

ingly, as you felt that you could never have any personal regard for her whatever."

Raymond grew crimson, and clenched his hands at these words.

"It was infamous," he said; "I can never forgive him for it; no, not if he were dying before my eyes!" But the next moment the recollection of the victory he had already won over the desire to resent an injury, and the happy results which had followed it, came back to him, and he passed his hand over his eyes for a moment while he struggled with the anger that was burning within him; then he looked up quietly—"I was wrong so to speak," he said "What am I that I should withhold pardon from any one, when I need it so much myself? If Hugh Carlton wishes for forgiveness, he has it."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Derwent; "he could hardly give a greater proof that he does desire it earnestly than the fact that he makes this humiliating confession to you, through me, in order to obtain it; and he has been punished by the consequences of his own errors more severely than could have been done by any human agency. Not only has he finally estranged Estelle from herself, but he has compassed her complete unhappiness as well as your own."

"But how did it end between her and him?" said Raymond; "he was the last person who saw her before she left us, excepting Moss. Did she tell him she was going away?"

"Oh, no; he had not the remotest idea of her having any such intention. Her words to him had been very few—she was indignant, as well she might be, that he again ventured, after all that had passed, to ask her to marry him, and she dismissed him summarily from her presence. He was compelled to leave her, most sorely against his will, and he went out from Highrock House in utter despair. So far from his having the least idea that Estelle would put herself beyond your reach, he fully expected that there would be some communication between her and you on the following day, and that the discovery of his treachery would be followed by your complete reconciliation. All that he had desired and hoped, and toiled for, at the cost of his soul's integrity and peace, had failed him miserably and finally, at last, leaving him a prey to remorse and shame. It is a marvel that the night which followed did not kill him outright, instead of only flinging him into a dangerous illness. He lay on the sea-shore, with the spray dashing over him, and the wind howling round him through the long dark hours, till, as morning broke, his intense mental anguish was overcome by exhaustion and pain, and he was taken home to the bed he has never left since. It remains to be seen whether he will not have to forfeit life itself, as a direct consequence of his evil deeds."

"Poor Hugh!" said Raymond, compassionately; "he has been his own worst enemy as well as ours. I could imagine no fate more terrible than to be pursued by unavailing remorse."

"True and that is certainly his doom for the present; but it is his most earnest and anxious desire to repair the error to the best of his power. If he recover he means to devote himself entirely to the effort of finding Estelle; not for his own sake, though he would be thankful to have an opportunity of asking her forgiveness, but in the hope of restoring her to you, and seeing you at last made happy together."

"He can leave the search for Estelle to me," said Raymond quickly. "She is mine, and I will seek her night and day so long as there is a spot unvisited where she may possibly be. I have made up my mind, Mr. Derwent, to go myself to Australia if nothing is heard of her within the next six months."

"I trust that will not be necessary," said Mr. Derwent, rising. "And now, what message am I to take back from you to this unhappy young man?"

"Only my full and free forgiveness, if he really desires it; and I think I can assure him that dear sweet Estelle has given him hers long since."

(To be Continued.)

The London Church Choir Association will hold a service at Westminster Abbey on Saturday afternoon, the 7th of June, at four o'clock, in aid of the Alexandra Orphanage. The sermon will be preached by the Dean of Westminster.

Children's Department.

TOTTIE'S FIRST LETTER.

Sitting at the table there,
Tracing every word with care,
Little Tottie's writing;
Pressing close her rosy lips,
"Loving words inditing."

To mamma, as is most right
Her first letter she will write,
Every effort making
To thank her, in a loving way,
For all the care that every day
She of her is taking

TRINITY SUNDAY JUNE 8.—This feast does not as other feasts commemorate any single event or person, but rather the result of many and separate facts of revelations—the "Mystery" of the Holy Trinity. St. Augustine tells that while thinking over his discourse on the Trinity he was walking along the sea shore. A little child was there who, having dug a hole in the sand, was bringing water from the sea to fill it. "Why are you doing this?" asked St. Augustine. "I intend," was the answer, "to empty into this hole all the waters of the great deep." "Impossible," cried the Saint. "Not more impossible," replied the child "than for thee to explain the mystery on which thou are now meditating."

STEPS TO CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

1 Cor. xvi. 13. "Quit you like men, be strong."

"When I'm a man I will do so and so," we often hear from a boy's lips. Have you ever thought what it is to be a man! Have you quite made up your mind to be one?

Being full-grown will not make you a man. It means more than that. You must prove your right to the name, and win your title to manhood by manly deeds.

In olden days, however noble a knight might be, whatever his rank and position, his son could not inherit his title till he had first served his apprenticeship in courage, in truth, in loyalty. Then, when he had distinguished himself worthy of the name, he was made a knight like his father, and silver spurs were given him as an outward sign of the honor he had won.

Nowadays there is no such apprenticeship in manhood required of a young man; yet remember, without courage, truth, and nobleness of heart, you have no claim to true manhood. A coward is not a man. A liar is not a man. He who lives a selfish, lazy, impure life is not a man, and never can be one, till he has changed his ways entirely.

Men may think lightly of what you do, and call you "a good fellow," all the same.

But you will not turn a bat into an eagle by calling it one.

A bad shilling may pass for good coin for some time, but at last it will be rung on the counter and its worthlessness made patent. You may deceive others, and even think yourself, "I am not such a bad one after all." But when God rings you on His counter, there will be no mistaking your worthlessness.

"Then quit you like a man. Be strong; Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Shake off dull sloth and go out to fight God's battle in a world of sin by being the sworn champion of all that is good and holy.

It is told how the knights of old went forth to fight giants, to slay fierce dragons, to rescue oppressed innocence, to defend the weak. Your work to-day may be the same as theirs. There are the giants still of men's ugly passions; there are the loathsome dragons of impurity, and drunkenness; innocence is still wronged by lies and slander; the weak are still oppressed by the selfishness and brutality of the strong.

You as a man will have plenty of noble work to do in your every-day life among your companions, in the field, in the factory, in the shop.

Will you begin to-day? "Quit you like men, be strong."

PRAYER.

O Lord Almighty, who alone canst make men strong to do Thy will, rouse me out of my sloth and indifference. Thou whomadestman in Thine own image, teach me to form myself after Thy most holy likeness.

Make me courageous, truthful, pure, and strong. Arm me against evil and help me to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, Let me not fail nor be discouraged in my work for Thee.

Let not men's scorn or laughter move me from my purpose to fight for Thee even unto death. By Thy Cross and Passion, O Lord, make Thou me more than conqueror. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

"REST."

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brooks' motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best;
'Tis onward unswerving!
And that is true rest.

FAMILY TROUBLES.

Was there ever a family without its troubles? Adam and Eve had their troubles in Eden; and all families have had their troubles. Every family has a skeleton behind the door; every person has a thorn in his side. It is said that misery loves company, so take courage helpless man, wearied woman. You are in the majority. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks are to fly upward." A useless family would yours be if it knew no trouble. Trouble is our great teacher. It nerves us with strength; it gives us courage; tempers our metal; develops our self-control; it quickens our inventive powers. Troubles are to us what the winds are to the oaks, what labor is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great lessons. Troubles are not to be courted, but when they come we must get over them the best way we can, or bear them with the best fortitude we can rouse. Take courage, therefore, troubled one. Not in vain are your trials. They make you brave, strong, and it is to be hoped better. Be not cast down; cheer up; cast aside your weeds and woes, Look the world in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns, overcome it with the courage of a true soldier in life's great campaign, and stoutly contend for the victory of will and wisdom.

The woodwork of the new high roof of St. Alban's cathedral being completed and ready for fixing, the contractor has called on the Faculty Committee to decide on the covering, which was deferred in order to see whether an adequate amount would be specially subscribed for lead. This has not yet been done.

The Earl of Beaconsfield has given £250 in aid of the restoration of the parish church of Hartest, Suffolk.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MARRIED.

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, Kirkdale, on the 22nd May, by the Rev. Albert Stevens, M.A., of Dixville, brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. E. A. W. King, M.A., of Riviere du Loup, Hugh Stalman Wright, of Drummondville, third son of the late Thomas Struthill Wright, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., of Edinburgh, Scotland, to Isabella, only daughter of Gardner Stevens, Esq., of Kirkdale, Prov. Que.

DEATH.

On May 30th, 1879, at 178 Carlton Street, Arthur Wilson, second son of the late Thomas J. Preston, Esq., of this city, and brother of the late Rev. Canon Preston.