

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

moments, thinking deeply. Believe me he said at length, 'I much appreciate your kindness of heart in this matter, and I fully agree you. Carina ought to make her home with you now. She seems cold to me; but that may be the result of our having lived apart so long. There could scarcely be any foundation for your thought, surely. I had fancied that Lord Halsborough has been in favor of the last few days. As I cannot join in the dancing tonight, I will see if Carina will tell me anything. She will sit out two or three for the sake of old time, I am sure.'

'They were sitting in a quiet corner of the terrace, almost surrounded by tall flowering plants and roses which climbed everywhere, making the air sweet with their perfume.

Sartoris had put his name down for three dances in succession after the supper, and Carina had looked at him for a moment in amused wonder as he returned her programme.

'One is a square, Denzil. Will you really give me so much time?' 'It is for you to decide that, child,' he said affectionately. 'I cannot dance, and Halsborough will want to shoot me. I will yield to him only if you wish it.'

She turned aside, ostensibly to arrange some lace on her dress, and her voice trembled slightly when she answered.

'I do not wish. You shall have as many as you please.'

All her bright esprit, her quick wit, and ready repartee deserted her when she was with the man she had loved for years with a fidelity that had never swerved for an instant.

She could laugh and parry with an old diplomatist in a manner that would win his warmest approval; there was not a man in the room with the exception of Denzil Sartoris, to whose lightest remark she would not have given a sparkling answer.

With him she stood almost silent until claimed by an eager partner.

When the time came for the dances, Denzil led her to the sets which he had reserved by a little re-arrangement of the palms.

Very gentle and kindly he talked for some time of her travels, asking her finally if she wished to continue them, now that Mrs Ogilvie was going to marry an old friend, and settle down in a Norfolk rectory.

'Why not?' said Carina quietly, after thinking for a few moments. 'There is not one to whom I really owe any allegiance—no one who wants me. My aunt Knowles has a pretty way of saying so; but Sir Granby and my cousin Mark absorb most of her time.'

'And amongst the crowd of your worshippers, little one,' he said presently, slipping into the old phrase that she loved better than any other, 'is there no one to whom you are going to give a practical demonstration of Paradise here below?—not even Halsborough? He seems to understand you better than most.'

'Amongst the crowd of my worshippers,' she repeated with a shrug of her shoulders, 'since you put it so, there is not one—not even Lord Halsborough, who has cared for me for years. I honor him too much to marry him, with esteem merely to match love.'

He was silent for some time. She leaned back, looking, with grave dark eyes, out at the landscape, the bright light of the full August moon shining with a lustre which made it possible to read almost as clearly as by daylight.

Denzil looked at her, letting his eyes rest on the delicately cut face, thinking what a perfect model it would make for a Psyche.

She was dressed in a white gown, the hardness of the thick, satin relieved by some drapery of old Mechlin lace.

Her throat and shoulders were like ivory, and her long gloves, which she had not replaced, lay in her lap; so beautiful were the arms, that Denzil took the left arm and laid it across his coat sleeve.

'Carina.'

'I am listening.'

'You must pose to me. This hand and arm are so perfect, that I feel a sense of injury in never having had the chance of making them immortal.'

Her face was sad spiritless, in her eyes was the look that old El Ali had noted in the photograph.

'You do not answer, little one,' he said, lifting the slender hand and kissing it softly.

'I will pose for you with pleasure, at any time, Denzil. You are in a complimentary mood to-night.'

'The promise will be claimed, so do not forget it. Now, dear, I am going to talk to you seriously.'

He still held her hand in both his own. 'Turn your face a little this way, child. I cannot see it.'

Involuntarily she laughed as she obeyed but there was no mirth in the sound.

She was thinking of the irony of the situation.

If anyone had seen them, they would assuredly have been taken for a most sentimental pair.

She was in a listless humour, inclined to be scolded, teased, anything, so long as she was not called upon to say any thing.

'I do not like the idea of your wandering about the earth like a restless spirit. You have seen enough to rest for a time now.'

'Why must I rest?' she said dreamily. 'You have your work to do. I have nothing.'

He set his teeth suddenly; then, letting her hand go, he leaned forward and clasped her arm closely.

'Whatever your answer may be to a question I am going to ask you, it is to make no difference between you and me, Carina. Do you hear?'

'I hear.'

'Will you return with me to Rome as my wife?'

If he had only let his real feelings be known to her she would have thrown her-

self into his arms and told him she would follow him round the world.

But he spoke gravely and with self-control, because it was only since he had seen her lately that he had realized she was the one woman he had loved all his life.

His own hard work had prevented him from dwelling upon thoughts of marriage, and he had always expected to hear that Carina was going to wed one of her many adorers.

Their early life together had established the feeling of brother and sister, and it never entered into his thoughts that Carina cared for him otherwise.

When they met again under the same roof the old relations could not be taken up.

He found his little sister, his sympathetic little chum, grown into a beautiful woman, able to hold her own with men whose intellect was well known.

She, on her side, had no reason to think that his views had changed from the day when he declared he should never marry. Thus both were deceived.

Her breath came a little quicker as she watched her, but her facial control was great.

'You are taking pity on my loneliness,' she said at length, and her voice sounded strained. 'Why victimize yourself? I should only be in your way.'

'That,' he returned, smiling, 'is my business. What you have to consider is that in marrying me you sacrifice a high position, which might be yours to-morrow if you choose. A poor working sculptor is no great party.'

'Please do not be sarcastic,' she said listlessly. 'If you really mean this Quixotic thing, I will agree. If you are only jesting I will forget all about it.'

'I am not jesting.'

'Very well.' She laughed suddenly.

'You might praise me for my obedience.'

He took her hand, held them together with one of his, and turned her face to wards him with the other.

'Dear little one, will you try to be happy with me?'

He kissed her very softly.

But she only answered—

'Of course, Denzil.'

When Lady Knowles heard of the engagement she showed a little surprise and much pleasure.

Only to herself did she laugh, and congratulate her own powers of diplomacy.

So they married, and went yachting for a month, until Sartoris, being perfectly strong again, declared he could no longer live in idleness, and took his wife to Rome.

She was charmed with the routine of his artistic life, with his house and spacious studios, more especially with the lovely little country retreat.

He wished to take one very much larger but Carina said he would never find one half so pretty, and declared that she was more than content.

It was the same with everything. She expressed no independent wishes, but thanked him very sweetly for all the presents he continually showered upon her.

The long-cherished ideas for his Scytho and his Psyche were carried out, Carina proving an admirable model of untiring patience.

They were both to generous, to loyal to each other to drift apart.

Moreover, they had the old life to talk over, reminiscences and recollections to discuss; but time went by, and they were no more than firm friends.

Sartoris had achieved further honors, and could well afford to be capricious about his orders.

Had he chosen, he could easily have doubled his income, for commissions poured in upon him; but he never worked for mere wealth, and a bust from his studio had a celebrity which was always justified.

He no longer remained shut up within his walls, accepting invitations for Carina's sake; and she became as famed for her beauty and fascination as he for his genius.

One morning at breakfast, as he was glancing over the Times, Sartoris uttered an exclamation that made Carina look up quickly from her letters.

'Bate Calthrop is dead! Uncommonly like suicide, too! Poor fellow!'

'Dead! How, Denzil?'

'Accidentally shot whilst out with Colonel Luttrell and a party near Inverary. Bate was a wretched sportsman, as you know. He was alone at the time,—and ah! what a woman!'

It seemed that Marguerite, his wife—formerly Marguerite Lascelles—had had a violent quarrel with her husband a week before his death, regarding a certain Russian prince with whom she persisted in making herself notorious.

She had let the house the same day, taking all her valuables and some of the heirlooms, to join the prince at Dover. Nemesis interfered, however.

When he discovered that she was free, the Prince Vroubetskoï declined to fulfil his part of the contract, and his wretched companion, in a fit of rage, managed to empty the contents of a packet of laudanum into his coffee.

She was captured during her flight, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

'Would you care to return to The Hall dear? I must go over for the funeral. The dear old place is mine now. I hope the O'Reillys have stayed on.'

'Could you not have a studio built there? Of course, you will never be happy with out your work,' Carina said, thoughtfully.

'It seems to me that we might live there part of the year. There is a splendid north light in the left wing.'

'Then, if you do not object, little one, we will go. But I will not part with this place. We can change about.'

There was a ball at the Embassy that night, and Carina was looking her loveliest.

She was the queen of the rooms, and received so much homage that Denzil told her, laughingly, he was out of it altogether and would have to look to his shooting and fencing.

Lord Halsborough, who was staying in

Talked into taking cheap washing powders in the belief that they are equal to PEARLINE! Grocers who want to work off unsalable goods; peddlers, prize-givers, etc., all say "This is just as good," "much cheaper," "same thing." Don't be deceived. The most effective, most economical, best made, is Pearline, unequaled

oms, and with her several times, and she said to her boldly, 'You are not happy.' She smiled, and said— 'Nonsense.'

But the knowledge that he loved her so well as to divine the truth filled her with fresh despair.

When they reached home, she dismissed her maid, and threw herself on a bed in her dressing room with a low despair.

'Denzil, Denzil! Will never love darling, as I love you?'

She leaned her head on the cushion trying to stifle the sobs that were rising her throat, but her grief had been so pent up that it refused to be restrained and her self-control gave way.

How long she lay there sobbing wildly she never knew.

Denzil, remembering a message from the wife of the Ambassador, went in search of her, fearing he might forget it in the morning.

Hearing such intense grief, he entered without knocking, his own face growing white with fear, and called her gently.

She started up, making violent efforts to recover herself.

'My poor little one! Is it so hard? he said, as tenderly as one could to a child, sitting down beside her, and drawing her to him. 'Tell me, Carina, tell me what is in your heart. Do not fear. If I am your husband, I am also your best friend.'

He stroked her hair softly, and rested her head on his shoulder with such infinite sympathy that her tears came afresh.

'Is it Halsborough, after all? I have always thought that you cared for him. Was there ever a quarrel? Your happiness is the only thing I care for, remember. Tell me, little one.'

'Lord Halsborough!'

With a startled cry, she flung her head back and stared at him.

In that sudden, unguarded moment all her love and longing shone out in her face.

Each looked straight into the other's very soul, with a strained intensity; then the mist rolled away from their understanding, and Denzil's eyes flashed.

'Oh my darling! My darling, is it I?'

She was in his arms, clinging to him, as he pressed his lips to her with a passion too deep for words.

The minutes passed, but he only held her closer, and Carina was too happy to wish to move.

'Answer,' he said presently, 'my dearer—dearer than all the world!'

'Ah!' she murmured, with a little catch of breath, 'what is there to say? I have loved you, Denzil, all my life—you only!'

Landlady (threateningly) — I'll give you a piece of my mind one of these days if you're not careful.

Boarder—I fancy I can stand it if it isn't any bigger than the piece of pie you gave me.

She—When I go to get an ice cream I generally get three. He—Why is that? She—Well, I first take the flavor I ordered last, and then I go back and then I go back and take the ones I changed my mind about.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called. —How do you know you didn't leave it at the first place? Jack— Because that's where I got it.

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Sunday Reading. Pastoral Visiting.

Being present recently at a meeting of presbytery where a pastoral relation was dissolved, we enquired of an elder of the church the real cause of the dissolution, and heard an unusual story of unfairness. The young minister during a pastorate of several years had never been in many of the homes of his people and had persistently neglected to visit even the sick and afflicted. The elders had advised and admonished him and had offered to go with him but in vain. He was well liked as a preacher and a man, but his failure to meet the people in their homes and to minister to them in their need alienated them and made a change in the pastorate necessary. More recently still a similar case was brought to our notice in which a long pastorate was terminated, not through lack of preaching ability, but through pastoral negligence. It seems almost incredible that a pastor should so far fail in his pastoral duties as never to visit many of his families, and even to neglect the afflicted. One wonders what can be the views of the ministry held by a pastor who so signally and apparently so wittily fails in the discharge of its duties. It is not believed that there are many pastors who are so neglectful or deficient in this part of their service, but it is well for all pastors at times to examine themselves in this respect.

Pastoral visiting is a full half of the minister's service. His preaching, of course, is a vital part of his work, and he should not neglect this. Good sermons full of interesting and helpful truth are the first and a constant demand made on the minister, and he should endeavor to make the week or rather his whole life, head towards, and culminate in the pulpit every Sabbath. Yet preaching will in a large degree fail of its purpose unless it is backed up with pastoral visiting. Only a preacher of genius can hold his place without visiting his people; and even he would be stronger and more helpful if he would keep in personal touch with them. A visit to the home of a family brings the pastor into sympathetic and vital relations with its members as no sermon can. The personal hand clasp and presence and conversation knit the pastor and people together in familiar acquaintance and fellowship. A word spoken in such circumstances on spiritual matters, a prayer, or a personal appeal, is far more effective than when spoken from the pulpit. Even if religion is not mentioned, yet a cheery visit from the pastor puts him in better relations with a family and also tones it up spiritually, for his presence is suggestive of divine things and right living. Affliction specially calls for the pastor, and it is then that he can minister most helpfully to a family and bind it to himself with the strongest ties. Every pastor can trace the results of his pastoral visiting during the week the next Sabbath morning in his congregation; all the families visited are sure to be represented; some of them may have been habitually absent for weeks or months, but a pastoral visit always brings them out.

It is true that pastoral visiting is a heavy tax on the time of the studious and busy pastor and it is also distasteful to some ministers of a retiring disposition; yet it is a duty that demands its full share of time and it can be cultivated so as to become an agreeable part of the minister's life. The minister makes a mistake who spends too much of his time in study, absorbed in his books or moping all week over his sermons. Let him spend half his time in the study and the other half in the open air and in the world in sympathetic and cheerful intercourse with men and especially with his own people and his sermons will be better held on his people will

be stronger and his ministry to them will in every way be more useful.—

Church Gossip

The vexed question of ecclesiastical precedence is coming up again in connection with the arrangements for the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York. It takes an uncommon deal of teaching to make some people understand that in Canada there is no State church, and that the general superintendent of the Methodist church, or the Moderator of the Presbyterian church, or the chief officer of any other ecclesiastical dignitary. It is a petty business but not altogether unimportant.

The delegates from Canada elected to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to be held in London England, this fall, are:— Rev. William Briggs, Toronto; Rev. John Potts, D. D., Toronto; Rev. J. V. Smith, D. D. Toronto; Rev. Prof. J. C. Antiff, D. D., Kingston; Rev. J. Hazelwood, Hamilton; Rev. John Wakefield, D. D. Dundas; Rev. Chancellor N. Burwash, D. D. Toronto; Rev. W. J. Crothers, D. D., Belleville; Rev. Prof. W. W. I. Shaw, D. D., I. L. D., Montreal; Rev. S. P. Rose, D. D. Ottawa; Rev. W. H. Hearty, D. D., Halifax, N. S.; Rev. Prof. Charles Stewart, D. D., Sackville N. B.; Mr. Chester D. Massey, Toronto; Mr. H. L. Lovering, Coldwater; Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Stratford; Mr. Joseph Gibson, Ingersoll; Mr. William Johnson, Belleville; Mr. W. H. Lambly, Inverness; Rev. Hon. S. A. Chesley, Ludenburg, N. S. Mr. J. R. Inca, L. L. D., Fredericton, N. B.; Mr. David Spencer, Victoria, B. C.

In commenting upon Lord Mountstephen's gift to a Presbyterian church in Scotland, The Westminster says: 'Now Lord Mountstephen made all his money in Canada, and he is a Presbyterian whose interest in ministerial support is illustrated in his recent gift to the Church of Scotland. Is it too much to expect that men of large wealth should give largely for the missionary work of the church in the country to which they owe their success? We do not hesitate to say that half of £40,000 if given to the Augmentation Committee of the Presbyterian church in Canada for the strengthening of pioneer congregations and the development of mission work between Newfoundland and the Yukon, would accomplish more for the Kingdom of God than twice that sum expended for any purpose whatsoever in Britain. The time in Canada is critical and the position strategic, and if anything enduring is to be done it must be done quickly.'

The laundryman is the real shirt waist man.

Sir Richard Cartwright might begin his speech on the census of 1901 with the words, 'Here beginneth the second chapter of Exodus.'

Her Mother—'You must be patient with him.'

The Bride—'Oh, I am. I know it will take time for him to see that he can't have his own way.'

There is not much change in the appearance of the strike situation. On the one hand three thousand more men are out; but on the other hand President Shaffer seems to be losing his temper.

The prorogation of the imperial Parliament to-morrow will deprive the Boers of much aid and encouragement. They will hardly care to prolong a hopeless losing fight, when the distinguished British statesmen who form His Majesty's Opposition are not able to applaud them from the floor of Parliament.

That was a brilliant idea of John Richmond's to have the editor of the London Globe ordered to the bar of the House this afternoon. If he is found guilty of breach of privilege he will be liable to be imprisoned until the end of the session. Luckily for the prisoner at the bar, the session is expected to end to-morrow.

Umbrellas Made No-overed, Repair & Duval 17 Waterloo.