



"Homeward, down the hill they go."



is the lot of none ; and mercifully so, for that is apt to scorch the soil on which the highest Christian virtues ought to grow. In shine and shadow they had the inner life of love and truth, the warmth and comfort of the Saviour's presence, and the clear outshining of their heavenly Father's face.

The first approach to any difference of opinion between the well-matched pair was when an heir was born to Halston Hall. Then Stephen declared that the boy should be called Henry, after Dora's father, so that a family name might still be transmitted to the generation following ; but Dora, with that perversity and strength of will which is the attribute of womankind, declared for "Stephen," and would not budge a jot. A compromise was at last effected ; and at the font in the village church, this hopeful scion of the house of Akroyd was christened "Stephen Hellier," to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

Dame Henderson renewed her youth, happy always, for she was always strong in faith, and lived rejoicing in God her Saviour. Probably her happiest and proudest moments were those in which she had some new and appreciative listener to whom she could tell the stirring story of Stephen and Dora's history. On all such occasions she took care to magnify the goodness and the providence of God ; and if her listener should ever hazard a remark that this or that was a wonderful coincidence, a remarkable chance, or a curious accident, she would say what, years before, she had said to Stephen Akroyd in the days of his perilous unbelief, "Accident ! I

tell you it was a Providence, an' nivver a accident at all."

Here my little narrative (the leading facts of which were published in one of the public journals not very long ago) comes to a conclusion ; and unless my aim has been sadly missed, my readers have seen something of the influence of scepticism to blast and blight the life even of the young and hopeful ; something of the power of *real* religion to maintain its ground, sustain its possessors, and endow them with abiding peace in life and joyous victory in death ; something of the power of Christianity to ensure loyalty to principle and fidelity to God in the face of the most potent influences of a tempting kind ; something of the mighty and imperishable influence of a godly mother's life and training ; and something also of the gracious designs of that divine Providence which "shapes our ends" for highest purposes and with loving aims, "rough-hew them how we will." As George Herbert quaintly says—

"For either Thy command or Thy commission  
Lay hands on all : they are Thy right and left ;  
The first put on with speed and expedition,  
The other curbs sin's stealing place and theft.

"Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear  
And be disposed, and dressed, and tuned by Thee,  
Who sweetly temperest all. If we could hear  
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

"Thou art in small things great, not small in any ;  
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall ;  
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many,  
For Thou art infinite in one and all."

THE END.

## WHEN THE SUN SINKS LOW.

WHEN the sun is sinking low  
And the busy day is done,  
Homeward down the hill they go,  
Lucy and her little one.  
Lucy's life is full of care  
Hard she toils from day to day ;  
Many burdens must she bear  
Down the rugged way.  
Love can make the labour sweet,  
Love can make the shadows bright ;  
Swiftly tread the tiny feet  
Homeward in the crimson light.  
Lucy's heart is full of rest,  
Though her steps are tired and slow ;  
And she loves this hour the best,  
When the sun sinks low.

There will come another eve  
When the light grows dim and grey,  
Lucy will not faint nor grieve  
While she treads a darker way.  
Ere the sun of life sinks low  
Many joys her soul may fill ;  
Then her feeble footsteps go  
Down the last long hill.

Oh, how sweet the sunset seems  
To the worker's weary breast !  
Oh, how fair the golden dreams  
Of an everlasting rest !  
Though the toilsome day be long,  
And the pathway rough and steep,  
Comes at last the even-song,  
And the promised sleep.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

