

thought she would probably send him a message earlier than she could appear herself, to say at what hour he might look for her. For this he waited, hour after hour, with ever-increasing impatience, till noon was long passed, without a word or a token from Estelle.

Then he persuaded himself she was coming without any previous intimation. He had made every preparation for so welcome a guest, and now he listened and watched for her with a longing anxiety, which threatened to throw him into a fever.

Yet the day wore on, no one appeared, not even Hugh Carlton. A sudden thought struck him that Estelle might have entrusted a note to this young man, which for some unaccountable reason he had neglected to deliver.

The moment this idea came to him he called out eagerly for Mrs Barrett, who was in the next room. He asked her if she could find a messenger to go at once to the inn to ask Mr. Carlton to come and speak to him without delay.

This was easily done: she said, her own boy, Joe, should go; and, with motherly pride, she hinted that he was the smartest lad at on errand she had ever known.

She sent him off at once, and he verified her statement by returning almost before Raymond could hope for him, long as the time of his absence had seemed; but the swift messenger brought bad tidings. Mr. Carlton was ill in bed, and could not so much as be spoken to; he was in too high fever to understand a message if it were taken to him.

Raymond could hardly pause to think how strange a thing it was that the man he had seen apparently quite well the day before should already be so seriously indisposed, for his anxiety had become ungovernable.

"Joe must go, without a moment's delay, to High-rock House," he said to Mrs. Barrett, "and ask Miss Lingard at what hour I may expect her; pray send him at once."

"He shall go, sir," said Mrs. Bennett, beginning to wonder what it all meant; but just as she turned to give him Raymond's orders there was a heavy knock at the out door of the lodge.

"Some one is there!" exclaimed Raymond; "oh, go quickly and see who it is!"

She hurried out and returned with a letter in her hand. "From Miss Lingard, sir," she said, as she gave it into his hand; and, with the tract of a true woman, left him alone to read it.

He saw on the address that it was Estelle's handwriting. He tore it open. He devoured the few lines it contained with eager eyes, and as he read it the color receded even from his lips, a veil of darkness seemed to come between him and the light, and as he finished it he fell back on the pillows with a heavy groan. This was what he read. The letter was dated on the previous night.

"Dear Raymond,—When I tell you that I know, fully and distinctly, what the motive was which induced you to write me the note I have received from you this day, you will understand that the only answer I can make to it is the simple statement that never on earth can we meet again. However much my pride may have suffered from the knowledge that your offer was made unwillingly, as a matter of duty I still can appreciate the generosity which made you ready to sacrifice yourself in order to ensure what you believed to be my happiness. It is well for you that I have understood the meaning of those gentle words, and the honour of having spoken them will remain with you, while you are spared the painful task of carrying them out. No further thought of me need burden your mind one hour. When you have read those lines I shall have passed out of your life for ever, and by no means that you can employ will you ever hear of me again. You are perfectly and finally free from me, and you must mould your existence henceforth as if I were laid already in the grave. To you I am dead indeed. Dear Raymond, I cannot part from you in bitterness. Your friend I have been, as you know, most faithfully, most devotedly, and your friend I shall continue to be while the power to feel is left to me. I can pray for you ever; and oh, my one friend, I will! If you have all the joy on earth and in heaven that I shall ask for you unceasingly, you will be happy indeed!

ESTELLE."

We have said that when Raymond read this he fell back like a man paralysed; but suddenly he started up again, and called out vehemently to Mrs. Barrett. She came running in, quite startled at the harsh tone of his voice.

"Who brought this note?" he asked, breathlessly. "It was Mr. Moss, sir; Dr. Lingard's poor faithful old man. How broken-hearted he do look to be sure."

"Where is he? Bring him here! I must see him!"

"He is gone, sir; he just put the note down on table, and went out again without saying ever a word."

"Send and bring him back—he cannot have gone far. I must and will see him! Send Joe."

The boy, attracted by Raymond's excited tones, was looking in stealthily at the door between the two rooms. When he heard this command he did not wait to have it repeated by his mother, but darted off as fast as he could go, in pursuit of the old servant. He soon overtook him, and brought him back triumphantly. The very sight of Moss's face was a comfort to Raymond—it seemed to bring him nearer Estelle. He grasped the old man's hand, and signed to Mrs. Barrett and her boy to go out of the room, which they did at once, closing the door.

Then he said, almost entreatingly, "Moss, where is Miss Lingard?"

"That is more than I know," he answered, sadly.

"Is she gone away? When did she go, and how? You must have some idea where she went if she has indeed left this place!"

"I have none, sir. I can only tell you she is gone, and you will never see her again. That was what she bade me say if you or any one asked me any questions."

"But where, where is she gone? Surely you must know more, Moss. I will give you what you please to ask if you only will tell me where she is."

"You might give me the wealth of the world, but I couldn't, sir. All I know is this: She came to me all white and trembling, and told me she was going away, and would never come back, and she did not wish me or any one to know where she went. She said she had made all arrangements for my comfort. I was to stay at Highrock House for a long time to come, and she had arranged with the bank at the country town that I was to draw my pension from there; and I was to get a friend to live with me that I mightn't be lonely. Then she bade me drive to the station with her luggage, and leave it there, and come back, and she would meet me on the road, for she should walk there with Bruin. She did that for fear I should find out by the train she took what place she was going to. There was no address on her boxes, only her name. I did as she bade me, and met her on the road. Then she gave me this note for you, and bade me give it you six hours later. She wished me farewell, and passed out of my sight, and I saw her no more."

(To be Continued.)

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S WISH.

"Mamma, I want that little star
That's shining in the sky,
But it is up so very far—
I cannot reach so high.

"I want it for my very own,
To be with me at night;
It would be nice when left alone
To have that pretty light.

"And then, mamma, I might be told
About that home so fair,
And if on harps of shining gold
The angels play up there."

"My child, while in this home below,
Be patient, good, and true,
Then at the last you'll surely know
What angels say and do.

"And like that star whose light pours down,
You (when this life is past),
Within your Heavenly Father's crown,
Will shine a star at last."

LAZY LILY'S STRANGE DREAM.

Once upon a time, a very long time ago, on the borders of a lovely forest, lived a poor widow with her only daughter. She was a very pretty, good, little girl, but she had one great fault; she was most terribly idle, and cared neither to go to school nor to help her mother in her household work. This was the more unkind of Lily, as, since her father's death, her mother was obliged to work very hard to find bread for herself and child.

One bright Summer's day her mother was suddenly sent for to do some needle-work. Before leaving she called Lily, and begged her to do what she could to tidy the house, and make things nice and comfortable before her return. But Lily sat listlessly by the open door a long time after her mother left, gazing idly into the depths of the forest, and watching the pretty butterflies and birds that darted hither and thither through the waving trees. All at once she noticed a beautiful patch of yellow primroses by the side of the sparkling brook that ran through the wood.

"Ah!" thought Lily, "any time will do for my work. Mother ought not to expect me to keep indoors this fine Summer day."

So away she ran, and commenced picking primroses, and every wild flower she could find, until, quite wearied out, this disobedient child threw herself down to rest beneath the shade of a large oak-tree, and there slept long and soundly. Suddenly lifting her head, Lily thought she heard a very strange noise, which seemed to come nearer and nearer, and, springing to her feet, imagine her surprise and dismay on beholding all her neglected work advancing toward her. First came the bundle of fagots, and the coal-scuttle, with an old newspaper fluttering between them; then the kettle, on three little legs, toddled after them; then the broom, pail, flannel duster, work-box, bustled along; and, lastly, her own Sunday white stockings, that her mother had particularly requested her to mend very carefully, were now very quietly walking toward her, the great holes in the toes showing to advantage in the bright sunlight. As soon as this extraordinary assemblage of forgotten duties came up to Lily, they set up most appalling noises, shouts of unearthly triumph, till the frightened child was almost stunned by the hideous noise and clatter.

"Light us quickly!" cried fagots and coals, tumbling over each other. "Fill me from the spring!" sang the kettle, at the top of its voice. "Mend us!" roared the stockings. "Sweep, wash, scrub, and dust with us!" vociferated the broom, thundering down upon her with wild yells of delight. Not content with shouting, the broom commenced belaboring Lily so soundly, that away she started at full speed homeward, thinking the best thing she could do was to clear up the place as quickly as possible, unless she wanted the broom to break itself across her shoulders.

Lily, like a good many little boys and girls, could work very well if she pleased; and soon the fireplace was nicely swept, the fire lighted (all the household utensils having reached home), and, oddly enough, they none of them looked as though they had moved—indeed, it might all have been a dream for all I know—the floor nicely cleaned, the porch carefully swept out, and supper laid neatly on the table; whilst the flowers that had occasioned her such trouble, arranged in an old vase, brightened up the humble tea-service wonderfully.

Having made everything neat and nice, Lily washed and dressed herself, and sat down to darn the old and neglected stockings. She was awake enough now—but her dream had taught her a lesson.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MARRIED.

At Canfield Settlement, East Wallace, on 16th inst., by Rev. R. F. Brine, A.B., Mr. Jno. N. Handley, of Roslyn River Philip, to Debora E., only child of Benjamin Canfield, Esq.