

small, went out from her hands.

That week we dined in Upper Brook Street; Miss Deveen, Mr. Brandon, the new rector, and I; and two strange ladies whom we did not previously know. Mr. Brandon took Annie to dinner; she put me on her left hand at table, and told me she and Sir Robert hoped I should often go to see them at Bellwood.

"My husband has taken such a fancy to you, Johnny," she whispered. "He does rather take likes and dislikes to people—just as I know you do. He says he took a great liking to me the first time he ever spoke to me. Do you remember it, Johnny?—you were present. We were kneeling in the parlour at Maythorn Bank. You were deep in that child's book of mine, 'Les contes de ma bonne,' and I had those cuttings of plants, which I had brought from France, spread out on newspapers on the carpet, when Sir Robert came in at the glass doors. That was the first time he spoke to me; but he had seen me at Timberdale church the previous day. Papa and I and you walked over there; and a very hot day it was, I remember."

"That Sir Robert should take a liking to you, Anne, was only a matter of course; other people have done the same," I said, calling her "Anne" unconsciously, my thoughts back in the past. "But I don't understand why he should take a liking to me."

"Don't you?" she returned. "I can tell you that he has taken it—a wonderful liking. Why, Johnny, if my little baby girl were twenty years older, you would only need to ask and have her. I'm not sure but he'd offer her to you without asking."

We both laughed so, she and I, that Sir Robert looked down the table, inquiring what our mirth was. Anne answered that she would not forget to tell him later.

"So mind, Johnny, that you come to Bellwood as often as you please whenever you are staying at Crab Cot. Robert and I would both like it."

And perhaps I may as well mention here that, although the business which had brought Mr. Brandon to London was concluded, he did not go home. When that event would take place, or how long it would be, appeared to be hidden in the archives of the future. For a certain matter had arisen to detain him.

Mr. Brandon had a nephew in town, a young medical student, of whom you once heard him say that he was "going to the bad." By what we learnt now, the young fellow appeared to have gone to it; and Mr. Brandon's prolonged stay was connected with this.

"I shall see you into a train at Paddington, Johnny," he said to me, "and you must make your way home alone. For all I know, I may be kept here for weeks."

But Miss Deveen would not hear of this. "Mr. Brandon remains on for his own business, Johnny, and you shall remain for my pleasure," she said to me in her warm manner. "I had meant to ask Mr. Brandon to leave you behind him."

And that is how I was enabled to see the play played out between the ladies and the new rector. I did wonder which of them would win the prize; I'd not have betted upon Cattedon. It also caused me to see something of another play that was being played in London just then; not a comedy but a tragedy. A fatal tragedy, which I may tell of sometime.

(To be continued.)

REV. GEORGE HERBERT.

DIED 1693.

Part of a letter written by Mr. George Herbert, to comfort his Mother, in her Sickness.

MADAM,—I beseech you to be cheerful and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin.—What hath affliction in it more than for a moment? or, why should our afflictions here have

so much power or boldness, as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys: therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads, or skeins of silk, full of snarls and encumbrances. For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must be kept into it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family, and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance, so that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged to you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be! Since, if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away; so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them.

But, perhaps our credit and estimation being above the common people, calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion; but, O God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find blessed be the rich, or blessed be the noble; but, "blessed be the meek, and blessed be the poor, and blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted."—And yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours (which, praised be God, are less) are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your fear and sorrow; and know, that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David, "That God, who hath delivered me out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine." Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul; consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for any such inmate as grief, or that any competitor. And above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist, "Cast thy care on the Lord, and He shall nourish thee," Ps. lv. 23; to which join that of St. Peter, "Casting all your care upon the Lord, for He careth for you," 1 Pet. v. 7. What an admirable thing is this, that God puts His shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend His service!

To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you: Phil. iv. 7. St. Paul saith there, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." He doubles it, to take away the scruples of those that who might say, "What shall we rejoice always in afflictions?" "Yes, I say again, Rejoice." So that it is not left us to rejoice or not rejoice; but, whatsoever befalls, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care of us. And it follows in the next verses, "Let your moderation appear to all men; the Lord is at hand: be careful for nothing." What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves; God is hand, to deliver

us from all, or in all. Dear madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of your most obedient son,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trin. Col. May 25, 1622.

In the appendix to "The Life of Mr. Nicholas Ferrer," by Dr. Peckard, we read the following interesting narrative and prayer. "On Friday" (date not mentioned) "Mr. Mapletoft brought us word that Mr. Herbert was said to be past hope of recovery, which was very grievous news to us, and so much the more so, being altogether unexpected. We presently, therefore, made our public supplication for his health in these words:—

"O most mighty God and merciful Father, we most humbly beseech Thee, if it be Thy good pleasure, continue to us that singular benefit which Thou hast given us in the friendship of Thy servant, our dear brother, who now lieth on the bed of sickness. Let him abide with us yet awhile, for the furtherance of our faith. We have deserved by our ingratitude, not only the loss of him, but whatever other opportunities Thou hast given us for the attainment of our salvation. We do not deserve to be heard in our supplications; but Thy mercies are above all Thy works. In consideration whereof we prostrate ourselves in all humble earnestness, beseeching Thee, if so it may seem good to Thy Divine Majesty, that Thou wilt hear us in this, who has heard us in all the rest, and that Thou wilt bring him back from the gates of death, that Thou wilt spare him yet awhile, that he may live to Thy honour and our comfort. Lord, Thou hast willed that our delights should be in the saints on earth, and in such as excel in virtue; how, then, should we not be afflicted, and mourn, when Thou takest them away from us! Thou hast made him a great help and furtherance of the best things amongst us; how, then, can we but esteem the loss a chastisement of Thy displeasure! O Lord, we beseech Thee that it may not be so: we beseech Thee, if it be Thy good pleasure, restore unto us our dear brother, by restoring to him his health; so we will praise and magnify Thy name and song of thanksgiving. Hear us, O Lord, for Thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

"I am going daily towards the heavenly Jerusalem, where their eyes shall behold my Master and Saviour Jesus," &c.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

Though like the wanderer,  
(The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'll be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear  
Steps unto Heaven,  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given,  
Angels beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethels I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I'll fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

## VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The captain of a ship says, "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea, having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away. I then had the opportunity of seeing who was who; and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men the reverse, most useful and courageous."

## "ON MINE ACCOUNT."

"Put that on mine account."—Philem. 18.

When St. Paul asked Philemon, in a most beautiful letter, to take back Onesimus, who had run away from him, he said, "If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account." Onesimus had been a bad servant to Philemon; and being willing to come back and do better would not pay for what he had wronged him in before, and would not pay his old debts. And he evidently had nothing himself to pay them with. But St. Paul offered to pay them all, so that Onesimus might be received, "not now as a servant," but as a "brother beloved."

This is an exquisite picture of what the Lord Jesus Christ does. He not only intercedes for us with Him from whom we have departed, and against whom we have sinned! but, knowing to the full how much we have wronged God, and how much we owe Him, He says, "Put that on mine account."

And God has put it all on His account, and the account has been paid, paid in blood. When "the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all," Jesus saw and knew all your sins; and He said, "Put that on mine account."

Oh what wonderful "kindness and love of God our Saviour!" Let the remembrance of it be like a silver bell, ringing softly and clearly whenever you are going to do, or letting yourself feel or think, something that is not right. "Put that on mine account!" Yes, that sin that you were on the very verge of committing! that angry word, and the angry feeling that makes you want to say it; that untrue word, and the cowardliness which makes you afraid to speak the exact truth; that proud look, and the naughty pride of heart that made it come into your eyes; Jesus stands by and says patiently and lovingly, "Put that on mine account!"

Can you bear that? does it not make you wish, ten times more than ever, to be kept from sinning against such a Saviour?

"Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Has Thou died for me?  
Make me very thankful  
In my heart to Thee;  
When the sad, sad story  
Of Thy grief I read,  
Make me very sorry  
For my sins indeed."

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

Not Exceeding Four Lines. Twenty-Five Cents.

## MARRIED.

On the 5th February, in St. James' Church, Maitland, by the Rev. R. Lewis, M. A., Rector, assisted by the Rev. E. W. Beaven, M. A., uncle of the bride, Robert John Hewat, Esq., of the Ontario Bank, Mount Forest, son of Col. Hewat, of Guelph, to Edith Mary, eldest daughter of Rufus C. Henderson, Esq., of Augusta, Ont., and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Robert Blakey, first Rector of Prescott.

PROSPERITY has its "sweet uses" as well as adversity, for no sooner does a man come into possession of a little property than he instantly learns the number of his friends; whereas, if he remained poor, the chances are that he would have died in perfect ignorance of the greater number of them.

After lunch walking in the church Mrs. Fore terminated the aged in her averred, by of books society.

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"The lig Ann," whis finish my o directly to you know si two o'clock,

Ann almo hastily awa voice.—"I Nurse Amy drawing thi soon if she quickly dow reation of th

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