

this world that we are able to obey a sudden impulse, and shake ourselves free from the chain-work of circumstances which at all times surround us; and Raymond's newly acquired habit of self-denial was severely tested when he felt himself compelled to admit that he ought not to leave Hugh till some one else come to take care of him.

The result of this decision was, however, to send him off at a wild pace to the nearest telegraph office, whence he sent a message to Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, begging them to come to them without delay. There was no danger, he added, but Hugh required care, and Raymond could not remain with him. He calculated that they would arrive from London that same evening; and having ascertained also that another Jersey packet was to start that night in order to convey the passengers whose voyage had been so disastrously stopped to the island, he arranged to take his passage in her, and thought, with almost overwhelming rapture, that another twenty-four hours would see him on the same soil with his lost Estelle. Poor Raymond spent the rest of the day in an almost frantic state of impatience, thinking that hours had never passed so slowly; while Hugh slept, and woke occasionally, too tired, as he expressed it, to speak. The doctor paid another visit, and said that his patient must be kept perfectly quiet; and then at last the evening train brought down the uncle and aunt, all anxiety to know what had happened to their boy, as they still called Hugh.

Raymond explained everything to them, only making no allusion to Hugh's former fault. And when they found out that Estelle's place of concealment was actually discovered, they were as anxious as he could be that he should not delay a moment in hastening to her side.

Raymond was possessed by a sort of terror that if he delayed she would somehow escape him again; and he was down on board the packet long before it was at all ready to start, chafing with impatience at what seemed to him most tedious preparations till the captain of the steamer devoutly wished that this especial passenger had shipped himself in some other boat. At last, however, they steamed out of the harbour, with every prospect of a safe and swift passage; wind and waves seemed certainly propitious to Raymond after all his troubles, for the storm of the previous night had passed away as though it had never been; and it was under fair moonlit skies, and over tranquil seas, that he took his way to the spot whither his thoughts were ever flying before him. Still the hours passed slowly, and his heart bounded with joy when, in the full morning light, he found himself at length safely landed in Jersey. He went at once to the nearest hotel to deposit his luggage, and without listening to the earnest request of the waiters that he would order breakfast, began to question them if they knew the name of Miss Lingard. No; they were not acquainted with it, but they would enquire at the post-office, where the name of every one capable of receiving a letter was sure to be known.

Raymond thanked them but said he should prefer to go there himself; and away he sped to the post-office as fast as he could go. Here he was, at once successful—the name of Miss Lingard was known as that of a lady who had been some months in the island, and received letters at stated periods from England.

"Her bankers remittance no doubt," thought Raymond. "and her address," he exclaimed eagerly. It was given him at once—Villa Fontaine; and the obliging clerk even came out of his office to show Raymond the nearest way to it, as it lay somewhat on the outskirts of the town. He hurried and on the road he got hold of a lad who was wandering along, clearly nothing to do, and told him he would pay him well if he would come with him and deliver a letter at a house he would point out. Raymond did not dare to go near enough to it himself to be recognized, if Estelle happened to see him; and he thought it best also in the first instance to send Hugh Carlton's letter just as it stood without a word from himself, lest she should take fright at the sight of his handwriting. It was not long before he saw a little white cottage on a rising ground, surrounded by trees, which he easily recognized from the description given by the post-office clerk.

"Do you know if that is Villa Fontaine?" he said to the boy who was with him, feeling afraid of the slightest mistake.

"Of course I do, sir; the name is written on the gate."

"Take this letter, deliver it at the door, then come back here to me and I will pay you."

The lad darted off, Raymond going a little nearer stood behind a brush by the road-side and watched him. He saw him knock at the door, which was speedily opened by a trim little servant-maid, to whom he gave the letter. She appeared to ask some questions, to which he responded by shaking his head, and then the door was shut, and he came running back to Raymond.

"She has the letter" he said, "and she asked me where it came from, and I told her I did not know."

"That is right," said Raymond, "here is your money, now go."

The boy had been so handsomely paid that he stood staring at the generous gentleman, till an imperious gesture made him hurry away without another word.

Then Raymond stationed himself where unseen he could still watch the house, intending that when half an hour had elapsed he would risk going to ask for Estelle, in hope that she would by that time have read Hugh's confession. There was the chance that she might be out, but in that case his calling to inquire for her could do no harm as the servant-girl would not know him. Only five minutes had elapsed, when he saw the door open, the same little maid appear once more, with a round straw hat on her head, the letter unmistakably in her hand. She ran down the garden path, across the road, and then straight away over the space which lay between her and the sea-shore. Raymond understood the cause of this proceeding easily enough. Estelle must be down on the beach taking her morning walk perhaps, and the little maid was carrying the letter to her. In an instant he was on her track, following swiftly but at a cautious distance.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

TOMMY AND THE ROBIN.

Little robin redbreast
Sat upon a tree.
Singing "Here are cherries,
They are nice for me!"
"Stop," cried little Tommy,
"Don't you think I know?
These are papa's cherries—
So you'd better go!"

"Did your papa make them?"
Sang the robin red,
"No!" cried little Tommy,
Hanging down his head;
"Come back, little Robin,
You may have a few;
There's enough for Robin,
And for Tommy too."

WHAT WAS FOUND IN A WASTE PAPER BASKET.

Do you know what it is, my little friends, to look for a piece of paper that is worth something to you, and which has by accident been thrown into the waste-paper basket?

I have many a time had to make such a weary search; and how glad I have been to find the lost piece, or perhaps the torn bits of it, one after another, which had to be pasted together again.

Now, I am going to tell you what a Mohammedan once found in his waste-paper basket.

Not far from Agra, in the north-west of India, lies a large town called Bhurpoor, and there lived a man who belonged to the sect of the false prophet Mohammed, and in whose heart a secret longing was awakened after something he scarce knew what. What he sought was a way to free his soul from the burden of sin that oppressed him. He had no friend that could help him; certainly they often said to him, "Allah, Akbar!" "God is great;" but that did not make him any happier. One advised him, indeed, to do something very hard, which should cause him great pain; or to make a pilgrimage, by which he would be sure of salvation. But he felt sure that

all his own works could not save his soul from sin.

At last he began to pray to God. Was not that the best thing that he could do? His constant prayer was, "O God, show me Thy truth!"

One day there came into his hand a heap of waste paper out of the basket; he was going to use it to wrap up drugs for a hospital in which he was employed. As he sat there using one piece of paper after another in his work, his eye fell on a sentence in a stray leaf. Here were words that seemed to promise an answer to that which had filled his mind so long. He looked for more of the leaves and read them eagerly.

"What can this be," he said to himself, "but God's answer to my prayer? Strange that I should find these very words in this heap of paper."

He searched further and further, and at length found all the scattered leaves forming a tract entitled "Din-i-happi;" that is "What is the True Religion?"

He felt sure it was sent by God. This tract directed him to the Bible; he tried to get one, but there was not one in his language to be had in Bhurpoor. He went to the missionary at Agra, who had just received a supply of newly-printed Bibles; one of these he bought and read carefully, and by degrees light dawned on the Mohammedan's soul, showing him that the Lord Jesus, who said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," was also Himself the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Now what do you think, dear children, would have been the best thing for this man to have found in the waste paper basket—a bank note for a thousand dollars, or a little book which pointed him the way to find the Saviour and eternal Life?

A GREAT STREET PREACHER.

Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death. Great street-preacher! Nor laws nor penalties can silence him. No tramp of horses, nor rattling of carriages, nor rush and din of crowded streets can drown his voice. In heathen, pagan, and Christian countries, in monarchies and free states, in town and country, the solemn pomp of his discourse is going on.

In some countries a man is imprisoned for even dropping a tract. But what prison will hold this awful preacher? What chains will bind him? He lifts up his voice in the presence of tyrants, and laughs at their threats. He walks unobstructed through the midst of their guards, and delivers the messages which trouble their security and embitter their pleasures. If we do not meet his sermons, still we cannot escape them. He comes to our abodes, and, taking the dearest objects of our love as his text, what sermons does he deliver to us!

His oft-repeated sermons still enforce the same doctrine, still press upon us the same exhortation. "Surely every man walketh in a vain show. Surely they are disquieted in vain. Here there is no continuing city. Why are you labouring for that which I will presently take from you and give to another? Take no thought for the morrow. Prepare to meet thy God."

—There is an excellent cement which ought to be used freely by every one. This cement is good for family jars and social cuts. It heals wounds and leaves no scars; mends life; binds enemies together; mends damaged reputations; and is splendid for hurt feelings. This universal cement is love. Love is a thing to be cultivated, as you would a solitary stock of wheat, supposing that there was not another grain of wheat in the world.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BIRTH.

On the 25th ult., at St. James' Parsonage, Gravenhurst, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Lloyd, of a son.