

to be imagined. I don't think we quite lost heart, either she or I. Not that we have ever looked to so bright an ending as this; but we knew that God saw all things, and we were content to leave ourselves in his hands."

"I am sure that she is good and estimable! One to be loved."

"Indeed she is. Few are like her."

"Have you never met—all these four-

teen years?"

"Yes; three or four times. When I have been able to take a holiday I have gone down there to my old rector he was always glad to see me. It has not been often, as you know," he added. "Mr. Selwyn could not spare me."

"I know," said Miss Deveen. "He took all the holidays, and you all the work."

"He and his family seemed to need them," spoke the clergyman from his unselfish heart. "Latterly, when Emily and I have met, we have only allowed it to be as strangers."

"Not quite as strangers, surely!"

"No, no; I used the word thoughtlessly. I ought to have said friends."

"Will you pardon me for the question I am about to ask you, and not attribute it to impertinent curiosity?" resumed Miss Deveen. "How have you found the money to furnish your house? Or are you doing it on credit?"

His whole face lighted up with smiles. "The money is Emily's, dear Miss Deveen. Her father, Edward Gibson, sent me his cheque for three hundred pounds, saying it was all he should be able to do for her, but he hoped it might be enough for the furniture."

Miss Deveen took his hands in hers as he rose to leave. "I wish you both all the happiness that the world can give," she said, in her earnest tones. "And I think—I feel sure—Heaven's blessing will rest upon you."

We turned out from the penny reading like bees from a hive, openly wondering what could have become of Mr. Lake. Mrs. Jonas hoped his head was not splitting—she had seen him talking to Miss Cattledon long enough in the afternoon in that hot King's Road to bring on a sunstroke. Upon which Cattledon retorted that the ginger cordial might have disagreed with him. With the clearing up as to Emma Topcroft, these slight amenities had recommenced.

Miss Deveen sat reading by lamp-light when we got home. Taking off her spectacles, she began asking us about the penny reading; but never a hint gave she that she had had a visitor.

Close upon this Mr. Lake took a week's holiday, leaving that interesting young deacon as his substitute, and a brother rector to preach on the Sunday morning. Nobody could divine what on earth he had gone out for, as Mrs. Herriker put it, or what part of the world he had partaken himself to. Miss Deveen kept counsel; Mrs. Topcroft and Emma never opened their lips.

The frightful truth came out one morning, striking the parish all of a heap. They read it in the *Times*, amidst the marriages. "The Reverend William Lake, Rector of St. Matthew's to Emily Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Gibson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons." Indignation set in.

"I have heard of gay deceivers," gasped Miss Barlow, who was at the least as old as Cattledon, and sat in the Churchwarden's pew at Church, "but I never did hear of deceit such as this. And for a clergyman to be guilty of it!"

"I'm glad I sent him a doll," giggled Daisy Dutton. "I daresay it is a doll he has gone and married."

This was said in the porch, after morning prayers. While they were all at it, talking as fast as tongues could go, Emma Topcroft chanced to pass. They pounced upon her forthwith.

"Married! Oh yes, of course he is married; and they are coming

home on Saturday," said Emma, in response.

"Is she a doll?" cried Daisy.

"She is about the nicest girl you ever saw," returned Emma; "though of course not much of a girl now; and they have waited for one another fourteen years."

Fourteen years! Thoughts went back, in mortification, to slippers and cushions. Mrs. Jonas cast regrets to her ginger-cordial.

"Of course he has a right to be engaged—and to have slyly kept it to himself, making believe he was a free man: but to go off surreptitiously to his wedding without a word to anybody!—I don't know what he may call it," panted Mrs. Herriker, in virtuous indignation. "I call it a conduct unbefitting a gentleman. He could have done no less had he been going to his hanging."

"He would have liked to speak, I think, but could not get up courage for it; he is the shyest man," cried Emma. "But he did not go off surreptitiously: some people knew it. Miss Deveen knew—and Dr. Galliard knew—and we knew—and I feel nearly sure Mr. Chisholm knew, he simpered so the other day when he called for the books. I daresay Johnny Ludlow knew."

All of which was so much martyrdom to Jimmie Cattledon, listening with a face of vinegar. Miss Deveen!—and Johnny Ludlow!—and those Topcrofts! while she has been kept in the dark! She jerked up her skirts to cross the wet road, inwardly vowing never to put faith in a surplised man again.

We went to Church on Sunday morning, to the sound of the ting-tang. Mr. Lake, looking calm and cool as usual, was stepping into the reading-desk: in the rector's pew sat a quiet-looking and quietly-dressed young lady with what Miss Deveen called, then and afterwards, a sweet face. Daisy Dutton took a violent fancy to her at first sight: truth to say, so did I.

Our parish—the small knot of week-day Church-goers in it—could not get over it at all. Moreover, just at this time they lost Mr. Chisholm, whose year was up. Some of them "went over" to St. Jude's in a body; that Church having recently set up daily services, and a most desirable new curate who could "intone." "As if we would attend that slow old St. Matthew's now, to hear that slow old parson Lake!" cried Mrs. Herriker, craning her neck disparagingly.

The disparagement did not effect William Lake. He proved as indefatigable a rector as he had been as curate, earning the golden opinions he deserved; and he and his wife were happy.

But he would persist in declaring that all the good which had come to him was owing to me; that but for my visit to London at that critical time, Sir Robert Tenby would never have heard there was such a man as himself in the world.

"It is true, Johnny," said Miss Deveen. "But you were only the humble instrument in the hand of God."

JOHNNY LUDLOW.

#### SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

DIED 1618. AGED 66.

Sir Walter Raleigh was a celebrated writer on subjects of history, politics, geography, and philosophy, but above all he was a pious Christian.

Few have acted so difficult a part in the last scene of life, with the spirit and firmness which Raleigh displayed in it. When Dr. Robert Townsend, Dean of Westminster, who was commanded to be with Raleigh, sought to probe into his soul, and to discover whether that which the condemned man described as religious confidence, might not be the effect of presumption, or of vain-glory, he was assured by Raleigh of his conviction, that "no man that knew God and feared Him could die with cheerfulness and courage, except he were assured of the love and favour of God towards him." It is affirmed, that before he suffered, he ate his breakfast heartily, and made no more of his death

than as if he had been to take his journey.

Just before his death he is supposed to have written a little poem or ode, of which the following is an extract, being the first and last verses of it.

"As if he had been to take a journey."

#### MY PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop shell quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation.  
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before  
I writ.  
Of death and judgment, Heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

#### THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The celebrated Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged talent, had both received the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. They agreed together to expose what they termed the imposture of the Bible, and Mr. West chose the Resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the Conversion of St. Paul, as the subjects of their criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks full of prejudice and a contempt for Christianity. But what was the result? They were both converted by their endeavours to overthrow the truth of the Scripture. They came together, not, as they expected to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament over their former unbelief, and to congratulate each other that they had discovered the truth of revelation. They published their inquiries, which form two of the most valuable treatises now existing, in favour of the truth of God's Word, one entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," and the other, "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."

#### SAVE ME NEXT.

A beautiful incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward, intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands, and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down someday, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling half-palsied debauchee, who must have—will have rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next." Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God might save the rum-crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to that Father who turns no one away. The cry comes from that gaudily-dressed woman whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God knows how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

#### A SOFT ANSWER.

The husband was of quick temper and often inconsiderate. They had been married a year when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind."

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar. I covet not your wealth, you shall have it all back."

"Ah," she answered, "I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?"

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then taking her in his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more; I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I cherish your blessings as my own; and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave you at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping."

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many of the bitter stripes of life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

## Children's Department.

### BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH

1. BE careful to come to church five minutes before service begins. In case you are unavoidably detained, do not go to your seat while the congregation are on their knees, but stand reverently, with bowed head, and take part in the prayers generally, until the congregation rise. You break in on the devotion of others, as well as contradict your belief that God is present to hear the prayers being offered, by proceeding to your place during the prayers themselves.

2. Do not stop to say any unnecessary thing in the vestibule of the church, even though but few people be in the church. If you are to worship acceptably yourself, your mind must not be distracted by such conversation and manner. What right have you to distress and annoy other people who may wish to think of holy things and to compose their minds for worship?

3. When you come to your place kneel down and ask God to help you to worship Him acceptably and with godly fear, in language like this:

Almighty FATHER, we pray Thee to send Thy grace into our hearts this day, that we may worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Purify our hearts, quicken our dullness of spirit, help our many infirmities, make us worthy to join in the prayers and praises of Thy Church; and may we so worship Thee forever hereafter in Heaven; through Jesus CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

4. Be careful never to talk during the service, unless it be absolutely necessary. Whenever tempted to do so, remember, "My house shall be called the House of Prayer," and that "the Lord is in His holy temple."

5. Take part in the service; sit to hear God's Word; kneel when you pray to Him; stand when you praise Him. Observe all the customs of the church, for they are the natural expression of devotion the results of the church's experience and faith and love, working out a service acceptable to God and helpful to the soul. Respond audibly and clearly.

7. Endeavor to keep the mind fixed upon the service. If the mind wanders, as soon as you are conscious of it, turn with greater earnestness to the service that remains; in time habits of devotion and attention will be formed and permanent.

8. Ask God to teach you something by the lips of His Minister, and when the service is finished, and before rising from your knees, use some such petition as this:

Pardon, O LORD, our wandering thoughts and cold desires; and when we quit Thy house may we not quit Thy presence, but may we ever be near Thee and Thou to us; through Jesus CHRIST our LORD Amen.

Go home reverently and quietly, as having been with Him "in Whose presence is joy, and at Whose right hand there is pleasure forevermore."—*The Living Church*.