

hesitated; he knew that Estelle did not wish to see any one that day, excepting himself, whom she had asked to come and visit poor Moss in his inconsolable grief; but the clergyman had seen that she was suffering from great depression in the sense of her utter loneliness, and the difficulties of the strange new life which was commencing for her; and in his own private opinion he felt convinced that a communication of any kind from Raymond would cheer her as nothing else could.

"Wait a moment," he said to Hugh, "and I will see what I can do." He went back into the sitting-room, where Estelle was sitting, wearily leaning her head on her hand in deep thought, and told her that Raymond had sent some very special message by Hugh, which it was apparently of importance that she should receive at once. "I hope therefore, you will admit him for a few minutes," continued Mr. Derwent, "as I know Mr. Raymond is unable to write himself."

At the sound of that name a vivid flush brightened her face for a moment, and the courage failed her to shut out a messenger from Raymond—even though she heartily wished he had chosen any other in all the world but Hugh Carlton.

"I will see him," she said softly; "but pray tell him it can only be for a moment." The clergyman went back to the door with this permission, and in another moment the young man stood in the room with her who held all his life's destiny in her hands. She had risen, and stood by the lamp, which cast its glow on her pure spiritual face, remaining so motionless that not a fold stirred of the long black dress which swept the ground on all sides around; and Hugh gazed at her with a heart beating to suffocation. All that he prized on earth depended on the issue of the next few minutes.

(To be Continued.)

### Children's Department.

#### A SONG OF EASTER.

Sing, children, sing!  
And the lily censers swing;  
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that Death  
no more is king.  
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly bright-  
ening Spring!

Sing, little children, Sing!

Sing, children, Sing!  
Winter wild has taken wing.  
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty  
echoes ring  
Along the caves the icicles no longer glittering  
cling;  
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to  
the sun  
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to  
run:

And the golden catkins swing  
In the warm air of the Spring;  
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!  
The lilies white you bring  
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are  
blossoming;  
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her  
breast doth fling,  
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal  
Spring.  
So may we find release at last from sorrow and  
from pain,  
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious  
dawn again.  
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with  
smiling grace,  
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's  
face!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell  
That death is life, and God is good, and all things  
shall be well;  
That bitter days shall cease  
In warmth and light and peace.—  
That Winter yields to Spring,—  
Sing, little children, sing!

#### TRUST A PROMISE.

A little girl whose mother had always told her the truth, and taught her to trust in her promise, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to live in the quiet country, and the noise and bustle of the city were not pleasant to her. A great crowd was gathered to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand, for she felt afraid. "Don't be afraid, my child," said the mother; "I won't take you into danger. Keep hold of my hand and nothing will harm you." Lucy believed her mother, and was happy.

After awhile it began to rain. The mother looked at her delicate little girl and said, "Lucy, dear, I am afraid to take you any further on account of the rain. I have some business to attend to in another part of the town. I must leave you in this store. Don't go away from it, and I will come for you as soon as I get through my errands." The child looked into her mother's face, and said, "You won't forget me I know." Then her mother kissed her, and left her under the care of the store-keeper.

At first she was amused at seeing the gay ribbons measured, and in watching the ladies who came in to do their shopping; but after a while she grew tired, and wished for her mother to come to her. Then a little girl older than herself, came in and they began to talk together. Lucy told her she was waiting for her mother, who had promised to come to her when she had got through with her errands.

"Aren't you afraid your mother may forget you?" asked the little girl.

"No, I'm not afraid I'm sure she won't do that."

"How can you be sure? She may, you know?"

"She promised," was the child's reply, "and I never knew my mother to break her promise."

Another hour passed away. How long it seemed to Lucy! The customers had all gone home. The people in the store were putting away their goods. It was growing dark, and the gas lamps were lighted, but still her mother did not come.

A lady came into the store whom Lucy knew, she lived near her father's house, and offered to take her home in a carriage.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Lucy, "mother said she would call for me, and I know she will keep her promise."

At length her mother came: how glad Lucy was to see her! And when they were sitting by the fireside in the evening her mother told her that this was just the kind of trust that God wanted his children to exercise. He gave us promises in His Word, and expects us to believe them, just as we believe the promises of our parents and dear friends. "What time we are afraid" we must trust in His promises, and then we shall find comfort. The great promise of God in the gospel is, "Whosoever believeth shall be saved." The way to be saved is just to trust in His promises with all our heart, and then we need never be afraid about getting to heaven.

#### EASTER.

Easter is one of those observances which never grow old. Though it has been in existence ever since Christianity began, it is the same joyous occasion, and is as full of meaning and promise as ever.

Following as it does the season of Lent, it is peculiarly acceptable and attractive to the Christian heart. It seems like throwing off a heavy burden—the laying aside of a great sorrow; to come from the scenes of suffering of Calvary, to the joy and glory of the Resurrection. The night of agony and darkness is past, and the brightness of a glorious morning has come. It is befitting, therefore, that on this day we should in public services give the freest and fullest expression to our gladness of heart. Our hymns and psalms and prayers should be full of thanksgiving and praise.

As we look back to the Cross, we are overwhelmed by a sense of the infinite love of God. In the light of the Resurrection morn we see what all this love means, and what untold blessings and mercies it has brought to us and to our race.

The Lord Jesus died on Calvary. But He died

that the world might live. His death was the life of the world. He then and there conquered death, and triumphed over the grave. Our Easter, then, is but the outcome of Good Friday. It is the fruit, the result of the Crucifixion. Let us then, send forth our Easter hallelujahs with hearts full of gratitude and love. Christ is risen, and the world is redeemed from death and the grave!

#### POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that if sharp, which sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home-voice for use, and keep their best voices for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all the sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."

#### "VERILY."

The Bible is to be loved for its precious truths, and it is also to be loved for its words. One of its precious words is *verily*, and no word has brought more comfort to me in adversity than this. How often it fell from the Saviour's lips! Had he a promise or a special word of encouragement to give his disciples, it was often prefaced with "Verily," and sometimes with "Verily, verily." There is no failure of any of the promises of God, but when the nail is clinched with a "verily," we feel that they are doubly sure.

Satan assails me with temptations, or I get a glimpse of my own heart, and I wonder if I can be a true child of God. I open my Bible, and read, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." I know I believe on Him, and my heart is at rest.

The times are hard. I am out of employment. I know not which way to turn for the necessities of life. Again I go to my Bible, and there I read, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

He does not say, "Perhaps thou shalt be fed;" if He did, I would hope with trembling, but He says, "Verily." Though in deep waters, my feet touch bottom here. I have something firm to stand upon, and I close my Bible, saying in my heart, "Thank God for this precious book, and thank Him for every *verily* it contains."

—Brave heart, arise! Be free from every chain, though it be glittering with gold! Be nobly courageous! Follow the true bride of thy life, even if her name be sorrow. Let the shell perish, that the pearl may appear.—*Maulavi*.

—Deep in the heart of every man is placed the voice of God to guide him. When he presses onward in virtue it assists him and applauds; when he rushes into vice it struggles to arrest him, and when it is defeated it records its bitter protest.