

nervously for the music to commence. She strained her eyes to catch a sight of Jenny amongst the sea of white-robed figures in the chancel, but failed to do so until the girl stood up to sing, "Rejoice greatly, ye daughters of Zion." How clear and sweet the pure notes fell from the singer's lips, high above the heads of the people, soaring among the cathedral arches to the vaulted roof. Frieda's cheeks flushed and her dark eyes shone. Around her there was a faint murmur of astonished delight.

"What a divine voice!" said someone near her as the last note died away.

When the young soprano rose again there was a wonderful light on her face. It was as a high priestess of the Most High that she took the sacred words on her lips. "Come unto Him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest." And the people with one accord, came—yielding to the pleading of that angelic voice, which seemed in very truth to proceed from Heaven.

Ah! if that voice could have gone on pleading in the hearts of all present, they had never returned to the paths of sin.

"How beautiful are the feet of them," was not less perfect than the two preceding solos, but there was eager expectation expressed on many faces at the commencement of the third part.

Frieda stood up and leant against a pillar that she might see the dear face lit up so radiantly.

Now the exquisite voice began, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

There was no great assemblage there for Jenny. She stood alone in the cathedral, the mellow sunlight falling across the marble floor. Far away through the vista of arches was visible the blue sky, with masses of white clouds gathered round the glory of the opening gates of Heaven—"And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God . . . yet in my flesh shall I see God . . ."

So she sang, and beheld her Redeemer waiting for her in the golden gateway.

A cry rang out from amongst the audience, above the music of the orchestra, and the spell of Jenny's divine voice was broken. With her face buried in her hands sat Frieda. A terrible hush fell on the assembly, as the prostrate form of the young singer was carried from the chancel. The orchestra played on in tender subdued harmony and the audience waited in suspense. Then the deep solemn strains of a Dead March moaning from the organ told them, better than any words, the fate of the singer. Silently the people rose and silently they streamed out from the cathedral—the Hall of Death—with sorrow marked on every face.

Only one remained behind cowering within the shadow of the pillar. The sad music ceased. The lights went out and the cathedral grew dark and cold and silent as the grave. Still she sat on.

[THE END.]

A WARM QUILT.

THIS is a very suitable piece of work for invalids, the little bags are light for weakly fingers, no effort of mind is entailed in their making and filling, and perhaps some kind friend would undertake the final "making up." Also it is excellent amusement for the children on a wet day, or when a cold keeps them indoors and the appeal comes for "something to do." Several sets of small fingers can be kept going, and a whole quilt very soon

finished. First make a number of small bags, two inches and three-quarters by four inches and a quarter, leaving them open at the top as in Fig. 1. Any bright coloured bits of material are suitable; they can be made of one or two pieces. Drapers' patterns, when large enough, answer the purpose very well. They need not be strongly stitched; merely enough to keep them together. Fill each bag with scraps of soft material, cut up small, ravelings, bits of cotton-wool, etc., all help, and mix in plenty of little rolls of paper made according to Fig. 2; a rather soft kind is best, insides of old account-books do well. Cut the

strips six inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and when rolled, not folded, give them a pinch at each end, they naturally spring out somewhat, and thereby give elasticity to the stuffing.

As each little bag is filled, not too tightly, turn in the top and oversew it. Then arrange them according to the colouring, as in patchwork, and sew them together at the back with strong cotton. When sufficiently large a frill of coarse lace, crochet, or Turkey twill should be added, and a warm, but not heavy, quilt is the result.

"COUSIN LIL."

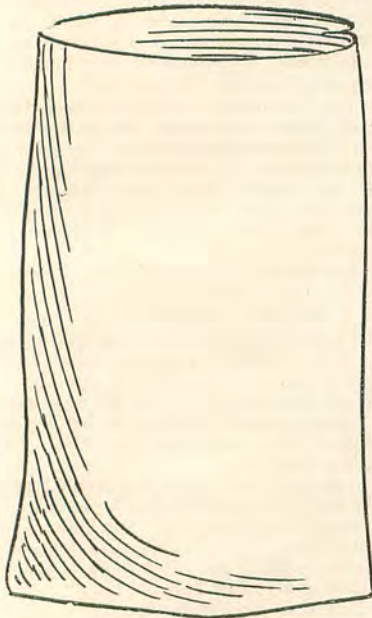


FIG ①

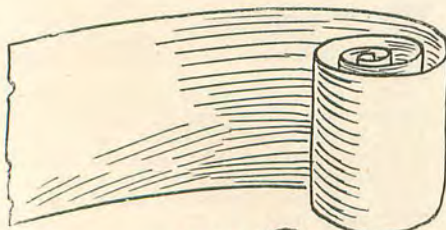


FIG ②

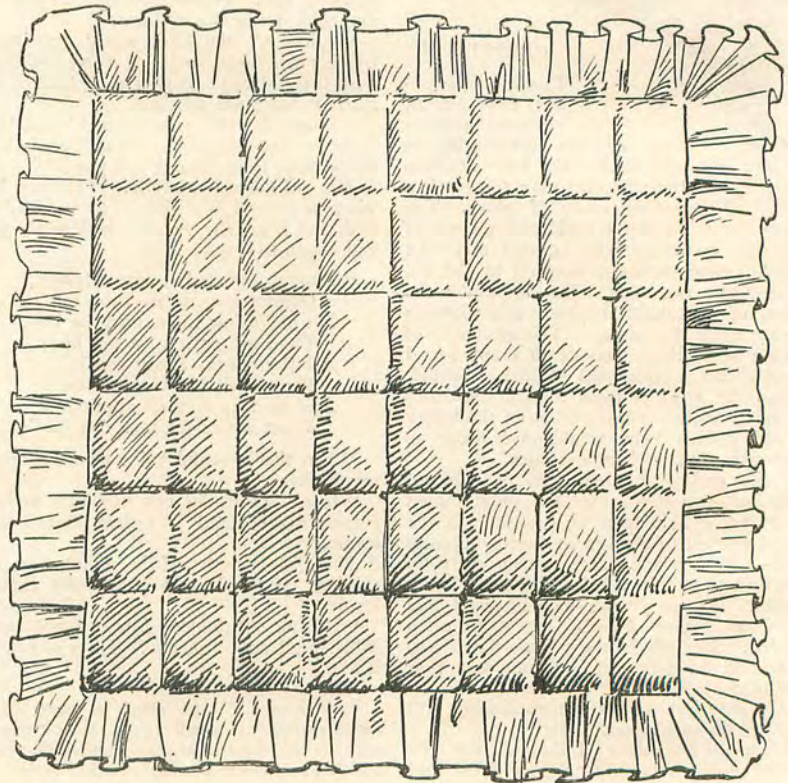


FIG ③