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ever again in this mortal life, for her conviction was strong that when he received Kathleen's fatal letter—telling him that, at the very time when he read it, she would already be the wife of another man—he would at once give up all idea of returning to England, and remain in the West Indies—to endure or succumb, to live or to die—wholly out of her reach, who would have purchased his happiness with her own heart's blood; if it could have availed him to shed it all.

No; she could but wait to hear what would be the result on his mind and life of the terrible tidings which were even then, as she supposed, being borne to him in Kathleen's promised letter.

And then there came down upon Estelle with crushing weight, an overwhelming sense of the hapless desolation that had fallen upon her own existence, in consequence of that intense sympathy with Raymond, which made her suffer in every pang she could even dream that he endured.

It seemed to her so hard that all her life should, for his sake, be destroyed, and yet avail him nothing. She had been so light-hearted, so happy, before she knew him, hope had gilded all her future, and contentment shone upon her present.

Why could she not return to the joyous freedom of those happy days? Why could she not shake off the useless chains that bound her to one who loved her not, and set her aching heart at liberty? In vain! for good or for evil, while she lived, all of her being that might be given to human affections she knew would be lavished upon Raymond, even though she never more saw his face on earth, or heard his voice.

But not long did Estelle Lingard give way to this natural cry of her warm young heart for happiness.

She had learnt well, before this time, by the earnest upward seeking of her own true spirit, that those strong earthly sympathies which allure us so intensely by their sweetness, are but the dimmest shadows of that eternal love and joy to which they ever lead us on, as much by the anguish of their failure as by their powerlessness to satisfy us when we hold them in possession—deeper even than her love for Raymond, and deeper far than any desire for personal happiness, Estelle held earnestly in her heart the burning wish that he might be brought to know and desire the high destinies that waited him beyond that grave, on which, as yet, his eyes were stayed as the final limits of his range of vision.

It might be that the very calamity which had knocked him down suddenly from his pinnacle of earthly bliss, bore within it for him the germ of a hope that could not die; and in any case Estelle resolved, as the final outcome of her long night-struggle, that she would use all the influence she yet might be able to exercise over him, in order to lead him, by the very pangs of his betrayal, to that serene security of peace and love which rests on the foundation of the everlasting hills.

Morning broke, while still Estelle had not closed her sleepless eyes; but she rose calm and refreshed, for she had bathed her spirit in the living waters, and could face the future, strong in the purpose still to be to Raymond the true unswerving friend, who would not measure her service to him by the confines of time. If she could do no more for him, she could, at least, concentrate all the intense devotion of her heart in one ceaseless intercession with her Lord for his eternal welfare.

She went through her usual duty of visiting her uncle before he rose, and received Moss's account of his condition through the night; and then she turned to her room, to try and occupy her thoughts with some of her ordinary employments.

But the first glance through the open window showed her Hugh Carlton, hurrying up from the gate, in evident haste to see her. He had asked to be received the evening before, but she had been too much beaten down by the overwhelming nature of her interview with Kathleen to feel equal for any further conversation that night, and had sent him a gentle message, begging him to wait till the next morning, when she would welcome his visit gladly.

Estelle little guessed the feverish anxiety which was consuming poor Hugh in his dread as to the effect which the tidings of Raymond's final release might have on her mind; and now he came, with beating heart and straining eyes, longing to catch

the first glimpse of her face, that he might know how it fared with her.

Should he find her radiant with hope that Kathleen's marriage would in the end bring about the fulfilment of her heart's desire, and the utter loss and destruction of his own?

She came forward to meet him from the window by which she was standing, as he went in, and he saw that in her clear dark eyes there were patient courage and traces of deep feeling in the tremulousness of her delicate lips, but not the faintest gleam of personal satisfaction.

"You know, I suppose," she said as she gave him her hand, "that it is indeed all over with Raymond's happiness?"

"Yes, truly, I hear of nothing else at home; they are open-mouthed in their triumph and pleasure. It must be a terrible blow to him, for he literally doted on Kathleen. I suppose you are so heartily his friend that you are thinking now how best you can help him to bear it?"

"I should try with all my might, no doubt," she answered quietly, "if I thought I could still have the opportunity, but I do not now ever expect to see Raymond again." And there was a pathetic ring in her tone as she spoke, which thrilled painfully through the young man's heart even while it leaped in the exultation at the sense of her words.

"What reason can you have for such an idea, Estelle?"

"Only my knowledge of Raymond; judging by that, I believe the first result of these terrible tidings will be his determined exile from England—if indeed the evil consequences stop there;" and she shuddered.

"You think he will remain in the West Indies?" said Hugh, eagerly. "True, he has his estates there; and I know he has strong theories of duty towards the negroes on his plantations which would give him occupation and interest in that country. But, Estelle, do you not think he will wish very much to see you again?"

"I think he will wish nothing but to put as much space between himself and those who have dealt him this cruel treachery as possible. He will want only to be sure that he shall never breathe the same air with Tracy Harcourt's wife; it will be hard for him to endure the breath of life at all. Oh, Hugh! if Kathleen had such a mind as could understand the torture she is inflicting on a noble spirit, she could never have carried out this bitter wrong; but she is a weak unthinking child, caught by the glitter of the world's most dazzling gifts, and flinging from her the priceless pearl of that true and tender heart!" A sob broke from her lips as she spoke.

"How it hurts you, Estelle!" said Hugh, with the astonishment which her utter forgetfulness of self always woke in her; "but you give me credit, do you not, for having done my utmost to avert this calamity from Raymond?"

"Yes, I do indeed; and I thank you for his sake. I too did all I could; even, I suppose, to the extent of a final breach between myself and Kathleen?"

"No, you are mistaken there," said Hugh. "I heard her say to my aunt this morning that she loved you all the better for being so warm a defender of those to whom you gave your friendship, and that she should like, if she dared to ask you, to be her bridesmaid at the wedding."

"Never!" exclaimed Estelle with a crimson flush of indignation glowing in her face. "Do not let Kathleen even so much as hint a wish that I should stand by and see her bound to Tracy Harcourt. And they can talk already of the details of the wedding? I could hardly have believed it!"

"Why, it is to be in three weeks, and all arrangements are made—special licence, and a bishop to marry them, and Harcourt's titled relations all promising to be present. I feel inclined to follow your example, Estelle, and refuse to witness the ceremony," he added, anxious to throw himself into entire sympathy with the feelings he saw written on her expressive face.

"No, Hugh," she said, "that would not be right, you would needlessly pain your uncle and aunt. You are going with them to London to-day, I suppose?"

"They have made me promise to do so, but I mean to come back as soon as I can."

To be Continued.

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Oh, mother, see what I have found,
All by itself upon the ground—
A little tiny bird!
It cannot move a single bit,
But squeaks so loud and cries "Twit, twit,"
Quite piteous to be heard.

It's crying out for food, I know;
I cannot bear to see it so;
I'm sure that it will die;
Or sly old Puss will snatch it up,
And on the little creature sup,
When next she passes by.

Oh, Rosie darling, do not fear.
The parent birds are very near—
I saw them pass this way:
Let's hide a minute out of sight,
Now peep—you see that I was right;
They've taken it away.

A CHILD'S SERMON.

Limpy, Limpy! go home or you'll lose your supper.

A lame man, who was walking slowly with staggering steps, leaned upon his staff, and looked round to see who spoke thus to him.

But no one was in sight; and he growled and shuffled on. Again he heard the same words, and this time he was quite sure they were spoken by some one in the field from which he was separated by a high wall, and he made his way towards it. Very angry was he, and he shouted, "Who calls me names? I won't be called names by anybody."

"Please, sir, I'm sorry if anybody calls you names," said a child; and, finding the voice to be the same he had heard before, he was still more angry.

"Then what did you do it for?" he growled, raising his hand as if to strike the beautiful child, who looked up in wonder into his face.

"I, sir? I wouldn't call you names for anything. Did you think I would?" And little May Bemis went nearer to her companion. "I didn't hear anybody speak to you."

"I did. Somebody called me Limpy."
"Why, that's my lame chicken! I call him Limpy. I was trying to drive him home. He runs away ever so much, for all he's so lame. Please, sir, are you Mr. French?"

"Yes," replied the man, although he could hardly remember when he had been addressed as Mister. "What of it?"

"I've seen a lame man go by Aunt Mary's, and I thought it was you. Aunt Mary said you used to be as straight as brother Harry. Please, sir, I'm sorry you're lame."

"I expect I am, too. But then it doesn't make much difference to me."

"Why doesn't it?" asked May Bemis. "Please, sir, Aunt Mary said you would be a good man if you didn't drink rum. And now a tiny hand rested on the poor man's arm. "Please, sir, don't drink any more. I wouldn't, if I were you; you won't, will you?"

"What do you care, child? I'm nothing to you."

This was not a hopeful reply, but May was so much in earnest that she did not mind it, as she said sweetly, "I want you to be good, so that God will take you up to Heaven when you die. Don't you want to go there?"

"Yes, child, I want to go there. And the hardened heart grew tender. "I didn't know that anybody cared for Tom French; but perhaps God hasn't forgotten me, after all. I'll think of what you've said."

He did think of it. Many a sermon he had heard, yet none like this; and when May Bemis grew to womanhood she knew that old Mr. French had died blessing her name.

MARRIED.

At Bristol, on the 27th November, by the Rev. A. C. Nesbitt, Rector of Richmond, W. P. Sweatman, Esq., of Pembroke, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Robert Angus, of North Bristol.