

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

I HAVE CHRIST! WHAT WANT I MORE!

In the heart of London city,
Mid the dwellings of the poor,
These bright golden words were uttered—
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

By a lonely dying woman,
Stretched upon a garret floor,
Having not one earthly comfort,—
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

He who heard them, ran to fetch her
Something from the world's great store;
It was needless—died she, saying,
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

But her words will live forever;
I repeat them o'er and o'er,
Praying I may learn their meaning:
"I HAVE CHRIST! what want I more?"

Oh, my readers, children, dear ones!
High and low, and rich and poor;
Can you say with deep thanksgiving,
"I HAVE CHRIST! what want I more?"

Look away from earth's attractions,
All earth's joys will soon be o'er;
Rest not, till each heart exclaimeth,
"I HAVE CHRIST! what want I more?"

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

Melbury Lodge was still, then unoccupied except by Sidney, who was working for his examination, and Mr. and Mrs. Darrent were away. Maggie, as soon as she heard of Sibyl's return, rushed over to see her. The two girls met in the garden-parlour. The two girls met in the garden-parlour. The two girls met in the garden-parlour.

"Oh!" said Maggie, ecstatically, "I am so glad that you have come back, Sibyl! Now everything will be right."
"What makes you think so?" Sibyl asked, gravely.

Maggie felt herself turn a little cold and sick at this question, put so seriously. Sibyl, she thought, was not nearly so demonstrative as she used to be.

"Oh!" she answered, lightly, "I don't know. I suppose it's because you are strong that we all have such confidence in you. We used to say, you remember, that you could make the sun shine when you wished."

"Which meant that I could make you forget there were clouds in the sky," said Sibyl, smiling a little sadly as she thought of her old triumph. "I am afraid I am not so strong as I used to be, Maggie; however," with an abrupt change of manner, "tell me about Uncle James."

This was precisely what Maggie was anxious to do, and she drew a picture so pathetic that Sibyl was forced, two or three times, to look away. She did not wish Maggie to see that tears were in her eyes. But by the time the story was ended, she had succeeded in recovering her composure, and she said—

"Why does Uncle James work so hard?"

"He wants to make money," Maggie answered, dejectedly, "and I am sure he will not succeed—at least not yet. A man of business, who came to see him yesterday, told him that it takes years for these kind of books to work their way."

There was a silence for some moments between the two young girls. Maggie thought—

"Sibyl is setting her wits to work; she is clever. She will find her way out of the puzzle."

Sibyl thought—

"He knows her money is poisoned; he wishes, before he speaks, to make money for her."

Inconsequently, from Maggie's point of view, she said—

"Do you know if Mrs. Rosebay has come home?"

"Yes; I saw her yesterday afternoon. But why do you ask?"

"I want particularly to see her. Will you remain with mamma till I come back, Maggie? I don't think I shall be very long. You look surprised. My dear child, I am going to try and make sunshine for—Uncle James."

"But, Sibyl—"

"My dear little Maggie, you have made a great mistake. Now, don't detain me. They mustn't be one hour unhappy more than is necessary."

Half an hour later, Sibyl was in the drawing-room of Fairfield House, with Mrs. Rosebay before her.

She had already told what was the story which had been diligently circulated through Melbury, and Adeline, listening, felt as if her senses would desert her.

"They have thought *this* of me? said the white lady, with quivering lips.

"Not everybody," Sibyl answered, soothingly.

"But that any should have believed it?"

She covered her face with her hands, for burning color overspread it.

"It was thought that you acted in ignorance. You know we women are supposed to know very little of business."

"But how could I have been ignorant?"

Oh! I am bitterly punished, bitterly punished! Sibyl, do not cling to me so. It is not fit that you should touch me until you know everything. Dear, I will try to tell you, if I can. I have been foolish and weak in my life, I have given way where I should have been firm; where I might have, given way, I have been strong. I sometimes think that I was born under an evil star."

"But," said Sibyl, "the evil influences are losing their power now. Never call yourself unfortunate again; you are the happiest, the most favoured of women."

Adeline looked at Sibyl, as if she thought she must have lost her senses but the young girl persisted.

"Yes; I mean what I say. Your fate is in your own hands. Is not that to be glad?"

"Sibyl, what do you mean?"

The girl stooped, kissed her friend's flushed cheek, and whispered a few words in her ear. Adeline sprang up as if she had been stung. But Sibyl only smiled serenely.

"Now," she said, rising to her feet, and there was a certain majesty in her voice and attitude that none had ever seen in her before, "you are on your trial. If you are like the ordinary run of women, you will blush and hesitate, and then you will prove yourself unworthy—unworthy of his love. If you are what he thinks you, will put an end to his pain at once; you will send for him; you will tell him this that you intended to tell me. Do you hesitate? can you?"

The girl's voice rose. She turned away. Adeline stopped her.

"Sibyl," she said, in a smothered voice, "you are young; you cannot see my difficulty."

"Yes, I do see your difficulty. In an ordinary case it would hold good; this is not an ordinary case. Are you so blind as not to see why he keeps away from you? Can you imagine for a moment that he thinks this evil? No; he is working till he has something to offer you. He is smothering his heart, killing himself with work and anxiety, for fear of plunging you into poverty. Now do you understand? Oh! if I were in your place, Adeline, if I were in your place, it would not take so many words to convince me."

And therewith the brave girl almost broke down.

When Adeline left the room she was glad; she longed to be alone. that she might weep.

And those two or three tears, last fond witness to the self-regard which had put her better self in the danger, did Sibyl good; they cleansed the perilous stuff from her heart. It was a girlish face that she lifted to Adeline, and it was with glad girlish lips she thanked her, when a little folded note, addressed to James Darrent, was put in her hand.

"I cannot hope that you are right," Adeline whispered. "Still, he promised to be my friend, my friend always, and it is right he should know the truth."

But Sibyl would listen to nothing further. She hurried back to Maggie. Maggie had not joined Mrs. White. She was still alone in the garden-parlour.

Sibyl tossed the note into her lap.

"There!" she said. "Take it; it has cost me something."

Maggie looked bewildered.

"Sunlight for Uncle James," the girl explained. "Come I will drive you to Forest House."

* * * * *

It is late in the evening of that same day, a delicious autumn evening that dies out gloriously. The verandah of Fairfield House faces the west. For full two hours Adeline has been sitting there, watching the gorgeous procession of fantastic cloud-forms. Now all has toned down to a sober grey, just faintly tinged with color, and the air grows chill. She shivers, and turns to go in, but at the same moment the sounds for which she had been watching through those long hours strike upon her ear, and she turns again, advances a few steps, then draws back, for the color is coming and going in her face.

The visitor is as yet hidden by a clump of evergreens. She struggles with her agitation, and succeeds in putting on at least a semblance of calm, but the deadly pallor of her face, and her forced composure, give her an unusual dignity of appearance.

The visitor sees her now; he too is pale, very pale. Her lips quiver and her composure nearly deserts her, when she sees that he is not only pale from recent agitation, but worn and haggard, as if he had lately risen from an exhausting illness.

But whatever the extremity of our feeling, society's conventions must be observed.

James Darrent, when he sees Mrs. Rosebay, lifts his hat courteously. She advances, shakes hands with him, and asks him to come into the drawing-room.

After that they both try to speak of indifferent topics, but the effort is a vain one, and at last Adeline plunges into the subject which has been for these two hours engrossing her mind.

"You promised to be my friend," she says, in a voice that is not so firm as she had intended that it should be; for it has not escaped her that there is an intensity in his manner, and a certain indescribable yearning in his face which are scarcely in keeping with the word she has chosen to express the relation between them.

[continued]

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.

Children's Department.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect:—

Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest.

Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this:—

The one had bought a piece of ground,

which, after the purchase, was found to contain treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country; does the rain fall there; are there cattle which feed upon the herbs and green grass?" asked the chief.

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the green grass to grow in your country."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No house is big enough for two wits to live in together.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Let us always be cheerful; if life is a burden, let it be a burden of a song.

A house without newspapers and books is like a house without windows.

Ink is like a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the sepulchre of our buried hopes.

The despairing dread companionship, and in solitary caves hide away their spirit.

To act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking on a vessel during a storm.

Those who criticise most severely the works of any others seldom can produce any themselves.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities, or in registering wrongs.

A BIBLE DEFINITION.

A friend of ours, who was one day hearing his little six-year-old Alice say her "definitions," asked her the meaning of "earthquake" and "volcano."

"I know, father; God tells us in the Bible what they are."

"Does He? Why, where, Allie?"

"In 104th Psalm, 82nd verse."

Now turn to that passage, and see if this little student of the Bible didn't make a good answer.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

The faith that saves is the faith that sanctifies. And if our religion does not show itself in daily life, silently proving there its power; if it does not make us men and women of stronger faith and brighter hope and broader charity, and thus better in all the relations of life, there is in it some fatal defect. We had better look well to its foundation.