

the breast-pocket of his coat, "ever since you gave it to me, yesterday, at your milliner's!"

"Does he even choose her bonnets?" Guy wondered.

"Ah, then I must 'ave been mistaken! But now 'ere's a noosance. 'Ow 'am I to manage?"

"Could you not draw a cheque in my favour, my friend, for twelve thousand? Then I should buy the shares you so much desire, and pay the rest to Mr. Ryder's account, is it not so? If you have, indeed, a banking account," he said, looking rather insolently at the clergyman.

But once more Mrs. Brookes saw well to dispute an offered suggestion.

"I shall do no such thing," she laughed.

"Guy Ryder shall be treasurer, and divide the spoil. I can trust 'im."

"Not me? You cannot trust me?" burst out Caryl, his face turning to a yellowish pallor, with anger partly, and partly with dismay. But Mrs. Brookes only laughed the more. Seldom had she passed a pleasanter afternoon.

"You are not as steady going as 'e," she said, little guessing how very true the statement was. "I'll date this for to-morrow. It's too late for you to pay it into the bank to-day."

But in spite of all that had transpired since the curate arrived at Kingston Villa he did not forget Mrs. Miller's griefs, or quit the place without the white flowers, to obtain which he had made this memorable visit.

(To be continued.)

HOLY WEEK.

BY THE REV. J. R. VERNON, M.A.,

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If used rightly, as a time of strict self-examination, as a time of weighing our gratitude and our service, in the balance with our Saviour's love, what may it not be to us, this time of watching with our Lord?

It may discover to us *ourselves*, enable us to look in at ourselves, "as persons outside look through an open window into a house. The growth of secret faults, such as covetousness, or envy, or pride, a multitude of little failings, separately but trifling, yet altogether eating out our strength with the voracity of parasites, the heart settling down quietly into hasty prayers, easy self-indulgence, scanty self-denial"; these may grow gradually distinct to us as we wait, and intently look, and the dimness of dusk begins to pass, and veiled or imperfectly seen objects grow defined in the gathering light of day. Then we perceive of a surety "that sin is the worst kind of sorrow"; and that the greatest woe that can befall a soul is "to have grown cold towards Jesus Christ."

Again, this time of watching with our Lord may also discover to us *Himself*. In the grey twilight of our every-day thoughts and feelings, in the toil, in the successes and disappointments of life, He was near us, it is true, standing by, watching us from the everlasting shore; but He did not arrest and awaken the recognition of our hearts. We "*knew not that it was Jesus.*"

But the mists unfold. We at last regard Him attentively, and the voice of love whispers in our ear, "*It is the Lord*"; and we are content then to leave the nets and the draughts that busied us so absorbedly just now; aye, and to wade through tears of contrition, and waves of difficulties, and over rough stones of self-denial, to cast ourselves at the feet of our denied, but still gracious, LORD.

"I come, I come, — though cold the waves,
Though steep the shore may be;
I come from earth, from death, from self,
To be made one with Thee!"