

These answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

Family Reading.

AN INSURMOUNTABLE OB- JECTION.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Janet Dudley stood at the garden gate that lovely evening in early September, gazing up the road with anxious eyes. The faint light of the rising moon lay like a blessing on her golden head, and the air, filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay, caressingly touched her fair young face. Never prettier maid awaited lover, and yet John Hallam's step was slow and his face clouded as he emerged from the shadow of the trees and came toward her. Janet opened the gate and stepped out to meet him. 'Well, John?' she said, and her voice trembled ever so little.

The young man took her tiny hands in his, and looked down upon her—she was a wee thing—with almost a frown upon his brow. 'Uncle Roger is as obstinate as a mule,' he said. 'I have just come from a most wearisome interview with him. He insists that I shall either take up my drudgery again at Mink & Otter's, or some other equally agreeable establishment, and forfeit all claims upon him, or give him the promise he asks.'

'Well,' said Janet again, gazing steadily up in his face, and this time her voice did not tremble at all, but her lover's as with half-averted eyes he made answer: 'I should hate to go clerking it again after being my own master so long, and, to own the truth, patronizing my old chums somewhat whenever we met; and it seems too bad to let such a fortune go to strangers, as Uncle Roger declares it shall if I don't come to terms. But then the promise he exacts is so absurd.'

'Absurd,' repeated Janet, slowly. 'Is it so absurd, when you think of it calmly? Your uncle wants to make sure of a pleasant companion for five years and at the end of that time wishes to choose a pleasant companion for that pleasant companion, thereby securing for himself two pleasant companions for the remainder of his life—which sounds like something out of one of Ollendorff's books for beginners, or a riddle,' she continued, with a laugh that had no merriment in it. 'And so he offers you great inducements to become that companion. And, John, you have always been discontented because your station in life was not a higher one and more of the world's gold had not fallen to your share. And now that wealth and position are offered you, it would be 'absurd' indeed to refuse them for the sake of a poor country schoolmistress.'

'Janet, you are cruel.'

'Perhaps I am—in the way surgeons are cruel; but I really think, John, the cure for your hurt is to accede to your uncle's wishes.'

'And part with you?'

'And part with me, as it is only too evident that that worthy gentleman considers me totally unworthy the honor of even becoming the pleasant companion of his pleasant companion.'

The young man dropped his hands and caught her in his arms. 'You do not love me, after all,' he said, reproachfully.

'I do love you,' she replied, at the same time turning her face away from his kisses, 'and I have loved you ever since we first met, but I have become convinced that as a poor man you would not be a success, John, and therefore I say: Obey your uncle, live the life for which you have longed, and get the fortune.'

'By heavens, I will not give you up!' exclaimed Hallam, stung by her quiet sarcasm. 'But, Jennie, dear, listen to reason. Promise to wait for me, to be true to me, and I will agree to Uncle Roger's conditions. Who knows what may happen in five years? The old man may die.'

The girl started back from his arms with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. 'Shame on you, John!' she said, 'What happiness could attend the union of two people who waited for death and falsehood to bring them together? You have said enough. Our bonds are broken. You are free.'

A faint voice from the cottage called 'Janet.' 'I will never give you up,' repeated the lover vehemently, and snatching her again in his arms, he kissed her passionately and turned away. Janet looked after his retreating form for a moment, then raised her clasped hands in mute appeal to heaven,

choked a rising sob, and answered her mother's call.

John Hallam, then clerk in the wholesale fur store of Mink & Otter, first saw Janet Dudley at the country house of a cousin, where he was visiting one summer holiday. She had graduated at the Normal college a year or so before, and being obliged to leave the city directly after, on account of her mother's failing health, had sought and obtained the position of the village school-mistress at Strawberry Centre.

They had fallen in love with each other at first sight, he fascinated by her pretty girlish face, her graceful ways and quaint, precise speech, and she by his handsome brown eyes, his gayety, his fine tenor voice and his gallant bearing; and before John's holiday was over she had promised to become at some not far distant time his wife. But a few months after they had plighted troth, John's uncle Roger, who had been the black sheep of his family, returned from abroad, like the famous black sheep of Babyland, with three or more bags full, not of wool, however, but money. No one knew where or how these bags had been filled, and no one seemed to care. That they were full appeared quite enough, for all doors flew open to him at the first 'Baa.'

Among others who renewed their acquaintance with Mr. Roger Vandergaas, now bleached to admirable whiteness, was his nephew, whom he had not seen since his childhood, and to whose mother he had not sent one line for fifteen years before her death. The old man received his young relative with great kindness, and being also immediately fascinated by his handsome face (which he secretly flattered himself resembled his own), his air debonair, and fine tenor voice, declared his intention of making him his heir, commanded him to resign his situation at Mink & Otter's—a command which the commanded lost no time in obeying—and installed him in elegant rooms adjoining his own in the St. Sky Hotel.

But when Uncle Roger came to hear of the pretty village school-mistress, he was exceedingly wroth, and swore, with many strange and terrible oaths, that if John did not promise to remain a bachelor for at least five years, and when he did change his state, to marry his—Uncle Roger's—choice, back to work should he go, and not a penny from the three or more bags full should he ever have.

Now this jolly, singing, fine-looking young fellow beneath a careless exterior concealed an intense longing for wealth and all the comforts and luxuries wealth could bring; besides which he was troubled with a constitutional lassitude, as a certain fox once called it, though it is better known to the world under another name, also commencing with an L. And to descend from his perch, as it were, and mingle once more with the grubbing work-a-day crowd, seemed to him worse than death. But then he loved, as well as such a selfish nature could love, blue eyed, golden-haired Janet Dudley, and hated to give her up almost as much as he did the elegant rooms at the St. Sky. Here was a coil, and thinking how to unwind it cost him a week of sleepless nights. The proposition he at length made to his 'lady-love,' as has been seen, she indignantly repelled; and swearing, 'I will never give you up,' he gave her up the next day, as will be seen by the following letter:

'My Darling,—For, notwithstanding your cruelty' (her 'cruelty,' poor child?) 'my darling you are and ever will be, the die is, supposed to be cast. I have acceded to Uncle Roger's wishes, as you would say, you prim, old-fashioned little sweetheart, with a mental reservation. You are that mental reservation. Be true to me, as I shall be to you, and I may yet lay a fortune at your feet. JOHN.'

AT THE GATE AGAIN.

Only a year had passed, and Mr. Vandergaas, already weary of his nephew's fine tenor voice, handsome face and air debonair, suddenly bade him farewell one cloudy morning (they were stopping at a hotel in Paris), gave him the smallest bag of wool—money, I mean—and again departed for parts unknown. To do John Hallam justice he also was tired of the companionship and at times had almost regretted entering into compact with the wicked old man. But on regaining his liberty he congratulated himself on the cleverness he had displayed, for though the larger portion of the fortune might be lost, he had seen the gayest part of the Old World in its gayest dress, secured a snug sum of money, and was free to return to America and Janet. 'I'm sure she is waiting for me,' he said, 'though she wouldn't answer one of my letters, the proud, inflexible little thing. And back home he went post-haste—back to the village where he had left the pretty young school-mistress.'

It was just such a lovely evening as that on which they parted when he found himself

once more, this time with hurried steps, walking along the old familiar road. The birds were chirping 'good-nights' to each other, the air was full of fragrance, the great night moths were humming in successful mimicry of the humming-birds as they hovered over the blossoms that opened beneath the stars, the crickets shrilled loud and merrily, the fairy lanterns of the fire-flies glowed fitfully on very side, and Janet—yes, it was Janet, the moonbeams resting on her golden head—stood, as though she had never left it since the hour they parted, at the garden gate. 'Dreaming of me, no doubt,' thought the fast-approaching lover, and in a moment more he stood before her.

She started; a faint blush rose to her cheek: she looked wonderfully bright and happy. 'Why John—Mr. Hallam, I should say—can it be you?' she said.

'Mr. Hallam!' echoed the young man, with a light laugh. 'It is John—your own John.'

'You are mistaken,—' she began, but he interrupted her hastily.

'Uncle Roger has deserted me. I am glad of it. His desertion sets me free.'

'And will you no get his fortune, after all?' she asked.

'Don't be sarcastic, Janet,' he replied. 'I did what I thought was for the best, and the end proved I was more far-seeing than you were, for everything has turned out for the best. I have had a grand holiday, am richer by twenty thousand dollars than when I wooed and won you, and you shall have a set of diamonds, and teach school no more.'

'I never cared for thousands of dollars or diamonds,' said Janet, with provoking calmness, 'and I gave up teaching school at the beginning of last vacation.'

'You did? Then there need be no delay. You will marry me at once, Jenny?' and he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

'John,' she replied, as she quickly withdrew it, 'I ceased to care for you as soon as I had read the letter you sent me announcing your decision to remain with Mr. Vandergaas. Strive to disguise it as you will, you choose between a humble life with me and a luxurious one with your uncle.'

I—'

'Janet,' he interrupted, eagerly, 'you do not, you will not, look at my conduct in the right light. You are such an uncompromising little woman. But granting that I did do wrong, 'Forget and forgive'—that was one of your school mottoes, you know—and give me back your heart, if you have taken it away from me, which I doubt—with a confident smile—and tell me when you will be my wife.'

'Never, John.'

'Nonsense! I won't take that for an answer. I foresaw, knowing you so well, that you would bring forward many obstacles, and I have come prepared to combat them all, and to do battle with whatever stands between us. A few good blows, and down it goes before me, Janet.'

Janet's eyes twinkled, and a little laugh escaped from her lips.

'I warn you to attempt no blows,' she said, as a stalwart young fellow strode up to the gate, 'for I must present to you an insurmountable objection—Mr. John Hallam, my husband, Mr. Oscar Lanier.'

THE POWER OF A HOLY LIFE.

A true Christian life is always a lesson; and its powers as such, depends on its true inward quality. No large measure of power comes out of the fact of a man's outward conformity to Christian rules and institutions. Now and then you see in houses, fire-grates furnished with imitations of wood piled up in them. You cannot burn them. You can only light up the gas in their holowness and it will make a blaze. They are very different things from the natural sticks with their sap and juices and the elements of combustion pent up in them. Similarly a man may be in all outward aspects a Christian; he may look just like one, but the elements which respond to the touch of God's fire are not in his heart. He may seem to glow, but the fire is strange fire, and the glow is on the surface. The man himself is not ablaze.

It is character that teaches, and the life in which the word of Christ dwells richly will be an instructive life in spite of itself. Many a man who is too humble to entertain the thought of his teaching any one, and who is simply trying to live out his life faithfully to God, is, unconsciously to himself, a lesson to hun-

dreds. Like Moses, he knows not that his face shines.

RAISIN CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, cup sour milk, two cups sugar, three eggs, six cups flour, one cup raisins, cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon.

Children's Department

"MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAY- ING."

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. Whilst the storm was at its height, the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig, struck on Long rear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sunk, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men, clinging to the swaying masts, was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket, bearing the life-line, went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when, suddenly, they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hand worked, and in a short time he became conscious. The *Sunday Magazine* may describe the final scene.

With wild amazement he gazed around on the kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art here, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood, overwhelmed, for a few moments; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! My mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house near by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.

THE RAINBOW AND THE SUN.

A very beautiful rainbow was lighting up the clouds; every one who saw admired it, and so much praise made it vain. "I am much handsomer than the sun," it exclaimed; for, bright as he is, he has only one color, and I have so many." The sun heard this, and, without entering into a dispute with the conceited rainbow, he quietly smiled. Then, hiding his beams in the clouds, he concealed himself for an instant, and the rainbow also disappeared. Persons who are vain and ungrateful forget whose hand it is that has made them prosperous. It is not just that He in His turn should dry up the sources of their prosperity?

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.