

face, while the Beauty sat and watched. "I wonder if Mr. Blakesley will come," she said; "you know he is an excellent match." Somehow Netta's manner was soft and kind that evening. But the tears swelled up into Dorothy's brown eyes again.

"Oh, Netta," she said, "I could not marry for money's sake!"

Her sister made no answer till she had had finished her toilette, and was ready to go down-stairs, then she turned round and kissed her—she, Netta, who was usually so cold, did!

"Love is not all, Dorothy dear," she said; "perhaps it would be a good thing if it were; and they went down-stairs.

Dorothy felt afraid and ashamed to enter the room where Mr. Fuller was; but when she did, he only looked up for a moment, and then went on with a German book he was skimming over before reading it with Netta. He never forgot Dorothy that evening though, there was such a strange look upon the girl's face—a dazed, worn, and weary look, and yet she was evidently keeping a strong control over herself.

"Your faithless knight is not coming, I fear," Netta said, when the daylight faded and there were no signs of George Blakesley.

"He has forgotten me," Dorothy thought. "Even he does not care for me now!" and then she went to the piano, and, unasked, began to play.

She did not know *what* she played, but she kept on and on—she could play well when she liked—putting all her soul into her music without knowing it, asking herself all the time, in the bitterness of her heart, what she could be living for *now*, and for what reason life was given to her, and trying to answer her own question in the sounds her own hands made. Then presently, with a start, she came to a standstill.

"Come and sing, Netta," she said, and rose abruptly; and when they were all listening to Netta's sweet voice, she stole softly from the room, and out into the garden, and on to the sycamore tree. She stopped beneath its shady branches, and looked up at the sky, and back at the house, almost hidden now by the darkness, and stood on the grave of Venus, and thought of all the hopes and dreams she had had on that very spot. Then she went and looked over the low fence (that bounded the garden) at the dim distance, and somehow crept along the fence till she stood almost behind the sycamore-tree, but yet was hidden from sight by the darkness, and the underwood, and the tall nodding grass and weeds, then she put her face down into her hands, and was quiet for a little while. It was such a blessing to be alone there where no one could find her. It was not for long though; she heard voices soon. Netta's and Mr. Fuller's, and they came and stood behind her under the sycamore, little thinking how near she was, but she kept quite still, and made no sign.

"Do you remember the day you came here, just after your return, Adrian?" she heard Netta say. Dorothy winced beneath the last word. She had never called him Adrian in her life!

"Yes, and found you in your white dress sitting here waiting for me."

"I wonder if it was chance or Providence," she said, in a low voice. "I see you do remember."

"Oh, my darling!" he answered answered, fervently, "is there anything in the world connected with you that I could forget?" and arm-in arm they sauntered back down the garden path.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S LILIES.

God's lilies droop about the world,
In sweetness everywhere;
They are the maiden-souls who learn
To comfort and to bear,
And to smile upon the heavy cross
That every one must wear.

O lilies, beautiful and meek!
They know God's will is right,
And so they raise their patient heads
In dark and stormy night,
And far above the Eastern hills
They see the dawn of light.

They know that when their day is done,
And deep the shadow lies,
The cross will weary them no more;
So lightly they arise
To meet the angels when they call
"Lilies of Paradise!"

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF GIVING.

A common error is, that a part of what is in any man's keeping under the name of a "possession" is really his own, whether to hoard for himself or to spend for any selfish satisfaction. Revelation, from first to last, discloses the contrary doctrine. No practical idea is more thoroughly rooted and interwoven in the whole groundwork and texture of the Christian religion, than that all that the Creator of men allows us to have while we are here, to take charge of, belongs to him; and that a certain proportion of it is to be regularly rendered back to him. We can in no way nullify this fundamental law of the kingdom of love. We shall not go to the bottom of our difficulties or our duties till the secular illusion which invests the word "property" is dispelled. In the Christian vocabulary ownership is nothing but stewardship. The word "giving," too, by logical sequence, as literally applied to offerings to God, perpetually misleads. In relation to a fellow-man, what I part with may be a gift; in relation to my Maker and Father, it is no gift at all; it is more like the interest on a loan; it is rather a small sign of indebtedness for an unreckoned and unreckonable bounty. Power to get wealth, the calculating faculty, physical capacity, time, opportunity, natural materials, are all the Creator's, loaned and withdrawn at his will. "Of thine own have we given thee," for of our own we have literally nothing to give. So long as these terms are emptied of their Christian meaning men will continue to disown their duty, refusing alms altogether, or making a merit of self-interested bestowments and a parade of insignificant enterprises, and will reckon as a reserved right the polite apology of having "nothing to spare," which the Bible calls by the plain and awful name of a "robbery of God." Can it be denied that in some quarters the most affectionate appeals for the Redeemer's due proportion of the people's gains are treated very much as the subjects of Pius II. treated his despotic demands of the tenth for a crusade—some of them paying instead of a tenth a fortieth, and others proposing a sixtieth?

Another error is that Christians are somehow fulfilling the obligation of almsgiving when they are only paying the expenses of their church. How often do we hear—"Our congregation is doing less than we should like to do for missions, or for the poor, because we have so much to do at home. We are building a new church; we have a church or school debt; the minister's salary must be increased, etc., etc. Excuse us till these things are finished, and then." The idea appears to be that all our expenditures for religion are to be reckoned on the credit side of heaven's account with us. Every pound we yield for the appointments, conveniences, and adornments of our church, which is our own

household, or for the maintenance of its services, is just as much a matter of interested outlay for a full equivalent as any other provision you may make for the life of yourself and family. Few "popular fallacies" have done more mischief than the maxim that "charity begins at home." Avaricious people quote it, not intending that charity shall begin anywhere. Honesty, kindness, economy, thrift, and some other virtues, start, no doubt, in the home circle. Charity very rarely begins there, because, till we pass beyond that bound, the realm of voluntary and self-sacrificing bounty is not reached. Up to that point we have been at best only "providing for our own," doing what if we leave undone, an apostle says, we are worse than infidels. Almighty justice and Almighty love can give us no receipts for our church decencies. God needs none of them; we need them, and he is gracious enough to lend us the ability to produce them. But if we were liberal enough to give half of our goods for them, or faithless enough to provide none of them, so making ourselves and our households heathen, our obligation to offer in other ways of our substance to him to whom the silver and the gold belong would stand just as it stood before.

THE BURIAL OF THE SULTANS.

A correspondent at Constantinople reports a conversation with one who has long been resident there, and who has an intimate acquaintance with Turkish life and manners. He says: "And how are the Sultans buried?" I asked. "I will tell you," was the reply, "what was told me by a Turk among Turks—one who knew, and would tell the truth." The dead Sultans have always been buried like dogs. The great thing is to get rid altogether of the idea of a dead Sultan; for never was there a people among whom is so literally carried out the idea that, *Le Roi ne meurt pas*. When it is quite certain that a Sultan is about to die, those round him hardly wait for the breath to leave the body. Most of them run away to be ready to do homage to the new occupant of the throne. Then follows an odd arrangement; all homage is due to the living sovereign; nothing must interfere with that, not even the corpse of the late sovereign. So one or two of his old servants only remain with the body, and when it is quite dead they roll it up in straw matting and prop it up behind the door of his room, to be as much out of sight as possible, and when night falls it is carried out of the palace and buried very quietly. No train of mourning coaches here, you see—but, then, they never are used in Turkey; no elaborate preparation for the last resting-place of one all-powerful a few hours before. With us, in fact, a dead Sultan is nobody—his sacredness has descended to his successor. To him we turn our thoughts. We Osmanlis could not do as you Franks do—have a grand lying-in-state. We should bewail at the sight, and that would be incongruous with the rejoicing demanded of us on the accession of our new sovereign, and would be displeasing to him. Therefore, the custom of burying the Sultans in this manner has never been interfered with; and it is best so."—*London Times*.

You cannot build a house on the tops of trees, and you cannot build up a church that symbolizes the real church idea that rests on the upper level of fashionable society. If the church intends to represent God, then must it fill its bosom with affection for the lowly, and with anxiety for those that are morally lost.