

Rupert Northcote. Their marriage had been considered an almost certain event by every one who knew them, including Rupert's own family, for with his usual cool nonchalance he had spoken quite openly of his wishes respecting Lilith, and she herself had seemed too entirely childlike and simple to make any concealment of the fact that she returned his affection with the utmost devotion. Yet there could be no question that she had refused to be his wife, and had flung all her hopes of happiness to the winds, on that sunny summer's day, when she stood with him beneath the shade of the drooping willows, while the river at their feet flowed onward to the sea, with its plaintive, ceaseless murmur, like the voice of a never-dying regret.

Rupert Northcote had left the cricket field immediately after he passed Miss Dyson in such hot haste, and it became known that he had gone that same evening to London, where it was supposed he still remained, as he had not reappeared in Northangleshire; while Lilith, abruptly quitting Una, had sought out her brother Richard, and besought him to take her home at once. This the rector had done with the utmost alacrity, being only too glad to escape from that peculiar phase of his duties which he was at the time performing with infinite labour, as he tried in his stiff, awkward manner to join in the amusements of his parishioners.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS WORD.

One day I heard the softest little tap-tap at the door, low as though made by a kitten's paw, and when I opened it, a beautiful little boy, with brown eyes, red lips, and rich olive complexion, stood there perspiring, and holding his old battered hat in his sun-burnt hand.

"Would you lend me a wheel-barrow to take some walnuts home? I will bring it back this evening," said he respectfully, and he appeared like a dear little gentleman.

"Be sure, my little man, I want to accommodate you," said I laying my hand on his moist brow, and turning his sweet face fairly up to view, "but how do I know that you are an honest little stranger? Your eyes and face look very honest, but sometimes a boy's acts belie his truthful face. Yes, I'll lend you the wheel-barrow, and take your word for it that you'll bring it back this evening. But you look so tired and sweaty that I believe you'd like one of my nice cookies, would you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank you," said he; and then I put the sideboards on the wheel-barrow and ran it out at the gate for him, and helped him to lift a sack of nuts into it. In the evening, as we sat at tea, I heard the wheel-barrow coming up the dusty road with a creaking "wheek, whack," and I felt rejoiced to know that my little stranger was a boy who could be trusted.

"I did bring it home now, didn't I," said he puffing along.

"Thank you," said I. "It does me good to meet a boy who regards his word as something sacred, because I think an honest boy will make an honest man," and I shook hands with the little fellow, and told him to sit down and rest.

He took off his hat and sat down, saying, "I can't stay long, because I have to get the cow for mother, and we keep her in Mr. Irving's pasture."

I learned who the child was—that he was the new blacksmith's son, and that he had a little brother and sister at home, and that "Sissy Zoa" was the darlingest baby in the world. I talked to him about keeping his word always, regarding it as something sacred—of building up a character

for truthfulness; and for a few moments I talked little boy-talk as hard as I could. His big eyes watched me closely—he understood and appropriated every word I said. I gave him a cookie to eat then, and one for after he got home, and one a-piece for the little brother and sister, and told him to mind what his mother had said about getting the cow, and that I believed he was rested and had better go now; but whenever he wanted any favors hereafter, I would not be afraid to trust him.

Oh, he walked off so royally! just as rich and honorable, and he took strides like a young Goliath! And I! I felt good to meet with a specimen of manly integrity in such a lump of a boy. I felt a deep interest in the child, and resolved to watch him, and do him all the good I could.—*Exchange.*

CONSEQUENCES.

"Consequences," as a game, may be very amusing, and a good pastime for an hour of an evening. But when we think that all the world is playing at consequences, in quite serious fashion, and as an every-day, real-life business, it becomes a more serious matter.

That "Gen. Butler meets Queen Dido," and he says "Which is the way to Boston?" and she says, "Shoo Fly," and the consequence is, "They both run for office," is good to laugh over, since joining things which have no natural connection is absurd. But when John sees a pretty face, and he says, "Will you marry me?" and she says, "Yes," and the consequence is that they live in mismatched misery for the rest of their lives, it may be just as absurd, but not nearly so amusing.

And yet it is just what men and women are doing every day. Joining things that have no natural connection expecting results from causes that can never produce them; looking for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. All life, in fact, is a succession of cause and consequences. The things we do are causes; the things we want, unless, indeed, it is the things we don't want, are the consequences; and he is a wise man indeed who really knows what he wants and how to go to work for it.

We see it in small things and in great ones.

The girl wants beauty and pleasure. She laces lightly and takes unreasonable exposure at unreasonable hours, and the consequence is sickness and misery.

People shun merely suggested dangers, just as a horse shies at an innocent black stump. It is easier in any particular case to consult their feelings and shy out of the way of even a suggestion, than to be bravely reasonable, and the consequence is they become timid and nervous, and in the bonds of fear to imaginary evils.

Men grasp and hoard and crowd for wealth and pleasure, and the consequence is they become hard, narrow, unloving, and wretched.

We do not consider the plain rules of cause and effect. We look for results without any, or any related causes whatever, and trust to luck and hope for the best and don't get it. We live causes, but hope to avoid consequences, and sow our wild oats with a free hand. We even invert the natural order of things, and expect to be good as a consequence of going to heaven, instead of getting heaven as we attain to goodness; forgetting that it is to him that overcometh that it shall be granted to sit in the kingdom, and not that he that is taken into the kingdom shall be exalted.

I think no man preaches a true sermon unless he has first somewhat lived it

himself, and the words are noble and life-giving in consequence of their first having given him life. Giving is a consequence of getting.

You cannot give alms till some one at least has earned the money which you give; you cannot give better things than money till you yourself have worked for and earned them. You cannot teach till you have first studied. You cannot go into society and talk well without having gathered into your life material of pleasant and witty and true and earnest things which you can command.

You cannot give anything of best values until you have first made it a part of your own life; and so we give our lives for the brethren and find that giving is both a consequence and a cause, bringing back blessings to ourselves. Life is a growth. We send our roots down into the dark still earth, and we spread our branches out in the light and gladness of heaven's sunshine, but both roots and branches but contribute to the consequence of the sweet, beautiful fruit, and that in turn holds the seeds of future and more abundant harvests.

Let us be wise, then, for there is nothing truer than the Scripture law of the consequences:—"Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Christian Weekly.*

FEEDING ON GOD.

It is the grand endeavor of the gospel to communicate God to men. They have undertaken to live without Him, and do not see that they are starving in the bitterness of their experiment. It is not, as with bodily hunger, where they have a sure instinct compelling them to seek their food, but they go after the husks, and would fain be filled with these, not even so much as conceiving what is their real want, or how it comes. For it is a remarkable fact that so few men, living in the flesh, have any conception that God is the necessary supply and nutriment of their spiritual nature, without which they famish and die. It has an extravagant sound when they hear it. They do not believe it. How can it be that they have any such high relation to the Eternal God, or He to them? It is as if the tree were to say—"What can I, a mere trunk of wood, all dark and solid within, standing fast in my rod of ground—what can I have to do with the free, moving air, and the boundless sea of light that fills the world? And yet it is a nature made to feed on these, taking them into its body to supply, and vitilize, and color every fibre of its substance. Just so it is that every finite spirit is inherently related to the infinite, in him to live, and move, and have its being. It wants the knowledge of God, the eternal manifestation of God, the approbation of God, a consciousness lighted up by His presence, to receive of His fullness, to be strong in His might, to rest in His love, and be centered everlastingly in His glory. Apart from Him, it is an incomplete creature, a poor, blank fragment of existence, hungry, dry and cold. And still, alas! it cannot think so. Therefore Christ comes into the world to incarnate the divine nature, otherwise unrecognized, before it; so to reveal God to its knowledge, enter Him into its faith and feeling, make Him its living bread, the food of its eternity. Therefore of His fulness we are called to feed, receiving of Him freely grace for grace. When He is received He restores the consciousness of God, fills the soul with the divine light and sets it in that connection with God which is life—eternal life.

EVERY branch of the true vine produces the same kind of fruit, let that be much or little.