

happiness, Mr. Derwent. Only yesterday I wrote with this maimed hand, to tell her what my hopes were, and every hour I expected to-day that she would have come to bless me with her promise that she would never leave me more; and instead of that, the cruel tidings come to me that I have lost her—lost her perhaps for evermore in this world!" He stopped, overcome by strong emotions, and Mr. Derwent pressed his hand in silent sympathy, speaking no word till Raymond had recovered his composure.

"Mr. Derwent," he said, more calmly, "I have come to the conclusion that some most insidious treachery has worked me this fatal evil, and I want to tell you the whole circumstances, and have your advice and help in this, the most painful trial of my life, if you will kindly give it to me."

"Willingly," said the clergyman, "I shall be truly glad if I can be of use. If we are going into the whole matter, I think you had better see Miss Lingard's note to me; there is nothing in it which I need scruple to show you." He sighed, as he saw with what tenderness Raymond touched the paper that bore the impress of Estelle's handwriting. It would be sad indeed if those two were finally parted, he thought, as he watched his changing countenance while he read. Estelle began by expressing his gratitude to Mr. Derwent for all his kindness to herself and to her uncle, and regretted that she was obliged to leave Highrock House so suddenly that she was unable to make her farewells in person; she begged him to watch over Moss, whose comfort she had secured by an ample pension, and permission to remain in the house, but she wished that he should have his sister to live with him, and she begged Mr. Derwent to arrange this for the old man, enclosing money to pay all expenses.

She had intended arranging this matter herself, she said, but as it had become impossible for her to remain even a day longer in the neighborhood, she must trust it to Mr. Derwent's kindness. She sent him also a considerable sum for several of the poor villagers, in whom she had taken an interest, and closed her note without the smallest reference to Raymond or the Carltons.

"This confirms my former suspicions," he said, as he gave the letter back to Mr. Derwent. "Estelle and I have been separated by cruel falsehoods. Let me tell you the whole history from first to last." And while the clergyman listened with ever-increasing interest, he described to him how he had first met Estelle, after he was already engaged to Kathleen, and how her bright intellect and high-toned character had charmed him into an affection for her, which he had long called by the name of friendship, but now knew to have been truest love.

Then he spoke of the dark hour when he learned that his fair-faced bride had been stolen from him by Tracy Harcourt, and of the distaste to life that seized upon him in the bitterness of his betrayed trust and his wounded pride; and how Estelle had come to him, like an angel messenger, shedding a new light on his path that seemed like a ray from the opening heaven, and had drawn him on by the way in which his Lord had walked before, to seek Him who alone could satisfy his soul.

Frankly he spoke of the evil passion in his own heart, which had stood between him and the love of Christ; the deadly hatred, the desire of revenge, which he had cherished against his enemy; and, finally, he spoke of the night of the fire, when the temptation was strong upon him to gratify this fierce desire, and how Estelle, loving him with all her heart, had bidden him, for his Lord's dear sake, go forth and save his enemy, even at the risk of the life which was dearer to her than her own.

Mr. Derwent was greatly moved when he heard the account of this pure act of sacrifice, and told Raymond that, whatever the future might bring him, he had good reason to thank God that ever he had known Estelle Lingard.

"Yes," said Raymond, "and you will not wonder that from the self-same hour I knew that I loved her with a steady deep devotion a thousand-fold more strong than the fascination by which Kathleen had held me for a time, and that, knowing it all, my heart went out in longing and prayer to have her henceforth ever at my side. What has been the result? By a refinement of cruelty she is snatched away from me in the very instant that I most passionately sought her; and I believe that

this fatal evil has been wrought for me by the treachery of one whom both she and I have called our friend."

Hardly able to restrain his indignation, he went on to tell Mr. Derwent what had passed between himself and Hugh Carlton the day before, and how blindly he had consented to trust him, and to let him carry to Estelle the few words which told her his purpose was fixed to win her for his wife. In conclusion, he showed the clergyman the letter she had written him in answer.

"Can you doubt," he asked, when Mr. Derwent had read it, "that Hugh Carlton has played me false?"

And the clergyman answered, "I cannot doubt it."  
(To be Continued.)

Alexander brought rice from Persia to the Mediterranean, the Arabs carried it to Egypt, the Moors to Spain, Spaniards to America. Lucullus brought the cherry-tree (which takes its name from Cerasus, the city of Pontus, where he found it) to Rome, as a trophy of his Mithridatic campaign; and 120 years later, or in A.D. 46, as Pliny tells us, it was carried to England. Caesar is said to have given barley to both Germany and Britain. According to Strabo, wheat came originally from the banks of the Indus, but it had reached the Mediterranean before the dawn of authentic history. Both barley and wheat came to the New World with its conquerors and colonists, and the maize which they found here soon went to Europe in exchange. It was known in England in less than fifty years after the discovery of America; it was introduced to the Mediterranean countries by way of Spain, at the end of the sixteenth century, and the Venetians soon carried it to the Levant. Later it travelled up the Danube to Hungary, and gradually spread eastward to China. While it was thus invading the regions formerly devoted to rice, the latter, as we have said, was establishing itself in England.

Children's Department.

THE TWO PATHS.

The safe and narrow way  
Leads up to God;  
Be careful, lest you stray  
Into the broad.

Pleasure and gold and sin  
Seek the wide gate;  
Who his Lord would win  
Enters the straight.

Look where the Saviour's steps,  
Have gone before,  
And in His footprints walk  
For evermore.

He that defileth not  
On earth, his feet,  
Shall tread with the redeemed  
Heaven's golden street.

IN THE DARK.

BY E. B. S.

Baby Jennie had been away from home a long time—a week is a long time to a baby; she was very good and very happy while visiting with her mamma, but she missed the dear home faces, no doubt.

When she and her mamma reached the depot, on their return home, Baby's grandpa was there to meet them.

The platform was quite dark to little Jennie, as she was lifted down from the car; but when her grandpa spoke to her, although she could not see him, she sprang into his arms at the sound of his voice.

In the dark, the little one knew and trusted the loving call of her guardian: is not this a sweet lesson of faith for us, dear children?

You do not know yet how often, as you go on in life, you will hear our Father's voice calling you in the dark.

I mean, you will be called to take some step onward—called to some act of duty and obedience

—when you cannot see or know the reasons, when all seems dark and strange.

Then you will need Baby Jennie's faith. If you are sure it is your Heavenly Father's voice that bids you go forward, He will not suffer you to fall.

"When we cannot see the way,  
Let us trust, and still obey."

You will surely know His voice in the dark, if now in your young, bright, happy hours you always listen to it gladly and dutifully.

Listen when He speaks to you through your conscience, by His ministers, or in His holy Word.

Listen always, as little Samuel did, saying, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Then, when the dark days come, as the Bible says: "Thine ears shall hear a voice saying unto thee: 'This is the way.' And you will be comforted, for you will know that voice."

And when you come to the dark "valley of the shadow of death," oh, how gladly will you hear that Father's voice! How joyfully will you trust yourself in His arms, to be borne through the darkness into everlasting light!

A STORY ABOUT A CAT.

A gentleman living at the seaside had some poultry, of which he was very fond. He had also a cat, which destroyed the chickens, so that at last he told his servant to drown it, saying that he must take the cat a long way off, put a weight round his neck, and throw it into the sea. This was all done.

The cat was carried a long way from her home, a brick was tied round her neck, and she was thrown into the sea, and no one ever expected to see her again.

However, at the end of five days she appeared at her master's door, in a miserable plight, half dead for want of food, and with the string and a piece of the brick round her neck. Her kind master had not the heart to send the poor thing away, so he told the servants to feed and take care of her. Whether she killed any more chickens or not I cannot tell you, as this is all I heard. But I know that what I have told you is quite true.

They say cats become very fond of places, and we know that animals when sent even a long way from places where they once lived, have a strange power of finding their way back again. But it is wonderful to think of the poor cat having strength to get out of the water.

THE LITTLE FROG.

"What a beautiful place in which to bask in the sunshine said a little frog to a newt—pointing to what looked something like the trunk of a tree at the edge of the pool, only that it was striped with green and gold, and glistened in the sun with almost the glory of the rainbow—"I shall jump up there and enjoy the warmth."

"Take my advice," said the newt, "and do nothing of the sort. I have lived here all my life, and I have never seen that strange thing there before. Depend upon it you'll only run into danger."

Little cared the frog for the old newt's advice, but rashly jumped up on the beautiful and apparently secure resting-place. Alas, for his boldness! for, from the centre of the folds of green and gold, out darted the head of an angry snake. The little frog attempted to escape, but as he jumped he was caught by the cruel fangs of the snake, and was seen in the pool no more.

"Just what I told him," said the newt.

—A cubic inch of gold is worth \$146; a cubic foot, \$252,288. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be \$3,000,000,000, which, welded in one mass, could be contained in a cube of 23 feet.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

DEATH.

On the 1st ult., at Bradford City, Penn., at the residence of his son-in-law, the city treasurer, Mr. Absalom Hutchinson, the beloved father of the Rev. D. Faloon Hutchinson of this city; aged, 86 years. He was born in Cootehill, Co. Cavan, Ireland.