

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

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"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

We will now return to look a little into the welfare of Mrs. Nevergal and her sorrowful niece, after they had reached the home of their relative, Mr. Charles Rogers, in Charles street, Liverpool, and bidden the handsome young physician farewell, who had cared for them both so tenderly during their passage across the Atlantic.

It need only be said, in reference to that farewell, that the tears rushed to the hazel eyes of Ethel as she saw him disappear in the distance, and a great and lonely void seemed suddenly to have dropped into her heart.

She knew not why she had taken such a deep interest in this grave and often pre-occupied stranger, but from the first word of kindness he had spoken to her, she had felt towards him as she had never done towards any person of the opposite sex before.

But now it was all over, he had gone, and henceforward she can but learn to do without him. For a day or so it had almost seemed an impossibility, but with the rapid failure of her aunt's strength her thoughts were forced into another channel, and her own lonely feelings had to be pushed aside for the more momentous and important one of their impending separation.

The third week was drawing to a close, and the young girl had thrown herself upon her knees by the bedside of the invalid to catch the last words that she had to speak in her ear. At her request, she had been left alone with her child, and now, with her hand in hers, she murmured:

"Ethel, darling, I feel that I have but a few hours more to be with you, as my strength is fast waning; but while I may, I wish to tell you what I thought might be kept from your ears until your twenty-first birthday; but as I shall not be with you then, I must impart to you now an important secret, and give into your charge some documents not to be opened until that day. My dear, will you take these papers, and promise me that you will not break their seal until that time arrives?"

"I will, dearest aunt; rest assured I will do exactly as you wish."

"The papers I speak of, then, are in my trunk, inside a small wallet. Take charge of them immediately, and be sure to attend to them at the time I mention. Now, I must tell you a fact that I have withheld from your knowledge for the best of reasons, and in order to keep a solemn pledge of secrecy given to your father when a babe. I took you, as you are aware, when a child of a few weeks old, as my own had died, as well as my husband's sister, who was your dear mother."

"You were so young, and to be so entirely ours until your twenty-first birthday, that all thought it best to call you by our own name. I now tell you, for the first time what has been kept secret. Your father still lives, but for various reasons did not wish to claim you or be known to you until that time. I have informed him of my husband's death, my failing health, and of my return to England. I have also given him Cousin Rogers' address, who will tell him where you can be found when that date arrives."

"I will only add that there is nothing to be ashamed of in your birth. You are a true gentlewoman, and when twenty-one will come into possession of property sufficient for your support; but this fact is not to be generally known. Four months will elapse before that time comes, and I can leave only enough to bury me and purchase suitable mourning apparel for yourself."

"I dare not leave you without a protector and guardian, and as our present host is poor and has a struggle to provide for his own six children and wife, I have written to my brother, Sir Reginald Glendenning, asking him to take charge of you. I told him unless he did, you would be obliged to earn your own living, and I hated to send you out into the world alone for such a purpose. I asked him if you could not be of use in some way to him, until the fifth of October, when you would be otherwise provided for. This letter must be sent after my interment. Let him be notified of my death and invited to my funeral; then, after all is over and your mourning garments are made, send him the letter."

"Now, my love, I wish you to promise me that you will go to him if he sends for you, and assist him in whatever capacity he offers, even though it may be distasteful. Will you do this for your dying aunt, Ethel, my child?"

"I surely will," was the low reply, sobbed out almost with a wail; "but I can not think of your dying, O, auntie! I have loved you so, how can I live without you?"

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be," is all I can say. God will comfort you, and in a few more months your father will claim and protect you. But what is this? I cannot see! I am growing numb-cold! Ethel—Ethel—I am dying!"

She spoke no more, and as Mr. and Mrs. Rogers hastened back to the room at Ethel's hurried call, they saw that she was indeed breathing her last.

Ethel mourned, as one with such a loving heart would naturally do, over her great loss, but amid all her grief she remembered distinctly every direction she had received from those loved, dying lips. The package spoken of was hidden instantly amid her own possessions, and a message dispatched to the baronet.

The next day a telegraphic dispatch summoned the young girl immediately to the presence of the baronet, saying "that he was ill, and needed her at once."

As her letter now her coat in a railway train on her way to the Hall, Poor Ethel! she little knew what awaited her!

ed from the ceiling, and there is no mode of reaching him, save by those shelves. I could not; you can never even see him, or be seen by him. When my friend returns, and wants him, we will unscrew the iron shelves, and so take him hence. "Will you stay now, as he must be seen to this very night?" asked Sir Reginald, after a pause. "You can send for your trunks when you wish. I will pay you twenty pounds a month."

"I will stay."

"Then please ring the bell you see yonder, as I must inform my wife."

The bell brought a footman, who took the desired message, and Lady Constance soon appeared.

"Miss Nevergal is to remain. She is to be my amanuensis, reader, and assist you and the nurse generally, in my care. I wish the room next this prepared for her immediate use."

"Why that one? It will not be wise to put her there."

"Wise or not, there she goes, so have it in readiness."

CHAPTER IX.

In about an hour a servant maid entered, to say that the room was in readiness. Taking up her bonnet and wraps, the young girl passed through the front hall into the room adjoining, which she found exceedingly beautiful. It had evidently always been exclusively a guest chamber, and so richly was it furnished, that she guessed at once why Lady Constance had objected to its daily use.

As soon as the maid had withdrawn, Ethel commenced an examination of the implements Sir Reginald had mentioned. The bookcase he had spoken of she knew had been carried thither from the library for her use since her arrival. The drawer to which he had given her a key of a peculiar shape was a secret one, found, as he had whispered, behind the books, and remembering his directions, she proceeded to open it, after carefully locking her door.

There lay the three singularly shaped, large knives, with long, sharp-pointed blades, there, also was a china candlestick, with three or four dozen wax candles. Matches were in a large tin box, ready for constant and instant use.

Refastening the drawer, and replacing the books, the young girl proceeded to the wardrobe on the opposite side of the room, and unlatching it, she saw at the back a door bolted on her side, which gave her an immediate feeling of security.

Softly drawing the bolt, she looked out into a small passage that led merely from her own room to a similar door inside a wardrobe she had seen in the baronet's study. These two rooms communicated with this little passageway from the inhabited part of the house, and these alone. Directly opposite her door was a smaller one, which she at once knew must lead to the Haunted Tower, and deserted rooms, belonging to this singular old mansion.

Retreating to her own apartment through the wardrobe, Ethel bathed her face and hands, smoothed her hair, and once more turned towards the room of the invalid.

At the threshold, however, she met old Mrs. Freedom, the nurse, who had been in the family for years, who whispered that the baronet had fallen asleep, therefore, she might walk around the grounds if she chose.

Feeling that the fresh air would revive her shrinking spirit, Ethel tripped down the broad staircase and stepped upon the piazza. As she did so, she almost ran against a gentleman just entering.

Raising her eyes to apologize, she found herself face to face with Dr. Elfenstein, the kind friend that she had parted with a few weeks before. He was as much astounded as herself it seemed, at her unexpected appearance.

"Is it possible that this can be Miss Nevergal?"

"It is, indeed; but I can scarcely believe this my friend, Dr. Elfenstein. How is it we meet in this unexpected place and manner?"

"I was about calling on my patient, Sir Reginald Glendenning, when, instead of being received by a servant, Miss Nevergal comes flying towards me. How is it you are here? I see by your black robes that your aunt must have passed away! But come out upon the piazza, as you were about to do, and tell me of yourself."

Passing from the door to the shadow of the trained vines, followed by the physician, the young girl related the occurrences of the last few weeks.

"Did I understand that you were to remain here some time?"

"Yes! I am to be Sir Reginald's secretary, amanuensis and reader. For this, and helping to amuse him, I am to receive a good salary, and will have a home for the summer."

(To be continued.)

Money in Railroadings.

A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform.

They exchanged a few words; then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started, and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees, trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:

"Excuse me, passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting; but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I hated to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me."

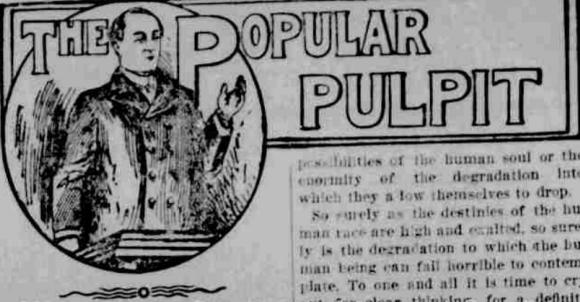
The Mean Thing.

Patience—And she said he fell as her feet.

Patience—Oh, well, if he fell anywhere in the room it would be near her feet.—Yonkers Statesman.

Suicide in Russia.

Fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year.



## THE POPULAR PULPIT

### DESIRING AND OBTAINING.

By Rev. F. B. Chetwood.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For he that seeketh receiveth, and he that knocketh shall be opened.—St. Matthew vii. 7, 8.

These words proclaim an unchangeable, universal, eternal law of the kingdom of God. They are not a three-fold repetition of a single thought. They are rather an announcement of the three successive stages in the upward progress of the one law of desiring and obtaining. These steps are not interchangeable. Seeking is not asking. Knocking is neither asking nor seeking. Asking is desiring; seeking is desire in action; knocking is active desire concentrated upon a definite purpose and plan.

The words of the text are, we believe, not the language of a "character" in fiction, but an utterance of Jesus Christ. Two of their most impressive qualities are their unquestioning confidence and their unlimited scope. There is no suggestion in them of doubt of the reality of the law; no hint of a limit to the law in time, or in space, or in the nature of things. Ask, seek, knock, at any time, anywhere, and for anything, and you shall receive, you shall find, it shall be opened to you. Painful or pleasant, good or what is thought to be evil, what you wish for, what you look for, what you work for you shall have.

The lesson of the reality and the universality of the law of desiring and obtaining is hard to be learned. Like other hard lessons of human life, this is to be learned only by experience. Man gets opinion and belief from observation. Experience alone brings knowledge. When one has seen the fulfillment of a law of God's kingdom in his own life he knows that the law is real. This is the foundation of his faith in the law and in the God expressed in the law. His faith, too, is the real faith, which results from real understanding, which grows out of real knowledge acquired by man in his own individual experience. No argument can shake such faith. No denial can destroy it. Once attained, it is immortal.

It would seem that this kind of knowledge was the foundation of the faith of Jesus Christ in the reality and the universality of the divine law of desiring and receiving. He believed that the law was real and unlimited, because he saw and felt its operation in the concerns of his own holy life. He knew that what he asked was being given to him; that he was finding what he sought; that the doors at which he knocked were opened to him. He lived to do good to others; he desired, he attempted, he planned, to do good to them, and the sick were made well, the lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb talked, lepers were healed, the dead were raised, and broken hearts were mended. How could he question the universality of the law when he found that whatsoever good he determined to do, and whenever and wheresoever he determined to do it, the good was done? This was actually receiving what he asked, finding what he sought, the opening of the doors through which he purposed to pass!

From the point of view of human experience there was nothing peculiar in the earthly existence of Jesus Christ. Tested at all points as all humanity finds—the knowledge that results from experience, the understanding that accompanies knowledge, the power, the faith, the love that come from understanding. He came into this world a baby groping after power, with almost aimless hands. At the end of his experience on earth he went out from his cross the God-man, imbued with all power in earth and in heaven. Because we believe that the faith of Jesus in the reality and the universality of the law of desiring and obtaining was an outgrowth from his experience and that his experience was in no essential particular peculiar to himself, we believe the law to be as real for all as it was for him, as real for ourselves as it is for all others. More than this, we ourselves grow into actual faith in the reality of the law, because we find it fulfilled in our own experience, whether in the good which we have desired to do or in the mistakes which we have undoubtedly made.

Whatever we may be doing, therefore, wherever we may be doing it, we will have faith that God gives to those who ask and seek and knock, and that if we desire them and seek them and knock for them we shall receive in due time—that is, in God's good time, all good things—all the knowledge, all the understanding, all the wisdom, all the power, all the faith, and all the love of which humanity is capable!

Ab! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

It is not what he has, or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

### GRANT LOYAL TO LINCOLN.

Would Not Let His Name Be Used for President in 1864.

Colonel James Matecock Scovel, of New Jersey, contributes to the National Magazine a paper entitled "Sidelights on Lincoln." Colonel Scovel, who enjoyed close personal relations with President Lincoln during the Civil War period, says that Lincoln was seriously afraid Grant would allow his name to be used in the Republican national convention of 1864. Lincoln sent Scovel to learn Grant's intentions. Scovel saw General William Hillyer, of Grant's staff. Hillyer said:

"Colonel, you can go and tell the President that there is no power on this earth that could drag Ulysses S. Grant's name into this Presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. The latter tried to capture Richmond with Washington as his base. Grant is as wise as he is loyal to Lincoln. Talking of this very subject, absent the expected action of his Missouri friends in the coming convention, General Grant said: 'I could not entertain for an instant any competition with our great and good President for the succession. I owe him too much and it's not my time. I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the world's greatest men. He is unquestionably the biggest man I ever met. I admire his courage as I respect his patience and his firmness. His gentleness of character does not conflict with that noble courage with which he changes his convictions when he is convinced that he is wrong. While stating a complicated case to him his grasp of the main question is wonderfully strong and he at once comprehends the whole subject better than the person who states it.'"

Colonel Scovel took this message to Lincoln, whose comment was:

"Ah, Colonel, you have lifted a heavy load from my shoulders. I was a little afraid of General Grant, because I knew the men who want to get behind the great name—we are all human; I would rather be beaten by him than any living man, and when the Presidential grab gets inside a man it hides well. That 'basilisk' sometimes kills."

Mr. Lincoln, still pacing the room, told how General McClelland of Illinois tried to leap into Grant's place before Vicksburg, when he had his Presidential veto on the insurgents and strengthened Grant's hands till Vicksburg was captured. Lincoln said:

"I met Grant March 9, 1864, and as I handed him his commission I said: 'As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you.'"

### A Liberal Contribution.

Two young merchants who occupied adjoining stores in a small town were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth from one store to the other. Each was fond of a joke. The Brooklyn Eagle gives their names as John Bruce and "Clint" Pense.

One cold, blustery day when customers were few, Clint sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman—a stranger—came in, and John stepped forward to wait on her.

"I am soliciting subscriptions for the Fresh Air Fund," said she.

Now, solicitors for one charity or another were numerous, and the merchants usually tried to evade their claims, since it was poor policy to refuse to contribute. So John was greatly pleased with himself when a happy way out of his present difficulty suggested itself to his quick mind.

"You'd better speak to the proprietor about it," he said, politely. "You will find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove."

John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and related her case.

"How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the cause.

"Some are giving as much as a dollar," she answered, "but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady two dollars out of the drawer." And John, of course, had to obey.

### With Men's Notes.

"I have only a speaking acquaintance with jokes," said a learned man, in great humility. "I know that by the way I take them. If I don't ask to have them explained to me, I am conscious of a consuming desire to explain them to others." This tendency to fit a white skin with a commentary is widespread. The New York Tribune says that John B. Gough, in one of his lectures, told the story of two poets, an old one and a young one, who spent an evening together. The younger man suggested that they collaborate on a book of verse but the other answered haughtily "would you hit a horse and an ass together?"

"My dear sir," retorted the younger man, in all honesty, "why should you call yourself an ass?"

When the lecture was over, Mr. Gough walked home with the friend with whom he was to spend the night.

"Would you mind?" said the latter gravely, "explaining to me the point of that story about the two poets?"

"Well," said Mr. Gough, slightly confused, "I suppose the point lies in the definition with which the young man made the old one call himself an ass."

"But," remonstrated the other, "the old poet didn't mean that he was the ass. He meant that he was the horse."

Nothing makes a busy man quite a mad as for idle people to interrupt him at his work, and ask him for money they are not entitled to.