

what to do for him," said the woman impulsively. "Tell me how to restore him; I will do all you bid me, only don't let him die. My jewel! my Maurice!" and her chest heaved convulsively.

Una's prompt energy and good sense were at work in a moment.

"Get a blanket made hot to wrap him in, and some brandy, and I will take off his wet clothes. Lay him down on the sofa."

Ashtaroth obeyed without a word; and so quick and clever was she in all her proceedings, that in a very few minutes they had the child in a glow of heat, and Una was forcing a spoonful of hot brandy-and-water between his closed teeth, while his mother, by her direction, kept up an incessant friction of his limbs. Their efforts were soon quite successful; he began to breathe strongly, and moved under his heavy coverings, while the colour came back to his lips. Finally, he opened his eyes, and after looking round for a few minutes in a bewildered manner, asked in a feeble voice where his boat was.

At the sound of the little, sighing voice, the gipsy woman went into an ecstasy of joy, as wild and impulsive as her grief had been fierce. She clasped the child in her arms, and showered kisses upon him, half crying, half laughing; while Una, who had been kneeling beside the sofa, rose to her feet, and stood looking on at the scene with a smile, well pleased that she had been able to restore such a deeply-prized child to the poor passionate mother.

Suddenly, just at this juncture, there came a voice, in breathless tones, hoarse with agitation, that exclaimed, "Is the child dead?—is Maurice Edwards dead?" and the next moment Humphrey Atherstone had crossed the threshold, with an eager, rapid step, and stood within the room.

He paused, stricken, apparently, with some strange emotion at the sight which presented itself to him. Una Dysart stood before him, her long hair, dripping with water, falling back from her charming face, which was now very pale, though her eyes were bright with excitement and pleasure. She had neither hat nor jacket, and her wet clothes clinging round her showed that she had been completely immersed in the river. The child was now sitting upon the sofa, laughing as his mother buried her face in his breast, while she held him in a convulsive embrace, and twisting his hands in her thick black hair.

Ashtaroth had heard the new comer's question, however, and turning round, without rising from her knees, she fixed her black eyes, glittering with a strange expression, upon Atherstone's face, and said, "No, he is not dead; he lives, and will live; but he would have been cold and dead—my little Maurice now—but for this dear beautiful lady, who saved him. Oh you darling lady!—you darling! I will love you for it for ever! I will remember it for good to you as long as I live!" She had flung her arms round Una as she spoke, and was kissing her hands with impassioned ardour. Presently, however, she glanced from her to Atherstone, her forehead contracted in a frown, and she stopped suddenly in her vehement gratitude; but as the little child, feeling quite restored, slid off the sofa, and stood laughing beside her, wrapt in his blanket, her face softened, and she said, with a concentrated determination, which seemed almost too great for the occasion, "Yes, I will remember it for good to you—whatever you may be one day."

Atherstone, meanwhile, had seemed for a moment unable to understand the scene on which he had so suddenly entered; but when the whole truth became plain to him, he said in a low voice, as if half unconscious that he was speaking aloud, "You have saved him, Una Dysart!—you!"

Una felt that there was more in his tone than she could understand; but she answered lightly, "I suppose you are surprised at the extent of my accomplishments; you did not know that I could swim. But I am thankful I was at hand to rescue the poor little fellow. Little Maurice, you must not go and play alone by the river-side any more," she continued, stooping down and kissing the child, who caught hold of her wet hair, and held her face close to his with a merry laugh, saying, "Lady's all wet, too; lady went into the river with me."

Then Atherstone started, like a man waking from a dream, exclaiming, "Miss Dysart, you are

running a terrible risk by remaining in your wet clothes; you may get some serious illness. You must change at once; I dare say Mrs. Edwards can supply you with some temporary dress, and I will go and bring the carriage to take you home."

"It will be better for me to walk," said Una; "I will get warm much quicker—and I do believe that good boy has found my hat," she added, "which is better fortune than I expected;" for the lad she had sent to the doctor's walked in at the same moment, holding it with her jacket in his hand.

He went stolidly up to Una, and pointed to Atherstone, said, "I could not get the doctor, so I sent he."

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

MILLY'S THANKSGIVING.

"O, mamma, I'm so cold! I'm so cold!" said little Milly, as she came up to the stove, where a forlorn-looking fire seemed to be trying to keep itself alive, with scarcely anything to feed upon. Milly stood as close as she could get to it, and tried to warm her poor little blue fingers. She had on a gingham hood, and a thin worn-out shawl, and her undergarments were not much warmer.

"Well, darling," said her mother, "I know you must be almost frozen. I wish I could make more fire and give you a good, thorough warming; but the wood is all gone." As she spoke she looked at the poor little thing, so young to suffer, and the tears came into her eyes, that were almost worn out with weeping.

"Wait a minute, dear," she continued, "and I will give you this sewing to take home. If Mrs. Phillips should pay for it right away I could buy a little more wood, and warm you up before you go to bed."

Milly took the work with quite a light heart, and trudged along to Mrs. Phillips. She did not have to go very far, and when she found that Mrs. Phillips was at home, she said to herself, "Now we shall have some fire, and get so nice and warm." But Mrs. Phillips did not come down stairs herself; she only sent the servant to say that she had no change at present, but would pay when all the work was finished. If she had come, in place of her messenger, she would have seen a poor little shivering figure trying to get a little warmth from the scant shawl she was drawing tightly around her.

While Milly was standing in the hall she had a great temptation, and she resisted it, like a noble little girl she was. Lying on the marble floor, as if it had been dropped carelessly, was a five dollar note. When Milly first saw it her heart almost jumped with delight, for a vision of glowing fires, and good, hearty meals rose up before her; and she very likely thought the money would last a lifetime, it seemed such a large sum to her. All this passed through her mind in two or three minutes as she stood and looked at it, reading "five," "five," "five," in all the corners; but the little honest heart asserted itself, and when the servant returned she handed it to her. It was a sweet little voice that said, "Will you please give this to Mrs. Phillips, and tell her that I found it in the hall?"

Then poor Milly, not realizing that, way up in heaven the angels were watching her, turned her little disappointed face homeward. She did not know that any one was interested in her; but besides the angels, there was one very near her who could do what they could not. Mrs. Phillips had a brother whom she sometimes accused of being crazy, because he was so apt to stroll around quietly among the poor, imitating Christ and His love for them. He was not a bit like other people, he always seemed to find things out in such a queer sort of way.

When Milly stood in the hall with the money in her hands, he was looking through a glass door, and wondering what she would do with it. He gave a chuckle of delight, so low, however, that Milly did not hear it, as soon as he saw that she

had decided. He read it all in her face before she had parted with the money.

"I must know more about that child," said this brother Carl; and away he went right after Milly. But he did not have to walk very fast to keep her in sight.

When she reached the house and disappeared through the door, instead of rushing in after her, and saying to her mother as soon as he saw her, "My good woman, what can I do for you?" he only screwed up his eyes (for he was near sighted,) at the number of the house, and then went right home again as fast as possible.

He soon found out Milly's name from his sister, and then flew out of the house to order some wood for Milly Lennox, 121 Crane St. After attending to this he shot off in another direction, and bought a cloak and a warm worsted hood for the same little girl.

When the load of wood arrived, Mrs. Lennox and Milly were perfectly amazed; they thought surely there must be some mistake. But the man who brought it said Milly Lennox meant Milly Lennox, and he guessed they'd better take it without any more bother.

Afterward the cloak and cap appeared, and Mrs. Lennox was certain there was something wrong somewhere; but the boy who brought them was so used to carrying things around for that queer Mr. Lewis, that he did not say anything. He just set the bundle down and walked away.

"Why, mamma," said Milly, as her mother untied the parcel, "isn't it splendid?" And she danced around the room in delight, arraying herself in the cloak and hood—the latter hind part before, in her hurry. "But you, poor dear mamma," she said, as she stopped suddenly, her little face getting back its sorrowful look again, "what will you do without some nice, warm things?"

"I shall do well enough, darling. You know I seldom go out. But come! I am going to make a splendid fire, and when that is blazing away, I am sure we shall feel thankful enough to welcome the day to-morrow."

What was their surprise next morning when there came a tremendous knock at the door, and on opening it Milly saw a great basket standing there, and a turkey-claw sticking out of one corner. "O, mamma!" she said, "come quick!" and she rushed into the kitchen, shutting the door and leaving the basket and turkey and everything outside.

"What is the matter, Milly? Are you crazy, child?"

"O mamma! Thanksgiving has come! Thanksgiving has come! And it's all by itself out on the door step!" Mrs. Lennox went to the door, and there she found the basket with the girl's name on it, as on the other things.

What could it all mean? She had never heard of such a thing before. But, nevertheless, she and Milly had a charming dinner, and as thankful a time as there was in that great city.

By degrees Mr. Lewis made himself known to them, and such a friend as they found him! He called himself "Milly's adopted uncle," because he had found out that ever so long before, he and Mr. Lennox had been great friends.—Selected.

When the church doors open, the bells ring to remind the people that there will be public worship; but when the service begins, the bells are silent. So when the great Church of Christ was first opened mighty miracles were wrought to draw the world's attention to the gospel; but when thousands had accepted the salvation of God, miracles ceased. They were no longer needed; their sound had gone out into all lands: the words of the faithful would follow to the ends of the earth.

DEATHS.

At Cannes, in France, on the 20th January, the Rev. FREDERICK A. BETHUNE, son of the Bishop of Toronto, aged 33.

On Thursday morning, 11th January, 1877, at the Hermitage, the residence of J. R. Arnold, Esq., Richmond Hill, CHARLOTTE EMILY FLORA, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Milbourne, of Her Majesty's Customs, Oakville, Ont.