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inct, as it was plain that he had fallen with great force. Raymond succeeded in raising him sufficiently to let the wounded head rest gently on his knee, and then he anxiously laid his hand on the old man's heart, fearing much that he should find it had ceased to beat; there was, however, a faint pulsation, which showed that, although consciousness was for the time completely gone, he had not yet passed the mysterious line which marks the final severance of soul and body. The first thing to be done was to lift him out of this ominous grave which he had opened apparently for his own destruction, and this proved to be less difficult than Raymond had feared it might be at first. The men had fortunately brought a coil of rope with them for use in the excavations, and this they lowered to Raymond, who secured it firmly round the insensible form; then, exerting all his powerful strength, he raised it in his muscular arms, and guarded it from coming in contact with the rocky sides of the pit as the men slowly drew the heavy burden up, and then as gently lowered it till they had placed it on the grass at Estelle's feet. In an instant she was on her knees by her uncle's side, and before Raymond had himself scrambled out of the grave and come to her assistance she had loosened his cravat, and pillowed his head on her lap, without having observed the wound, which was partly concealed by the hair.

"Can you find some water?" she said, appealing to the men who surrounded her. "He must have fainted."

"This will be of more use," replied one of them producing a flask of brandy from his pocket; and she gladly took it, and began to try to pour a few drops of the spirits between the old man's closed lips. Raymond helped her as well as he could, but the effort was ineffectual, and she turned to him with a look of great alarm, to which he responded at once.

"It is best you should understand the truth, dear Miss Lingard. Your uncle has received a blow on the head, which I fear must have caused some great injury to the brain, and I do not think we shall be able to restore him to consciousness, whatever a doctor may do."

"But he is not dead!" she exclaimed, shivering as she spoke, and bending down eagerly to listen to Dr. Lingard's breathing, which had become more stertorous since Raymond had bathed the cold hands and face with brandy.

"No; thank Heaven, he still lives; but I fear has had a terrible blow, and the sooner we can get him within medical advice the better."

"But how are we to move him in this insensible state?" said Estelle, anxiously.

"The boatmen and I must carry him as best we can to the little inn, and then some one must go off to the town for assistance. You must take courage, Miss Lingard," added Raymond, cheerfully; "we shall manage it all quite well, and perhaps we shall find that the injury is not so serious as it appears at present."

"How thankful I am you are here!" said Estelle, gratefully; and at a sign from him, she gently lifted her uncle's head from her lap, and rose up to let them make arrangements for his removal. Raymond selected three of the strongest men, and making a fourth himself, they raised the unconscious old man on their shoulders, and started with slow, steady steps, to carry him along the path he had so lately trodden in perfect health and vigour. Estelle went thoughtfully back to the excavation to seek for his note-book, which she found lying where it had apparently fallen from his hand as he fell. She looked sadly at the sentence he had left unfinished, with a dark foreboding that it might prove an omen alike of his work and his life, broken off incomplete, and fragmentary, as useless to himself as to his fellow creatures for these last words traced by his hand were too abruptly closed to convey any intelligible meaning.

She saw the men kicking aside the crumbling bones and skulls, which Dr. Lingard had sought as the greatest treasure, in order that they might gain a secure footing as they carried him away from the burial-mound; and a sense of the utter waste and barrenness of the life that was now perhaps about to close came heavily upon her as she followed slowly in the rear of the mournful procession.

It was by this time late in the afternoon, but the long summer day was still undimmed in its

splendour; the sky was as blue, the river as bright the birds as gaily melodious as they had been in that early morning when she had been saying softly to herself that it was one of the happiest days she ever had known. It seemed to her almost that she must be in a dream, as she tried to realize that, while the sunshine still fell unchanged upon her, and the same sweet warbling filled the air, she herself had passed from the utmost height of enjoyment to what might well prove her climax of distress. It was true that Dr. Lingard had done nothing to win her love, but she had always clung to him with persistent affection, as the only relation she had in the world; and he represented for her the home and protection for which every woman craves with an unconscious terror of her own powers of suffering. Estelle Lingard had passed through certain mental experiences during the last two or three years, which had invested her with strength for the patient endurance this mortal life could bring her, in so far as it touched herself; but she was of a very sensitive and sympathetic nature, and the sight of the old man, struck down dumb and helpless in the midst of his unfinished toil, touched her with a compassion that was full of pain. She had difficulty in repressing the tears that welled to her eyes as she followed within a few paces of the bearers; and Raymond was troubled by the sudden shadow that had fallen on the bright face, so lately radiant with pure enjoyment.

Looking back to her, as he carefully bore along his share of the burthen, he called her softly by her name, and in a moment she was at his side.

"Had you not better go on quickly to the inn?" he said, anxious to provide some active employment for her which would change the current of her thoughts; "the people there should be told that we are coming, in order that they may have everything ready for us. We shall have to place your uncle in bed at once."

"Oh, thank you for telling me what to do!" she answered; "I will go at once." And she sped away with fleet steps, while Raymond watched with admiring eyes the graceful movements of the tall slender figure, till a turn in the path hid her from his sight.

The little inn, known by the sign of the "Chough and Crow," which Estelle had thought so picturesque when she saw it in the early morning, had been kept for more than thirty years by Jacob Wood and his wife, who had neither of them ever quitted it for a single day; and the long uneventful life, passed in this green solitude, had left them as simple and primitive an old couple as could well have been found even in the most retired parts of the country. The house was their own property along with the garden and orchard belonging to it, and they were therefore not by any means dependent on the chance gains which might come to them from any wayfarer whose fortunes happened to bring him to their door. But they were always pleased to welcome any one who did come—as much from the variety and amusement it afforded them as from the pecuniary benefit—and they had been much excited that morning by the arrival of the learned Dr. Lingard and his friends, for whom they were busily employed preparing an elaborate meal when Estelle came hurrying in with her account of the sad accident which had befallen him. All their most genuine sympathy was at once aroused on behalf of the poor young lady, as they called her, whom they had seen so bright and joyous in the morning, and who now, with her wet eyes and pale cheeks, asked them if they could prepare a bed at once for her uncle, with the understanding that it might be a long time before he could leave it again—if ever.

"Oh yes, my poor dear lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood, "I have three or four beautiful rooms upstairs, and they are all clean and ready; for as I say to Jacob, says I, you never can tell what is going to happen, and I am sure it has proved true this day, worse luck!" So chattering on volubly, the good woman led the way to the upper storey of the old-fashioned house. There Estelle did indeed find excellent accommodation, such as she never had expected in a mere wayside inn. There was a very pretty little parlour, with windows opening into the wooden balcony she had noticed from the river, and behind it with a door of communication, a large airy bed-room, which she begged them at

once to prepare for Dr. Lingard. On the opposite side of the passage she was shown two or three good rooms, one of which she might occupy herself. She could not help earnestly hoping that Raymond would occupy another, for, although she would not have dreamt of asking him to stay, the very thought of his leaving them filled her heart with dismay.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW NATURE.

God's Spirit comes to an unregenerate soul as to a hostile country. It first seizes the citadel of conscience, and from that centre it sends out its regiments and brigades down to the various thoroughfares of the soul for the capture of the old envies, the selfish purposes, the low desires, the worldly affections, and the rebellious will. Thus it subdues the soul, till by and by it dwells within us, not intrenched in the citadel, but at home in all our being. In some such way the beauty and power and spirituality of the Sabbath-days are extended to all the days. The integrities of business are bathed in a new light. They are no longer herded with policies, but they ascend to noble duties, and are clothed upon with everlasting obligation. The confidences of trade assume a more distinctively moral character, and are based upon moral qualities. The reading between the lines of the contract becomes more visible. The spirit of the document overleaps mere technicalities. The soul has greater possessions than gold. As a father would never think of imperiling a son's life to save his garment, so there comes to the consciousness a new life that nothing in form can imperil. The man becomes a citizen of a higher world, and with eye fixed on unseen realities, he trades and lives as in the presence of that goodly company with whom he is soon to settle down for eternity.

Thus a new life permeates all the being, and the Christian lives in the world as not of it. He is in its strife, but striving for other ends than the crude, perishable ambitions of mortals.

THE GATE OF ACCESS ALWAYS OPEN.

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend a second Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a moment be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah-shammah, "the Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Gennesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be in the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hill-side where the man of sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven—the standing-place of mercies, because the starting point of prayer.

TELLING OF IT.—Some persons think if they do a good thing, they must tell of it. Why so? Is it such a hard matter, or such an unnatural matter, to choose the right, and then to boast because you did not choose the wrong? So the conduct of too many would certainly seem to imply. We prefer to see a man generous, charitable or just, because thus he harmonizes his life with the divine law, and take the most satisfaction in so doing; not because he expects to gain anything outwardly by it, but simply because it is most natural and desirable and beautiful for him so to do. A life conducted after this rule or principle, is living indeed—not acting and putting forth pretensions, and striving for something entirely extrinsic to character. By and by men will see these principles as they are; now, they have eyes, but see not—and ears, but do not hear.