HE KRAAL OF THE CHIEF
LO MAJUNDA DISTRICT.

ONTARIO MINING.

ut for Last Nine Months
Breaks the Record.

greatly increased development
tario metalliferous mines, it
by the returns of production
e past nine months of the year,
ported to the Bureau of Mines,
show an aggregate of $2,822,
compared with $2,541,131 for
hole of 1900, or a proportion
ncrease of about 48 per cent.
is the highest production yet
ed by the mines of this Pro-
The increase has every sign
manency, as it is made up
y of iron and nickel, of which
is an abundant supply for the
. The following table shows
roduction and value of the re-
ve minerals :—

	Quantity.	Value.
ore, tons...	216,614	$ 224,546
on, tons...	87,888	1,296,344
lbs....	6,513,191	737,214
r, lbs...	5,950,428	286,376
ic, lbs...	975,054	30,432
ounces ..	11,008	186,294
, ounces...	98,200	58,791
ore, tons .	400	2,000
		$2,822,003

heaviest increases are in iron
which rose from $111,805 in
to $224,546 for the first nine
s of 1901; pig-iron, from
066 to $1,296,344 for the
period; nickel from $756,626
00 to $737,214 for the first
months of 1901, and arsenic
rose from $22,725 to $30,432.
were 156,731 tons of iron ore
ed into pig-iron, of which 93,-
pts, or 59 per cent., was from
o mines, the remainder being
ted ore.
nickel-copper ore 222,133 tons
raised and 158,194 tons smelt-
e matte product being 20,723
The Canadian Copper Com-
remains the chief producer,
re Mond Nickel Company is
urning out converter or high-
matte. There were 10,100
f non-nickeliferous copper ore
during the nine months.

ARIETIES OF KISSES.

eone, with plenty of time on
nds has conceived the idea of
g through the works of all the
nown English novelists for the
se of gathering all the adjec-
with which to qualify the word
" The result of his labor is
isses can be as follows :—Cold,
icy, burning, chilly, cool, lov-
ndifferent, balsamic, fragrant,
l, passionate, aromatic, with
bedewed, long, soft, hasty, in-
ting, dissembling, delicious,
tender, beguiling, hearty, dis-
d, frantic, fresh as the morn-
reathing fire, divine, glad, su-
al, quiet, loud, fond, heavenly,
ring ominous, fervent, parch-
nervous, soulless, stupefying,
careless, anxious, painful,
refreshing, embarrassed, shy,
ravishing, holy, sacred, firm,
d, faithless, narcotic, feverish,
erate, sisterly, brotherly, and
sical. The task seemed in-
able, and he gave up at this

AD A BETTER STORY.

you see the account of that
f lightning that burnt the hair
a boy's head without other-
urting him ?" "I did," an-
the cheerful liar, "and I was
t to notice the incompleteness
e story. Now, I happen to
of a case that is really re-
. The lightning entered a
's shop and not only under
the task of singeing a man's
but it rung up the propr
t on the cash register."

Take It.

, Bronchitis, Sore
h.

of Linseed and Turpentine is
dren love to take it. They
reness, irritation and inflam-
to have in the house some re-
ith the hollow, croupy cough
Chase's Syrup of Linseed and

urpentine.

of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the
e a bottle; family size, three

POWER OF EVIL HABITS

Once Formed it is a Very Difficult Matter to Give Them Up.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and One, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A cospatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had, Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it yet once more."

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He in the spirit of bravado said, "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurement it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

OUR LIBRARIES

Are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life. Complete map of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is all ready off the track, suppose he has already gone astray—how can he be got back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

You compare what you are now with what you were three or four years ago and you are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion of your soul to listen to a discussion like this. Be of good cheer! Your best days are yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver trumpet of the gospel to my lips and blow one long, loud blast, saying, "Whosoever will, let him come, and let him come now." The church of God is ready to spread a banquet upon your return, and all the hierarchs of heaven fall into line of banqueting procession over your redemption.

Suppose a man of five or ten or twenty years of evil doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He gets down on his knees at midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep to his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand to hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free the old inclination pounces upon him like a pack of hounds, all their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of

ONE POOR REINDEER.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of religion looks at him, looks at the faded apparel, and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a firm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the longer fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh, how few Christian people understand how much gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes when you have felt the need of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed?

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why are you here? You are about the last person I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this, unless that you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. O ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen, I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured and refined and the Christian you might have been

A CROUCHING WRETCH,

in stable or ditch covered with filth and abomination! It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage should not be too hard on the fallen.

I think also that men are often hindered from returning by the fact that churches are anxious about their membership, too anxious about their denominations, and they rush at when they see a man about to give up sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion and what kind of a church he is going to join. It is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechism and Episcopal liturgies and Methodist love feasts and Baptist immersions when a man is about to come out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the shackles may be unriveted and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly and tell Him these habits you have and ask him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rigmarole, which some people call prayer, made up of ohs and ahs and forever and forever amens. Go to God and cry for help.

The, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associates. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed—among the sixteen hundred million of the race

NOT ONE INSTANCE.

Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three, but one.

What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a gregshop, urging him to go in, he resisting—violently resisting — until after awhile they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

Some of you, like myself, were born in the country. And what glorious news might these young men send home to their parents that this afternoon they had surrendered themselves to God and started a new life! I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses have just frisked up from the meadow brook at the nightfall and stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under their feathers. When the nights get cold, the flames clap their hands above the great backlog and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After awhile the father breaks the silence and says, "Well, I wonder, where our boy is in town to-night." And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you. We always could trust him when he was at home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 or 9 o'clock, just before they retire, for they go early to bed, they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town.

ON THE LAND AND ON THE SEA.

Oh, despise not paternal anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you and find them gone from the house and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they cannot answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development.

SPLENDID YOUNG MAN!

Cultured young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come along with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you contending for your soul, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight midsky. This hour decides eternal destinies.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DEC. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. iii. 1-12. Golden Text, Ex. iii., 12.

1. "He led the flock to the back side of the desert and came to the mountain of God, to Horeb." According to Acts vii, 23, 30, Moses was now 80 years of age, having spent 40 years in Egypt and 40 years with Jethro as shepherd. His shepherd life reminds us of Abel and Jacob, David and other shepherds of the Bible; each of whom in some way suggests to us the Good, Great Chief Shepherd (John x, 11, 14; Heb. xiii, 20; I Pet. v, 4), who saves us, works in us His will and will reward us at His appearing. The shepherd life is of necessity a lonely life, a life apart from the world and its ways and gives great opportunity for fellowship with God. Horeb is again called the mountain of God in 1 Kings xix, 8, in connection with Elijah's visit to it. It is mentioned in Mal. iv, 4, as the place where God gave Moses the law, the statutes and judgments and in Ex. xix is called Sinai. In verse 12 of our lesson God told Moses that after he had brought the people out of Egypt they would serve God upon that mountain. In Ex. xvii, 6, we read that there Jehovah gave them water from the rock that they might drink. The events associated with Horeb and Sinai give us a most profitable Bible study, as do all the mountain stories of the Bible, such as Carmel, Olivet, etc.

2. "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him with flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." The Lord our God is a consuming fire (Deut. iv, 24). He desires His people wholly for Himself that He may bless them to the full. He consumes in His people only that which hinders their true happiness. They, like the bush are not consumed any more than Daniel's friends were consumed in the furnace, which burned only their bonds and set them free to walk with the Son of God. The phrase in the blessing upon Joseph, "the good will of Him that dwelleth in the bush" (Deut. xxxiii, 16), may suggest that Joseph, like others who have come through great tribulation, are burning bush saints, never consumed because God is in them (Isa. xliii, 1, 2).

3, 4. "When the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush and said, "Moses, Moses." Observe the double call in Gen. xxii, 11, and I. Sam. iii, 10, to Abraham and Samuel. Joseph told Pharaoh that doubled meant established by or prepared of God (Gen. xli, 32 and margin). We think of the Lord's 25 double amens of John's gospel and of the special attention we should give them. If Moses had not turned aside to see, think what he might have missed.

5. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Compare the same instruction in Joshua v, 15, which, I think, is found only in these two places—to Moses as he was about to lead Israel out of Egypt and to Joshua as he was about to lead them into the promised land. To tread upon a place meant that the place was given that person (Joshua i, 3). So when a person sold a piece of land he took off his shoe and gave it to the purchaser (Ruth iv, 7). It seems to me that God says to Moses and Joshua in these words something to this effect: This whole matter is Mine, not yours. I will see it through. You come with Me and rely upon Me.

6. "Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God." A deep sense of unworthiness is an accompaniment of a revelation of God (Jgb xlii, 5,6; Isa. vi, 5; Dan. x, 8; Luke v, 8; Rev. i, 17). God revealed Himself to Moses as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God not of the dead, but of the living (Math. xxii. 32). He told Moses to say to Israel, "I am hath sent me unto you" (verse 14); I am that I am. He is Jehovah who changes not; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever (Mal. iii, 6; Heb. xiii, 8). Men pass away from earth and great changes come, but He continues, and every purpose of His shall be performed at His appointed time.

7, 8. "I have surely seen and have heard, for I know their sorrow, and I am come down to deliver them and to bring them unto the good land." Note carefully the whole of these two verses, that which He sees and hears and knows and that which He will do for His name's sake. Every child of God may take comfort from these assurances. Whatever be your sorrows or your circumstances He sees and hears and knows, and if He permits hard things to continue it is because the best time for His deliverance has not yet come. As for God His way is perfect, and He maketh our way perfect" (Ps. xviii, 30, 32), and He will never be too late in anything that He does, but we need patience and must be content with John to learn the significance of the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ (Heb. x, 36; Rev. i, 9).

9, 10. "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth My people." God had just said that He would do it, and now He says Moses will do it, for He will do it in and through Moses, and this is the lesson we are so slow to learn—that "it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 21). He worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will (Eph. i, 11), and faith just allows God to work and quietly abides with Him for His pleasure. What an honor is conferred upon us when He selects any one of us to work through.

11, 12. "Certainly I will be with thee. I have sent thee." Moses did not understand. He has his shoes on at once and asks, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and that I should bring forth the children of Israel?" See him also in Num. xi, 22, xx, 10, and you see at a glance that his shoes are on. He is thinking of himself, not of God. The three signs given him, as recorded in the beginning of the next chapter, should have shown him his importance and the power of God, yet we hear him objecting and refusing although God said, "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say" (iv, 12), so that finally God gives him his brother Aaron to be his spokesman or prophet (iv, 14-16; vii, 1, 2). I know nothing greater in the Lord's service than the assurance of the Lord's presence and that He sent us. As to the first see Joshua i, 5; Judg. vi, 14, 16; Isa. xli, 10, 13; Jer. i, 8, 19; Hag. ii, 4; Math. xxviii, 20, and others as you may find them.

EFFIE;

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Thanksgiving Day was one that the villagers of W—— always marked with a white stone. All the time-honored customs were kept up and family parties were invariably given by all who had families to collect around them.

On the particular anniversary whose doings gave rise to the incidents of my story, there was to be a large gathering of the villagers at Mrs. Wilson's, who, having no relatives to entertain, had invited friends far and near to dine with her on the anniversary. To make my story clear to my readers, it will be necessary to introduce some of my characters, before they appear in gala dress.

Mrs. Wilson was the leader in the little village of W——, occupying the largest house, which had been built by her husband for his bride, and spending freely an income that warranted luxurious appointments. Her sister, Hetty Payne, and Effie, the only child of the house, constituted her family. Ten years before the day when she issued her invitations for the Thanksgiving party, Mrs. Wilson returned from Italy, where she had accompanied her husband in a vain search for health, bearing with her the body of James Wilson, who died in Florence, and the babe, whose childish loveliness now made the sunshine of her home. Hetty was housekeeper during her sister's absence, and now a loved inmate of that sister's home.

It was the day before the one appointed for the party, and Mrs. Wilson was seated with Hetty in the pretty sitting room, both busy upon the dainty fashioning of some blue knots for Effie's white merino dress. As they worked, the door opened softly, and the object of their thoughts and busy fingers came in. She was a child of wonderful beauty. Features delicate and pure as some piece of statuary, were lighted by large eyes of the deepest blue, while long curls of the true golden tinge, fell in profusion over her shoulders. A child, too, of that matured, winning loveliness of character that seems only fitted for a higher sphere, yet which God leaves sometimes on earth to draw souls to Him. The only darling of true Christian women, whose gentle piety and remarkable sweetness made them universally beloved, it was not wonderful that the young heart and mind were developing beauties as pure and perfect as the lovely face and form.

Now, as she stood in the doorway, it was evident there was some weighty request trembling on her lips. Her eyes were eager, her cheeks flushed, and the rosebud mouth was quivering with excitement.

"Mamma," she said, lifting her face to meet her mother's kiss, "may I have one company myself to-morrow?"

"One company, dear?"

"One person to dinner, just one, to invite all myself."

"But, darling, everybody you know, is already invited."

"Not everybody, mamma. I want to invite old Hunchy!"

"And who is old Hunchy?"

"Why, you know. The humpback man that has taken the house on Will's Lane."

"And is it my little Effie I hear calling anyone by an odious nickname that is a mockery of misfortune?"

"Oh, mamma," and the blue eyes filled with tears, "I did not mean it. Everybody calls him so, and he shuts himself up so, nobody knows his real name."

"But why do you want to invite him here?"

"He is so alone, mamma, and there is nobody else to ask him."

"Well, we can send him a dinner."

"No, no! he is a gentleman."

"How do you know him so well?"

"He stops me whenever I pass. He gave me flowers twice, and I am like somebody he knows. He told me once to go home and pray God to make me hideous, and said: "No, no, it is true, good beauty.'"

"And you want to ask him here?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, you may; I do not think he will come."

The child bounded off, and a deep silence fell upon the sisters. The widow's voice first broke it.

"Hetty."

"I know, Lucy. I am afraid, too."

"Who is this man?"

"All I can tell you is that he took the house that has stood so long vacant on the lane nearly a month ago. He is terribly deformed, dirty and ragged, and so morose and surly that no one of the children dares approach him. The villagers give him an awful name."

"Yet Effie says he is a gentleman, and you know we have often been amused at her intuitive knowledge of true refinement."

"Yes—it is best for us to see him, if we can. Perhaps—"

"Yes—yes; don't talk of it now!" said Mrs. Wilson, nervously.

In the meantime Effie was speeding down the wide avenue to the gate, out upon the road, and down to the cottage, where her deformed friend lived. She was so much the pet of the whole village that no restraint was ever placed upon her wanderings, and every inch of the way was familiar to her. The object of her visit was seated upon a low bench before the cottage door, looking out upon vacancies; but with such an expression of bitter revengeful passion upon his face that the child shrank back involuntarily. He was an object to inspire a gentle girl with fear as he thus sat. Over his forehead the hair fell in a heavy neglected mass, and the great black eyes glowed like living coals. Upon the deformed shoulders the clothes hung in loose folds, faded, soiled, and worn, and the hands supporting his head were soiled and clenched. Suddenly looking up, he saw the child. In an instant his face lighted up with a look of love which at first it seemed incapable of expressing.

"Eloise!" he whispered.

"I am Effie Wilson," she said, coming forward.

"True, true, I was dreaming," and he drew her to his side. "It is my little friend who is not afraid of me."

"Why should I be afraid? God would not let you hurt me."

"No, no; I could not hurt you if I would," and he stroked her hair softly.

"I came to invite you to our Thanksgiving party," she said presently.

"I—I—" and he laughed a bitter mocking laugh, that made the child tremble. "I am a pretty figure for a party."

"But it is Thanksgiving Day."

"And I have nothing to be thankful for!" and he pushed her away.

"Oh, please," she pleaded, "do not say that. God gives everybody something."

"Poor, deformed, hated, mocked at, without one to love me!" he said, half in soliloquy.

There was a moment of silence. Then she crept up to his arms.

"I love you!" she whispered timidly.

He clasped her in an embrace so passionate that she almost screamed with terror.

"Once," he said hoarsely, "a face as beautiful as yours lay here, a voice as sweet said 'I love you.' I was young, rich and handsome then; now—child, do you love me now?" and he held her where she could see his deformity.

"Yes," she answered, simply.

"Then I will come to your party, and thank God for your love."

"May I go home now?" she said, for his violence had terrified her.

"Yes, go! I will come to-morrow. Can—can you kiss me?"

She threw her arms around him, and pressed the fresh, dewy lips upon his, and then went slowly homeward. He watched her out of sight, then turning he went into his home, bolted his door, and, throwing himself upon the floor, sobbed with the fearful throes of a man in mortal agony. Often, too, broken words escaped him—'Eloise, Eloise—loved, trusted, heartless;" and then, lingeringly, the name of the child—"Effie! Effie Wilson—the child says she loves me."

There was already a large number of Mrs. Wilson's guests assembled, when Effie's friend came into the handsome parlors. The child, radiantly beautiful in her pure dress with its pretty fluttering blue ribbons, came forward at once to meet him. There was a little blush of pride on her face as she noticed his appearance. The fair hands were now white as a lady's; his hair, carefully arranged, was glossy and clustered in heavy natural curls above a broad, white forehead, while the face, calm and composed, was very handsome. Upon the twisted, deformed figure was a suit of handsome broadcloth, cut to conceal as far as possible the defects of form; and the easy grace of his bearing proclaimed Effie's unerring instinct. It was evident this was a gentleman.

"Mamma," said Effie, leading him forward, "this is my friend, Mr.—" and she hesitated.

"John Mansfield, madam," he said, courteously. Then, unheeding the deathly pallor that came over her face, he said: "Your little daughter's kindness induced me to-day to break through a retirement from society of nearly eleven years' continuance."

"I am very glad you honored us," she answered, controlling herself by an effort that it made Hetty's heart ache to see, and then with graceful courtesy she introduced him to her guests.

It was a successful party. Everybody went home well pleased with the hostess and entertainment. Yet after the last guest had gone, Effie sent to bed and servants out of the way to bed and servants out of the way, Mrs. Wilson paced her parlor in an agony that it was dreadful to see in one usually calm.

"After so many years," she said, in answer to Hetty's tearful sympathy, "I thought he was dead! I was sure he was dead. Oh, Hetty, must I tell him?"

"Wait a little, Lucy. You know it was a conditional promise. Test his love first, and his sanity," she added, in a lower tone.

"For how long, Hetty?"

The tone was as imploring as that of a criminal pleading for a delay of his sentence.

"Suppose we say a year?"

"And we must invite him here often, Hetty. It is only justice."

But it was not long before the act of justice became to Hetty a pleasure she would scarcely admit how great even to herself. The invitation sent through Effie was eagerly accepted, and the humpback was soon a constant visitor at Mrs. Wilson's and before many weeks a loved and honored one.

I wish I could make you see here something of the gentle loveliness of Hetty Payne's character. She had never been beautiful, and now in her thirtieth year there was nothing to redeem her face from a positive plainness but its winning sweetness of expression. Accustomed in her girlhood to find herself slighted for her more brilliantly attractive sister, she had grown timid and reserved in society, but at home she was the gentle, tender, sympathetic woman whose quiet graces are more valuable than any showy accomplishments. It was a new sensation to this gentle woman to find herself an object of the respect, attention and courtesy of a gentleman whose handsome face was ample compensation for the defects of his figure, and whose noble heart and cultivated mind were opened gradually, as the home atmosphere were away the ice of reserve. John Mansfield was a close student, and had been a traveller, one who could drop egotism, yet give varied personal experience; could cloak pedantry, yet display learning. His love for Effie was almost idolatry, yet as the months went away, Lucy marked with pleasure that Hetty's voice and step called up to his face an expression of deeper emotion than even Effie had power to waken.

November came, and again there were preparations afoot for a Thanksgiving party. It was the night before the expected day, and Hetty was in the library when John Mansfield entered unannounced.

"I have come to bid you a long farewell!" he said, abruptly. "I am going to Europe."

She rose from her seat, white as death. "Going to Europe?" she echoed.

"Yes" the voice was harsh and changed. "Laugh at me, mock me if you will, Hester Payne, I—deformed—poor—you all have—and foot by chains I cannot break—I love you!"

She stood very still a great light coming gradually into her sweet face, but ere a word could she said:

"I shall not mock you, my beloved!"

"No, no, Hester, do not say it! Oh I never dreamed of this. Love me! Oh, do not curse me! I am not free to love you, and I never thought anybody could love me! I am married!"

Still the smile did not fade from her face. "Sit down here," she said, gently, "and tell me your story."

Something in her voice and look gave him a strange feeling of hope. "Why should I tell you," he said, yet obeying her command; "it is but the story of a marred existence blighted by a cruel accident, made bitter by a false woman's broken faith. I loved her madly, Hester, not as I love you, with the mature respect that is almost worship, but with the blind idolatry of a youth. She was wonderfully beautiful, so like Effie that sometimes it deceives me. I was young then, spirited as an arrow, and I had inherited from a father who died, leaving me heir to an immense factory, where I had coined money. We were married. One year after a fire broke out in the factory in the endeavor to save my property, I went in to the burning building, too late. A crashing fall from the roof stunned me, and from long insensibility and illness I awoke, the wreck I am. We were beggared, to add to the revolting to her. She never loved me, and when I recovered from the bed of agony to find myself bankrupt, she fled away from my home to her father's house. I never sought her, but she is my wife. I am rich again, now, by a legacy, but my wealth lies idle. I have no heart to spend, no right to love!"

And having finished his story, told with the abrupt brevity that hides bleeding agony, he let his head fall forward upon the table before him. He was still seated so, unaware that Hetty had glided from the room, when a hand fell gently upon his shoulder.

"John Mansfield," said Mrs. Wilson's voice, "look up." The woman you loved, who so cruelly deserted you, was my husband's cousin. Six months after she left from you; she sank into a consumption, first becoming the mother of a lovely child. She died in July a month before my husband, and in the same house where we were married I adopted the child.

"Effie!" He looked up now.

Hetty stood before him with Effie by the hand. One long embrace encircled promised wife and child.

"Father" It was the next day, and the word fell with touching power upon the heart so long lonely. "To-day you will have something to be thankful for!"

The answer was a long, silent embrace.

"Just one year to-day," said Mrs. Wilson, "since you first came here. I was won over by Effie to send the invitation, though I doubted your acceptance."

"I had to come," he said gently. "Effie had already won my heart. Like Eloise, yet different, I scarcely knew whether to love or hate her."

"And now?" Hetty's voice asked the question.

"Now, my love, my darling," he said, tenderly "we will leave her with the mother she loves, to replace the sister who will come to my far away home."