in those pockets was a miscellaneous collection o ables to be bestowed upon the

the sick and the very poor.

On the occasion of the fall re to above, he was compelled to cle pockets in the widow's presence that the yolks and whites of size were hopelessly mixed up w packet of tobacco, a winter cal two pounds of steak, a packet of half a dozen oranges and a p

"Whatever you do, woman said to Mrs. Kerry, "don't tel I should niver hear t' last on't. go round by Farmer Joyce's a some more eggs; they are for body who can eat nowt else. wunna gie 'em shop uns.'

RILLA B MS

his own. He never by any mentioned the fact that he had b anything. Strolling into a after knocking at the doorwere an old friend like Billy considered rude to make the within come and open the door -he would fall to talking weather and the latest news. managed to get the required that huge pocket and them in a convenient place W known only to himself. 'membered the li knew and dislikes of his clients-how one cheese that would bite and one that didn't; how one like her bacon fat and another streaky ; how one couldn't ab and another preferred mutton say, he managed to remember was wonderful. It was not helped two or three people only rich folks often take some of family under their patronage everything they need, to extend their liberality to a person. All that Billy wanted was where there was real ne moment he was convinced t man, woman or child lacked t

saries of life he immediately them. His particular devotion w "I shanna go t' worl people. William Lethers is alive-tha was a thing you heard again from some poor old woman in receipt of parish re whose poverty was made m bearable by Billy's benefact gave ungrudingly and alwa You munna leave m to-day, William, you really You gied me best part of a taters last Thursday." Bill on an occasion of this sort we to hear and remember.

In regard to the sick he ha pend a good deal upon his wi was a capital cook. "Fifte one place when I married he