

the same, though you were not. And then you told, or as good as told me, that I was in love with you, and you told Netta so as well, and tried plainly to make me understand that it was hopeless. I wonder you dared! If it had been true!"—she could not say that it had not been; but this he never guessed—"if it had been true you should have died rather than said so—it was mean and cowardly and contemptible!"

"Dorothy!"

"So it was. I have never forgiven you for it. I never shall! I shall never like you again as long as I live; I could not; and you have given me the bitterest remembrance of my life. It has spoilt my world too; for I used to think you such a hero, Mr. Fuller; and when I lost my faith in you I lost it in all others as well; you dragged down everything in your fall."

"Why did you tell me this to-night? I have——"

"Why, because you dared to talk to me in a manner to which you had no right, forgetting that I am engaged too, and perhaps shall be married soon;" she felt cold at the very thought; "and that you are in love with my sister."

"No——"

"Yes you are, you are, and engaged too, I believe!"

"Dorothy, your sister will be married to Sir George Finch in less than a month, and is going to India. She told me so to night, and I am waiting here to say good-bye to her."

"Netta going to be married, and going to India!" exclaimed Dorothy, the meaning of his strange manner flashing on her now. She stood dumb with surprise.

"Yes."

"But she doesn't care for him. Why, I heard——" she hesitated. She did not like to confess what she had overheard.

"He is rich," he said, scornfully; "and she cares for that." It was such a pained voice in which he spoke, though he tried to steady it; and the girl before him understood his feelings better than he imagined.

Things had been altogether rough on Adrian Fuller that evening.

"I so sorry for you, Mr. Fuller," she said, simply.

"You need not be, child. I dare say it is much better. She will be here again directly, to say good-bye to me, Dorothy; you won't see me again for many a long day. I shall go abroad for a couple of months, or a couple of years, if I can get anything to do."

"Good-bye," she said, the old feeling rushing back for a minute; "I am sorry I told what I did to-night; but I didn't know of this then."

"No, Dolly, of course not," he answered, using the old pet name, which only Tom gave her now, "I have been a great scoundrel to you. Perhaps we shan't see each other again; good-bye;" and he shook her hands, and then, unable to say more, Dorothy turned and went; but when she got to the hall he spoke, and she stopped, and he came out. "I shall keep the rose," he whispered; "I shall keep it as long as I live, Dorothy."

And all this time George Blakesly was in the garden waiting for her.

(To be continued.)

STORY OF A PRINCELY BOY.

Charles X., of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant of Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young Count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his pro-

vince. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood.

"Ah!" said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed."

"Well, then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket-money, for which I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children, but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded."

On leaving the apartment, the honest dependent acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret, adding that he should have no cause to repent for his discretion.

At the end of the month the Count d'Artois received his allowance as usual, and watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of the protegee. On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed for the amusement of the young princes by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the Count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store, but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favorite amusement.

The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason for his unusual prudence; still no answer came from the Count. One of the princes, his brother, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young Count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed,

"This may be very well for you; but what would you do, like me, you had a wife and five children to support?"

THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTER.

George III. had fifteen children. His favourite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature, and making herself the companion of the king in his decline. She once told her experience in life in two fair stanzas, that have been preserved:

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook my trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me."

In 1810 she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. "The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel

this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you?" "Nothing," says an English clergyman who witnessed these interviews, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most significant pomps of royalty."

As she grew weaker, he caused the physicians to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone. This love was more precious to him than crowns and thrones. The world offered nothing to him so sweet as her affection. She was his Cordelia. One gloomy day a messenger came to the king's room to announce that Amelia had breathed her last. It was too much for the king; reason began to waver and soon took its flight. "This was caused by poor Amelia," he was heard saying, as the shadows deepened and the dreamy winter of age came stealing on.—*Selected.*

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Custom, without truth, is but the antiquity of error. And there is a short way for religious and simple minds to find out what is truth; for, if we return to the beginning and origin of Divine tradition, human error ceases. Thither let us return, to our Lord's original, the evangelical beginning, the apostolical tradition; and hence let the reason of our act arise, from whence order and the beginning arose. If, therefore, Christ alone is to be heard, we ought not to regard what another before us thought fit to be done, but what Christ, who is before all, first did. For we ought not to follow the custom of man, but the truth of God; since God himself speaks thus by the prophet Isaiah: "In vain do they worship me, teaching the commandments and doctrines of men." Which very words our Lord again repeats in the Gospel: "Ye reject the commandments of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.—*Cyprian.*

DEPEND ON YOUR OWN EFFORTS.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop out still another. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame, have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew one to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will!" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.—*Melbourne Spectator.*

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