

is more—there is life and hope and peace. Christ is here with help and promise. Christ goes before and clears a shining way. I needed just now a friendly hand to draw yon curtain, and let in the fullness of the sunlight. So we all need the loving hand of Christ to unveil for us the curtained abysm of God's shining infinity—Christ only!" These words he repeated several times, 'Christ only.'

"Bantam, respecting the dying man's enthusiasm, replied with a whisper of sympathy.

"Doctor Dulcis looked round for his children; the haze was dimming his eyes. They were called in. The fair-crowned child of former days was now a fine young woman, and the velvet-coated boy had developed into a jacketed stripling, with student paleness and melancholy eyes. As they all drew near his bedside, he gave them one by one his blessing, and charged them to meet him in heaven, with a confidence as great as he would have shown in engaging to meet them at the house of a friend.

"'Now,' said he, 'sing our Sabbath hymn, Virginia. I cannot blow the bellows for you now; but you need no music; I think I hear another organ playing, but it sounds far away. "The sands of time are sinking."

"As he folded his hands on his bosom, and lay back on his pillow, the children set

up softly, to a plaintive air, the song he had asked for:

"The sands of Time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks?
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

"Just then a brighter smile transfigured his pale features as sudden sunlight glints over a cornfield. Mrs. Dulcis clasped her hands, and hung over him, looking eagerly down into the face that was upturned towards her and heaven. . . . It was now only a Parian mask with a stony smile. . . . Dr. Dulcis was no longer there.

"Not a word was said. The widowed woman was weeping in Sophronia's arms. Kelso had buried his face in the pillow near which he had been leaning, and his hard northern frame shook with emotion. The choristers, divining the awful mystery, broke into sob-sobbed by their fear. Bantam restrained himself only by a powerful effort, and finally rushed from the room.

"The Eclectic religion had its practical beauties, its brilliant aesthetic attractions, its noble sentiments and principles, its healthy incredulities; but the young lord questioned in his soul that hour if it could ever make men face death as they would look upon sunshine and roses."

Notices.

We present our readers this month with a portrait of the Prince of Wales, whose recent dangerous illness excited such breathless anxiety among millions of Her Majesty's faithful subjects. The portrait is a good one, and will be compared with interest with those which were taken twelve years ago, when the Prince visited Canada.

Our next number will contain a very able paper entitled, "Novitiate of a Jesuit," showing the careful training which young men receive before being admitted to the

Order of Jesuits, and the inevitable effects of that training. It is written by one who has himself undergone a portion of the discipline, and who, therefore, knows whereof he speaks. We commend it to the careful attention of all who are thinking of sending their children to a school managed by the followers of Ignatius Loyola.

A story by Mrs. Rothwell, entitled "A Tale of Stormy Water," will appear in the March number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.