

tient and then whispered to Atherstone, "Take Miss Dysart into another room." Humphrey went towards her, and taking her hand, drew her gently away. She had no strength to resist, but she looked up at him beseechingly, while her pale lips moved with an inarticulate murmur; then he passed his arm around her and whispered "My own darling, trust me;" and without an attempt at further remonstrance, she followed him into the next room. He placed her on the sofa, and still holding her hand, sat down beside her. She did not move or speak, but remained in an attitude of the utmost dejection, her graceful head drooping like that of a broken flower; and it was with no small difficulty that Atherstone restrained himself from pouring out to her all the thoughts and feelings which had filled his whole soul since he last saw her, and of which she herself had been the sole object. But he had too much chivalrous delicacy to breathe a word of love to her at such a moment, so he merely bent down and kissed repeatedly the little cold hand that lay so helpless in his own, till Dr. Burton at last appeared at the door and made a sign that he wished to speak to him.

"Colonel Dysart is dying," he said in a low voice, drawing Humphrey into the deep embrasure of a window, where Una could not see him; "the case is perfectly hopeless, and his condition is no surprise to me, for he has been consulting me unknown to his daughter for some weeks past, and I quite anticipate a sudden termination to his malady."

"Is the end very near?"

"Very; I feel sure he will not pass the night. I dare say you are aware of the fact that from two to three in the morning is the most fatal hour for the dying. I think I may safely predict that he will not live beyond that time."

"Ought we attempt to move him?"

"It could only hasten his death. I have placed him in the position in which he can lie most easily, and there is nothing whatever to be done but to let him remain undisturbed while life ebbs away. Attempted remedies would only torture him; but it would be well if you could get Miss Dysart to go to bed and spare herself the painful scene."

"I fear that will not be possible," said Atherstone; and as he spoke he felt a light touch on the arm, and turning round, saw Una standing at his side, her sweet mournful face gleaming white out of the surrounding shadows, and her large wide-open eyes fixed on Dr. Burton.

"I must know all the truth," she, grasping Atherstone's arm to support herself; "do not try to deceive me; the greatest kindness you can show me is to let me know what I have to expect."

The doctor hesitated, and then she lifted her appealing eyes to Atherstone, saying, "You will not fail me?"

He bent down and answered, "Dr. Burton says we must not cherish any hope, and that we can do nothing but watch by him till the end comes."

"How soon?" she asked with a gasp; and he replied at once, "Before the morning."

"Then do not make me lose another moment of these last precious hours of his life," she said; and breaking from them, she flew back into the room where Colonel Dysart lay, and sank down once more by his side with his cold hand firmly clasped in hers.

Atherstone arranged that Dr. Burton was to remain in the house till morning, in case his services were required, either for the dying man or his daughter; and having sent tidings of what had occurred to Vale House, he hastened to join Una in her sorrowful vigil.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

By the side of the sea, the grand old sea,
The fisherman's cottage stood,
With its back to the cliffs, the tall, tall cliffs,
And its thatch, and its walls of wood.
And there at the door, on the sandy shore,
When the work of the day was done,

He loved to rest with his children, blest
By the smile of the setting sun.

With the nets hung high, on the walls to dry,
And his tackle atrim for the morrow,
He frolicked in joy with his infant boy,
And his heart it knew no sorrow.

With his good wife near and his children dear,
With his Maggie at rest on his knee,
No king ever smiled on a happier child,
Nor a child on a king so free.

But a storm time came, when the drifting main
Had borne him away from the shore,
And he lost all sight, on the dark, dark night,
Of his dear old cottage door.

And the waves rolled high, 'mid the wild wind's
cry,
As the vessel tossed on the ocean,
And the fisherman prayed, with a heart dismayed,
In the midst of the wild commotion.

And he tried to steer, o'er the ocean drear,
As he prayed to "Our Father," that He
Would guide him aright, through the black of
the night,
To his home by the side of the sea.

Then he climbed the mast as the good ship fast
Was drifting he knew not where,
And he peered through the night with an
anxious sight,
For an answer unto his prayer.

And far away, through the dash of the spray,
Like a star that is just peeping out,
He saw a light shining clear and bright,
And he shouted a joyous shout.

For an angel had flown to the fisherman's home,
And whispered to Maggie in dreams
Of how dark was the night, and how needful a
light,
To cheer with its beautiful beams.

And a candle she placed in the window that
faced
The ocean, just over her pillow,
And that was the star that he saw from afar
As he tossed on the angry bilow.

Then he steered for the land, with a strong,
steady hand,
And his heart beat fast and free,
As he reached the shore and the cottage door
Of his home by the side of the sea.

And there went up a prayer from the bedside
there,
From hearts that were joyous and warm,
That the fisher was blest with a haven of rest
From the wind and the wave and the storm.

And his dear little girl, as the foaming waves
curl,
Often thinks of that terrible night,
When her father to save from the wind and the
wave
She placed in the window the light.

And happy is she on the fisherman's knee
When he tells of his danger and care,
And says, "Maggie was God's little servant that
night,
When she answered her dear father's prayer."

Ah! Maggie, obey what the bright angels say,
When they speak as they did on that night,
And I'm sure that again, on the land and the
main,
You'll lead others from darkness to light.

ALFRED H. MILES.

A POTATO STORY.

BY ABBE MORTON DIAZ.

Uncle Rockaway being asked to tell one of his "ten minute" stories, said, "If it will content you, I will tell you a Potato Story, which begins with a Bean Pole.

Once there was a bean pole, which was stuck into the ground by the side of a potato hill. "Dear me," cried a Cabbage growing near, "what a stiff pokey thing that is! and of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!"

But very soon a Scarlet Bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same bean pole.

"All right!" cried the happy little Bean, "you are the very thing I want! Now I'll begin my summer's work."

"Well, to be sure!" cried young Cabbage, "everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?"

The Scarlet Bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole quite easy. Being of a lively turn, she began at last to make fun of the Potato Plant.

"How sober you are!" said she. "Why don't you brighten up and look more blooming?"

The poor Potato Plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blossoms.

"You don't mean to call those things flowers?" cried the frisky Bean. "Just look at my blossoms!" and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

The Potato Plant kept quiet.

"What stupid, useless things," said young Cabbage, "those potato plants are! and how much room they take up!"

Summer passed. The Bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"Why don't you do something?" she cried to the Potato Plant, down below. "Only see what I've done! There's a summer's work for you!" And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"Yes, why don't you do something?" cried Cabbage. "Your summer is gone and nothing done. Can't you come to a head? Anything but idleness."

The Potato Plant still kept quiet. But when digging time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of "long reds" appeared, her neighbours could hardly believe their senses.

"Dear me! what a surprise!" cried the Bean. "So we can't always tell by appearances."

"I declare," cried Cabbage, "then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that Bean—she hung her pods up high, so that everybody could see. Well, well, well, after this, I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: "Wait, potatoes inside there may be."

"There are a great many scarlet beans among the people, I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some potato plants, too."

"And perhaps a few young cabbage heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.—St. Nicholas.

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow.
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

A poor widow and her little child were sitting together in great want, both feeling the pinch of hunger; and the child looked up in the mother's face and said,—

"Mother, God won't starve us, will He?"

"No, my child," said the mother, "I do not think He will."

"But, mother," said the child, "if He does, we will praise Him as long as we live; won't we, mother?"

May the poor and the needy be able to say what the child said,—and to carry it out.

Christ is born! tell forth his fame!
Christ from heaven! his love proclaim!
Christ on earth! exalt his name!

RULE FOR FORGETFULNESS.

Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help, but if you can help it, do so. When you are tempted to grumble about anything, ask yourself, "Can I help this?" and if you can't, don't fret; but if you can help it, do so.

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