

poor, cheap pictures, and told me why she had done it, why she gave them away to the Magdalens she knew! It was all in the hope that one day Clementine might come across her mother's picture, and meeting it unawares in such a place, realise that unchanging love called to her to return.

And so among the poor girls with whom she went in and out, "Clementine's mother" became a sacred care. No one of them was so lost as to utter a ribald jest at her expense, none so hardened as to mock at her love.

More than once she came across one who, wearied of sin and loathing the hateful bondage of her life, longed to escape, but knew not the way.

Any such one Mrs. Cunningham would take home to Clementine's room, which was ever ready, and in the morning would bring her round to me. It was here my share in the work first began. I was the intermediary between Mrs. Cunningham and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Marshlands, who received these lost ones and gave them a fresh start.

I never could tell you how good Humphrey had been about it all these years. How he has helped us over and over again with money or advice, never once opposing my taking a personal part in the work, as so many might have done. I have loved him for it so! How thankful I am to God that my children have such a father!

Two years passed, and still we heard nothing of Clementine; then one day I had a letter from the Rev. Mother at Marshlands, telling me that she had been brought to them the day before, and asking me to bring her mother.

Later we learned that she had been deserted in Paris by the man who had betrayed her, her baby had died, and she, ill and heart-broken, had spent the last money she had in returning to London. Then, friendless, fallen, starving, there seemed to her left but the dreadful resource of the streets.

Then one night she got ill, with an attack of hemorrhage from the lungs, and, in a place where she seemed beyond hope, God raised up the friend who brought her home. It was a girl named Dora, whose own home had once been Fordhampton. Lost and abandoned as she was herself, she still had pity in her heart for this miserable child. She nursed her as far as she was able, and then finding where she came from and seeing how ill she was, she had brought her down herself to Marshlands, and given her over to the Sisters' care until her mother could be found.

No persuasion could induce Dora herself to stay. "It's too late for me," she said, "but save her."

We have often prayed that that Act of Charity she gave so freely may avail for her own healing, before her life is done.

Alas! in one way it was too late for Clementine, for it was evident to all from the very first that she was dying.

Gentle and patient in her suffering, grateful for all that was done for her, she lay in her little bed, looking like a flower that has been broken in some wild storm. All her fatal beauty had gone.

Her mother made no sign, even when she knew that Clementine could never return home to her as she had hoped.

With the intrepid courage that nothing seemed able to daunt, she accepted the will of God, and as she had prayed before for Clementine's return, so now she asked for the grace of a good death.

June was intensely hot and dry that year, and day by day we could see her strength failing.

It was the eve of the Visitation when I heard that she had received the last Sacraments, and was not expected to live through the night.

The children were at Beresford, and Humphrey away on Circuit, so that I was able without delay to go for Mrs. Cunningham and take her over to Marshlands.

I don't know if you have noticed how, in any stress of feeling, the poor so seldom say anything.

Any great crisis in their lives is borne in a silence that seems to me more pathetic than any words.

And all that night, this mother, whose whole life,

was bound up in her dying child, uttered no word. She sat there silently watching and praying. From time to time she wiped the moisture from Clementine's forehead, or straightened the coverlet, at which she feebly plucked. It was the first time I had ever sat up all night with anyone, and the hours passed very slowly to me, but at length the morning of the feast dawned.

Clementine still slept, but even I could see that a subtle change had passed over her.

She did not move or speak until, on the arrival of the priest, the convent bell rang for the 6 o'clock Mass. At the familiar sound, she opened her eyes.

"Six o'clock, ain't it, mother?" said she.

"Ay," said Mrs. Cunningham; "they're wonderful punctual here."

It was such a lovely morning. The window was open, and in the convent garden the birds were singing gaily, the dew lay heavily on the yet unopened flowers, and glittered on every leaf and twig.

It was very still. So still that as we knelt we could hear the murmur of the priest's voice at the altar, and—more distinctly—the silvery chiming of the bell as it rang to announce the Elevation.

Then—as if in answer to some call—Clementine sat up.

She looked beyond her mother to the glory of the morning sky.

At the Vision, withheld from us, upon which she gazed, a look, so poignant in its joy and wonder as to strike sharp pain to one's heart, dawned on her wasted face.

"I've come Home, Mother, she said.

Tenderly, as one lays down a sleeping child to rest, Mrs. Cunningham laid the dead girl back upon the pillow. Then at last she spoke:

"Blessed be God!"

"Ye're safe now, me poor lamb," she said, "Blessed be His Holy Name!"

It was long before the silence in the room was broken, and Rosa Waldegrave's eyes were full of tears when she turned to Cicely again.

"Oh, Cicely," she said, "and there are so many Clementines in the world!"

"And so few to find them," Cicely answered.

"So few, perhaps, that are absolutely free to go," Mrs. Waldegrave continued. "But God has made my life empty. I have tried to fill it for myself and failed. If this is His purpose for me, how can I turn away?"

I said: "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din.
But He wept as He sent me back,
There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said: "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered: "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

Cicely quoted softly.
And once more her lips uttered the Divine Praises.
"Blessed be God!" "Blessed be His Holy Name!"

—English Messenger.

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