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my personal interests and hopes, and so it is that I have been content with life in its relations to myself, and have never gone beyond that selfish satisfaction, while your large-hearted sympathy has drawn you under the shadow of all the human pain that saddens earth. But you have found a way out of that darkness now, have you not Miss Lingard? For I have not spent so many days in your society without learning that you are one who looks with brightness on all things, both in earth and heaven."

"Yes," she said, with a smile, "thank God I do, despite of all it wrings one's heart to know; but, Mr. Raymond this brings me to an explanation of the words that seemed so strange to you that day. If I have struggled out of the gloom that once overwhelmed me, it is because I first saw daylight through the gate of death."

"Will you tell me how? for you have never passed it any more than I have."

"No; but I have been near enough to look through the bars, and some day, if you like I will tell you what I saw there, Mr. Raymond, but not to-night. I see by the climbing up of that bright star over there that it is growing very late," and she rose, so that he had no alternative but to leave her, and betake himself somewhat unwillingly to his room. As he bade her good night, and passed away out of the moonlight in the shadowy house, she looked after him with a wistful gaze.

"Not long will this mortal life suffice him in which he rests so happily now," she said to herself. "Oh, if only, when heart and spirit fail him, I might be able to help him onward to the one True Light!"

(To be continued.)

GOD OF MERCY.

God of mercy, truth and love,
Everything beneath, above,
All Thy works Thy skill proclaim,
Praise and glorify Thy name.
Nature ceaseless homage pays,
Daily uttering forth her lays;
All Thy creatures worship Thee;
How can I irreverent be?

While upon Thy world I gaze,
Bathed in cloudless mid-day blaze;
Clad in robes of living green;
Deck'd with flowers of varied sheen;
Beautified with woods and streams,
Lovely as a poet's dreams;
Somewhat of Thyself I see,
And I long to worship Thee.

In Thy works Thou dost reveal
Kindly care for human weal;
Seasons as they come and go
With Thy bounty overflow.
But the Love in Christ made known
Shows a mercy all Thy own;
Here, portrayed in fairest lines,
All Thy matchless goodness shines.

THE ONE GIFT.

There is one gift that God will except from man. He does not want man's first gift to be his riches, nor will He accept them first. He does not want our works, for they are but sins. He wants our hearts. "My son, give Me thine heart," He says to every child of man. Everything else we can give Him will be too imperfect for His acceptance. Nothing broken will He receive except a broken heart. "A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." When the Macedonians made contributions to the Apostle Paul, he says they "first gave their own selves to the Lord." Similar to this was the gift of a little Sunday-school girl, who brought a friend a very beautiful bouquet of flowers.

"And why do you bring me these?" asked the gentleman.

"Because I love you," she answered, quickly.

"And do you bring any gifts to Jesus?" he again asked.

"Oh, I give myself to him," was the quick response. That was a beautiful answer. And that is just what we would wish every reader of these words would do who has not done so already.

That God might win our hearts He has given us an unspeakably great gift, even His only begotten Son, who is now preparing a place for His people, which we may share with Him "when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe;" and in many other ways has He manifested His love to us. Will we not, then, make to Him the most reasonable of all gifts—presenting our bodies "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God?"

BE FARNEST.

If, among those who read this, there are any who are thinking about a Christian life, the door of God's Church is open to you—but on this condition: *come in with all your might!* If you have been a swearing man, your lips must not be dumb now in the praise of that God whom you have been blaspheming all your life. Have you, in all the ports of the world, known all iniquity? Then wherever you go now, you are, to be sure, to "eschew evil." But are you not going to be a witness for good? Ten thousand men have known you to be a wicked man; and is there to be no signal by which they shall know that you have abandoned sin and left the dominion of Satan? It is bad enough for a man to hang out a piratical flag; but when he has heartily repented, and come back to allegiance, and is engaged in lawful commerce, shall he be ashamed to hoist the flag of his own country and carry it? And are you ashamed of the colors of Him who is your salvation? Are you ashamed to speak of Christ, to wrestle with men, and plead with them, in His behalf? Ought you not, in all places, and in all company, freely, boldly, and manfully, to say, "Christ is my Master. Once the devil was, and all men knew it; now Christ is, and I mean that all men shall know it, by the grace of God."

"YOU'LL NEVER MISS IT!"

Such is the argument frequently urged upon the wealthy when asked to give, as if their parting with anything which they would miss were wholly out of the question—as if the least sacrifice on the altar of charity was, of course, an unreasonable expectation. "You'll never miss it"—not, "You will indeed miss it, but then it will be so much given up for the sake of Him who has given you all." This is one of the misfortunes of rich Christians. They may give handsomely, but none of their ordinary indulgences, or even luxuries are thereby curtailed. Hence their bounty lacks one of the marks of evangelic charity—self-denial for Christ's sake. It may be such charity, and no doubt often is, but they cannot be so sure of it as they might if it cost them something. There was no mistake in the charity of the poor widow's two mites, but our Lord implies there might be a great mistake in their estimate of themselves who cast in of their abundance.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—

Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time, in the by-and-by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother," "Mother," the dear love-calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart.

Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.—To estimate the enormous size of this pyramid, a traveller says he waded in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit. Taking one hundred Boston churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid. Take another hundred and throw the material in the hollow square, and it would not be full; pile on all the bricks and mortar in the city of New York, and the structure would not be so high and solid as this great work of man.

—True reverence for God includes both fear and love; fear, to keep him in our eye; love, to enthrone him in the heart; fear, to avoid what may offend; love, to yield a prompt and willing service; fear, to regard God as a witness and judge; love, to cleave to him as a friend and father; fear, to render us watchful and circumspect; love, to make us active and resolute; love, to keep free from being servile and distrustful; fear, to keep love from being forward or secure; and both springing from one root, a living faith in the infinite and ever-living God.

BOXES ON THE EAR.—The blindness of the late King of Hanover was occasioned, it is understood, by an accidental, and by no means violent, blow upon the eye. Scarcely a day passes, we believe, without some schoolmaster (or schoolfellow in natural imitation of his master), giving a lad a smart "box" upon the ear. Few persons would be bold enough to choose the eye as the part upon which it was expedient to inflict a violent blow by way of moral education, but there is apparently no end to the numbers who select an organ upon which violence is liable to be attended with much more dangerous results. For not only is deafness caused by "boxes," which ruptures (as they continually do) the drum of the ear, but the inflammation of the internal cavity, which is so frequent a result, may be followed by disease of the bone, giving rise to abscess of the brain, and having a fatal termination. Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by the box upon the ear. There are, for example, under observation at the present moment two schoolboys who have been the victims of such an assault. Surely schoolmasters ought to have learned, long ere this, the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which, if more disgusting, were not attended with an equal amount of peril.—*Lancet.*

LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.—The Committee of this Society close their report with a statement of the amount of seizures since 1834:—375,049 prints, pictures, photographs and negatives; 68,487 books and pamphlets, illustrated with engravings; 5 tons and upwards of letter-press of the same character in sheets, besides large quantities of infidel and blasphemous publications; 24,480 sheets of songs, catalogues, handbills, &c.; 6,988 cards, snuff-boxes, and other articles; 98 gross models, life size, in wax; 844 engraved copper and steel plates; 480 lithographic stones, 174 wood blocks, 11 printing presses, with all the tools and apparatus for printing; 82 cwt. of type, including the stereotype of several entire works of great wickedness.

Poverty's mite
With the Lord is all right,
For 'tis Poverty's mite.
But when wealth gives a mite
'Tis vile in His sight.

"EXTREMES MEET" AGAIN.—Dean Stanley and the "very Rev. Monsignor Capel" are Vice Presidents of a society for opening picture galleries to the public on Sunday evenings.