

not been mistaken in

"! said Basil, impatiently, John Symonds."

"I don't understand it at all."

"I don't know what it might be."

"How I have been thinking of you."

"His wife told me she had changed."

"said Mrs. Jamieson; this?"

"entered the room, long flowing robes, and a more usual expression."

"Before he could see the elder children, with faces, made their appearance."

"which distinguished"

"was a young lady, as far as possible, and the others were so irresistibly attracted by her shrieks of delight."

"the slightest warning, when even the most prudent of us stared frantically at her mother."

"bestowed a long and abrupt and hasty look at her mother."

"what does Trixie say?"

"Crawford, standing as if going on."

"laughed, she gets excited out of succession."

"Dear you."

"cried the mother's face towards."

"When Bertie's head out between the window the other day, only I wanted to see the money at the back box was found in the"

"nipped in the preceding one."

"on the arm of raising her heels be-

"back-door when you nursery window?"

"father took hold of her, head uppermost, the better to her"

"the group, and dropped Bertie beside him, and"

"Sophy, and Sophy wanted to see,"

"of wriggling and a to be hastily quiet at her father's altered-

"continued—"Sophy talked a lot; and promise, mind you pro-

"morrow!"

"What sort of money? Did you see it all that way off?"

"Yes," and the bright clear baby eyes which looked up into her father's face looked strong enough to see at a mile's distance what she was thinking about. "It was yellow, little money, not nice big brown pennies like we give the crossing-sweeper boy when we go out for a walk."

Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson and Basil Crawford looked silently at one another; then Mrs. Jamieson rang the bell, and, as silently, waited till it was answered.

"Tell Sophy to come up to me in my bed-room at once," she said to the servant.

"It is the only way," she added, as the door closed. "If I do not see her and tell her at once, it will be much more difficult to do so later."

Roderick Jamieson and Basil Crawford sat talking of Sophy's case, which could now be read very differently than at first. From what the child had told them it was easy enough to put two and two together, and form a pretty correct judgement of the state of things that had been. So that when Mrs. Jamieson by-and-by came down, laden with all the confession she had dragged from Sophy, they found that they had not been far wrong in their surmises.

In the first shock—when she had learnt that he was a married man, with a living wife and children, and that his name was not John Symonds but Ned Blades—she broke down, and all the hard wall of sullen stolidity gave way, and melting under her mistress's kind forgiving words, she confessed many small misdeeds she had been led into committing for this man's sake, thinking she might find favor in his eyes, that his influence over her had been very strong, inducing her to do many things which were against her conscience; all her wages, too, the simple girl had lent him; and then came the story of the three sovereigns. In careless gossip with him she had once remarked how nice it must be to have pretty little polished dressing-table drawers, and money and jewellery and one thing and another carelessly thrown into them, and he had asked, if "the missus" often had money about like that. "Now and again, when I have been putting the table tidy, I have seen sovereigns there," Sophy had answered.

For two or three days before the affair had happened he had represented to her that he was desperately hard up for money, and that he would fall into inevitable trouble and disgrace if he could not produce some the next day; two days after that he would have money, and could repay her. He never ceased importuning her, particularly after he had drawn from her the fact that her mistress had put gold in her little drawer that very day. Upon his solemn and earnest promise that he would repay her in two days' time she gave way, trusting that her mistress would leave the money there for some days untouched, as she had done before. Fate willed otherwise; her fault had been discovered; and desperate appeals to Symonds to return the money had been unavailing; then, unable to bear up against the misery she felt, she had confessed her misdeeds to her mistress, still withholding his name from the matter. When he had refused to speak to her any more, and joined the other servants in denouncing her, her manner had become stolid and sullen. She did not now deny that Symonds had appropriated various articles of the household plate, amongst other things. Probably had not Mrs. Jamieson been with her when she received the shock of hearing that he was a married man, and that she could never have hoped to be engaged so him, the real state of things might never have come to light. But bad as things were, Mrs. Jamieson expressed herself more contented with them, as far as Sophy was concerned, than in the previous aspect they had worn for her.

(To be continued.)

ELLIOTT'S PATENT SAVER HALL STOVE.—We desire to call particular attention to the advertisement in our columns of this very superior stove. We can speak confidently and warmly in praise of it, because we have had one of them in use for two years, and have recently purchased another. It economises fuel wonderfully, and by an arrangement peculiar to itself, it heats the lower part of the room to a greater extent than any other stove we know of.



Children's Department.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Ishmael was the son of Abraham and of Hagar the Egyptian. He was the first-born of his father, and was born when his father was eighty-six years old. He was born in Abraham's house when he dwelt in the plain of Mamre; and on the institution of the covenant of circumcision, he was circumcised at the age of thirteen years, and God renewed his covenant with him. We are not informed any more about him until the birth of Isaac, which took place when Abraham was a hundred years old. At the great feast made soon afterwards, "Sarah saw the son of Hagar, the Egyptian, which she had born unto Abraham, mocking, and urged Abraham to cast out him and his mother. The patriarch, comforted by God's renewed promise that he would make a great nation of Ishmael, sent them both away. And in this we cannot but observe a remarkable instance of Abraham's faith in God's promises. Although the mother and child were sent away by him without any apparent means of support, yet he knew that God would take care of them and fulfil his promises. He had sent away the mother and child with some bread, and a bottle of water. When the water had all been spent in the bottle the mother, we are told, put the young man under one of the shrubs, and went away to some distance and sat down, for she said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she cried bitterly. She had evidently forgotten the promises God had made to Abraham and to her; and she was, besides, needlessly despairing, for Ishmael must have been sixteen or seventeen years old at that time. However, God called to Hagar, renewed his promise, and enabled her to find a well of water near there, so that the young man was enabled to quench his thirst. He grew up in the wilderness, became an archer, got married, and had a great many children. God performed his promise, although at first it seemed very unlikely that he would. The descendants of Ishmael became a great nation. They peopled the north and west of the Arabian peninsula, and ultimately formed the chief element of the Arab nation.

A DYING CARDINAL'S LAMENTATION.—Cardinal Mazarin, the great minister of Louis XIV. in France, afforded in his last hours a striking and melancholy illustration of the Apostolic statement: "We brought nothing into this world," and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." A courtier, loitering without leave in the apartments of the sick statesman, heard a slippered foot dragging itself with difficulty along the carpet of an adjoining room, and hastily hid himself behind some tapestry. He saw Mazarin creep feebly in, awaiting the summons of the angel of

death, who was about to transfix him with his fatal dart, and gaze around, little suspecting that he was himself being watched. From all sides shone on him the art-treasures he had collected—the only objects except wealth and power he was capable of caring for. He looked on them long and regretfully, his eye wandered from picture to picture, from statue to statue, till at last his anguish vented itself in words: "I must leave all that. What pains it cost me to acquire these things! I shall never see them where I am going." The courtier, Count Louis de Brienne, whose ears caught that dying groan, remembered the speech, and when Mazarin was dead, put it in print, unconsciously as a warning to all those who lay up treasures for themselves, but are not rich toward God.

—In woman, the heart is the citadel, and all the rest mere suburbs; in men, an inconsiderable outwork, which can be lost without injuring the strength of the place.

—Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently. For this day only is ours: we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

—Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

—If there is anything more poignant than a body agonizing for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.

—Age is beautiful and wonderfully attractive when in youth the soul was conversant with truth. Its glories abide in old age.

—There is no outward sign of politeness which has not a deep moral reason. True education teaches both the sign and the reason.

—To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from everyone.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MARRIED.

On the 10th inst., at Delhi, William K. Snider, son of George Snider, Esq., of the township of Windham, to the eldest daughter of the Rev. T. E. Sanders, and grand-daughter of Admiral Sanders, B. N.

On the 4th inst., at St. James's church, Shirley, England, by the father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. M. C. Proby, Wensley J. Hodson Bond, lieutenant 2nd W. I. regiment, to Wilhelmina (Mina) Gemley, daughter of the Rev. John Gemley, chaplain and private secretary of the Lord Bishop of Huron, Canada.