

that Hugh was laid prostrated by rheumatic fever they were very anxious, if possible that he should be removed from the village inn to their house in town.

Mr. Carlton himself travelled down to see his nephew hoping that he might be able to take him back with him, but this proved to be out of the question, it was plain that Hugh would have to spend many weeks in the humble abode where he had taken shelter. All that his uncle could do was to send experienced nurses from London to take care of him, as Mrs. Carlton was at all times too great an invalid to attempt anything of the kind.

After some weeks of suffering and delirium, the fever abated, but Hugh's condition was even more precarious than it was when the malady was at its height, since, as is well known rheumatic fever is very apt to affect the action of the heart and this had been the case as a result of Hugh's illness, to an extent which not only placed him in some peril of death during what would otherwise have been his convalescence, but would at all times in the future render his life very liable to a sudden termination.

Raymond sent to ask how he was every morning as he was himself so far recovered as to see the doctor only once a week, and Mrs. Barrett's quick-witted boy generally managed to take back any additional piece of information he could obtain that he might have the pleasure of relating it to his mother. On one occasion when he came back he brought the tidings that Hugh was very unwell on the previous evening, and the telegram which was daily sent with an account of his progress to Mrs. Carlton, had so far alarmed her that she had come down for a day in order to judge of his state by her own observation. The fact of her arrival was duly reported to Raymond by Mrs. Barrett, but he scarcely noticed what she said, as it did not concern him in any way.

He was well enough at this time to be moved into the little parlour every afternoon, where he lay on a couch under the lattice windows, and looked out on the trees of the park, watching for the first appearance of the little green buds, as the month of February was already advanced. He was reclining there alone one day, feeling more than usually depressed, for every week that passed without the smallest tidings of Estelle seemed to give him less and less ground for hope that he should ever see her dark eyes turn upon him with their bright pure glance again. The early sunset was fading away, sending long gleams of light like golden arrows through the leafless branches, when he heard a slight sound at the parlour-door just opposite to him which opened at once into the park and there on the threshold, stood a fair and lovely vision lit up by one of the slanting sunbeams that fell athwart her, and brought out in evidence every detail of the exquisite figure clad in a long sweeping dress of silver-gray, with a black velvet mantle over which the sunny hair rippled down in waving masses, and with the pretty head bent wistfully forward, and the small hands clasped as if in anxious entreaty. The perfect picture which thus was formed before Raymond's startled eyes, showed him unmistakably the face and form of Kathleen Harcourt. She remained motionless framed as if only a life-like painting in the doorway, with a timid deprecating expression in the limpid blue eyes, that were turned imploringly upon Raymond. She was much paler and thinner than she had been formerly, and beautiful as she still was, with the somewhat saddened beauty of one who had known suffering and trial, all the radiant loveliness of her girlhood had passed away, and there was little in her appearance to remind Raymond of the fairy-like child who had charmed his thoughtless fancy. He felt embarrassed, but in no sense agitated, by the sudden sight, for his heart was too entirely devoted to his lost Estelle to feel a passing thrill at the recollection of his former interest in Tracy Harcourt's wife. He started up from his reclining position, however, and even tried to rise, as he exclaimed, "Kathleen! I beg your pardon; as Mrs. Harcourt!"—but in an instant at the sound of his well known voice, she rushed across the room, and sank down half kneeling into a chair by his side.

"No, do not call me Mrs. Harcourt—Kathleen!" she said, beseechingly; "your friend, Kathleen;

oh let me still be your friend, at least! Forgive—forgive me." She hid her face in her hands, and tears trickled down her little white fingers.

Instantly he turned to her with the frankest cordiality. "Dear Kathleen let there be no question of forgiveness between us. All is best as it is. I do not think we should have suited each other we were too far apart in age and disposition, but we may be true and hearty friends, and so we shall be evermore."

(To be Continued.)

Children's Department.

A CHILD'S DESIRE.

I would come to Jesus
In my early youth,
Trusting in His mercy,
Resting on His Truth,
Jesus loving Saviour,
Hear my humble plea:
Let me share Thy favor,
Let me live to Thee.

I would follow Jesus,
Closely every day;
I would call Him "Master,"
And His word obey.
Every task assigned me
I would fain fulfil,
Teach me, dear Redeemer,
How to do thy will.

I would live like Jesus,
Free from every sin;
May His Holy Spirit
Make me pure within.
I would toil for Jesus,
Strengthened by His grace,
Till in endless glory
I behold His face.

I would tell to Jesus
Every grief and care,
He delights to answer
Humble, fervent prayer.
Through the changeful future,
Jesus, be my guide;
In Thy great compassion,
Keep me near Thy side.

I would trust in Jesus
All my journey through;
He is ever faithful,
He is ever true.
Saviour in Thy bosom
Shed abroad Thy love,
When I die receive me
To Thy home above.

PROOFS OF THE RISEN LIFE.

Several weeks have now gone by since you heard the renewed Easter message giving fresh thoughts about our holy or "risen" life. Have you, then, tried to work out your latest lesson about it? It consists in doing and bearing. In this last fortnight have you been trying to do better all your duties to your parents, teachers, masters, schoolfellows? If any one has behaved, as you thought, hardly or unkindly to you, have you tried to see how much you deserved it more than you would at first have thought you did? or have you simply resented all such behaviour as your too ready temper urged you? And what about unkind words or tales about others? Have you restrained the passionate thought, the cruel word, the angry blow? Have you (as the words of a hymn you know very well put into your mouth to sing) been giving gentle answers, and, as far as it is given to the little ones to do anything for God, been doing your "little work of love and praise for Jesus' sake"? Will many of you say, "Ah! indeed, I have not thought very much about all this"? But, my little ones, when will you think about this? If you will not at such a great time of thinking as Eastertide, and the example it furnished for us to follow, what will give you any hope of using better other times of hearing God's message

of love and encouragement? Do not mind what others say. Listen to God's own ways of teaching you. You must not be rebellious children. If you are, God cannot love you as much as He loves those who do mind His will and love His ways, and seek to please him in all they do. He knows all your difficulties. He gave you tender hearts and good spirits. But He meant that you should see in them His goodness, and love Him for His gifts. He had been pleased to found the love of all his people for Him upon their knowledge of His love for them. "We love Him because He first loved us"—so writes His own Apostle. You may learn to love Him as you find out all that He has given and done for you. And then, loving Him for these things, you will try and be good, in order to keep a sense of His love and grace.

Do you say, "Oh! but it is so hard to be good?"

Of course it is! If it were very easy, all people would always be good. No one wishes to be bad, I suppose, if he can be good without any trouble or self-denial or self-control. But a great many people will be selfish and self-willed, and will not give up anything to be made by God's grace better. So they find it hard to be good, as all must, and so they will not try.

Do not be like such people. They can't have any real love for God. They are making no use of their baptismal gift. They are not rising and rising again, and going forward in their true life. They are slipping back and becoming worse. What will become of them in the end? Their hearts grow harder and harder. Some day they will quench God's Holy Spirit, and the light that is in them will become darkness. Oh! how great is that darkness! I hope no one of you, my little ones, will ever have to find out how great it is.

Try to grow better and better, because you do love your Lord a little, and want to love Him more and more. Then try and do what is good always, because God loves to see you doing so.

You will be able to rule yourselves and to do things for God if you ask God to let His grace work its work in you, and mean that it should.

RELIEF IN TEARS.

The blue of heav'n is overcast
With clouds, unbroken, gray,
Which, all around, still deepening fast,
Obscure the light of day.

And then—thy cheerfulness is fled,
And clouds, that darkly roll,
With nameless sorrow have o'erspread
The azure of thy soul.

But see! the clouds pour down in rain,
Once more the blue appears;
Thou, too, my friend, art bright again—
Hast found relief in tears!

A PAIR OF TAME ROBINS.

A pair of robins began to deposit leaves on the shelves of a gentleman's library, doubtless intending them as the foundation of a nest. The servant not knowing from whence the leaves came, swept them away every morning. The birds thus disappointed decided on a more secluded spot for their home.

The room was not usually occupied between the time the servant left it in the morning and luncheon time, and as the window was usually left open in the meantime, the birds pursued their labours unmolested. How long this continued we know not, but the servant one morning moved the drapery of the window curtains, and then discovered in the folds of the festoon the robins' nest.

"Pure friendship is a Gordian knot,
Which angels' hands have tied;
By heavenly skill its texture wrought,
Who shall its folds divide?
In vain death's all-triumphant sword
May strive its links to sever;
The union of the twisted cord
In heaven shall last forever."

—The Christian's armour will rust, except it be furnished with the oil of prayer.