

DINNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

JOHN STRANGE & WINTER'S

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"H'm" remarked Barbara, with another sniff, "perhaps not. But for all that, Miss Dorothy—Ma'am, I should say—David Stevenson was a mean boy, and I never could abide meanness in man, woman nor child."

"He was most generous to me," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

"Yes, to serve his own ends," said Barbara sharply. "You may take such generosity as that for me. Not that I was speaking of that at all, but of your speaking of a horrid boy, who thought nothing of stealing the best apples and letting another take the blame of it."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" cried Dorothy, "you've got hold of a wrong story. Why, I know that once when David stole some of auntie's apples, and young Tom Merriman got the blame, David came and told auntie himself."

"Yes; and for why?" demanded Barbara, with uncompromising sternness. "Because I happened to have caught the young limb at it and collared him before he could get away. You are stealing Mrs. Dimsdale's apples, David Stevenson, I said, laying hold of him suddenlike; and you stole them other apples that Tom Merriman has been sacked for. 'And what's that to you, you old sneak?' he asked. 'Sneak or no sneak,' said I, 'you'll turn out your pockets to me, my fine gentleman; and you'll go straight up to the house and you'll tell Miss Dimsdale that it was you stole the apples last week, and then you'll go and ask Tom Merriman's pardon for having let him lie under your fault.' That I shant, says he. Then, says I, 'I just walks you right off to Miss Dimsdale, and she'll see you with your pockets full, red-handed as you are. No,' says I, 'it's no use to struggle. I've got you safe by the arms, and so I mean to keep you, whether you like it or not. And if once Miss Dimsdale knows the truth, do you know what she'll do, David Stevenson?' says I. 'No,' says he, sulkily. 'What?' 'She'll never stop to think that you're David Stevenson of Holyrod,' I says, 'but she'll just hand you over to the constable at once, and I don't think, my young gentleman,' I adds, 'that Tom Merriman having got the sack to fill your inside with ill-gotten goods, 'll help you with the bench in the very least.'"

"Well, so I suppose he gave in," said Dorothy.

"Well, of course, he had to," returned Barbara, with practical plainness; "but all the same, he never forgave me for having been the one to get the better of him, and never forgot it, not to the very last day we were at the hall. Ah! Miss Dorothy, darling, if you had thought proper to marry David Stevenson, you would have had to do without me. He never would have had me about him, and I wouldn't have taken service under his roof—no, not to save myself from ending my days in the workhouse."

"Barbara, Barbara," cried Dorothy chidingly, "not for me?"

"Well, if you had put it in that way, Miss Dorothy, you might have got over me," the old woman answered.

"But stay! I think I ought to say here that although I have called her old in many parts of this story, Barbara was not, and could not reasonably be called an old woman in the common acceptance of the word. She was a year or so over fifty, and a very strong, hale woman at that, and at this time to Dorothy she was a very rock and tower of strength."

"Well, by virtue of the letter from Esther Brand A in the joy and expectation of her coming, Dorothy passed that day with quite a light heart, and even sat down to the little piano and sang one or two of the songs that Dick liked best. And then she went to bed and slept, leaving the door open between her room and Barbara's for company, and she dreamed, as she always did, about Dick."

"Nor was it a pleasant dream. She saw Dick on board of a large steamer, wearing white clothes and a sailor hat, looking very bronzed and happy. He was leaning over the side of the ship, with a cigarette in his mouth, just as she had seen him many a time, and by his side there stood a beautiful lady—not a girl like Dorothy herself, but a beautiful woman of about thirty years old, such as Dorothy fancied her old friend at home, Lady Jane Sturt, might have been at that age. They seemed to be talking earnestly together, and after a time—such a long time it seemed in her dream—Dick took one of the lady's hands and raised it to his lips; then she laughed and said something, and Dick caught her to him and kissed her on the lips. Immediately afterward, while Dorothy, with frozen lips, was gazing at them, Dick turned his head and looked her full in the eyes with the glance of an utter stranger."

CHAPTER XX.

WITH a shriek Dorothy awoke—the sun was streaming in at the sides of the window-blinds, and Barbara was just coming through the doorway with a little tray bearing Dorothy's early cup of tea.

"I scream, Barbara?" Dorothy gasped.

"A bit of a cry. What ailed you, ma'am?" Barbara asked.

"Oh! I was so frightened—I had such a horrid dream about the master, I thought—"

But Dorothy did not complete the sentence, for Barbara put out her hand with a horrified look. "Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, don't tell it. Whatever you do, don't tell me."

"But why?" cried Dorothy, opened.

"You should never tell a dream before noon, Miss Dorothy," returned Barbara, portentously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "isn't it lucky?" She knew that Barbara was a great believer in luck, and signs and omens.

"It's fatal," answered Barbara solemnly, whereat Dorothy burst out laughing, and the worst feelings of dread with which she had awakened passed away.

"I think," she said after breakfast when Barbara was clearing the table—"that I shall put on my hat and go up to the High street—I cannot finish this until I get some more lace," then she held it up and showed it off to Barbara. "Isn't it sweet?" she exclaimed with intense satisfaction.

"It's lovely," returned Barbara, who was overjoyed at the prospect of a baby. "Then do you wish me to go with you, ma'am, or will you go alone?"

"Do you want to go?" Dorothy asked.

"Well, ma'am, to be honest, I don't. I want to turn out the room for Miss Esther. You see, she may come nearly as fast as her letter, and I shouldn't like to put her into a dirty room."

"It can't be dirty, Barbara," cried Dorothy, laughing, "because nobody has ever slept in it."

"Well, ma'am," Barbara retorted, "I can't say that I know a dirtier person than Mr. Nobody—on the whole."

Dorothy laughed. "Well, then you evidently have a lot to do, and I would just as soon go alone. So I will go soon, before I get tired or the day gets hot," for although September was half over, the weather just then was most sultry and trying to those not in the best of health.

She was soon ready, and went into the cosy little kitchen to ask Barbara if there was anything she wanted, but she did not happen to want anything at all.

"Do I look all right?" Dorothy asked, turning herself about.

"Yes, you look very sweet this morning, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara. "I wish the master could see you this minute."

"So do I," echoed Dorothy promptly. "Well, he will see me soon enough, soon enough. Good-by, Barbara."

Barbara followed her to the door and watched her out into the street, and truly, as she had said, her young mistress was looking very bonny that day. On her fair hair, loosely arranged, yet not untidy-looking, she had a small straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon and a cluster of gloire de Dijon roses. Over her pretty blue cotton gown she wore a long dust-coat of some thin and light-toned material. She also wore tan-colored shoes and Suede gloves of about the same tone, and she carried a large white cotton parasol to shield her from the sun.

It was a very simple and cheap toilette, but it was fresh and dainty-looking, and Dorothy looked bright and lovable, and a little lady from the crown of her bonnet to the tips of her shoes; indeed, more than one person thought so as she passed the street; and the old General, who was out for his usual morning trot, stopped in his walk, and, wheeling round, stood to look after her till she had turned the corner and was out of sight, when he went on with his self-imposed sentry go, wishing with all his heart he was forty years younger.

Meantime Dorothy went serenely on her way, reached the shop for which she was bound, and there made her purchases, all small enough for her to bring them away in a neat little parcel in her unoccupied hand. And then, just as she stepped off the doorstep of the shop on to the pavement, she suddenly found herself face to face with David.

If it had been possible she would have retreated back into the shop; but it was too late for that. David Stevenson had already uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was standing close in front of her, holding out both his hands to her.

Now, if there was one person in all

the wide world whom Dorothy would rather not have seen just then, that person was David Stevenson. I think she looked all the dismay which she felt, and that she felt all and perhaps more than the dismay which she looked.

"Oh! is that you?" she gasped.

David let his hands, with their glad welcome, drop instantly.

"You're not very glad to see me, Dorothy," he said, in quiet, but bitter reproach.

"I—that is, you startled me," she replied, in a wild endeavor to put off any questions he might think proper to ask her.

"Evidently," he said, dryly, "and you want to get rid of me, eh?"

"Oh, not at all," biting her lip and wishing that she could sink into the ground, or dissolve into thin air, anywhere out of the way of his hard and steely-blue eyes, which seemed to look her through, and to know in a moment all the secrets of her life.

"No? Ah, that is better. Then, since you don't want to get rid of me all in a hurry, perhaps you will let me walk a little way with you. May I?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Dorothy, giving herself up for lost at once.

"Do you live near here?" he asked.

At that moment there was a slight knock on the pavement of the always busy street, and just as David spoke Dorothy perceived that the sweet-faced lady who lived on the floor above her was also blocked, and stood for a moment or so face to face with her. Undoubtedly she had heard David's question just as Dorothy had done, and undoubtedly Dorothy had never seen her eyes so cold or her lips so austere as they shut before. In her distress and annoyance at being thus apparently caught, Dorothy blushed a vivid, guilty crimson—a fact upon which the sweet-faced lady put the usual construction to which all highly moral persons seem to jump at once in a moment of doubt—that is, the very worst possible one.

"Can you give me no news from home, then?" Dorothy asked, in a desperate voice, raised far above her usual tones.

David looked down at her in surprise—an involuntary action which was not lost upon the lady, who was still unable to pass on.

"News?" he repeated. "Why, of course I can. I have so much news to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Let me see—Lady Jane is back, of course."

Dorothy turned her head in time to see that the lady had passed on and was out of ear shot before David had begun his news.

There, just like David's stupidity, to be too late. Why, she wondered, irritably, could he not have happened to say something which would have let that woman upstairs know that they had known each other all their lives? But no, David had always blundered whenever and wherever she was concerned, and she supposed that he always would. Her interest in the home news was gone, lost in the depths of her annoyance, but she listened patiently till he had exhausted that topic, till she had heard who was married and who was dead, of a fire in such a one's rick-yard, and of a barn belonging to another which had been struck by lightning.

Then he told her how he had improved the Hall—her perfect old home, which in her mind needed improvement of no kind—how he had put a smart, capable gardener in to bring the place into real good condition.

"And old Isaac?" said Dorothy, fiercely.

"Oh, he is still about—I shouldn't turn any old servant of yours off, you know. There are plenty of odd jobs for him about the place."

"What sort of odd jobs?" demanded Dorothy.

(To be Continued.)

WORSHIP OF GOD.

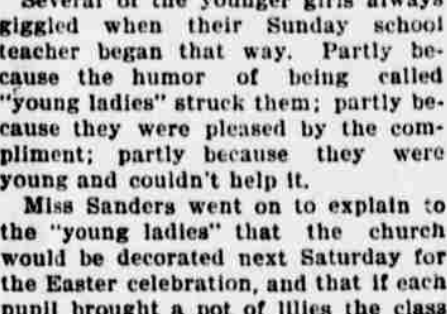
Rev. Bristol Gives Some Timely Hints Well Worth Cherishing.

The Rev. C. G. Bristol of Hartford, Conn., says in his anniversary sermon: "Let me remind you that among all the definitions and conceptions of worship and the house of God, ours is one that has from the earliest time leaned toward the more strict and conservative view. With us the church is not a concert hall nor a lecture room. We believe as firmly as others in intellectual training and in hours of amusement, but they must have their rightful place, and that is not the church. The church is for the worship of God, with those branches that justly concern the upbuilding of the spiritual life and the extension of the kingdom of God. Within the walls of the church you stand upon a hallowed spot, consecrated—made holy—for the worship of God. As Jehovah spake to Moses, so he speaks to us here, 'Take off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereupon thou standest is holy ground.' . . . A sensitive nature, a nature trained in the ways of culture, will always have respect for and be reverent in the house of God during the hours set apart for public worship. A nature that is not so sensitive nor so trained in the arts of true manhood and womanhood will not be reverent here, nor elsewhere considerate of the feelings of others. It is therefore at other hours in God's house that I ask you to maintain the attitude of reverence. When for any purpose you are brought here, whether the first day or the fourth; whether for work or worship, let us not forget it is God's house, and do all things as in His presence and for His glory. Enter it not until you have left at the door all worldly thoughts and commonplace conversations; be content to separate yourselves from human companionships for the moment, and be glad to walk with God."



Easter Lilies Fading.

See! those Easter lilies laid
On the cross begin to fade.
If the one who bore them hither
Had a faith that will not wither;
If he hath within his bosom
Love to God and man in blossom,
Tho' his dearest hopes decay,
Health and riches pass away,
Unseen crosses he can dress
And give life Easter cheerfulness.
—Fletcher Bates.



Esther had two or three pinks in her hand. Noticing that the little boy looked at them eagerly, the kind-hearted child approached the bed.

"Will you have them, Freddy?"

The sick boy reached out his hand quietly, without speaking, and Esther laid the flowers in it.

"Thank you, Miss Esther," said the mother, gratefully. "He always loved flowers so. But flowers cost something at this time of year."

Like a flash a thought darted through Esther's brain—my lilies!

"He may have those," she answered, hastily. "I meant them for the teacher, but she always has lots. It doesn't matter!"

She ran down the stairs, scarcely hearing Mrs. Morgan's "Tell your mother I will finish the work by tomorrow."

She walked rapidly down the street, trying to push out the little thought which came again and again as fast as she rejected it.

"To give Freddy my lily? Not to take it to the church! Oh, I couldn't do that!"

There was little time for talk. School was beginning. At recess, when the girls talked over their plans for flowers, Esther ran away to play a lively game. She wanted neither to talk nor think. When she was alone that night her one thought was: "No, I can't do it! I cannot!"

"Mother, do you think Freddy is very sick?" she asked the next day.

"I don't suppose he will ever be perfectly well again," answered Mrs. Shaw. "Why?"

"His mother says he likes things—flowers"—began Esther slowly.

"I don't suppose she can give him much beyond bread and butter. You

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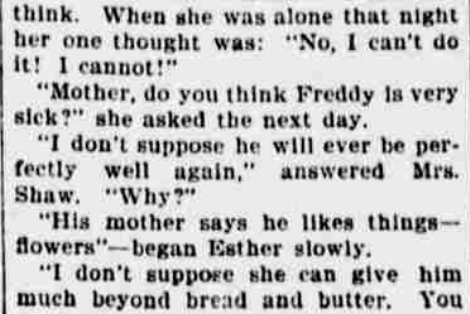
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"Young ladies," began Miss Sanders. Several of the younger girls always giggled when their Sunday school teacher began that way. Partly because the humor of being called "young ladies" struck them; partly because they were pleased by the compliment; partly because they were young and couldn't help it.

Miss Sanders went on to explain to the "young ladies" that the church would be decorated next Saturday for the Easter celebration, and that if each pupil brought a pot of lilies the class would be well represented.

"I have a lovely pot of lilies at home, Miss Sanders," said Esther Shaw, eagerly, when the class was dismissed. "It has six lilies on it, and it is so tall—taller than any in the florist's."

"That is very nice, Esther," smiled Miss Sanders. "Bring it early. If it is so pretty you shall have a good place for it."

Esther went home with springing feet. She had watched and tended that lily so carefully all winter. How glad she was now! Mr. Leamer, the florist, had none prettier than that. It would be the tallest there. Mrs. Shaw had always encouraged Esther in her love for flowers. It seemed as if the little girl was to be rewarded for her work.

The next morning Esther had an errand to do before school.

"I can't wait," she said, hastily, when two of the girls stopped to ask about the church decorations. "Yes, my lily is splendid! I'll tell you at recess!"

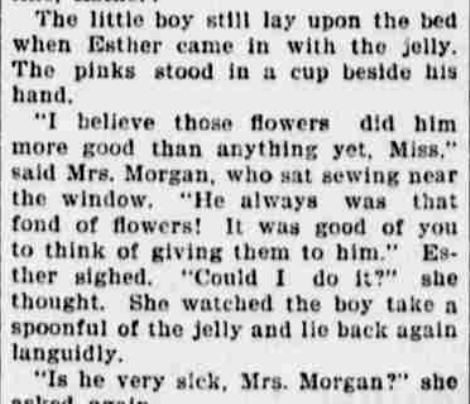
She knocked at Mrs. Morgan's door—up one flight, back—and opened it, scarcely waiting for a "Come in."

"I'm in such a hurry, Mrs. Morgan," she began, "but mother wants to know if you can't let her have the aprons today?"

Mrs. Morgan, a thin woman in black, rose from the bed beside which she was sitting.

"I'm sorry, Miss Esther," she said. "I wanted to let your mother have them, but Freddy's been sick again, and they're not done yet."

A wasted-looking boy lay on the bed with a crutch beside him. His big



WOULD YOU LIKE THIS?
may take him some jelly today, if you like, Esther!"

The little boy still lay upon the bed when Esther came in with the jelly. The pinks stood in a cup beside his hand.

"I believe those flowers did him more good than anything yet, Miss," said Mrs. Morgan, who sat sewing near the window. "He always was that fond of flowers! It was good of you to think of giving them to him." Esther sighed. "Could I do it?" she thought. She watched the boy take a spoonful of the jelly and lie back again languidly.

"Is he very sick, Mrs. Morgan?" she asked again.

"Oh, he'll be all right when he can run out and see the roses and the lilies and the daisies."

His mother came and shook up his pillow, and then she moved the flowers a little nearer and took the jelly away.

Esther walked home with the question unanswered in her heart. Then she stood before the lily and considered it.

"I suppose Freddy would think it was beautiful, and it would keep in bloom a long time if his mother watered it. And I know he's pretty sick, and I suppose I really ought to be glad to give it to him, if I can. But—oh, dear, it would be the tallest one, and prettier than any one's, and I did want to put it with the other girls!"

After all, it wasn't an easy problem for a little girl to solve. It seemed pretty big to Esther. The lily got a little salt water that afternoon. By and by Mrs. Shaw, coming in, found Esther still staring at the lily, with red cheeks and suspiciously bright eyes.

"What is it, little girl?"

So she told her mother all about it, and somehow the question seemed to clear as she talked it out.

"But yet it did seem right to take it to the church," she said, in a slightly puzzled tone.

"Well, you see, Essie, that depends!

Perhaps it wasn't so much taking it to church that you liked as the fact that it was a bigger lily than the others." Esther's cheeks flushed.

"You see, girlie, the flowers in church mean something more than just a lovely flower growing out of the dark earth. They mean life coming out of death and good out of evil."

"Yes, mamma—I know."

"You meant to give your flower in church because every one would admire its beauty. You can make your gift still more beautiful if you decide to give it to a little child who has no other flower to make his Easter happy."

"Ye-es," responded Esther.

She did spend a few more sighs over the matter. Esther was only a little girl. But, after all, it is braver to do what one feels to be right, when it is hard work than when one is excited by a feeling of one's own goodness.

She carried the flower to Freddy the next day. "Cause, you see, mamma," she explained, "he might as well begin right away to keep Easter, if my lily is going to help him do it."

"It is very good of you, I'm sure," said the tired mother when Esther had presented her flower. "Your other flowers have done him much good."

The sick boy was propped up in a chair. He smiled and brightened, looking at the wonderful white flowers, and put out his fingers to touch the waxen leaves.

Esther stood and looked at him, and as she saw his admiration of her lily, a little feeling of satisfaction that she had decided rightly began to grow in her heart.

"I hope you will water it, Mrs. Morgan," she said.

"I will," answered Freddy, nodding. "Mother will give me the water."

"There! It's made him feel better already," exclaimed the mother, looking fondly from the lily to the boy.

I do not think the Easter lilies looked less lovely to Esther because her own was not among them. Sometimes there are lilies that grow in our hearts.
EVA LOVETT.

The Eastern Marching On.
Do ye hear the song of triumph,
Breaking o'er the brink of dawn,
Hear the gladness and the glory
Of the Easters marching on?
Hark! The universe is throbbing
To its sweet, unbroken chime,
Lo! The ages are resounding
With its choral strain sublime!
Do ye hear its echoes ringing
Down the centuries long gone,
Do ye mark the rhythmic footfall
Of the Easters marching on?
Do ye see their banners gleaming,
And their serried cohorts bright,
And their standards high uplifted,
Radiant with celestial light?
See sin skulking, shadows scatter,
Conquered death grow weak and wan,
Terrors fleeing from the highway
Of the Easters marching on;
See the grave, so dark and dreaded,
Now become a royal bed
Which the King of Kings hath hallowed,
Where is neither death, nor dead!
Do ye know the Holy Joying,
Breathing blissful benison,
Sorrow's keenest dart destroying,
Of the Easters marching on?
Feel ye not the wings of healing
Chase afar the clouds of gloom,
As earth thrilled with glad rejoicing,
Bursts to bright and beautiful bloom?
With one mighty song victorious,
With one glorious antiphon,
With one watchword, are the legions
Of the Easters marching on.
'Christ hath risen, hath abolished
Satan's disinheritance!
Life immortal, life eternal!
Shout the Easters marching on!
—Julia Zitella Cocke.

APRIL.
By Mary Mitchell.

Oh! April is a dainty dame,
She wears the sweetest dresses!
Her eyes are like the still blue flame
And sun-gold are her tresses.
Her wee, wee feet are soft and fleet.

