

"Miss Dysart, I could not finally quit England without taking leave of you, in spite of your refusal to see me."

"Quit England!" she exclaimed, "oh, where you going?"

"To Australia—I start to-night."

Una's face grew white as the driven snow, and her trembling lips could scarce articulate. "Why—" she began, but Miss Grubbe vehemently broke in—"My lady, my lady! will you not order the coachman to drive on instantly? Independent of everything else, it will kill you to sit here in the cold wind."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Lady Elizabeth; "drive on, coachman, at once."

The man obeyed, and the horses started forward. Atherstone still held Una's hand clasped in his own, but they were torn apart, while he had to spring back to avoid being knocked down by the wheel. Almost desperate, Una stretched her hands out to him, exclaiming, "Oh, when will you come back?" and she had just time to hear his brief sad answer, "Probably never!" when the carriage dashed through the gates, which closed behind it with a harsh grating noise, and she was borne away from the sight of his beloved face with the cruel fiat ringing in her ears, which told her that perhaps she might look on it no more for ever.

(To be continued.)

## Children's Department.

### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race, where some succeed,  
While others are beginning;  
'Tis luck at times, as others speed,  
That gives us early winning.  
But if you chance to fall behind,  
Ne'er slaken your endeavour,  
But keep this wholesome truth in mind—  
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,  
But never trip your neighbor;  
'Tis noble when you can excel,  
By honest, patient labour;  
But if you are outstripped at last,  
Press on as bold as ever;  
Remember, though you are surpassed,  
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast  
Of victory o'er another;  
But while you strive your uttermost,  
Deal fairly with a brother.  
What'er your station, do your best,  
And hold your purpose ever;  
And if you fail to beat the rest,  
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—  
Succeed by noble daring;  
Then, though the last, when once tis won,  
Your crown is worth the wearing;  
Then never fret, if left behind,  
Nor slacken your endeavor:  
But ever keep this truth in mind,  
'Tis better late than never.

### ONE THING AT A TIME.

"There is no use trying to put this room to rights," said Artie, half out of humor, as she took a survey of the nursery floor. "Those children do leave their things about so."

"It is not quite so hopeless a case as you imagine, Artie," said her mother, smiling. "I used to see this room in worse confusion still, sometimes, about five years ago. It did not discourage me."

"It does not seem to me that I ever left things around as bad as Harry and May do; but very likely I did. But now, mother, where would you begin?" asked Artie, who had lately begun to take lessons in chamber work.

"Let me give you a plain direction, that will always make work easier. Take one thing at a time. Let us pile all of Harry's blocks and pieces of wood into his wheelbarrow, to commence

with. That is one thing done. It makes a difference in the looks of the room already. Now please gather up May's toys into her basket, and that will add considerably to the stock of good order. Now we will make the bed. Lay all the covers nice and even, and tuck them in smoothly around the edges. Does not that look better? Beat the pillows up well, and take each by the two upper corners and lay them lightly in their places. This way Artie. There is a little sleight of hand about it, which my grandmother taught me when I was about your age. So much done, dear. Now if you will see that the bureau-top is all nicely arranged. I will attend to this wash-stand. We are getting along famously, don't you thing so? Now just run down to the kitchen and bring me the bowl of old tea leaves. I will sprinkle them over the carpet, and will give you a lesson in sweeping. That will keep the dust from rising, and will keep the colors bright and fresh. Let us pick up all the threads, and strings and bits of cloth first, as it is hard to sweep them up, and wears the carpet badly. Do not take too long a sweep with your broom, and above all things avoid *flourishes*—that is Bridget's style of sweeping. Let us throw up the window and allow as much dust as possible to go out that way. Do not brush too hard, or you will roll up a ball of wool from the carpet by the time you are through, which will be just so much taken out of the warp and wool of it. I like best to begin by the wall, after I have rolled out all the pieces of furniture, and sweep toward the middle of the room; then move the articles back and finish the sweeping, taking up the dust in the dust-pan and putting it in the stove. Now, when the dusting is done, we shall have a fresh, tidy room, and it has only taken us half an hour, though it looked a forenoon task to you, Artie. One thing at a time, and all work grows easy."

### TOO CERTAIN.

"Father, I'm tired of reading the Bible. I have read it so often that I know everything in it."

"Everything, my son? Do you think you could not find one chapter that would contain something you had never yet noticed?"

"Yes, father, I think so. I am sure I know all in the historical parts of the Bible."

"Well, let me try you. When were a large number of men fed with a few loaves of bread, and a supply left when they had done eating?"

"Why, father, surely I remember Christ's feeding several thousand persons, at two different times, with a few loaves and fishes."

"Very well; those are two instances. Now, tell me a third."

"There is no other in the Bible."

"You are perfectly sure of that, are you? Suppose you reflect a little before you answer again."

"Yes, father, I have thought, and I am certain there is no other miracle of the kind mentioned in the Bible."

"Well, my son, open your Bible at the fourth chapter of the Fourth Book of Kings."

"Fourth Book of Kings."! Father, there is no such book."

"Hand me the Bible, What does this title say?"

"It is the 'Second Book of the Kings, commonly called the Fourth Book of the Kings.'"

"Well, there is one thing learned by the boy that knew the Bible so well. Now turn to the fourth chapter and read from the forty-second verse."

"Here it is, sir: 'And there came a man from Baal-shalisha, and brought the man of God'—"

"Who was the man of God?"

"I must look. It was the prophet Elisha."

"Now proceed."

"And brought the man of God bread of the firstfruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servitor said, What, should I set this before a hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof. So he set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord."

"That will do for this time, my son. I have never wished to make the reading of the Scriptures tedious by requiring you to read them continually, without giving you other books to read, but I wanted to convince you how mistaken young people are apt to be in their ideas of their own knowledge. There are thousands of children—yes, and of men and women too—who would read with great interest many passages of the Bible if they found them in a fresh and beautiful volume which they believe to contain nothing but what is published for the first time. Remember this, and let me advise you to read the four books of Kings, and to make a list of all the passages you will find there which, like the one you have just read, are as new to you as if you had never heard nor read them."—*Sailor's Magazine.*

### THE FIRE-FLAMES.

Sarah had just lit the fire, and had gone away out of the room, and the little bits of lighted wood were making a great crackling and talking to themselves.

"I am such a little spark," said one tiny flame. "I don't think I'm of much use—I think I'll go out."

"And if you do, I think I will do so too," said another. "I don't see much use of stopping alight, because we are so small, and there is so much coal to be set on fire."

"And I'll go out to. And I—and I—and I." cracked all the little flames, and then began to die away very fast, and the poor fire did not seem at all likely to burn.

Then the mother of all the little flames came curling down a long stick, and it began to crackle very loudly.

"Children!" said the big flame, "the poor little boys will come running in from school, and there will no fire at which they can warm their cold hands; the fire is made up of little sparks, each making brightness in its own place, no spark is too small to be of use, so run about now as fast as you can, and light up the coal, and make the room as bright and warm as possible."

And the little flames obeyed their mother, and they ran about, and got bigger and brighter, and made the cold black coal red hot, and curled round the little blocks, until the fire was blazing merrily.

Little children! who can all do something to help others. None are too young or small to be useful.

F. M. S.

MARRIED.—On the 1st July instant, in St. Peter's Church, Credit, by the Rev. T. Walker, B. A., Gerald Irvine, Esq., to Charlotte Crozier, only daughter of John C. Crozier, of Coldspring.

HOME MANUFACTURES.—We are always glad, when opportunity offers, to bring to the attention of our readers any excellent work of Canadian enterprise, and take pleasure, therefore, in referring to the advertisement of Messrs. S. R. Warren & Son, the great and successful organ builder of Montreal. With a practical experience extending over fifty years, and the advantage of periodical tours of inspection through the largest establishments in the States, and more recently through those of England, France and Germany, the firm may well claim to be fully competent in mechanical, as well as financial ability, to supply organs equal to the best in the world, as regards either quality of tone, or superiority in workmanship and design. This establishment has manufactured over a thousand organs, varying in price from \$500 to \$15,000, erected throughout the length and breadth of the land. We had the pleasure when revisiting their establishment lately, not only to witness the evidence of superior workmanship, but of listening to the "concord of sweet sounds," as drawn forth by Mr. Warren, jr., from a large and very handsome organ just built for a church on Bloor st., Toronto. We predict that the congregation will find much delight in the sweet tones of that instrument. There were two others, in process of building, also for Toronto, one quite large to cost \$6,000. With the undoubted *prestige* this firm has acquired, they may justly lay claim to the favourable consideration of the public, and we think, that being essentially *Canadian*, they are eminently entitled to the preference that should be awarded to a *home manufacturer*.