

just now. Have you any idea where she is?"

"I saw her going along the path by the river a short time ago," said Colonel Dysart; "but you must not expect me to join you in a search for her; it is much too hot;" and he flung himself down under a tree to rest himself, while Una went in quest of her friend.

She was walking quietly along the bank of the river, when Rupert Northcote suddenly appeared at a turn in the path, and came rapidly towards her. He seemed greatly disturbed and excited, and with a muttered apology for his haste, passed her, apparently in a vehement hurry, and disappeared. She went on, rather surprised, and a few more paces brought her in sight of Lilith Orichton. Una stopped with an exclamation of dismay when she saw her.

Lilith was standing upright and motionless, with her hands clasped tightly on her breast, as if to still some emotion that was stifling her; her lovely face was white as snow; her great blue eyes were wild with misery; and her whole expression was that of one who feels as if the agony of life could not be endured another moment.

Impetuous Una rushed towards her, and flinging her arms round her, exclaimed, "My dearest Lilith! what is the matter? I cannot bear to see you suffering so frightfully."

But her warm caresses seemed lavished on a statue; and when Lilith spoke at last, it did not seem to be in answer to her questions, but rather that the words were weighing on her heart and burst forth involuntarily—"Rupert—my poor Rupert!"

"He loves you, Lilith—you do not doubt that, surely?"

"No; oh, that I could!"

"But why, dear child? Forgive me for saying it, but I feel sure you return his affection."

"I have no wish to deny it," she answered, while tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and fell from them thick and fast.

"Then why are you so sad?" said Una, anxiously. "You will marry him, without doubt, and be very happy."

"I would sooner die!"

"Lilith, what do you mean? Rupert wishes to marry you, I am certain, and his friends all love you; why should you refuse?"

"I love him too well to tell you why," she answered.

"That is a very incomprehensible answer, Lilith. I want you to tell me, because I cannot but think you must be making yourself needlessly unhappy; and possibly, if you told me the reason of your refusal, I could help you. Perhaps you are too much agitated now; but promise me that you will tell me some day."

"Yes," she said, in a calm, strange voice, "I will tell you some day, Una Dysart."

That promise was kept—but in what an hour!

(To be continued.)

Does the efficacy of prayer, if admitted, conflict with the reign of law? Does it not rather establish, confirm, complement it? For if we suppose prayer—the highest frame, the loftiest enterprise of the human soul—to have no consequence in the spiritual universe, we have then a cause without a result, an aim without an end. All other states and acts of the mind are under the dominion of the law. Thought, reflection, analysis, the flight of fancy, the aspiration of all the higher powers of the intellect, have their commensurate revenue. Is prayer alone abnormal. Or is there anything inconsistent with a law-loving philosophy in these canons of the Christian's faith, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you?"

#### BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own,  
Remember those with homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone:  
If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home,  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide:  
Some may have fallen—and who has not?  
The old as well as young:  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well:  
I try my own defects to cure  
Before of others tell:  
And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The fruits of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
To those we little know.  
Remember, curses, sometimes like  
Our chickens, "roost at home,"  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
We have none of our own.

#### SON, GO WORK TO-DAY.

If, concerning a mere enclosure of vines, one were to ask the question when there would be most hurry for the laborers, or when any call for them would be most peremptory, the answer would be swift and simple. All hands are needed at once; all hands are needed now, when the weather is favourable; all hands are specially needed when danger of any sort is menaced from dilatoriness or delay. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."

Others are at work. The system of agencies God employs is somewhat intricate. The plan of redemption embraces the entire planet. The nations of the world are in the hands of Providence. The great events of history are under divine control. And wherever mighty movements are in progress, then time and opportunity become impressive and solemn. Sometimes just a single man's life is freighted with vast and extraordinary value, because of the exigency of circumstances in which he happens to stand. And sometimes all our lives are charged with unusual worth and efficiency, simply because various other agencies are in exercise busily under the leadings of an Almighty Hand.

Such a period, we need hardly now to pause to prove, is that in which this autumn we are living. From every part of the city and country come the tidings of interesting activity and progress. The world is all alive. Events are hurrying. The earth abroad is full of confusion. All the forceful influences in use in upbuilding the kingdom of our Lord are in supreme vigor of advance. The word is spreading, knowledge is spreading to and fro, the gates of individual usefulness are wide open. "All things are now ready."

God is at work. The covenant of grace is active. The intercessory prayer is pressing and ready to fall. Sunshine of spiritual warmth streams broadly across many a verdured slope. Never was there one day in modern history, in which persistent labor for Christ was attended with so much promise of success as now.

The Father from the eternal throne seems bending his ear attentive to prayer. The Spirit of all grace is influencing mightily the hearts of men. The communities

are unusually devout. Many a believer is imploring for help. Times of political excitement like these have more than once been attended and succeeded by a grand outpouring of revival rain. It becomes the children of the kingdom to be on the alert in all such momentous days as these through which we are passing. "Son, go work to-day."

Evil is at work. The powers of darkness seem to have been let loose for a season. The wildest elements of discord are clashing in the midst of each community. Intemperance is rife. Moral maxims are at a discount. The mind of man is proud and impure. Those in high places of authority shine with the false light of their own immeasurable corruption. Law makers defy the law, and bullies of the prize-ring lead the parties and divide the offices as spoils. The death-throes of some few systems of wrong are violently lashing the seas into foam. Leviathan is in what whalers call the "flurry."

Now the effect of such terrific combat between right and wrong—and between wrongs fighting each other—is twofold; it threatens loss, and it increases labor. To return to our figure, it is like the rush of tempests among bowers of vines. It menaces the clusters, and it throws heavier burdens upon the husbandmen. These intense antagonisms of sin leave no place for a listless man to abide in. There is no room for any neutral territory on the continent. Sin is the one thing which never gives nor asks quarter. And now it seems to be making onset all along the line.

Calmly amid the confusion, while the world rocks with the tumultuous currents beneath the surface, comes the sound of the parent's voice to his children: "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

#### THEIR SILENCE.

The sin of cruelty to animals is aggravated by two circumstances. First, by the great obligation under which we lie to the dumb creation, which are our servants. We owe so much to the horse, the mule, the cow, the faithful watch-dog, and we ought to treat them kindly, nay, gratefully. The want of these and other animals would be a felt calamity. But we ought to remember that the sin is aggravated by their silence. They are dumb. If you are ill-used, you can cry for aid, and secure it. If you are hungry, you can beg for bread, and get it; but the poor dumb beast cannot ask for food, nor appeal for protection to the officer of a law-court. Hence the crime of the man who ill-uses his beast is aggravated by the meanest and most contemptible cowardice. If the bully or the blusterer, in a fit of passion, strikes his equal, he may receive a blow in turn, or he may be severely chastised for his fit of temper; or if his antagonist, through self-respect, only sees fit to administer a dignified rebuke, he still gets the worst of the encounter, but the ill-used beast cannot thus retaliate; therefore, the cruel monster who mercilessly abuses the beast he rides or drives is the very meanest and most dastardly of all cowards.

#### BIRTH.

On the 9th inst., on the Mayfield Farm, 10th Concession of Markham, the wife of Christian Reesor, Esq., of a daughter.

#### DEATHS.

McDONALD—Suddenly, of congestion, at her late residence, Brock Street, Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1876, Jane Morrow, beloved wife of Dr. Mitchell McDonald, Barrister.