

who were living out their little day in the world they had so long since spurned with their upward-flying feet, as they passed to purer realms. Una's bright eyes glanced with keen interest along the pictured row of mute, dim faces as she sat by Atherstone's side, and noting her every look, he told her the names of those that most attracted her.

"You must examine them systematically afterwards," he said.

"Yes, I shall like to do so," she answered; "but more than all these, I want to look once more on that one picture—you know which I mean."

"Yes; but we must be alone when you see it again. I cannot look on that portrait now in company with any one but yourself;" and Atherstone changed the subject.

Will Northcote was the first to start from the table, exclaiming that she could not possibly remain within those four walls any longer, wide as they were, while such glorious sunshine was wasting its beauty outside. She wanted to explore the gardens, she said, and conservatories, and the lake with the island, and all the other reported wonders of Atherstone; and she would go by herself if no one else chose to come. They were, however, all as willing as she was to go out into the lovely summer air, and soon they were dispersed in groups over the grounds. Atherstone found himself, somewhat to his dismay, obliged to pilot Mr. Northcote over some new stables he had recently built, while Will [Northcote took possession of Mr. Cunliffe, whom, to his amusement, she persisted in calling a Maori, and went off to the lake. Meanwhile, Una succeeded in detaining her father by her side, in order to avoid being alone with Hervey Crichton, who kept as usual close to her, and seemed exceedingly anxious to draw her away from the others, as they walked on to the conservatories, which Colonel Dysart wished to see. These were very extensive, with doors at either end, and they soon encountered a gardener, with whom Colonel Dysart remained discussing a green-house he proposed erecting, while Una, in the narrow space, was perforce obliged to pass on with Hervey. She hurriedly began to talk to him: "Tell me how Lilith is, she said: "I cannot help feeling very uneasy about her. I do not understand her state."

"Nor do I; she is very inscrutable."

"I fear, whatever may be the cause, that she is quite unhappy. Does she seem at all better?"

"Not in the least. She is like a white marble figure, sitting perfectly still and silent, excepting when she thinks she has some duty to perform, and then she goes through it in an entirely mechanical way."

"Poor dear little Lilith! I am so grieved at her suffering; I wish I could do anything for her."

Steps advancing in the distance, which could be heard at that moment, seemed to precipitate Hervey into action; for Una had so often successfully evaded his wish to be alone with her, that he could not afford to lose this rare opportunity; he seized hold of her hand, exclaiming, "Miss Dysart, you might do much for Lilith, and everything in the world for me! If you would only let me give you to her as a sister! I have been trying to speak of this for weeks, though in truth I have longed with my whole heart to win you from the day I first saw you. Do not turn away from me; no one can love you as I have done." But even as he spoke, the door of the conservatory near which they were standing was pushed hastily open, and Una had only time to say, "Mr. Crichton, it is impossible; I entreat you to forget that you have ever spoken those words to me," when Atherstone came hurriedly forward.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Miss Dysart," he said. Then he stopped abruptly, and a darkness came over his face which made him resemble so exactly the portrait of Fulke Atherstone that Una almost trembled. She well understood the cause of that ominous gloom; he had seen her draw her hand out of Hervey's grasp, whose agitated manner as he turned away would alone have betrayed the nature of the conversation which Atherstone had so unexpectedly terminated. "I thought you were waiting for me; but I have interrupted you," he said, in a low tone.

"No—no!" exclaimed Una; "I am ready to go and see the picture now, if you are at leisure."

Hervey Crichton had already disappeared, and without a word Atherstone held the door open for her, and she passed out.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

THE SHEPHERD.

(From the German.)

The Shepherd's voice is crying,
"Come home to me, poor child!"
He seeks each wanderer, lying
In sin's dark desert wild.

He left his happy heaven,
He left His Father's throne,
That sins might be forgiven,
And God with man made one.

He knew how sad a morrow
Before us sinners lay,
And passed His life in sorrow,
To take our guilt away.

He bore the pains of dying,
He climbed the bitter cross,
That, on His love relying,
No soul might suffer loss.

And still he wearies never,
Lost lamb, of calling thee,
"Come home," His voice saith ever,
"For light and peace to Me."

JANET.

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

One morning an enraged farmer came into Mr. M——'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M——," said the angry farmer, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts, and *that's* the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M——, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready answer.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the farmer, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp!" said the farmer, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and blood would be saved if people would *stop to weigh* before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

THE DRUMMER BOY AND QUEEN.

When a boy enters the army at a very early age, which sometimes happens in the case of one who has suddenly become an orphan, he is generally made much of by the officers, and eventually ranks as the "pet of the regiment." An instance of this kind occurred in one of the regiments of the Guards shortly after the Crimean war. A bright intelligent little fellow, about nine years of age, whose father had been killed at the battle of Inkermann, and whose mother, having three younger children to attend to, had applied to have her eldest child taken into the regiment, was duly enlisted to "serve Her Majesty the Queen, her heirs and successors." The boy was so small in stature, and yet clean and smart in his appearance, that he soon became the favorite of all, from the colonel downwards. His usual place on returning from the field-day was on the back of the colonel's horse at the head of the battalion; the colonel himself, an Alma hero, with one arm, walking beside the animal, and ever and anon making some remark to amuse the little fellow.

It happened at this time that the young Prince Arthur had begun to evince a taste for a military life, and by the Queen's command, the drum-major and this battalion, which was stationed at Windsor, attended regularly at the Castle to teach his Royal Highness the drum. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were often present on these occasions; and one day when the young Prince asked his tutor if there were any drummers in the Guards as small as himself (the Prince), the drum-major informed his Royal pupil of the facts relating to the little soldier-boy mentioned above. With her usual kindness of heart, the Queen directed that the little fellow should be brought to the Castle on the following day. Accordingly, the morrow saw the worthy non-commissioned officer and his tiny subordinate—the latter being as trim as brushing and pipeclay could make him, with his fife under his arm, and his forage cap set jauntily on the side of his head—trudging up the Castle hill towards the residence. On reaching the royal nursery, they had not long to wait before her Majesty and the young Prince made their appearance. The drum-major and his little charge instantly sprang to "tention" and brought their hands to the salute; while Prince Arthur, with a cry of delight, hastened forward and began to ask his brother drummer a thousand and one questions. The "pet of the regiment," was naturally shy in such august company; but he became reassured when the Queen, taking him kindly by the hand, addressed a few motherly remarks to him. Then the royal drummer slung his drum, and calling upon the young guardsman to "play up," the latter responded to the invitation with "God save the Queen," the Prince joining in lustily the while upon his well-battered sheepskin. Her Majesty was greatly pleased with the simple compliment; and on the conclusion of the audience, she not only provided her novel guest with a good luncheon, but gave him a five-pound note for his mother. Prince Arthur continued his studies on the drum for several months afterwards; and when they were concluded, the drum-major received from the Queen's hands a handsome gold watch and chain, bearing an inscription, together with a portrait of the Prince, dressed as a drummer, with his drum slung round his neck.

"Grandmamma, come here!" exclaimed a merry little girl just six years old. "Come and look at these pretty flowers which the frost makes on the window! See, there's one! and here's another! and here's another!—and, oh, grandmamma! there's a bird! They are here because there are no flowers *outside*!" "Who told you so, my child?" "Oh, no one," she answered; "I think myself God sent them, because there are no flowers or birds *now*."

The oak-tree's boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little further from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

A holy life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—*Melancthon*.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. P. Harding, of Apsley, on Friday, January 26, Mr. JOHN SELKIRK, of Blytheswood, County of Essex, to ANN, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Tucker, of Anstrutter, County Peterborough. At St. John's Church, Prince Arthur, by Rev. C. B. Dundas, B.A., on the 12th ult., HENRY DAVID WILES, son of the late Prof. Forneri, of Toronto University, to Miss ELIZABETH ANN HALE, all of Prince Arthur.

DEATHS.

At the residence of the Hon. Mr. Wallbridge, Belleville, on the 26th January, THOMAS AUGUSTUS CORBETT, youngest son of the late Mr. Sheriff Corbett, of Kingston.

He bore a long illness with Christian fortitude, and departed trusting in the merits of Jesus only.

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