

ly. "Mr. Carlton would, probably, not let truth or honour stand in the way of an alliance with a future peer; but neither he, nor his wife, would ever coerce Kathleen against her will. They consented to her marriage with me because she wished it, though they would have preferred a titled connection for her then, as now; and they might be glad enough to see her smile on that scoundrel Harcourt; but so long as she holds firm to her pledge, they would not dream of distressing her by any constraint. As for Kathleen, I will stake my life on her truth—a life which would be worthless without her. If she were to fail me do you think I could live?"

His tone was so vehement as to be almost fierce, and Estelle felt she could say no more. It was plain that any further remark on the subject would only irritate without convincing him; and she could not bear that the last hour they were to spend together should be marred by so painful a conflict; so she turned to him with a sweetness which touched him inexpressibly, "If I have been too much alarmed, it is, doubtless, because your happiness is so very dear to me; but you can understand, I think that no one will be so thankful as myself if I prove to be quite in the wrong."

"I know that well, dearest Estelle; you are the best and truest friend ever a man had, and you will guard my Kathleen for me as jealously as I could myself. And how will this year pass for you, I wonder? I wish I could feel as sure that I shall find you unchanged, when I return as I do that Kathie will be the same."

"You need not doubt it," said Estelle, quietly "I shall be unchanged!"

"Yes, in your friendship for me, you will be so I am sure—you are not one to give it or to recall it lightly; but, Estelle, if a great love come to you, as come it will some day, friendship, however steadfast, will sink to a lower place, and practically be lost in presence of a mightier power. I cannot complain if it is so, though I am too human and selfish not to regret it bitterly."

"You will have nothing to regret," she said, in the same unmoved tone; "as you will leave me, so you will find me, if I am alive upon this earth at all; but do not let us speak of me, Raymond. Tell me all the details of your voyage, and the dates when you expect to land, and to reach your estate. I want to be able to track your course from day to day."

He complied, telling her how he meant to spend each week till his return; and lamenting as he did so, that for the latter part of his stay he would be in a locality where the posts were so irregular that he should scarcely be able to receive any letters from home.

For another ten minutes they paced slowly along together, with the moonlight streaming full on Raymond's splendid figure and Estelle's bowed head. Then, while she was counting the precious moments almost by the very beating of her heart, he said, at last, that Kathleen would be expecting him, and he must go. In silence they walked down to the gate; they were now so near to Hugh that he could almost hear Estelle's hurried breathing. Raymond opened the gate, and passed through it; and then, with that barrier already between them, he took her hands in his and bade her farewell.

"Be bright and happy," he said, "till we meet again." These were the last words she heard him speak, and they pierced her to the very soul.

"Bright and happy while he is gone!" she almost shrieked out, as the echo of his footsteps died away; and then she flung out her arms, with a wail of inconsolable anguish, and letting her head fall on the uppermost bar of the gate, wept out her heart in a passion of tears, which seemed to rend her very frame like a mortal convulsion.

And Hugh Carlton stood within the shadows, a few paces off, and saw it. He read the full depth and meaning of that cruel agony but too well, and straightway the uncurbed will rose up within him, like a demon unchained.

"She loves him," he muttered, clenching his hands; "but she shall be mine—she is mine! Oh, Estelle! star of my life!"

(To be continued.)

There are strings in the harp of every life, which, though covered with dust, give out music when the wings of truth stir the air.

## Children's Department.

### TO A CHILD.

Come, thou little smiling boy,  
Father's hope and mother's joy;  
Come, and I will talk to thee,  
Whilst thou sit'st upon my knee.

We will talk of Jesus's love,  
How he lives and reigns above;  
How he dwells in hearts below,  
Ev'ry blessing to bestow.

Come, and I will tell thee how  
He, who made the beautiful bow,  
When the summer cloud is seen,  
When the earth is cloth'd with green,  
Was a little child like thee,  
Though from sin entirely free.

He, to save my child from hell,  
(Oh! who can the wonder tell!)  
Left the bright abodes above,  
Flying on the wings of love.

Down to earth the Saviour came,  
Jesus is His precious name;  
On the cross He shed His blood,  
There to make our peace with God.

He can save thee now from sin,  
Make thee clean and pure within;  
Then receive thy soul at last,  
Where thy bliss shall ne'er be past.

Come then, little smiling boy,  
Father's hope and mother's joy,  
Come, and bless the Saviour's name,  
Praise the bleeding, dying Lamb;  
Seek the Spirit's holy power  
From this highly favored hour.

### HEARTS AND HANDS.

One day a teacher said to his class:  
"Boys, you can all be useful if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they were of any use. So he said:

"You think it is not so, but suppose you try it for one week."

"How shall we try it?" asked one.  
"Just keep your eyes opened and your hands ready to do anything good that comes in your way all the week, and tell me the next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"Agreed!" said the boys.

The next Sunday those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips and eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars. He smiled as he looked at them, and said:

"Ah! boys, I see by your looks that you have something to tell me."

"We have, sir, we have," they said, altogether; then each told his story.

"I," said one, "thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning, to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman, whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell how she thanked me."

A third boy said: "I was walking along the street, wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did so, he gave me five cents, and I have brought it to put into the missionary box."

The next said: "I was walking with my eyes opened and my hands ready as you told us, when I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry, and I would try to find his pennies. I found them, and he dried up his tears and ran off, feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said: "I saw my mother was very tired one day: the baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put baby in my little waggon: she did so, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow and seen him clap his hands, teacher, it would have done you good! oh! how much better mother looked when I took the baby in-doors again!"

### GOD IS HERE.

Kneel, my child, for God is here!  
Bend in love, but not in fear;  
Kneel before Him now in prayer;  
Thank Him for His constant care;  
Praise Him for His bounties shed  
Every moment on thy head;  
Ask for light to know His will;  
Ask for love thy heart to fill;  
Ask for faith to bear thee on,  
Through the might of Christ, His Son;  
Ask His Spirit still to guard thee  
Through the ills that may betide thee;  
Ask for peace to lull to rest,  
Every tumult of thy breast;  
Ask in awe, but not in fear;  
Kneel my child, for God is here!

### ONE FORM OF RUDENESS.

A breach of politeness, and one which is most annoying to refined and sensitive people, is the very general practice of interrupting one's conversation. The impunity with which this is done has degraded rational conversation, which ought to be the greatest charm of social intercourse, into a farce. A man or woman who has anything to say, that is worth saying, desires to say it in his or her own way; and those who have brains to appreciate it will be equally desirous of hearing it without interruption. Yet it is a common thing for a parlor conversation to partake more of the babble of Babel than a conversation among rational beings who are supposed to know and appreciate what others say. One begins to relate an incident and before he has finished two sentences some parrot in fine clothes chimes in with her senseless gabble, breaking the thread of discourse and compelling the narrator to begin again or abandon the attempt to instruct or entertain.

This is the grossest impoliteness; but it is as common an occurrence as conversation itself. It is hardly too much to say, that nine out of every ten people who indulge in this habit are incapable of carrying on a rational conversation on any useful topic, and they indulge in these breaches of etiquette by way of covering their retreat and hiding their ignorance.

We suggest to young people—and old ones, too, for that matter—that there is a promising field for social reform. Never interrupt a conversation by interjecting remarks, however appropriate and witty they may seem. All sensible people will respect you, and conclude that you have good sense and know how to use it to the best advantage.

### BIRTH.

On Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at Elm Farm, Lower Horton, the wife of Hugh B. Rathbun of a son.

### MARRIED.

Oct. 1st, at St. Augustine's, South Kensington, London, G.B., by the Rev. H. Cooper Key, assisted by the Rev. F. DeCrespigny, Philip A. Champion DeCrespigny, second son of the late Sir Claude W. DeCrespigny, Bart., to Rose, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key, K.C.B.

### DEATH.

Entered into heavenly rest, on the 27th inst., at the Rectory, Mahone Bay, N.S., in the 66th year of her age, after a protracted illness, borne with the most exemplary christian fortitude and resignation to the Divine Will, Anne Freeman, beloved wife of the Rev. W. H. Snyder.—"Asleep in Jesus—blessed sleep."