

family for generations; and strangers would sit in the rooms, and walk in the garden, where every nook and corner had some association with happy bygone days in the minds of these sorrowful sisters.

And of all that band their now remained only the almost sightless woman who stood seeing these pictures in the deep waters.

Then rose up another vision of a few brief years of happy married life with the sailor-husband; the settling into a snug little home which he had prepared for her; the way in which she used to stand on that bridge where she now stood, and fancy the flowing waters as they hastened to the sea were rushing to meet him on his homeward way, would kiss the vessel which bore him, and, lapping against its sides, would murmur their welcome to the brave sturdy seaman.

Then came the time when they had gone to meet the ship, and found that it had returned without a part of its precious freight—without the upright manly spirit which, though firm as a rock to resist evil, was as tender as a woman with the weak and sorrowing; whose bright though quiet example had been as leaven in the midst of that bold, daring, sometimes unscrupulous crew; and who had found a watery grave in the ocean, sending home as a last message to the faithful and faithfully-loved wife, that the God in whom they both trusted would one day gather his ashes again from the deep, and together they would walk in that land where "there is no more sea."

She had waited long for that day—she was waiting still—but come it assuredly would; and meantime she could wait.

Then, still looking back, she saw herself sitting in her sorrow and desolation, and a heart-broken young creature, with a sweet infant, coming in to throw herself upon her for sympathy and protection. It was the brother's wife, whom he had married thinking she had money, and then, finding how miserably small was the portion compared with the greatness of the pressing claims upon him, he had deserted her and her helpless infant, going off secretly to Australia, as he could no longer remain in England.

The little that the sister had was freely shared with the brother's wife. But the latter did not linger long; she passed away to that region above where all sounds of weeping are stilled, and broken hearts are healed, leaving her little Esther to the care of the widowed childless one, who had accepted the sacred trust, and faithfully discharged it. But that (her own part in the matter) was not what she saw; she was looking at the ray of sunlight which had been as a golden thread running through the picture which would otherwise have appeared sombre in its colouring—the love and clinging devotion of the blue-eyed child, who was now approaching womanhood, and from whom, for the first time in all these years, she was about to be called to part. She must let her go out alone to face the world which might have temptations enough in store for one so young and pretty and inexperienced, and from which she would gladly have sheltered her a little longer.

But what was she thinking? Why was she fearing? Would not He who never slumbereth or sleepeth be keeping guard over her? What need, then, for her to trouble and fret—as if she could take better care of her child than her own heavenly Father! Surely she could leave her to Him, and have not a single anxious doubt!

When she entered the little room, on her return, Esther looked up into her face with a glance which showed how many hopes and fears were hanging upon the result of this visit. Though Mrs. Lang

could not see the expression on the countenance, or the half-imploring look in the eyes, as though they were beseeching her to say there was hope, she knew by instinct the question the girl longed to put, and replied to it at once by a gentle shake of her head. That was enough. Then she sat down in her chair.

Neither of them spoke; but Esther rose, and coming across, knelt down beside her aunt, and putting her arms round her neck, clung to her in a close embrace. Then she laid her head down upon the shoulder of the elder woman, who silently stole an arm round her waist, and thus they remained for some moments. No need of language to speak their sorrow, which was more for each other than for themselves; no occasion to express in words the sympathy, and love, and tender unselfish affection, which each bore the other. They knew it all without words; but had they not done so, that mute embrace would have told more than the most eloquent phrases.

(To be Continued.)

#### A SCAR ON THE SOUL.

One of the most pleasant memories of early Sunday-school days is of a lad who, for a short time, was my pupil. My acquaintance with him began thus:

Being in the country for the summer, the first Sunday of my stay I went to a different church from that attended by the family with whom I sojourned. We came from a distance, and in the same carriage. Knowing it was communion at the church which my friend attended, to save them the trouble of calling for me after the morning service, I walked to a place where the horse and wagon were fastened under an elm-tree behind the church, intending to sit there until they should join me. Only two other vehicles were there, in one of which sat a boy whom I observed to be assiduously driving off flies from the horse, saying as he did so, "Poor Ned! poor Ned! next Sunday we'll have a new net. Pa won't forget to buy one this week, 'cause I'll help him to remember." His back was toward me, so he was unaware of my presence; but his kind words and acts so attracted me that I resolved upon further acquaintance. I walked back and forth a few times before taking my seat in the wagon, and soon had opportunity to observe the pleasing face and gentlemanly bearing of the little fellow. Presently I said:

"Your horse has a kind little master, I perceive."

"That's because father and mother think so much of Ned," replied the boy, modestly. "Besides, I don't like to have him so tormented by the flies. You see he has stood it all the time I was at church, and now I have come to help him."

"Then you were at church during the first service."

"O yes, ma'am, and I went to Sunday-school at nine o'clock."

"I should think you would be tired being confined so long. Why not run about a little? Would'n't you like to?"

"Yes, ma'am; but then poor Ned would be so pestered. I'd rather stay."

"Then your father and mother did not bid you to?"

"No ma'am; but somehow I'd feel better to do so."

Kind little fellow; I said to myself; and then asked:

"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going to read to blind Samuel."

"That will keep you confined, too."

"Yes, but I'll have my dinner first, and a little time to run about the orchard, too," he replied.

"Suppose you let me go in your place?"

"O, but I promised," said the boy quickly, and looking up earnestly.

"I could excuse you in some way."

"Please ma'am, I don't see how, because I'm not sick."

"But why be so particular, as long as Samuel is not neglected?"

"I can't explain it very well, ma'am," replied the boy, looking a little troubled—perhaps feeling disappointed in his new friend, who seemed apparently desirous to lead him astray. "I can't explain it, but it wouldn't be me reading to him. Besides, he would be disappointed not to see me; but that wouldn't be the worst of it."

"What would be the worst of it?"

"Well, ma'am, as you ask me I will tell you what my father and mother taught me—that to break my promise even in the smallest thing, is a sin; and every sin leaves a scar upon the soul."

I now commended the little fellow warmly, and told him that my questions were merely to enable me to become better acquainted with him.

"O, I am so glad!" said the child with a breath of relief; "because I was beginning to like you."

"And could you not have liked me otherwise?"

"No, ma'am; not if you wished me to do wrong," replied the child candidly.

Noble boy! His nice sense of right and honor increased with his years. He lived to become a fine and high principled young man, possessing a remarkable influence over others for good; his quiet example, and firm but unostentatious adherence to what was good and right, giving weight to his words. He died early, but lived long enough to make his mark on many souls, some of whom became converted through his instrumentality.

How true the words about the "scar on the soul!" Yes, every sin, even though subsequently repented of, leaves a disfiguring mark, as unsightly to the eye of God as a scar upon the face would appear to us.

MESSRS. NORRIS & SOPER, have made a wonderful reduction in the price of their Pianos and Organs. Intending purchasers will find it worth while to inspect their instruments.—See Advertisement.

THE Bible is now widely sown in Spain. Last year's circulation amounted to over fifty thousand copies. In Portugal the sales amounted to over eight thousand copies. In Lisbon there are several congregations of Bible-reading Romanists.

NEARLY forty thousand copies of the Bible, in the native dialects, have been distributed within a year by the North India Society, and three thousand copies of the Gospel by John are now in course of preparation for distribution in the zenanas.

THE *Spirit of Missions* states that education in Japan is coming more and more under Christian influences. The present Government director of the Imperial University at Tokio (Yedo) is HATAKEYAMA, a native Christian gentleman, who was educated in America, and who now wields an immense influence in his own country.

#### MARRIED.

At Green Hill Cottage, residence of William Leslie, Esq., Reeve of Puslinch, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. John A. Hanna, Incumbent of Perrytown, Charles Kilner, Esq., of Ononhin, to Miss Lizzie Mogridge, of Puslinch.

Upon the 18th inst. in the Church of the Ascension, Port Perry, by the Rev. O. C. Johnston, M.A., Incumbent, The Rev. R. S. Forneri, B.A. of Belleville, to Kate, eldest daughter of J.B. McDermott, Esq., Port Perry, formerly of Port Hope, Ont.