

unless you can bring her to her senses. I want you to come with me at once, and try what you can do."

"But what is it? What has happened?"

"I will explain it as well as I can. I began to be alarmed three or four days ago—you have not been with us since then. Oh, Estelle! I wish you had never left Kathleen's side; she has not seen you this week."

"My uncle was less well, and I could not come, Hugh," she exclaimed, pressing her hands tightly together. "Do not tell me that I have had a share in any evil that has befallen her, for I could not bear it."

"You might not have been able to prevent the underhand proceedings that have been going on of late," he answered, "for they have all laboured to keep both you and myself in ignorance; but now that the affair has come to a climax I hope you will make a bold stand for Raymond."

"Of that you may be very sure," she said, impatiently: "but tell me all details."

"You know that Harcourt came back to Carlton Hall, after a short absence, a few days ago, and he has been having private interviews at different times, both with my uncle and my aunt. Kathleen has seemed very restless and excited—now in wild spirits, now evidently uneasy and frightened; and once or twice, when she has had long conversations with her father or mother, I have noticed, afterwards, that her eyes were red and swollen, as if she had been crying. Yesterday evening we had a large dinner-party, and the whole suite of rooms was thrown open, so that I could not so easily watch her and Harcourt as at other times. But I was aware, in the course of the evening, that they had both disappeared; and I could not find out where they were till just before the guests departed, when I saw Kathleen dart swiftly out of the conservatory, and ran upstairs to her own room. She did not come down again, but I saw Harcourt draw my uncle into the library, which they only left, apparently to go to bed, for I saw no more of them. But this morning—oh, it makes me mad to think of it!" And Hugh struck his clenched fist violently on the table.

"Go on," said Estelle, breathlessly.

"This morning Harcourt came down to breakfast, and looked at me, whom he well knows to have been his enemy, with an air of insolent triumph which was unmistakable; and then Kathie came in, looking divinely pretty I must own, but rosy with blushes, and glancing shyly, in so conscious a manner, towards her new lover, that I could not doubt what had happened; and there was, besides, another proof, which rendered further confirmation useless, for she wore a brilliant hoop of diamonds, which I never saw before, on the finger where the wedding-ring is placed."

It was enough indeed! Estelle started to her feet; and, for a moment, Hugh stood looking at her in amazement, so completely did she seem transformed by the righteous anger which almost overpowered her. The sweet, bright expression, which usually made her face so attractive, had given place to one of passionate indignation, that caused her dark eyes to flash fire, and her colour to rise hotly, as the words burst vehemently from her quivering lips.

"And it is thus she treats him! helpless in his absence—helpless in his blind trust in her! Let me go to her, Hugh, now, this moment; I will go, and if there be one spark of good feeling left in her I will drag it to the surface, and make her loathe the cruel iniquity of this betrayal. She must be infatuated, insane; it cannot be that she can love this man, who has once loved Raymond. They have worked on her innocence, her gentleness; they have deceived her perhaps; but, surely, I can save her from him yet. Surely I can win her back, she is his, she must be his alone!" And without waiting for Hugh's answer, Estelle hurried from the room, snatched up her garden-hat, which lay on the hall table, and was on her way down the slope to the gate almost before he had time to quit the house and follow her. She hastened on towards Carlton Hall without taking any further notice of him, and he did not attempt to join her; he was well pleased to let her go on an errand which concerned himself as much as her.

"And yet she loves him!" he thought, with amazement, as he watched her flying with winged feet to draw back to Raymond's heart the rival who stood as a fatal barrier between herself and him, and her noble unselfishness seemed to him simply incomprehensible. He could not even wish to attain to it; and he walked slowly after her, trusting that she would be successful in her mission, though it might involve her own utter agony, if only on the ruins of her shattered happiness he might build up the fabric of his own. He saw Estelle continue her rapid flight till she passed through a little postern-gate, which opened into the grounds of the Hall, and then ran on, with her fleet steps, till, suddenly, in the middle of the flower-garden, which lay at one side of the house, he saw her stop short, and look straight before her; for there Harcourt and Kathleen stood together side by side.

(To be continued.)

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

ANTICIPATING RESURRECTION GLORY.

I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here!
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath roll'd and left its stain.

I have reach'd the joys of heaven;
I am one of the sainted band;
For my head a crown of gold is given;
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learn'd the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain;
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph's come!

Oh! friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true!
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? oh, no!
For memory's golden chain,
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame,
Flows freely down like river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

THE ATHEIST EXPOSED.

The following incident was told at a missionary meeting by an American Bishop. Walking out one day he came upon a large group of people, who were listening attentively to a man who appeared to be preaching with great earnestness; he joined the group, and was shocked to hear that the preacher was advocating Atheism, denying the existence of a God, and ridiculing all religious belief as childish weakness.

The audience appeared greatly impressed by the man's words, and when he had finished the Bishop asked to be allowed to address them.

Leave being granted, the Bishop mounted upon the trunk of the tree which had served as a pulpit, and said that he only wished to tell a little story, and would leave them to draw the moral.

Two days ago he was walking by the side of a river, when his attention was attracted by the sound of a man's voice, seemingly in great distress. He looked in the direction of the voice, and saw a boat drifting towards the rapids. In

the boat was one man, who had thrown himself upon his knees in terror, and was praying aloud, confessing the sins of his past life, entreating forgiveness, and promising amendment for the future, if a future was granted to him; but above all, fervently entreating deliverance from the present danger.

The danger was averted; how the Bishop did not say, and the man was saved. "You will perhaps wonder," continued he, "why I have told you this story; but your wonder will, I am sure, cease when you learn that the man to whose prayers and supplications I listened two days ago was the very man who has just been addressing you."

The Bishop's words, together with his appearance at the exact time and place, helped to counteract the effects of the infidel's teaching, and to convince his hearers that it is only the fool who could say, either in his heart or with his lips—"There is no God."

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The following is extracted from a placard on the door of many of the Churches in Switzerland.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"Death may surprise me at any moment, and I shall be eternally in the state in which it will overtake me."

"I wish never to forget that I have but one soul, and this soul once lost, all is lost for me; but this soul of mine once saved, all is saved."

"Hell will swallow up for ever and ever all souls that are surprised by death in a state of mortal sin."

"I am, therefore, ready to sacrifice everything to escape that awful calamity. I will abhor the discourse of wicked men, and guard my conscience against injustice, and fight constantly, with the help of God's grace, against my besetting sins."

"My conscience can never be at rest without prayer. "Morning and evening will I pray unto Thee, and Thou wilt hear my voice."

"When I am tempted to sin I will resist bravely. If Satan tries to ensnare me, I will invoke the all-powerful name of Jesus."

"But all my good resolutions will be in vain, unless I fly from all occasions of sin."

"I will, therefore, take all necessary steps to avoid excess in drink, which brutalizes men and brings on general ruin, and is the cause of a multitude of spiritual and temporal misfortunes, often quite irreparable."

"I will be very careful in my intercourse with persons of a different sex, and avoid all flirtation, and observe the requirements of Christian modesty."

"If I am the master of a family, I will take care that the laws of God and of the Church shall be obeyed, especially that the Lord's Day and all Saints' days shall be duly kept by my children and servants, and those under my influence."

"Whoever we may be, masters or mistresses, school-teachers, magistrates, or shopkeepers, we desire above all things else, cost what it may, to work out our salvation. Let us form together in the parish a holy brotherhood, to preserve intact the treasure of the true faith, that no one who lives among us may by any possibility fail of Everlasting salvation, and that the souls of the faithful may rest in peace in the bosom of the Lord Jesus."

"A Judgment, just and irrevocable, awaits us immediately after death. I will, therefore, not cease to prepare myself by a Christian life, which assures me of a holy death. For where the trees falter there it must lie."

"Eternal felicity will be the recompense of the faithful who live and die in the Grace and Love of God."

"From this moment I will labor incessantly all my life to gain the crown which my dearest Lord has prepared for me."

DO NOT LAUGH.

Do not laugh at that drunken man reeling through the street. However ludicrous the sight may be, just pause and think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will