

the park, whistling as she went, with the setting sun shining brightly on her golden hair.

"I wish Maggie would not whistle," said Teresa, a little discontentedly.

"She'll get out of the habit," replied another of the girls. "Yellow, it's your turn."

Meanwhile Margaret went on her errand of kindness with a light heart; she went through the keeper's paths in the plantations, and played hide-and-seek with Rollo round the corners, over the dead branches, and already dry leaves. It was a very difficult task to keep the dog from being off after the game, but he was an obedient animal, and Margaret carried a cane in her hand, which she used to impress her orders on his mind—or body.

She found the cottage deserted, except by the sick woman. Her hus-

band, she said, had gone out to hear of some work, and her nurse, or rather the girl who "did for her," had gone home for the night.

"How very kind of you to come down, Miss," she said gratefully, as Margaret took off her cloak and sat down by the bed-side.

"Has not your husband got any work?" asked the girl in reply.

"No, miss; he don't seem able to get none, and he only sometimes brings me home some money; odd jobs, he tells me."

"Yes," said Margaret gravely; then after a pause, she added, "I do wish he could get some work, Mrs. Styles."

"Oh, miss, so do I!" exclaimed the sick woman fervently, as the tears rushed into her eyes, and her thin hands trembled as they grasped the coverlet. *(To be continued.)*

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[From our Western Correspondent.]

MY DEAR SIR.—In relation to your contemplated THEOLOGICAL INSTRUCTOR, I shall be most happy to act as your Western correspondent. I have no doubt but that you will make the Magazine what its name indicates. I think such a paper would be very useful, there is such a tendency among our people to run off into new and strange paths that we feel there should be some *conservative element* somewhere to stay this tide which is the result of

scepticism or indifference. I hope your paper will have a salutary effect in the Theological field to correct existing errors, or to preserve the purity of the primitive faith. There can be no higher or nobler field of labor—a field for which we all think you eminently qualified. You may expect to hear from me before your November issue.

D. B. N——.

DAVENPORT, Iowa.

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MARRIED.

At the Church of St. John the Evangelist, on the 7th inst., by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, assisted by the Rev. A. Williams, and the Rev. A. J. Broughall, the Rev. WILLIAM HOYES CLARKE, B.A., Incumbent of Halliburton, to HENRIETTA LOUISA, daughter of the late GEO. HOUGHTON, Royal Engineers, and granddaughter of the late George Houghton, Esq., Secretary to the House of Lords.