

ever it might be, the secret was contained in a certain letter, which he carried in his coat pocket.

Hastily enquiring of a servant if her mistress had gone out and being answered in the affirmative, he considered a moment and then ordered the cutter and his own horse Sultan to be brought round immediately. He had decided to go for the projected drive: at any rate and as Kenneth was ready he had nothing to do but wait. But he seemed to be too much excited to sit still; instead, he walked quickly up and down the long driving room with his hands in his coat pockets and his head slightly bent; but when he looked up there was an exultant gleam in his dark eyes while once or twice he muttered under his breath:—

"Safe—safe at last."

Presently a servant announced that the cutter was at the door, and calling Kenneth he took his hat and gloves and from the hall table where he had hastily thrown them and went out. Kenneth followed eager with delight at the pleasure which lay before him, for the winter had but just set in and this was but the second or third sleigh drive he had had as yet.

When they were in and the buffalo robes tucked in around them, Arthur turned and made some jocular remark to the child who laughed gleefully in reply. So with a laugh and a jest and the merry jingle of the bells, they drove away; one of them knowing yet heeding not that he carried with him the letter that had power to bring woe to a human heart. What mattered it to him if she whom he hated so bitterly were doomed to suffer. Particularly if the cause of this new sorrow which was to fall upon her brought to him the assurance of present and future security. Ah! Arthur Macdonald! When you go into your wife's presence with that letter in your hand, though your face may wear a mask of regret, there will be no sorrow in your selfish heart, at the thought of a brave, good man going down to a dishonored grave in a far off foreign land, only triumph, exultation that you are safe from the exposure you dreaded.

It was late when they returned from their drive and in answer to his enquiries the servant informed her master that Mrs. Macdonald was in; that she was now up in her dressing-room. Thither Arthur went at once, and when little Ken started to follow, he was sternly told to go to his nursery and his tea; he would see his mother afterwards. Wondering at the sudden change in his father's manner the child slowly and unwillingly obeyed, and Macdonald knocking at the door of his wife's dressing and being told to enter, turned the handle and went in.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

Wife to Husband.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

When I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days we had,
What happy days, beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where cold and still
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that by-gone bliss;
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by my side;
My presence should not chill thy fair young bride;
Only bethink thee how alone I lie:
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair however she be.

—Lippincott's Mag.

The Way to Speak to Boys.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys, who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were face to face—the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I wish you to observe. He might have said to the boy: "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the little boy, "I have not." "Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped him look for the marbles; and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said: "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?" Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "In such and such a place," was the reply. "Why, that is the minister's house?" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person. "Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good." Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I cannot go." Said the minister, "Here is a pump—why not wash?" Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time." Said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean. Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them." The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket handkerchief and offered it to the boy. Said the little boy, "But it is clean." "Yes," was the reply, "but was made to be dirtied." The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said: "You don't remember me?" "No," said the minister, "I don't." "Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him to the school?" "Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember." "Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you that it is your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."—J. C. Ryle.

"AGNOSTIC."—What is Agnostic? It is a word of late coinage. The definition given by those who use it most is that it is composed of two Greek words signifying I don't know, or I have not sufficient evidence on the subject to enable me to decide. An Agnostic is a kind of know-nothing in religion; he neither affirms nor denies. One author defines it thus: "An Agnostic is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not; doesn't know whether he has a soul or not; doesn't know whether there is a future life or not; doesn't believe that any one else knows any more about these matters than he does, and thinks it impossible and a waste of time to try to find out."