

belonged to his ancestors, so that he might revive in his own day the ancient glory of his family.

Yet through all her ostentatious boasting, and her repeated assurances that it was the fatigues of the London season which had affected her health, Estelle saw clearly that her present state was due to a secret misgiving as to the happiness of her precious child, thus committed to the sole care of a man whose lack of principle was notorious.

Throughout the whole of her visit Estelle never once mentioned Raymond, and whenever Mrs. Carlton seemed about to allude to him she turned the conversation in such a manner as to show Kathleen's mother very plainly that she, who was emphatically Raymond's friend, would not submit to hear so much as the sound of his name in that house where he had been so cruelly betrayed.

Estelle adhered to this resolution in all her subsequent visits to Mrs. Carlton, whom she really pitied in her loneliness and anxiety, and she also ceased completely to speak of Raymond in her daily interviews with Hugh, so that it might well have seemed to uninterested observers that he was altogether forgotten by her and by all.

Yet never, night or day, sleeping or waking, in society or in solitude, was that one beloved image absent from the heart of Estelle Lingard; and so entirely were her thoughts for ever turned to him, that she seemed to live much more truly in imagination by his side than amongst those who were visibly before her.

She had calculated the precise day on which Kathleen's letter ought to have reached him, if sent by the first mail after her promise to write to him was given by her to Estelle, and she had also counted almost the number of hours which must elapse before any communication could be received from him after this announcement that Kathleen was lost to him.

Estelle did not doubt that he would write to herself, though she felt very certain that no word from his hand would ever reach the wife of Tracy Harcourt; and every day of this painful interval as it passed, convinced her more and more that his letter to her, as his true friend, would be sent to tell her that he would never again set foot on the shores of his native land while Kathleen Harcourt dwelt within its limits.

The days when Estelle expected his letter by every post came and passed without her receiving it, and her anxiety and dismay became very great, for she began to fear that he was too bitterly wounded to have faith even in friendship any more than in love; and the thought of the pain he must be enduring in his almost utter desolation almost broke her heart.

One day, when she felt too sad to bear the society of Hugh or Mrs. Carlton, she went out to take a long solitary ramble on the sea-shore, and only returned home towards the close of the summer afternoon. The very instant she crossed the threshold of her own door, her glance fell on a note which lay on the hall table, addressed to herself. It was in Raymond's handwriting, but it bore no post-mark or stamp. What could it mean?

(To be continued.)

#### WHEN THE CRIMSON SUN HAD SET.

When the crimson sun had set  
Low behind the wintry sea,  
On the bright  
And cold midnight  
Burst a sound of heavenly glee:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds watching by their fold,  
On the crisp and hoary plain,  
In the sky  
Bright hosts espy,  
Singing in a gladsome strain,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Where the manger crib is laid,  
In the city fair and free,  
Hand in hand,  
This Shepherd band  
Worshipped CHRIST on bended knee.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Join with us in welcome song,  
Ye who in CHRIST'S HOME abide,  
Sing the Love  
Of God above  
Shown at happy Christmas-tide.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo

### Children's Department.

#### I KNOW, I KNOW.

I know, I know  
Where the green leaves grow,  
When the woods without are bare;  
Where a sweet perfume  
Of the woodland's bloom  
Is afloat on the wintry air.

Where tempest strong  
Had howled along  
With his war-whoop wild and loud:  
Till the broad ribs broke  
Of the forest oak,  
And his crown of glory bowed.

I know, I know  
Where the green leaves grow,  
Tho' the groves without are bare;  
Where the branches nod  
Of the trees of God,  
And the wild vines flourish fair.

For a fragrant crown,  
When the LORD comes down,  
Of the deathless green we braid,  
O'er the altar bright,  
Where the tissue white,  
Like winter snow is laid.]

And we think 'tis meet]  
The LORD to greet,  
As wise men did of old,  
With the spiceries  
Of incense trees,  
And hearts like the hoarded gold.

And so we shake  
The snowy flake  
From cedar and myrtle fair  
And the boughs that nod  
On the hills of God,  
We raise to His glory there.

I know, I know  
No place below,  
Like the home I fear and love;  
Like the stilly spot  
Where the world is not,  
But the nest of the Holy Dove.

For there broods He,  
'Mid every tree  
That grows at the Christmas-tide;  
And there, all year,  
O'er the font so clear,  
His hovering wings abide.

And so, I know  
No place below,  
So meet for the bard's true lay,  
As the alleys broad  
Of the Church of God,  
Where nature is green for aye.

#### DUTY OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

It was Christmas-eve; not a bright winter afternoon, but chilly and damp,—all day thick, snowy-looking clouds had sailed slowly across the sky, and many a questioning glance had been cast toward them with anxiety as to the prospect of a sleigh ride for the morrow. Twilight was now fast gathering, and the crowds of passers in the streets became greater and more hurrying and bustling; people were going in every direction; stern-looking men, for whom no bright little eyes were watching at home buttoned up their overcoats to keep out the damp evening air, and walked straight onward, frowning as they were jostled by some happy father, hastening home-

ward with his numerous parcels too rapidly to notice whether or not he was keeping in his own path, while children darted hither and thither, never felt to be in the way, though always just where one wanted to go one's self, for on the child's own festival, who could find fault with the little ones?

Fast as the day was closing, many and many a little heart wished it already gone. Poor twenty-fourth of December, is there any other day so universally wished away as that one? The fewer the hours the day has left to give, the more slowly they seem to drag, and quickly as its moments fly, desire and expectation would fain lend them swifter wings.

But now the short day is almost gone, and "Christmas" is in every heart and on every tongue, and the whole city is radiant with the joy of the coming festival. The merry bells ring, and the crowded churches keep the vigil,—a few hours more, and the little ones who wait so impatiently for the dawn have forgotten all hopes and desires in sleep.

One little child there was among all this multitude, who was as eager and expectant as any in the great city; perhaps no one had dwelt more than he on the coming joyous season, and Christmas had been the one word on his lips for many days past. All this day he had danced about with joy, and as the twilight gathered, he had stationed himself close to the window, to watch for his father, and when at length he saw him coming, and his eyes caught sight of mysterious little packages in his hands, his ecstasy knew no bounds, and he ran to meet him with eager questions, which he well knew must wait until the next morning for their answer.

At length, his stocking hung close by the chimney corner, and his little chair placed to receive the gifts which he thought perhaps the stocking might not hold, he went to bed, and tried to sleep.

But sleep would not come at once with the wish for it, and as he lay watching the soft moonlight streaming through his window, and falling in bright rays on the floor, and thinking, as he could not but think, of the next day's pleasure, the words of the sermon he had heard at church that evening came into his mind; he remembered how the clergyman had spoken of the world-wide celebration of the Nativity of our Lord, and had said, too, how far the true celebration of the day was neglected; that it was sad to see how the chief good of all is forgotten, and the greater lost in the lesser, and the highest gift scarcely remembered; and it seemed to come home to the child all at once, as it never had before, how entirely he, too, had forgotten the Saviour in thinking only of his own pleasure, even while he was professing to keep His birthday. He wondered if it were indeed true that so many in the world were as thoughtless as he, and whether, in looking down upon a world, making gladness in His honor, that dear Saviour saw indeed every thought more prominent than the thought of Him in whose honor the day was celebrated.

At last he slept, but his waking thoughts seemed still to linger, and to weave themselves with the pictures which his dreams brought before him.

He saw a brightly-lighted room, in the centre of which stood a Christmas-tree,—such an one as he had never before seen, so brilliantly lighted, and its branches so loaded with beautiful gifts. Many little children crowded around the tree, and watched eagerly as the presents, one by one, were taken off and distributed, and the room rang again with the delighted laughter and shouts of the happy children into whose hands this strange fruit fell.

Then, when all was taken from the tree, games were played, and happiness seemed to reign everywhere. But the child, watching the little ones playing so merrily, soon heard angry words, and saw two of the children quarrelling over their presents, because it seemed to one that his was less beautiful than his companion's. One hasty word led to another, and the first vexed feelings grew stronger, till neither child seemed to take any pleasure in his own possessions, and the happiness of their Christmas evening appeared to be lost.

Sadly, very sadly, the child watched them, and it seemed to him the more sad that all this un-