

to her kisses, she broke out in a passionate storm of grief, which raged until her exhausted frame sank under the strain.

Who shall describe those hours of bitter anguish spent by the woman whose life was centred in that crippled child?

Only a mother can know the feelings of a mother when she loses the lives God has given her.

Let us, then, not invade the sanctity of that shrine—a mother's heart—but draw the veil of oblivion closely over it.

CHAPTER VI.

It is the sweet calm of a summer's eve; the heat and toil of day are over, the noisy trippers have taken their departure and once more a supreme quiet reigns over the scene. The quaint old English village of Tintern, with its one long street and background of trees rising high above, in the evening cool seems half asleep.

Within the shadow of the grand old abbey, wrapped in silent converse, are Marc and Mary Ashton. It is six months since little Charlie died, and Mary has returned to England and become Marc's bride.

The profound peace, which at all times pervades the place, seems to hallow the calm evening hour, and stirs within them thoughts that are too deep for words.

The last parting rays of the setting sun shed over the huge pile of Gothic columns a faint glow of colour, while, through the slender shafts of the eastern window, are seen the woods beyond, standing out in dark relief.

As the night closes in, Mary takes her husband's arm and they wend their lingering steps towards the village. Most of the cottagers have already closed their doors and retired to rest, for they are simple folk who live in this out-of-the-way corner of England.

They stand for some moments gazing upon the moonlit stream, listening to its song and watching the gentle ripples gleaming as they flow along.

Then opening a tiny wicket-gate which guards the entrance to a garden laid out in beds of simple flowers of brilliant hue, and filling the night air with perfume which seems to sanctify the place, they pass into the cottage where they are spending their honeymoon, and as they close the door let us bid them farewell.

[THE END.]

L'ASILE DES BILLODES DU LOCLE.

GREAT CENTRE FOR THE RECEPTION OF USED POSTAGE STAMPS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



MADAME CALAME.

that the Asylum in the Canton de Neuchâtel has always been indicated as one of the best with which the contributors to this Magazine are acquainted, and by which the old stamps may be made of profit.

Early in the last century, a lady-artist, Mdle. Marie-Anne Calame, was a distinguished painter in enamel, by which she had supported herself and made a small fortune. In a small and humble locality of the Canton, this excellent

“WHERE can we send our collections of stamps?” is a question many times repeated. Some wish to find a sale for them for their own benefit; others for that of the more needy than themselves. A reference to our correspondence columns will remind my readers

woman was familiar with the hardships endured by a large proportion of little children, and the evil training they had in a moral point of view. With her, to see and feel grieved about anything needing reform and help, was to act promptly, and combat the evil with all her ability; and once her decision was made, she began her work. No obstacle was discouraging, no difficulty too great to be surmounted. She placed all her confidence in that Divine Power with Whom “all things are possible,” and Whose Holy Spirit instigated the gracious idea. For twenty years she directed the management of the Children's Home she had instituted, meeting at first with encouragement, and subsequently with much the reverse. Others who took an interest in a new idea, and an occupation for an idle hour, grew lukewarm, and dropped off from the work; the charm



CUTTING OUT OF OLD STAMPS.

of novelty was gone, and "the love of many waxed cold"—love to Him, and the objects of His compassion, Who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Placing her trust in Him Who inspired the work, like those wonderful champions for the Truth—the Müllers of Bristol—she believed in "putting her own shoulder to the wheel," and in the prayer of faith that could "remove mountains," and help the efforts made for His sake. What was the result? The promised blessing was poured out. Presents of clothing, of food, of money, poured in, and even of legacies; and the enterprise, begun in a humble way, prospered, and extended its field of usefulness in a wonderful way. From collecting a few children around her for part of a day only, her work grew till she had taken in upwards of 200 little unfortunate ones, and prepared them to earn an honest livelihood. Three adjoining houses were taken to accommodate such a number. Children of all ages, boys as well as girls, were admitted. Here they were prepared for many vocations, domestic service, and positions as governess amongst them; and there were workshops in the establishment for shoemaking, tailoring, turning, and providing articles necessary for the home community. To maintain such an institution, Mdlle. Calame had only her personal sacrifices, the trifling payments of some of her pupils, the industries of others amongst them, and the God-sent gifts that came in unsought and unexpected.

It is now seventy years since the saintly founder of this home and training school entered into her rest; but devoted successors have carried on what she began, and these successive relays of orphans and destitute or deserted children find a home and a training for future independence. One source of their annual income is derived from the gifts of already employed postage stamps, which are cut, classified, and tied up in numbers, a department of



CLASSIFICATION OF STAMPS.

work in which small children can be employed. An old Swiss friend of my own, to whom I carried out a large packet collected by myself every year, told me she believed that they were sent to Nuremberg, there to be made into *papier maché*; but on this point she was not quite certain. My dear friend has recently gone to her rest, and my annual collection shall be taken to another friend, who will forward them to the same destination.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VII.

PRAYER.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—St. Luke xi. 1.

"In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. iv. 6.



ONE of the first lessons that a Christian mother tries to teach her child is that of prayer. The little creature, whose tiny hands are clasped between her parent's strong ones, does not at first understand why, morning and night, she is taught to kneel and say some words to One Whom she cannot see. The little one is willing enough to say with her

lisp tongue what mother says, because mother-love is an all-powerful influence. There is bliss in feeling those enfolding arms, in hearing the few words softly and reverently uttered, and in repeating them, in being associated with mother in something from which all others are excluded for the time being.

The Christian mother does not rest satisfied with teaching her little one to repeat a few set words, but tries to make the child understand their meaning and to realise that, though unseen, there is One Who hears and is willing "to give good things to them that ask Him." It is because I regard you, dear companions of the Twilight

hour, as the mothers of the future that I ask you to look on at these first lessons in prayer, these first steps towards the formation of what should be the habit of a life-time. Unfortunately, so many of those who teach these first lessons go no further. They content themselves with putting a simple form of words into a child's lips, and afterwards the little one may "say its prayers" in any fashion and to anybody who will take the time and trouble to note that the words are repeated at stated times.

Not long ago I heard a child's travesty of the "Lord's Prayer," that wondrously comprehensive petition which Christ gave to the disciples as His answer to their request, "Lord, teach us how to pray." The child had been taught to say the words, after a fashion, as soon as she could speak, and when years and years had passed over her head and she could read for herself with intelligence and appreciation, she still rattled through her baby petitions without giving a thought to their meaning. I should shock you were I to try to write down that prayer as she repeated it, looking about her the while, as she might have done had she been shaking a rattle or beating a drum.

In this case the mother had begun rightly by establishing the habit of saying prayers, but had failed to teach her little one that, by means of prayer, we should open our hearts to God, tell Him of our needs and our longings, and ask Him to supply the one and satisfy the other.

We cannot really pray unless we have a sense of want. And we must feel that we want something that only God can give us when we go to Him. How often children