

clasp, she turned her bright indignant face upon Kathleen, and looked straight into her eyes, as she said with passionate vehemence, "Kathleen, what is it that you are doing? Are you mad? Do you know who and what you are? Raymond's future wife! how can you let that intruder dare so much as to touch your hand."

"Oh, Estelle!" exclaimed Kathleen, giving way to a burst of tears, and flinging her hands round her friend. "Don't speak so fiercely, don't be so angry with me; you do not know all that has happened. I cannot help it, indeed I cannot, but I shall never be Raymond's wife; I am not engaged to him any more!"

"I will not believe it," said Estelle, lifting up the fair head that lay on her shoulder, and forcing Kathleen to meet her dark flashing eyes; "did you not pledge yourself to him with truest, most solemn vows? Are you not his by every bond of fidelity and honour?"

"I did—I did promise," said Kathleen, sobbing. "But they say I was too young to know my own mind, and that I am not bound by it; and besides he has forgotten me—he has not written lately."

"Kathleen! you know he warned you that letters could not reach you at this time; you know that you are saying what is false; he has not forgotten you, nor ever will while life endures."

"Oh, dearest Estelle, it is no use!" said Kathleen, twisting about in her embarrassment. "It is no use to keep back the truth from you; I have given him up—I am going to marry Tracy Harcourt. They all wished it more than you can guess—father and mother, and every one. They all begged me, almost on their knees not to ruin all my chances of happiness, by holding to a foolish unsuitable engagement; and then Tracy—poor Tracy—I could not make him miserable; he loves me so!"

"He loves you!" repeated Estelle, contemptuously; "he loves your wealth and his own advantage, nothing more."

"No, Estelle; indeed you are unjust," said Kathleen, eagerly; "He does love me for myself, so deeply, so intensely, that he said he could never be happy again if I refused to be his wife; and I could not make him miserable for life—poor Tracy!"

"Poor Tracy! And Raymond! is his agony, his love, to go for nothing? Raymond—so good, so noble, so true—who loves you with the entire devotion of all his generous heart—who would give his life for you—who tore himself away from you only because the sternest duty called him, and trusted with the most perfect faith and confidence that you would be true to him, as he will be to you, even unto death! Oh Kathleen! some evil spell must have been cast upon you, or you could never for an instant meditate this terrible betrayal; wake up Kathleen—Raymond's sweet love—wake up out of this hideous dream, and be yourself. Cast this treachery from you, as you would a poisonous viper; though all the world oppose you, say that you will never forsake him—never; that you will be faithful to him, come what may—to him, your own true love, that waits and pines for you so far beyond the seas."

She had pleaded with such passionate earnestness that her whole frame was quivering, and her eyes streaming with tears, while still she held Kathleen's hand in her firm grasp, and gazed into her face with piteous appealing; but Kathleen struggled in her hold, and almost shrieked out, "Estelle, say no more; I cannot bear it, and it can avail nothing. It is too late."

"Never too late," said Estelle. "No promise you can have made to Tracy Harcourt is binding while that to Raymond remains uncanceled; say, boldly, that you repent the momentary madness into which their persuasions led you, and that you belong to him alone, to whom your whole love, your very life is due."

"But listen—listen!" exclaimed Kathleen; "perhaps you are mistaken about Raymond altogether. Tracy says it is no sin against him at all, because he is sure he loves you really better than me, you, whom he never knew till after he had engaged himself to me."

Estelle gave a sudden gasp at these words, but instantly recovered herself, and answered quietly "Kathleen, you know perfectly well this is a most wicked falsehood. I am nothing to Raymond, and never was; but you, from the first day he saw you, have been his joy, his hope, his life, his love. Oh,

child it were less cruel to stab him to the heart than to do him this fatal wrong!"

"Estelle!" exclaimed Kathleen, flinging out her hands, as if in utter abandonment of herself to the feelings that overpowered her; "I beseech you to plead with me no more. I tell you it is all in vain. I do not wish to keep my pledge to Raymond, right or wrong. I must give him up, for I love Tracy Harcourt!"

A deadly whiteness spread itself over Estelle's face at these words. She let her hands fall away from their grasp on the folds of Kathleen's dress, and sat silent, with a fixed, stony gaze.

"Yes," continued the young girl, speaking with rapid utterance, and eyes averted from Estelle, "it is true; it is best you should know it all. I thought I did love Raymond; I did not mean to deceive him, but I was so young, a mere child, when I first met him; I had seen so few men to compare him with, and now that I do know Tracy, I feel that I love him better, that I shall be far happier with him than ever I could be with Raymond. He used to be grave and stern often, and so exacting, and Tracy so gay and pleasant; he says he shall make my life one long, bright, summer day; and they are all pleased at my prospects—mother quite cried with delight. You only want Raymond to be happy; but they think of what is best for me, Estelle, and I could never be happy without Tracy now, for I have told you the truth—I love him!"

Estelle rose up, cold and grave, and with a pathetic mournfulness in her tone that drew a fresh burst of tears from Kathleen. "I can indeed, ask you now more to be true to Raymond, if you are false to him in your heart already; but will you not, at least wait till you see him again before you seal his doom?"

"No! No! that is impossible, and I do not wish it; besides, it is too late. They have all thought it best, under the circumstances, to hurry matters on; and—and—I am to be married in three weeks."

"Impossible!" was all that burst from Estelle's pale lips.

"Yes, it is true," she went on hurriedly; "we are going to London to-morrow, and I hardly meant to have seen you again, for I dreaded what you might say; but now, Estelle, since it is all settled, and cannot be changed, do forgive me, and love me once again." She tried to fling herself into her friend's arms, but Estelle put her back gently, though firmly.

"Kathleen, if this cruel news is indeed true, I hope I trust, you have written to tell Raymond at least what is in store for him; it would be the refinement of cruelty to let him go on building his hopes on happiness which is never to be his. Have you written?"

"No, not yet," said Kathleen, hanging her head. "Then promise me—promise that you will do so at once, without delay; it would be too dreadful, too inhuman, to let him come home in all his expectant, longing love, to find you lost to him forever. There is just time for a letter to reach him yet before he starts on his return, if you write without loss of time. Kathleen, you must promise me to do this much at least for him who has loved you so fatally—too well. I will not let you go till you pledge yourself to me that will write and send this letter." And Kathleen, panting to get free, exclaimed, "Yes! yes! I will—I promise!"

To be Continued.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Travellers together through this varying life,
Sometimes our hearts are joyous, sometimes sad;
Pleasures and sorrows, peacefulness and strife,
Make our paths dark a while, then bright and glad.

Still we "go forward" with a right good will,
Cheering each other with fond words of love,
And, if dull care with gloom our spirits fill,
Oh let us try to lift our thoughts above
To the Great Being who makes night and day,
Shadow and sunshine, daily toil and rest,
Until, at last, we may forever stray
Within the eternal mansions of the blest.

JOSEPH NAY.

St. Catharines, Ont., St. Cecilia's Day, 1878.

THE GREATNESS OF PRAYER.

Prayer requires work, and work requires prayer. Work must be the outward and visible form of prayer; prayer must be the soul of work, the soul of life general, no isolated and external act added to another isolated and external act but the ever-present background of every action, that which vitally pervades and supports all our words and deeds, whence all must originate, and towards which all must tend, that our whole conduct may become an embodied prayer. It is by prayer that life on earth is connected with eternity, is sunk in it, grows out of it.—LUTHARDT.

Since 1840 nearly every cathedral in England, many in Wales, and several—including St. Patrick's and Christ Church, Dublin—in Ireland, have been restored. The first, and perhaps on the whole the most magnificent of these restorations, was that at Ely, where the cathedral, a superb edifice, stands on the one elevated point of ground in a very flat country, where it is a landmark for fifty miles round. Ely suffered sadly in the civil wars, and had fallen into a state of lamentable decay, in which it was allowed to remain during that passive period of church history which intervened between the death of Charles the First, about forty years ago. At that time one of the ablest and most accomplished clergymen of his time was appointed Dean, and undismayed by the enormous expense which threatened to attend the restoration of the majestic fane of which he had become custodian, Dr. Peacock went to work. The architect to whom the restoration was intrusted was Mr. Boswell, brother of Lord Beaconsfield's mother, who executed this task admirably, and died at it; for stepping back to view an effect, he fell from a great height and was killed.—*Colonial Standard.*

If any individual having contributed to the work at home rests satisfied, if any parish having made an offering for Domestic Missions does no more, if any Diocese determines, because its own needs are great, not to look beyond; that individual, that Parish, that Diocese has adopted a policy which leads to the crippling of the Church's work abroad; and does react inevitably upon and cripple the Church's work at home.

If this be true the opposite is no less true. As we call down blessings upon those now aliens and strangers by our prayers and our gifts, so shall we the people of the covenant be blest and prospered accordingly.

The need is pressing. The old work and the new are to be sustained; men and women are waiting to be sent where their work is needed for Christ. The means to do these things, God's silver and gold, are in the possession of those who profess to love, and do love their Saviour. May not that portion of such resources which He should have as thank-offering be poured into His treasury without delay, that the Church's workers abroad may be re-inforced and her Missions properly and creditably sustained?

ST. ANDREW.

What starry grace to honour lifts
St. Andrew in the Apostles' roll;
Not his the high and glorious gifts
Which strike and fascinate the soul.

He was not one of the favoured Three,
The chosen "mighties" of the Lord;
No "Rock" or "Son of thunder" he,
No Paul to yield the Spirit's sword.

But his the heart which first was stirred
To follow where the Saviour trod;*
And his the earliest ear which heard
The teaching of the Son of God.

Oh happy hours, where Jordan's wave
Beside remote Bethabara flowed,
While in some lowly hut or cave
With Jesus, wondering, he abode.

He listened as the Master taught,
Who spake as never mortal spake;
And lo! the light he long had sought
On his glad soul began to break.

* St. John i. 40.