

## A CHILD OF THE MANSE.

(By Gertrude Cockerell.)

### I.

Unlike her usual demure little self, the young daughter of the Manse rushed in from school, shouting: "Father, mother, where are you?"

A gleam of delight stole into the father's eyes as he met her at the study door, and mother hurried forward almost to feel her bones crush in the bear's hug she received.

"Oh! father, mother darling, I can be a medical missionary. I have won the scholarship."

Hearty indeed were the congratulations of the fond parents. The first excitement over, the father, in a few simple words, thanked God for the honour conferred on their child, and prayed that through it He would open out to her a wide sphere of service.

To the godly pastor and his wife and child, as well as to the little maid who so cheerfully did her bit to make the Manse the home it was, it seemed quite natural to meet at any time for prayer and praise.

Only when the little student was safely in her room did the parents gaze long and earnestly at each other.

"John, need we tell her, and cloud her happiness? You see, the Doctor said that with care and more rest I might live a few years, and what a joy it would be to me to see the child through College, and on the way to the realisation of her heart's desire."

There was a conflict in the good man's breast as he looked sadly at the frail figure at his side, the sweet suffering face, strong with noble purpose and achievement. Taking a thin hand in his own, he said, "Lucy, I am fairly baffled." And with bowed heads they pleaded the promise for the perplexed: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth liberally to all men, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." On separating, it was with the intention of telling the child the truth.

Just before lighting up, the time when the family, and sometimes a privileged visitor, held sweet and sacred intercourse, the father gently broke to Pearl the Doctor's verdict on their beloved's health. Pearl listened in blank silence, her only response being to tighten her hold on

her mother, as if to keep her for all time.

"Father and I thought it right to tell you what had passed," playfully adding, "You know, we never keep back anything from our junior partner, and the young curate." "But we must not let this cloud our joy at your success, and of course this will not interfere with the carrying out of your wishes and ours. And may God grant to you to lead to Christ 'those other sheep' your ministry of healing will make possible."

"Poor little soul!" the father exclaimed with deep emotion, as Pearl hurried from the room.

It never occurred to these devoted parents, having laid their child upon the altar, to withdraw the sacrifice. Their one concern was that she should not be hindered or distressed in following out her noble calling.

When Pearl re-entered the room, it was with a face radiant with joy and holy purpose.

"Father, mother," she exclaimed, "I am not going to College. I am always going to stay with you."

"But why, darling?"

In vain the parents expostulated with her on her change of purpose, and told her how well they were going to manage in her absence. Pearl had settled the matter on her knees, and now made out so good a case why she should remain at the Manse, that reluctantly, though with deep thanksgiving and relief, as if some great burden had been lifted, they felt their Father allowed them still to retain their precious Pearl.

Three years' ministry to the saintly mother, and then the long-looked-for, dreaded, parting came, and with it something seemed to snap that held Pearl to life. But this was no time to nurse her grief. The anguish of her remaining parent called for resolute self-forgetfulness to support him in his loss. Clasping hands over the remains of their beloved, they mingled their tears with thanksgiving that hers was the great joy now of being with her Lord, while they afresh consecrated themselves to His service for "the little while" of waiting "till He come." How short a time for the one they little knew.

Strengthened for their sorrow, they again took up the duties of the day. Just three months later it was, and

the faithful Pastor's place knew him no more!

Oh! how desolate the Manse now looked. Pearl was about to turn her back on the hallowed associations of so many years of joy and sorrow. Well was it that her loving parents knew not the thorny path that lay before their cherished child.

Ah! child, 'tis well for you that mother-heart

Can nothing overrule;  
Else life would be so sweet, too sweet  
to part,

And earth your home, not school."

(To be Continued.)

## SUBMISSION.

(By Miriam Teichner.)

Submission? They have preached at that so long,

As though the head bowed down would right the wrong;

As though the folded hand, the coward heart

Were saintly signs of souls sublimely strong;

As though the man who acts the waiting part

And but submits, had little wings a-start.

But may I never reach that anguished plight

Where I at last grow weary of the fight!

Submission: "Wrong, of course, must ever be,

Because it ever was. 'Tis not for me  
To seek a change; to strike the maiden blow.

'Tis best to bow the head and not to see;

'Tis best to dream, that we need never know

The truth—to turn our eyes away from woe."

Perhaps. But, ah! I pray for keener sight.

And—may I not grow weary of the fight!

## WANTED—A GIRL.

We want the girl with the ready pen,  
And the girl with a song in her heart,

The girl with a clear and steady brain;

And the girl who will do her part;  
For the harvest is great, the fields are white,

And the reapers indeed are few.  
We never will win till we all unite,

And we want the girl who will stand for the right.

I trust, dear, that girl will be you.