

CHAPTER XI.

"What wonderful good fortune to see you here, Miss Dysart!" said Hervey Crichton, as he found the two girls together. "Who could ever have hoped for such a visitor on this miserable day? and I so nearly escaped missing you altogether!"

"That would have been a tremendous misfortune," said Una. "How were you saved from the fatal occurrence?"

"By the good offices of an old fairy, in the shape of Martha, Lilith's ancient nurse, who now acts as the benevolent guardian of the whole family. Would you like to know what she said? She came to me, when I was lounging in the verandah in a state of the deepest despondency, and solemnly remarked, 'Muster Hervey, you doesn't know what I thinks you'd like to know—as how Miss Dysart's in the drawing-room, bless her pretty face.' She is gifted with penetration, you see; and I repaid her kind offices by nearly upsetting her altogether, for I flung my arms about wildly in my surprise, and I believe I jumped over her; but anyhow, here I am."

"Well, I am glad I am in her good graces," said Una; "she is the dearest old woman possible. But, Mr. Crichton, why do you not take better care of Lilith? she is looking very ill."

"I only wish I could," said he, "but she baffles me in every way; she has become a regular sphinx. However, it must do her good to have you with her, Miss Dysart; I hope you will come to us as much as you can. We have not shown you half the wonders of our neighbourhood yet, and we are sure to have fine weather for walking or riding parties after this rain. By-the-way, there is one expedition you must positively make; you have never yet seen the 'Eagles' Nest.'"

"Yes, I have," said Una, a sudden gravity settling on her bright laughing face.

"You do not mean to say so!" exclaimed Hervey, looking much surprised; "when, and how? In what possible way did you get up the cliff?—not alone, surely?"

"Alone, on my two feet, as I told you I should," said Una; "but it was an exploit entirely of my private arranging, and I do not mean to tell you anything about it, Mr. Crichton."

"Did you see the spirit of Fulke Atherstone, as you expected," said Lilith, suddenly turning her white face towards them.

For a moment Una remained silent, with a rather strange expression in her eyes, then she said, "I almost think I did."

"What a pity you must say 'almost,' Miss Dysart," said Hervey, "otherwise we might hope for quite an orthodox ghost story; but if he was visible in any shape, did you ask him to tell you what your future fate is to be? I hope if he did reveal it, he mentioned me," continued he, dropping his voice to a low whisper on the last words; not so low, however, but that Una might have heard him, had she not been absorbed in the thoughts to which his careless question had given rise. Her future fate! Had not the voice she had heard at the "Eagles' Nest" been prophetic at least of a great change in her existence? Could the world ever again wear the same aspect to her as in the days closed but yesterday—when it seemed a realm all sunshine and brightness, with free airs blowing through it, and shining rivers bearing joyous spirits on through banks of flowers to the haven of a deep, serene sea? Could it ever look thus again, when the great cloud that hung over Humphrey Atherstone's life had cast its shadow on her path, and made her feel that to disperse that gloom for him, in ever so partial a degree, were a fate more desired by her than all the visions of a happy love, which once had charmed her girlish fancy? She remained silent, thinking on these things with thoughtful eyes and serious lips, while Hervey Crichton watched her anxiously.

At last he spoke. "I really believe the ghost did foretell your future fate, Miss Dysart; you look so serious."

"Yes, I believe he did," she answered very gravely, turning her eyes full upon him. Then she rose somewhat abruptly, and saying she would come to see how Lilith was very soon again, she took her leave, declining Hervey's escort in her homeward walk.

Mr. Cunliff duly arrived next day; he was an astute, hard-headed lawyer, who had so long been

employed in administering justice with that inflexible impartiality which is the special characteristic of English judges, that he had become exceedingly expert in adjusting the balance between the intricate developments of good and evil, as they appear in the complex human nature; and Colonel Dysart thought very wisely that he could have no better guardian of his daughter's interests in the event of his own death. He had, therefore, asked Mr. Cunliff to become trustee for her property, as well as his own executor, jointly with Mr. Northcote. Of course these arrangements involved the transaction of a good deal of business, and Una was left quite to her own devices, while the two gentlemen were closeted with Mr. Knight in Colonel Dysart's study the whole afternoon.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord, look upon a little child,
And teach me how to pray;
Make me obedient, gentle, mild,
And lead me day by day.

Keep me from every thought of harm,
From every thought of ill;
Protect me with thy guiding arm,
And make me do thy will.

So as I grow up, year by year,
May I increase in grace,
That, when my work is finished here,
I may behold thy face.

Lord, without thee I could not live;
Without Thee fear to die;
Oh, then, thy blessed Spirit give,
When my last hour draws nigh.

THE CHILD'S FAITH.

BY MARIA BRUCE LYMAN

"Now, Willie, you'd better take your basket out on the Common, and try to sell something. I am sorry to have you go without your breakfast, but I have nothing for you."

"But you know, mamma, I never sold anything yesterday, and perhaps I can't to-day."

"Go in faith, my child; I shall pray for you all the time, and God is good; He will hear us!"

So Willie obeyed his mamma, who was too ill to leave her bed, and taking his basket, containing some letter-paper, pins, etc., he went out.

As he passed some of the fine houses on his way to the Common, he glanced in the windows and saw little boys about his own age eating nice breakfasts; his little heart was sad, and he thought, "Oh, I wish my mamma had a good home, and we could sit at a table like that! Mamma says God can do everything, and that He hears our prayers, so I guess he could do such a big thing as to give me as good a home as these boys have, just as easy as He could give us money enough for a little bread and tea. I guess I'll go down under that tree and ask God to give us a good home right off. I'm so glad that he can hear a little fellow like me."

So Willie hastened off with a happy heart, and sat down under the large shade tree, and there he prayed to God, and told Him just what he wanted. Then he sprang up and began his work; he did not sit there and wonder how the Lord would answer his prayer, but he began to do his work faithfully.

"Please buy some pins, sir," said he, holding out his basket as a man passed rapidly by giving no answer, not even a glance in reply, but Willie ran back and met a lady he saw coming.

"Please, ma'am, buy something."

"No, little boy, run away."

Again and again, but with no better success, did Willie try to dispose of some article which would bring him even a few pennies. Tired and hungry, he leaned against a tree, and for a moment the large tears rolled down his cheeks; but brushing them off with his coat sleeve, he said, "Mamma

said she would pray, and God is good, so I know He will answer; I will try again."

Seeing a feeble old gentleman coming, carrying a bag and umbrella, Willie ran to him, saying,—
"Please, sir, buy a little from me; I'm hungry, and mamma is sick."

"Well, little boy, I want to rest on one of these nice seats, so bring your basket to me and I'll see."

Taking a seat, and placing his bag by his side, he took Willie's basket on his knees, and looking over the contents, he said,—

"I will take all your letter-paper, for I see you have only two quires here."

"All of it!" exclaimed Willie, for he had generally sold only one or two sheets at a time. "Why that will be forty cents!"

"Well, I will give you fifty cents; that will be near enough."

"Oh, thank you, sir. Can't I carry your bag across the Common for you?"

"Yes, you may. What is your name?" asked he, as they walked off together.

"My name is Willie Snow."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, stopping and gazing at him.

"Willie Snow," repeated the child. "Papa is dead and mamma is sick. We haven't any money, so I have to work to get money to buy bread with."

Willie did not understand why the stranger stood wiping the tears from his eyes, but when he finished his simple story the man exclaimed:—

"Thank God, my child is alive! Willie take me to your mother; she is my daughter Mary; I am your grandfather."

"Oh, how glad mamma will be! She talks about you a great deal."

Very soon Willie and his grandfather stood by his mother's bedside.

"Mary, forgive your father. I was too worldly to forgive you for marrying that young minister. I have known how you have plodded on, since his death, supporting yourself by your needle, but I hardened my heart. Now God has opened my eyes. I have learned to love Him and pray to Him, and I have asked Him to lead me to you. For many days I have been searching this city to find you, and I was on my way to the depot when I met Willie. All my wealth is yours and Willie's; now come with me and make my home happy."

In a few days Willie and his mother were settled in their beautiful home, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, and Willie did not forget to thank the Lord for answering his prayer.

Willie is no longer a little boy; he has grown to manhood, and is a minister of the gospel, preaching the blessed word to many people. He knows that the good Lord hears and answers prayer, and urges all to ask for great blessings, for all things are possible to him that believeth.

HEAVEN.

A little boy was walking in the fields with his mother one day. He looked up to the sky and said, "Oh, mother, heaven is so far off, I'm afraid I shall never get there."

"My dear," said his mother, "heaven must come to us, before we can go to it." He didn't understand what she meant. Then she told him what Jesus said when He was on earth. These were his words: "If any man love me, my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Jesus is willing to come into your heart. He is standing and knocking for you to let him in. And when He comes in, He brings heaven with Him. He will make a heaven in your heart if you will let Him come and dwell there. But if we don't let Him come and dwell in our hearts here, He won't let us go and dwell with Him in heaven hereafter. "Heaven must come to us before we can go to it."

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Luther sat by his window one evening, and, while watching a little bird arrange itself for the night, exclaimed, "What an example of perfect faith! The little fellow perches upon his twig, tucks his head under his feathers, and goes to sleep, leaving God to take care of him."