

she would love Raymond as she had loved him since that golden time when he came into her life to win all the wealth of tenderness and devotion which had till then laid dormant in her impassioned nature, and could never now be called forth by any other.

Often it seemed to her cruelly hard that she should have poured out all her deep affections and strong capacity for happiness on a desert waste that would yield her no return save the thorns and the sharp-edged stones that wounded her feet every step she took along her daily path; but there were times when there were softer thoughts came back to her, and her generous nature could rejoice in the wreck of her own life, if the love which cost her so much, could, however feebly, brighten the existence of him it would so gladly have altogether blessed.

The brightness of her youth was fading, however, under the wearing anxiety, which made her sweet face wan, and her dark eyes sad and dim. She had other sources of disquietude, that combined to make this period one of real and depressing trial.

Estelle could no longer conceal from herself that Hugh Carlton had deceived her when he gave her the promise that he would not seek or hope to win her as his wife if she would continue her intercourse with him on friendly terms. It was but too plain that he had in no degree overcome his passionate attachment to her; and she felt each day more and more the necessity of telling him that she could not continue to receive him under false pretences, and that it was best they should part finally, as nothing would ever induce her to consent to his wishes; but it was very difficult for her to broach the subject, which Hugh himself studiously avoided. He persisted in keeping up the illusion that he regarded her merely as a friend, and skillfully managed to prevent her ever having an opportunity of saying any words sufficiently marked to compel him to give her up. He had told her of his visit to Raymond, most carefully hiding the motive which had induced him to make it, but trying to turn it to account by describing him as so hopelessly embittered by Kathleen's betrayal that he was bent on leading a solitary life henceforth, far apart even from his friends.

Estelle felt grateful to Hugh for his sympathy with Raymond, and also for his affection for herself, little as she was able to return it; but these feelings made it all the more hard for her to repeat, unasked, the refusal, which must drive him away from her. She tried to escape being alone with him as much as possible; and for this reason went often to Carlton Hall, where the Harcourts were now staying, and where she was always welcomed most warmly both by Kathleen and Mrs. Carlton.

Mr. Carlton had organized a series of entertainments, which were to extend over the Christmas season, in honor of his newly-married daughter, but from these Estelle resolutely absented herself, on the very sufficient ground that her uncle's health was now failing most seriously.

Dr. Lingard had rapidly become much weaker, and it was evident to every one who saw him that his darkened life was drawing to a very speedy close. For his own sake it was impossible to regret it; but poor Estelle knew not how to look forward to the day when she would be left utterly alone in the world.

Her uncle's death would be the loss of her last earthly tie, and the breaking up of her only home. She could not even imagine how or where she was to live in the future; she was too young to remain at Highrock House by herself, and the idea of seeking any companionship with strangers was most distasteful.

Both Mrs. Carlton and Kathleen hinted to her many times that she might make her home with either of them, if she chose; but no earthly consideration would have induced her to link herself with those whom Raymond considered to be his enemies, as she would thereby shut herself out from all hope of ever seeing him; and in any case she would never have submitted to the anomalous position she must have held in the houses of persons with whom she had no real connection.

Meanwhile Kathleen's affection for her had suffered no diminution from the events of the last few months, and she seemed to take a great

pleasure in being with her; while Estelle found her society much more congenial than it had been in their earlier acquaintance, for Tracy Harcourt's wife was a very different person from the gay childlike Kathleen of former days. Estelle had always loved her fondly, but there had been very little in common between them, and the intellectual studies which were her chief delight were far beyond Kathleen's feeble powers. This was still the case, but in other respects she was greatly improved. She was much more thoughtful and earnest, as well as more considerate for others, and she had suffered enough to be aware that life was not merely the long summer day she had been wont to consider it.

At Carlton Hall, however, Kathleen was a good deal happier than she could be when alone with her husband. Harcourt did not dare to neglect her in her father's house, or to show her open unkindness, as he had already done when they were travelling more than once, especially as he was, just at this time, making arrangements, with her money and Mr. Carlton's help, to obtain possession of the old estates of his family, which had been lost to them through his own and his brother's extravagance. He, therefore, showed himself amiable both to Kathleen and her parents; and she, in her relief at his change of manner, entered heartily into all the festivities which her father provided for her amusement, and which she was too young and excitable not to enjoy with zest, since the trials of her married life had been partly removed.

The most brilliant of these entertainments was to take place on the day after Christmas, and when it was first projected Kathleen had tried hard to induce Estelle to promise to be present; but long before the appointed time Dr. Lingard's condition was so completely hopeless, that it was quite out of the question for Estelle to think of being present at any scene of amusement.

At an early hour on the morning of Christmas Day Estelle came to her uncle's room, to know how he had passed the night.

Moss rose up from the chair in which he was sitting by the bedside as she came in and she saw that there were tears in his furrowed cheeks—the first he had ever been known to shed.

"I am afraid my master is very much worse, ma'am," he said; and as she went forward, and looked at the old man, who was lying in a kind of stupor, with half-closed eyes and feeble respiration, she was conscious that a great change had taken place.

She sent, in all haste, for the doctor, who lived in the village, and who was, therefore, soon in the house. He found that effusion on the brain had taken place in Dr. Lingard's case, and that as the power to take nourishment had altogether ceased, it was impossible that he could survive much longer. He might linger, the doctor thought, for two or three days, but that was certainly the utmost limit to which his life could now extend. Nothing could be done for him; he was quite insensible, and would certainly remain so to the end. Even poor devoted Moss could do no more than sit by his side and watch him die.

When the doctor left the house, Estelle sent a message to ask Mr. Derwent, the clergyman of the place, to come to her uncle, and then forwarded a telegram to tell Raymond of the sentence which the physician had pronounced. She did this in obedience to Raymond's own wish who had made her promise that he should be told when the end was at hand.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

GOD IS HERE.

Kneel, my child, for God is here!  
 Bend in love, but not in fear;  
 Kneel before Him now in prayer;  
 Thank Him for His constant care;  
 Praise Him for His bounties shed  
 Every moment on thy head;  
 Ask for light to know His will;  
 Ask for love thy heart to fill;  
 Ask for faith to bear thee on,  
 Through the might of Christ, His Son;  
 Ask his Spirit still to guide thee

Through the ills that may betide thee;  
 Ask for peace to lull to rest  
 Every tumult of the breast;  
 Ask in awe, but not in fear;  
 Kneel, my child, for God is here!

PRINCE ALBERT'S BOYHOOD.

A German duchess, distinguished for her good sense and goodness of heart, was celebrating her birthday in the palace of a small German capital.

The court congratulations were over, and the lady retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her boudoir. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs.

"Ah," she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads of ten and eleven years of age, came in—one named Albert and the other Ernest. They affectionately greet the duchess, who gave the customary present of ten louis d'or to each and related to them the following suggestive anecdote:

"There once lived an Emperor in Rome, who used to say that no one should go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince; He was always doing good and caring for his people; and when, one evening, while at supper he recollected that he had not done one single act of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed with regret and sorrow—

"My friends, I have lost this day!  
 My children, take this emperor for your model, and live in a princely way, like him."

The boys went down stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman, wrinkled and old, and bowed down with grief and trouble.

"Ah, my good young gentlemen," she said, "bestow a trifle on an aged woman. My cottage is going to be sold for debt, and I shall not have anywhere to lay my head. My goat, the only means of support I had, has been seized. Pity an old woman, and be charitable."

Ernest assured her he had no money, and so passed on.

Albert hesitated; he thought of her pitiable situation a moment, was touched by her pleading looks, and tears came into his eyes. The story of the Roman Emperor came into his mind. He took from his purse the whole ten louis d'or and gave them to the woman.

Turning away, with a lighter heart, he left the old woman weeping with joy.

That boy was Prince Albert, of England, justly entitled Albert the Good.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blest upon the earth, and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

A little boy was much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BIRTH.

At the Rectory, Newcastle, Diocese of Fredericton, on the 21st January, the wife of Rev. Hubert Hough Barber, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

In St. George's Church, Haliburton, on the 25th of January, by the Rev. George Ledingham, Mr. Thomas Loughery, to Miss Lillie Ellen Taylor, both of Haliburton.

DEATH.

On Monday morning, the 3rd Feb. the Right Rev. Alexander Niel Bethune, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Toronto, in the 79th year of his age.