

he continued, striking forward towards the edge of the cliff with so violent a movement that he broke from Estelle's firm grasp "if ever that man were to come across my path, do you think I could fail to take my revenge? to fling him out of the world, in which he is not worthy to have a place? Is it not better that I should go down into that dark sea with hands that have done no violence, than live to be overmastered by the burning sense of injury which goads me to pay him back his irreparable wrong in such measure as he has meted it to me? for he has destroyed my life as utterly as if he had cut it short by a single blow."

With a swift step, Estelle passed before Raymond, and placed herself between him and the dangerous verge of the precipice, near which he stood.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and gently pushed him back, till he leant once more in safety against the rock; then she lifted her dark eyes to his face, with a look of grave sweetness, and said, quietly, "Raymond, to forgive is divine; but to take vengeance is to give way to one of the lowest and most ignoble of human passions."

He passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "It is true," he said. You are right, Estelle, as you always are: but even if you take the power of vengeance from me, you cannot make it more desirable that I should live. I have lost all that made existence dear, all that I prized, all that I loved. With Kathleen's truth has perished even my faith in human nature; her treachery has made me as valueless to myself as I am to her. My life has become hopelessly and essentially worthless; why should I retain it?"

For a few moments Estelle stood perfectly silent, while she did fierce battle with the love that was only less powerful within her than the desire to win Raymond's allegiance to her Master. Her clear spiritual judgment had shown her an answer that could be made to him, which might lead him, by a difficult and dangerous path of unreserved self-sacrifice to find Him who has promised to reveal Himself to those that do His works; but her human heart resisted sore the thought of driving this most dear one into peril; and she had to overcome it, in the might of God, before she gained power to speak. When at last the struggle was over, and she was enabled to feel that it ought to be nothing less than bliss to her to see him, if need were, even die for Christ's sake—since by such a death he would pass straight and surely to that blessed Saviour's feet—she raised her head, and turned her bright expressive face towards him, while her eyes shone with the light of pure devotion.

"You tell me that you hold your life to be utterly worthless now," she said in clear calm accents; "You mean, I conclude, that it is of no value to you whatever?"

"It is of less value to me than that stone beneath my feet," he said, kicking the pebble on which his foot rested into the sea.

"Then I will tell you what to do with it," she exclaimed, "give it away!" And she flung out her hands with an eloquent gesture. "Yes, give it away! not as a useless prey to those engulfing waves, but as an offering to your fellow-creatures, such as those to whom, for any cause, their lives are dear, can never make! Listen, Raymond," she continued, coming forward in her earnestness to grasp his hand, as he turned a questioning look upon her face; "there is many a situation of peril or of certain death in which, if men were found content to give themselves away, the lives of other human beings might be saved, or loss or suffering spared them. You know it well; by sea and floods, by drifting snows or devouring fires, in the depths of the earth or on mountain heights, death meets the defenceless in a thousand shapes, and they perish when they might be rescued, because there is no man whose life is sufficiently worthless to choose for his mission the search after danger, and risk, and death, wheresoever he can encounter it with a chance of benefit to others of his kind. To most men such a mission is impossible. They have ties that bind them to life with cords of love and duty, and they value existence for their own sakes and for the sake of those to whom they are dear. But you say that your life is in every way utterly worthless. Go, then, and give it away to all who

are anywhere perishing for lack of a dauntless spirit that is ready, on their behalf, to meet death or torture. Take up the great vocation of sacrifice to which happier men can never be called. If death meets you at the outset, in your very first peril, it is but the boon you have desired, only glorified then, the willing self-surrender, till it becomes to you, not an act of rebellion, as now, but a passport to the kingdom of Him who laid His life for His friends. You have all to give and nothing to lose and the existence you count so worthless will become rich and precious with the lives it will save."

Estelle paused, breathless and trembling with the burning ardour which had driven her on to speak her words of energetic pleading; and Raymond as he listened, and gazed, struck with astonishment and admiration, in her glowing face caught the fire of her enthusiasm as if it had been touched by a tangible flame. He started from his leaning posture, drew himself up erect, with eyes that sparkled and lips that smiled, and he stretched out his right hand to the heavens, as he said—"You have spoken righteous words, Estelle! I can see a pure and noble calling offered to me this day out of the very essence of my despair, and so surely as I stand here I accept it gladly, freely, unreservedly. Henceforth from this hour, I give my life away!" Without another word, he turned, went swiftly down the steep path that led to the public road, and so disappeared.

Estelle looked after him for a few minutes, with blanched face and dark dilated eyes, then suddenly she rushed forward, and fell upon her knees where a jutting-out portion of the rock afforded some support, and laying down her head upon it, she exclaimed, with a bitter cry, "I have sent him to his death, that his soul may live with Christ the Lord for ever and ever, and for his sake I am glad. Yes, I am glad! but oh! my Raymond, my beloved, how shall I bear it?"

(To be continued.)

#### TRANSPLANTING—A PARABLE

"A prince would make a garden of delights for himself, and looked far and wide for beautiful trees. In a field grew a young tree, fresh and fair, and the eye of the prince rested on it.

"Give me," he said, "this for my paradise." Then the tree rustled with pride, and one leaf said to another: "We are chosen to a glorious lot."

But that day came men with sharp axes and spades, and mattocks, and began cutting a trench all round the tree: and every stroke severed a root and sent a thrill of pain to the heart of the tree. In dismay the leaves and branches whispered to each other "How cruel! Why is this? What! every root and fibre cut! This must be the work of an enemy." Yet at night came down silver-footed dews and whispered: fear not—these are transplanting pains: they must be or thou couldst not be ready for your place in paradise." So the tree abode in patience though root after root, was cut till at length it stood alone receiving its nourishment more from heaven than from earth; for the moist clouds brooded it, and the silver dews nourished it, and the rains fostered it; and though the roots by which it sucked up earth-juice were cut on all sides, it was still alive with heavenly freshness.

But now come along, the gardener and said: "One thing more we shall do, and the tree is ready for our Lord's garden. We must cut the great tap-root."

Then they dug deeper, where the strong tap-root ran down and laid hold on the earth, and with sharp unsparing blows cut it off.

Then the tree shivered in mortal anguish. "This is death," it cried.

"No," said the heavenly dew, "this is immortal life. Now thou art ready for Paradise. No earth bonds hold thee, and whensoever the hour cometh thou shalt be raised and taken to eternal gardens, and the roots shall take hold on immortality. For behold, in the Paradise of our God is the place waiting for thee, and now art thou ready to be taken."

So the tree stood in solemn patience, and a day came when it was gone; but the prince smiled when they planted it in heaven, and said: "Now

cast forth thy roots for eternity. Thou shalt go no more out forever!"

Dear friends, there are some of you whose history is written in this parable. Have you learned the sacred lesson of pain? Have you learned the gain of earthly losses, the riches of present poverty. Have you accepted a lonely heart and empty home as reminders of a nobler and a better joy to come? In the church each Sunday, in your own familiar and habitual conversation and thoughts, you have admitted that so long as a portion of your conscious existence lay beyond this life, this life was to it but as a moment.

Yes, all of us who believe that this present life will be looked back upon from it as we now look back on the playthings of our childhood and the cradle of our infancy. What griefs had we then, many and sore, because they who loved us wisely managed us in view of our whole lives, and not of our childish preferences! How we grieved, broken hearted, over childish treasures taken or wishes ungratified! Now we look back and smile.

If this life were not such a nursery education, and God the tender Father, then indeed we might believe, as the ancient heathen did, that the whole conduct in life in relation to human affection was a cruel mockery!

"The gods envy the happy, and devise some way to destroy those who enjoy too much," was the maxim of antiquity. The voice of Christianity says: "Forget not the exhortation that speaketh unto you as unto children. Despise not then the chastening of the Lord, neither faint when thou art rebuked of Him."

Saddest of all things it is to see those to whom Almighty love has sent the noble and sacred present of a supreme and awful sorrow—who despise the gift, and murmur at the Giver; sad to see those withering whose earthly roots are cut, and who feel not yet wherefore. May the great loving Father send to us all this best wisdom, without which life is only a cruel mockery!

#### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Little children, love each other,"

'Tis the Saviour's blessed rule;

Every little one is brother

To his playfellows at school.

We're all children of one Father,

That Great God who reigns above;

Shall we quarrel? No; much rather

Would we dwell like Him in love.

He has placed us here together,

That we may be good and kind;

He is ever watching whether

We are one in heart and mind.

Who is stronger than the other?

Let him be the weak one's friend:

Who's more playthings than his brother?

He would like to give or lend.

#### BIRTH.

At St. Eleanor's Rectory, P.E.I., on the 16th ult., the wife of Rev. T. S. Richey of a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

At Waldemar, on the 28th December, 1878, at the residence of the bride's sister, Thomas Smyth, M.A., B.S., Lecturer of Chemistry at Trinity College, Toronto, to Catherine, third daughter of John Jessup, Esq., of Cayuga. The Rev. Alex. Henderson, B.A., Rector of Orangeville, performed the ceremony.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., by the Rev. W. J. Ancient, Capt. Thomas W. Matson, to Mary E. Hogan, fourth daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Hogan, Halifax, N.S.

At Tracadie, on the 12th December, by the Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Mr. Thomas Wesley Kitcher, youngest son of William Kitcher, Esq., Fredericton, to Miss Abigail F. Kinney, of Tracadie, N.S.

#### DEATHS.

At Halifax, N.S., December 21st, the Rev. George McCawley, D.D., late President of King's College, Windsor, N.S., aged 76 years.

At Pictou, on Tuesday, the 17th inst., after a short illness, Mary Eleanor, youngest child of Frederick W. Fraser, aged four years.