

London to see Captain Willis, to whose care he begged the clergyman to send his letters, if he was ever able to communicate to him any tidings of Miss Lingard.

They parted with many expressions of hearty esteem and friendship; and then Raymond had to go through quite a distressing farewell scene with Mrs. Barrett and her husband, who had become greatly attached to him during the long tedious weeks of suffering, which he had gained so nobly and borne so patiently.

He was obliged to promise that he would often return to see them, and that, if ever he had a house and establishment of his own he would take their clever boy into his service.

His last visit before leaving the neighbourhood was to Moss, who seldom stirred out of his master's old room, letting the sister, who had come to keep house for him, do all that was necessary in the way of mixing with the world.

Raymond left his address with the old man, as he had done with Mr. Derwent, and implored of him, if ever Miss Lingard communicated with him, even indirectly, to let him know instantly, which Moss promised to do willingly enough, though neither of them had much hope of its ever being possible, as Raymond had ascertained that Estelle's bankers, through whom the old servant's pension was paid, were perfectly aware of her place of residence—as, indeed, it was necessary they should be, in order to forward her money—but they were absolutely impervious to all entreaties that they would reveal it, even on the ground that it was for her own happiness they should do so.

They simply replied that Miss Lingard had bound them to secrecy, and nothing would induce them to violate it. Thus, the only channel by which information concerning her could ever be obtained, was absolutely closed.

Raymond had intended visiting Hugh Carlton before he left the place, simply in order to show him that he cherished no resentment against him for the cruel injury he had inflicted on himself and Estelle; but when Mr. Derwent came to tell him that the doctor absolutely forbade the interview, because the slightest excitement was dangerous in Hugh's present state—he could not deny that he was greatly relieved at being spared a duty which could not but have been very painful. The clergyman told him that he had assured Hugh of Raymond's entire forgiveness, and had been deputed by the invalid to express his grateful thanks for a kindness which he felt to have been greater than he deserved. Raymond asked Mr. Derwent, somewhat anxiously, how far he thought it possible that Hugh's health might yet be restored; and he was relieved to find that he was undoubtedly improving, and that it was quite possible he might live many years, although his call, when it did come, would certainly be very sudden.

When all these parting interviews were over Raymond gave a last sad look at Highrock House, where now there remained for him only the haunting memories of happier days, and then took his solitary way to London, to begin a life which it seemed as if Estelle Lingard were never more to have a part.

It was some comfort to the lonely man to meet the Willis's cordial welcome, when he went to take up his abode for two or three days at their house—although the captain of the Fire Brigade shook his head sadly when he saw Raymond walk with some difficulty, leaning on his stick, across the room.

"I have lost my best volunteer," he said; "but you did such credit to my teaching at the burning of Carlton Hall, that I may well consider you to have accomplished years of ordinary work in that one night."

"And, you see, my hands are still fit for the service," said Raymond, stretching out his strong muscular arms. "I mean to employ them to good purpose, since I can no longer scale ladders and run along the roofs of burning houses."

"And in what way shall you use them?" said Captain Willis, with keen interest.

"In the first life boat where I can induce the crew to take me as a supernumerary."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Willis, impulsively; and Raymond, anxious to change the conversation, caught up the little boy, who was careering round the room, cracking a whip with great animation, and placed him on his knee.

"Well, my little man," he said, "and what have you been about?"

"Riding my new rocking-horse; have you seen it? I have put him in a stable under the stairs."

"I think I did see a magnificent steed there; it is a new acquisition, surely; where did it come from?"

"Miss Lingard gave it to me."

"Miss Lingard!" exclaimed Raymond, starting up so suddenly that the child almost rolled on the floor. "Has she been here?—Willis, have you seen her? Do you know where she is? Mrs. Willis, speak—tell me where she is!" His excitement was painful to witness, and Mrs. Willis answered quickly, going direct to the point with a woman's ready tact—"We do not in the least know where she is, Mr. Raymond; on the contrary, we tried all we could to discover her, and completely failed."

He sunk down again in his seat with so sad and downcast a look that the kind little woman's heart was deeply pained for him. She made a sign to her husband to leave the room, and then she sat down beside Mr. Raymond.

"I will tell you exactly how Freddy came to have the rocking-horse," she said. "You know, after that day when Miss Lingard came here because she feared you had met with an accident?"—Raymond sighed so deeply at the recollection, that she hesitated, but he pressed her hand, and begged her to go on.

"Well, after that I used to write to her some times, for she quite won my heart during the time she was here, short as her visit was, and I knew full well it would be a great happiness to her to hear about you; so I always wrote, after there had been any account of a fire in the newspapers, to tell her you were safe; and she was very grateful, poor dear, and she used to answer that she could never thank me enough for my letters. Then you went to Highrock House, when her uncle was dying, and about ten days after you left an enormous parcel was left at our door here, early one morning, addressed to Freddy, and a small one to me. The door-bell had rung sharply, and when one of the men went to open it, he found the parcels, but no one was there—whoever brought them had gone away. Mine contained this pretty gold watch," continued Mrs. Willis—drawing it out, and showing it to Raymond—"and the large parcel was the rocking-horse for Freddy. There was this paper inside my parcel." She took from her pocket-book a slip of paper, and gave it into his hand; it contained these words, in the writing he knew so well—"To Mrs. Willis, and her dear little son, with Estelle Lingard's love and last farewell."

Raymond gave it back to Mrs. Willis, with a sort of tender reverence in the care with which he folded it, and then dropping his head on his hands, he said, with a bitter groan, "Oh, Mrs. Willis, I loved her better than my life, and I have lost her!"

"And she loved you," said Mrs. Willis, gently; "therefore I do trust you are not destined to be for ever parted. Ah, Mr. Raymond, I wish you had seen as clearly what brought her here that day as I did!"

"I was blind," he said, with a fierce anger against himself; "senselessly blind from the first, and therefore I have lost her!"

"But not forever," said Mrs. Willis. "I have an instinctive feeling that you will find her yet again."

Children's Department.

ROOM FOR ALL.

A few days ago I saw three children playing on the floor, before a good-sized baby-house. It was built of wood, like a regular house, three stories with a kitchen basement, and a mansard roof on top. Every floor was furnished as prettily as the hearts of children could desire, and they seemed very happy and content, until a little boy, the youngest brother came along. Then arose quite an outcry.

"We didn't want you here," said the oldest child, a little girl of about eleven years of age. "The dolls are having a birth day party, and boys are not admitted."

"Please let me come," said the baby boy, dropping down on the floor in the midst of them, "I won't hurt the dollies; I promise I won't hurt the dollies."

"But there isn't room," spoke up the second sister. "Three's all that can see it; if there's four it crowds; besides you're a boy."

"Yes, Yes, there isn't room. Can't you see for

yourself? I'd be ashamed to crowd in where I wasn't wanted."

And so the poor little fellow was driven out of the room crying, and complaining bitterly.

Now I hope such things don't occur often. It seems hard that a child is turned off, away from play or company, just because there isn't room, and I thought perhaps it would do the older sisters and brothers good if they were told of a little incident that occurred this past Summer, in Massachusetts, in a small country place where I was staying. Will you listen while I tell it to you, my little friends?

A gentleman with whom I am acquainted had in his wood-shed a half-barrel, or rather keg, nearly full of hay, in which a speckled hen of his took a fancy, one day, to deposit an egg. The egg pleased her so much that she determined to lay another, and so she went on until she had seven nice white eggs there. Then she sat down upon them, and made up her mind that if the eggs were nice chickens it would be better, and she would have some. Before this, however, the old tabby cat spied the comfortable keg, filled with nice hay, and not objecting in the least to the seven white eggs, she slipped in the barrel, and the first thing that the hen knew, there sat Mrs. Puss, with three snips of kittens by her side.

The hen peeped over her nest, clucked, fluttered her wings, and undoubtedly said "Get out!" Possibly, like the children, she may have remarked, "That's my barrel! There isn't room for you!"

The cat in return arched her back, distended her tail, sissed, and coolly demanded, "What are you going to do about it?" After a minute's parley, during which they undoubtedly matured their plans, the hen walked contentedly away, leaving the cat sole possessor. Tab spread spread herself over the eggs and kittens, and when she became tired or wanted her food, in hopped the the hen and covered the kittens and the eggs. When night came and it was time for respectable people to be in bed, the cat and the hen cuddled down together, and were as happy as possible. There was plenty of room you see in that house for two families!

Presently one little, downy chick burst its shell, then another, and lo! there were soon seven chickens peeping and chirping, and looking about to see what a strange world it was, to be sure. And there was a great animal, with green eyes, and a purr that sounded like the biggest kind of a hand organ, to say nothing of three blind kittens, with pink noses and very feeble voices. The kittens weren't blind always, and when their eyes opened what a wonderment there must have been, and what a comparing of notes very likely followed! The greatest mystery of all to solve was whether they were chickens or kittens, and who was the mother the cat or the hen. There was a problem for a philosopher! And they haven't really found out yet, for when the young fry were old enough to hop out of the barrel it was quite impossible to divide the family, so they all sallied out together to seek their fortunes and to see the world. The kittens were inclined to be very playful, and took all sorts of liberties with the grave old hen, playing with her tail, pouncing upon her back, and running after the chickens, who, in return trotted about them in perfect bewilderment, peeping, and flapping their tender wings, and following first the cat and then the hen. The only way to avoid having three lunatic cats and seven imbecile chickens was to keep them together in the old home; and there they are still—a cat, a hen, seven chickens and three kittens. The house must be crowded, but still there is room for all. I presume this state of affairs will not last long, for it must be a very uncomfortable tenement for them even now, and my friend says there is a great deal of conversation going on in an unknown tongue when it is bedtime in the woodshed, but as yet there has been no serious disagreement.

As this is a positive fact, I think it will be well for the children who are exclusive in their plays and fretful with their younger brothers and sisters, to bear this incident in mind; and if animals can dwell lovingly together, even under such very inauspicious circumstances, what ought little children to do who have so many things to make them happy? Wouldn't it be well to try and see if there isn't room for the baby brothers and the troublesome sisters? And the way to begin is to make room for them first in your hearts.