

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## HEREAFTER.

Not from the flowers of earth,  
Not from the stars,  
Not from the voicing sea  
May we  
The secret wrest which bars  
Our knowledge here,  
Of all we hope and all that we may fear  
Hereafter.

We watch beside our graves,  
Yet meet no sign  
Of where our dear ones dwell.  
Ah! well,  
Even now, your dead and mine  
May long to speak  
Of raptures it were wiser we should seek  
Hereafter.

Oh, hearts we fondly love!  
Oh, pallid lips  
That bore our farewell kiss  
From this  
To yonder world's eclipse!  
Do ye, safe home  
Smile at your earthly doubts of what would come  
Hereafter?

Grand birthright of the soul,  
Naught may despoil!  
Oh, precious, healing balm  
To calm  
Our lives in pain and toil!  
God's boon, that we  
Or soon or late shall know what is to be  
Hereafter.

## NOT MY WAY.

## A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Concluded.)

Looking at the scene before him for a moment with surprise, then with an expression of deep and sympathetic kindness, he advanced towards Mrs. Barrington and Percy, John Carruthers instinctively following him.

"This seems to be a most unexpected meeting of old friends," said Lord Northburn, while John held out his hand to Mrs. Barrington and then to Percy, both of whom shook it warmly enough, and then turning to Nellie responded affectionately to her loving and agitated greeting. None of them a moment after could have remembered what was said, but all instinctively felt that there was something in this unlooked for meeting which cancelled past estrangement. Mrs. Barrington was the first to recover her wonted calm.

"We are doubly surprised," she said, turning with her gracious smile to Lord Northburn, "at meeting Mr. Carruthers and his sister, who are indeed old friends, and in finding them in your society."

"Yes," said Lord Northburn, "we have been at Clette together for some weeks before I came on to Nice. I can almost claim them as old friends, too," he added, laying his hand on John's shoulder as he spoke, "although our personal knowledge of each other dates but a few years back. But in my youth I knew their father very intimately, and only an absence abroad of many years prevented an earlier acquaintance with his children. We are now neighbours in Westshire, as since my return I spend my leisure months at the Castle."

While he was speaking a swift revelation came to Percy which made the colour rush to his cheeks like flame,—a sharp, short warfare was waged within him between pride on the one hand and affection and gratitude on the other. Happily the latter were conquerors.

"Carruthers," he said, turning suddenly towards John, and again holding out his hand, "I have been very blind not to have known from the first the friend from whom I might, above all others, expect unfailing kindness, though from him I deserved it least. No need for me any longer to wonder to whose good offices with Lord Northburn I am indebted for his favour."

"Let me entreat you to say no more, Barrington," said John, as the two men grasped hands, each feeling, with relief unspeakable, that the past was indeed past between them. Mrs. Barrington had turned very pale; she looked for a moment questioningly at Lord Northburn, whose face fully corroborated Percy's words, then she, too, turned to John, and would have spoken had he not silenced her with an imploring gesture and kissed her hand with the same loving deference as when she had commended Percy to his friendship long ago.

Sybil only made no sign. She had recovered from her agitation and sat holding Nellie's hand in hers without looking up. She could not trust herself to meet John's eyes and to let him see all the love and joy in her own. But in that first moment of their meeting John had seen enough to make his heart beat with a gladness he had not felt since they had parted. "Now I want Mrs. Barrington all to myself for a little while," said Nellie presently; "go and talk to John, Sybil," and she laughingly pushed her away, and Mrs. Barrington took the vacant place. Percy and Lord Northburn had fallen into conversation, and John stood at the open window looking out upon the pleasant courtyard, with its orange trees and cooing pigeons and the square of purple sky above the tall buildings surrounding it. He looked at Sybil, as she slowly crossed the little space and joined him.

"I have not thanked you," she said, looking away from him still, "but I do not feel your goodness the less. I—I have known all along that you were Percy's friend." He let her speak on; it was so sweet, so wondrously sweet to him to hear her voice again, to look at the dear face, with its changing expression, to feel her near him once more after these long, long years.

"O, Sybil," he said at last, "how can I thank God for having brought you to me; look at me once, Sybil, and tell me you are glad."

"So glad," she said softly, with faltering lips and eyes brimming over with happy tears, and he was content.

It was spring time at Longmoor, the country looking its loveliest, robed in its richest green and decked with its fairest flowers. The hawthorn bushes were like mounds of perfumed snow, the apple orchards rosy with blossoms and every hedge-row gemmed with the sweetest wild-flowers in the world—at least so thought Sybil, as she walked along the Rectory lane, her hands full of wild hyacinths, anemones and even late primroses and violets. She was going to lay them on her father's grave.

Home! what a blessed sound it had for her—her home, indeed, now for always,—for to-morrow was to be the day which would bind her to this dear Longmoor forever.—To-morrow was to be her wedding day! Kneeling by her father's grave she poured out her heart in humble thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Stephen Ray met her with the light of chastening joy upon her face, as she was entering the Rectory grounds, and they had a little happy walk together in the filbert alley.

"I am the bearer of a wedding gift," he said, "which I know will give you pleasure, and all the more when I tell you that it was not suggested to the donors."

He produced from a case a small Cross, of ebony and silver, upon the stand of which was this inscription: "To Mrs. Carruthers, on her wedding day, from the children of the 'Coomb.'" "It was their own idea," he said, while she looked at it with tearful pleasure, "they only intrusted me with carrying it out."

"You will tell them how very glad I was to receive it," said Sybil, "and I shall see them very soon myself. Oh, Mr. Ray, when I think of your work, of

how God has blessed it, how can I express my gratitude that our poor plans were over-ruled! truly, His way was the best."

Mrs. Barrington and her son and her daughter were the guests of Stephen Ray, who had recently consented to inhabit the Rectory, for both John and Sybil had insisted upon being married at Longmoor. Mrs. Barrington's home was and would continue to be with her son in V—, but she would doubtless spend a portion of her time at Carruthers Hall, when Sybil was its mistress.

Sybil's wedding day dawned brightly. The noble old Church was thronged with her dear Longmoor people, and, for the first time, the Coomb-folk, now no longer Ishmaelites, but dwellers in a pretty village of their own with a modest little Church in its midst, came in a body across the upland to the Parish Church to see the "parson's maid" married to the Squire, and none behaved more reverently than they, during the ceremony. Stephen Ray's face was radiant with happiness, as he joined together in the holy and indissoluble bond the two beings who had grown dearest to his heart. "Sybil," as the old folks said, looked sweet as a flower, and John Carruthers, never more noble and true. Of Nelly's joy we need not speak, nor of that of Mrs. Barrington and Percy in seeing Sybil's happiness and prosperity assured.

And so we leave them to walk, hand in hand, along life's changeful road, to meet with thankful hearts its joys, and to bear such sorrows as may fall to their lot with the strength which never fails God's faithful children. We leave them to take up the work of life together, and to find the greatest joy of all in serving the one Master, whose easy yoke they had learnt to bear.

THE END.

## A FIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

From natural enemies buffaloes have little to fear. The wolves that skulk in and out among the herds are always on the outlook for the sick, the aged, and the young, but they never attack the strong and healthy animals of which the vast droves are composed. Indeed, the only creature at all likely to cope with the gigantic strength of the bison is the grizzly bear, and even it will seldom assume the aggressive unless there be no help for it. Sometimes, however, means of escape are cut off; or the grizzly may be a she-bear accompanied by her cubs which she will never desert. Anxiety for their safety will, therefore, compel her to offer battle. Facing each other for a few moments, the bison, its small eyes flashing fire, speedily charges the bear with sudden and furious onslaught. And such a charge! Few animals could stand up against it, for with a well-directed blow of its heavy head it will hurl the grizzly savage to the ground. Should the bear succeed in avoiding the assault, and grip the bison, then it is the latter's turn to quake, for the embrace of the grizzly is almost invariably fatal. As soon as they are at close quarters there is little hope for the buffalo, which is hugged gradually to death.—*Lutheran.*

## AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. HENRY CREWE.

J—UDAEA once a lowly child bega—T.  
E—ventful to the world did prove His birt—H,  
S—ince to redeem the sinner lost He came—E,  
U—nwisht that He was Son of Righteousnes—S,  
S—ent forth with healing in His wings to d—O,  
C—ontent, His Father's bidding! But to me—N  
H—e came in humble guise of man, and l—O!  
R—edemption sure, for all who true belie—F  
I—n Him should place, to sinners did He brin—G;  
S—ent down from heaven, His Father's throne, unt—O  
T—he fallen here, in love to rule the world—D.

—*Sunday at Home.*