

walk, and she made up her mind that as soon as they were crossing the Park, where everything was quiet, she would begin the story. Very little was said as they passed through the Ward on their way West, Gertie feeling her heart too full and the big lump too near her throat, and Walter seeming unusually silent. At length they were in the Park, and Gertie knew the time had come to speak. She had the first little sentence all in readiness for delivery, and she fancied she was in the act of opening her mouth, when suddenly Walter spoke very slowly and gravely, and as though the words were costing him a great effort:

"Gertie, dear, I have something to tell you that I ought to have told you long ago. I hope it won't make you think less of me. If it does, I must bear it. It's nothing I'm ashamed of, although I did wrong not to tell you sooner. Gertie, I've got no father or mother on earth, and I am one of Dr. Barnardo's boys."

"Oh, Walter!" Gertie gave a sudden little scream that made him stop short and turn quickly round to her. There was no one looking,

and the next moment Gertie's arms were round Walter's neck and her head on his shoulder. "And I meant to tell you, Walter dear, this very night, I am one of Dr. Barnardo's girls, and I came from Ilford, and——and——"

The following evening a young couple called at 214 Farley Avenue and were shown into Mr. Owen's office, from which sounds of merry laughter were soon heard and very funny explanations were entered into. Two of the happiest young people in Toronto left the building shortly afterwards, ushered out with much hearty hand-shaking. A month later, very dainty little wedding cards were received at "Hazel Brae" and Farley Avenue announcing the marriage of Miss Gertrude Morgan to Mr. Walter Rigby, "both of Dr. Barnardo's Homes." Walter is now a prosperous and successful man of business and Gertie a very charming little wife and mother, and, if we are to believe their own account, they have been very happy together ever since, and expect to be till "death us do part."

A. B. O.

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ALWAYS as much virtue as there is, so much appears ; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands. The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never a sincere word was utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground. Always the heart of man greets and accepts it unexpectedly. A man passes for that he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light which all men may read but himself. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, demeans his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes, O fool ! fool ! on the forehead of a king.

- *Emerson.*