

These answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

## Family Reading.

### A PRAYER.

Out from our human hearts, O Lord,  
A cry of anguish goes,  
That Thou who notest, the sparrow's fall  
Might look upon the woes  
Of all by care and grief oppressed—  
The hearts by sorrow riven.  
Teach then, O Lord of love, to know  
That though they sorrow here below,  
There is no pain in heaven.

Bind up the broken hearts, O Lord,  
And give them joy for woe;  
Oh, fill them with that perfect peace  
Which from thyself doth flow.  
Upon the brows now sorrow-crowned  
Oh, set Thy crown of love,  
And teach them, gracious Lord, to know,  
That though they suffer here below,  
There's rest for them above.

Give rest unto their weary feet,  
Strengthen their feeble hands;  
And may they feel Christ's love is sweet,  
In every earthly land.  
Oh, teach them, heavenly Father, how  
The cross they bear to-day,  
A crown of glory shall become,  
When in that bright, eternal home  
They dwell with Thee for aye.

### OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

#### CHAPTER XIV

Possibly, it is that tremor in her voice, or look in her face answering to the devotion he tries so vainly to conceal; or it may be her very presence, the presence of this lovely and injured woman, who, though only now he has presumed to love her, has for years been his type of what is beautiful and rare in womankind, that works upon James Darrent to the point of upsetting plans laid with self-forgetting prudence, and the patience of one accustomed to see far beyond the small sphere of his own individuality. All this is possible. What is certain is that, all at once, the semi-transparent veil of reserve he had used to keep himself in check is rent irremediably, and then the philosopher and man of science is no more his own master than if he were the veriest boy. "Stop," he says, huskily, "I must not remain here under false pretences. I am your friend, Mrs. Rosebay; I am more; yes I am more. I had intended to wait, for I have nothing to offer to you—less than nothing—not even a name yet. I intended to watch over you as a friend may, and some day, if fortune had favoured me, to let you know all that had been so long in my heart. I see you, and I cannot keep silence."

He rises from his seat; his voice drops. There is a gentle solemnity in his manner which impresses her so that she can do nothing but weep, as he goes on. "And, after all, why should we fight against what must be? Love is stronger than we are; stronger than time; stronger than all things; we can love and be patient."

"Love and be patient!" she repeats, as if it were a refrain, and, at this moment, it seems sacrilege to think of anything but the deep pure love which is constraining them to cling one to the other passionately, and think of the world as nought.

But the first strange sweet unearthly moments vanish, like those which have preceded and those which must follow them into the past eternity. The hands that had been clasped unlock. Adeline lifts to her lover a face in which tears and smiles are struggling for the mastery. She says, "But this is not why I sent for you."

But the declaration is so childish that they both laugh, and James Darrent answers, "You sent for a friend, not a

lover; you find both. What can they do for you, Adeline?"

"They can listen to my story, James. I should like the truth known—at least, a few moments ago I thought so; now, I feel as if I cared for nobody. However, it is right that the woman you distinguish with your love should free herself from false imputations. You know about my marriage; you know how young I was and inexperienced when I contracted it, and how bitter was my feeling of humiliation when I discovered our real position. Until the day when my unfortunate husband took his own life, I believed in his innocence. If it was to put that awful past from me by changing my name and trying to make new friends, I am sorry for the weakness. My new friends are punishing me for it bitterly. Some time ago I heard that my identity had been discovered, and when I was avoided by my acquaintances I thought this was the reason. But today I have heard the real truth. They say that I am living on his money, the money poisoned by fraud and wickedness."

A deep breath escapes from James Darrent's laboured heart.

"And you are not?" he asks. She starts back from him. "Were you one of those who thought it?"

"Adeline, forgive me; but I never suspected you, dear, never. I know women's ignorance of business. I intended to tell you as soon as I had something to offer you."

White and gasping she sinks back in her chair.

"How could it have got about?" she murmurs. It is too dreadful. Listen, James. The whole of my fortune, and it was not a small one, went to my husband's creditors, I kept nothing, not even my wedding presents and furniture, which, they said, were mine legitimately. I went out, without a penny, to make my way in the world. Then I met Lady Egerton. I was her companion. She was a mother to me, and when, by force of circumstances which neither of us could control, we were compelled to separate, she found my uncle out—he is a rich man—and so influenced him that he settled upon me for my lifetime the income I now enjoy—six hundred a year. But where are you going, James?"

He had grasped his hat, and risen to his feet.

"To make this known everywhere; to tell people that she is a wicked woman, a traitress."

"She! who?"

"Caroline Harcourt."

"It was she who told you this story?"

"Yes, and circumstantially, with the greatest appearance of accuracy."

"I begin to understand," said Adeline, thoughtfully. "But will not to-morrow be time enough for you to set to work, James?"

He sat down again, laughing a little at his own pugnacity, and for another hour they sat together; then came Jeanette and supper, and a happy merry evening the three spent together.

The very next day Adeline Cockburn's true story was known through Melbury. It was known, moreover, that so soon as the event could conveniently come off, she was to become the wife of James Darrent. Melbury, sorry for its mistake, called on Mrs. Rosebay again, and congratulations and wedding presents were poured in from every side.

In due time the wedding came off, with due magnificence. Mrs. White, at Sibyl's earnest request, gave up her rooms for the wedding breakfast. Sir Walter Harcourt was the best man, Sibyl and Maggie were bridesmaids. Miss Harcourt was not present. Melbury did not see how she could have been present; and the fact was that she was at the moment exceedingly busy, preparing for a long absence from home. She said the air was too relaxing for her; her health was becoming undermined. But some two or three of those kind friends, who know more of our affairs than we do ourselves—Mrs. Morton was among the

number—connected this sudden inclination for a more bracing medium with a certain visit paid to her, on one of these autumn days, by James Darrent, the traveller.

THE END.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

### THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH.

Austin the Monk did not plant the gospel in Britain. When he arrived there to convert the nation, and preach the gospel among the Britons, he did not find the place in heathen darkness, as the Church of Rome pretends. To assert he did, is against all faith and truth of history, (minimise as much as we will), which assures us that Christianity was planted there among the Britons several ages before, and perhaps sooner than even at Rome itself. And not only so, but had got considerable footing among the Saxons before Austin the Monk ever set foot in Britain. When Austin the Monk arrived there, the two great points of his Christianity were to bring the Britons to a conformity with the Church of Rome in the time of Easter and in the tonsure and shaving of the priests, after the manner of St. Peter, as they pretended, upon the crown of the head, and not of St. Paul, which was by shaving or cutting close the hair of the whole head, as from some vain and foolish tradition, he pretended to have learned. The promoting of these customs was his great errand and business, and the zeal of his preaching was spent upon these two fundamental points, in which, after very barbarous and bloody doings, he at last prevailed. And this is the conversion of England, so much boasted of by the Church of Rome, and for which Austin is magnified for so great a saint; when it is very evident from the history of those times that he was a proud, ignorant, turbulent and cruel man, who instead of first converting the nation to the faith of Christ, confounded the purity—and simplicity of the Christian Religion which had been planted and established in Britain long before.

## Children's Department.

### THE NURSERY ELF.

Dear little feet, how you wander and wander,  
Little twin truants so fleet!  
Dear little head, how you ponder and ponder,  
Over the things that you meet!

Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter  
Over your innocent joys!  
Oh, but the house is alive with your clatter—  
Shaking, indeed, with your noise!

Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover?  
Is there no end to your fun?  
Soon the "old sand man" will sprinkle you over,  
Then the day's frolic is done.

Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,  
Closer the dark shadows creep;  
Come, like a bird that is weary of flying;  
Come, let me sing you to sleep.

### "A PLEASANT GIRL."

A traveller in Norway, last summer, came to a village early one morning, and was struck by the air of gloom which pervaded the streets. Unable to speak a

word of the language, he could not ask the cause of this, and concluded that some sickness or financial trouble had fallen upon the community.

As the day was towards noon, however, these houses were closed, shop-windows were covered, all trade and business ceased. It was a death, then?

Presently he saw the people gathering for the funeral. There were the village official, the nobleman from the neighboring chateau, and apparently, every man, woman and child in the village. It must be some dignitary of the church who was dead or some county official.

As he stood watching the crowds passing down the little rocky street, he caught sight of the face of a German known to him. He beckoned to him.

"The town has lost some great magnate, apparently?" he said.

"Ah, no. It is only a young maiden who is dead. No. She was not beautiful nor rich. But oh, such a pleasant girl, monsieur! All the world seems darker now that she is dead!"

It is a singular fact that, when we reach middle life and look back, it is not the beautiful, nor the brilliant, nor the famous people whom we have known, that we remember with the keenest regret; but some simple, sincere, "pleasant" soul, whom we treated as an everyday matter while she was with us.

Go into a family or social circle, or even into a ball-room, and the woman who has the most friends there, as a rule, is it not the belle, nor the wit, nor the heiress, nor the beauty; but some homely, charming little body, whose fine tact and warm heart never allow her to say a wrong word in a wrong place.

The "pleasant women" are the attraction that everywhere holds society and homes together. Any woman, however poor or ugly, may be one of them; but she must first be candid, honorable, unselfish and loving. If she is these, the world will be better and happier for every day of her life, and as in the case of this poor Norwegian, it will "seem darker when she is dead."

### A MAGICAL SECRET.

Come, merry maidens, listen to me,  
Life will not always stretch brightly before us;  
Let us be wise, then, and learn how to be  
All sunny within though no sunshine be o'er us.

That magical secret is simply to live  
Shedding happiness around us as onward we go;  
And one thing is certain, whatever we give  
Increases the treasure we have to bestow.

For a smile does more than a frown,  
And gentle words will win  
The love that beauty or renown  
May fail to gather in.

Dearer than hands which are laden with gold  
Those ever ready a burden to lighten;  
Girlhood is blest if it gladden the old,  
And home with its innocent gaily brighten.

Here is our empire, and here we will reign,  
In mansion or cot be our destiny cast;  
And echoes of youth, like a tender refrain,  
Shall soothe and refresh us long after it's past.

For a smile does more than a frown,  
And gentle words will win  
That love that beauty or renown  
Oft fails to gather in. —S. E. G.

He is rich who has enough to be generous and just.