



JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

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REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired —  
My soul oppressed—  
And with desire have I long desired  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain  
In barren ways;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart-oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid  
On mother's breast  
My wearied little head; o'en then I prayed,  
And now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er;  
For, down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

—FATHER RYAN.

[For the TORCH.]

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 5.

DANIEL DERONDA.

Deronda pondered gravely on the romantic chance that had thrown into his hands the beautiful Mira—*piu bellissima dei fiori*,—and determined to go in search of her neglectful father. It may be remembered that although Daniel D. had the features of the Semetic race, he was distinguished for all the Caucasian graces, and had, indeed, been sufficiently handsome to attract the notice of Gwendolen in the gaming-house at Baden. His first care was, therefore, to assimilate himself in appearance to the children of Israel.

With this view, he omitted to wash his hands and face for several days, and sent his servant out to buy a coat too large for him and trousers too short, together with an embroidered vest of a very loud pattern, and a gilt chain to twine across it in complicated festoons. He also provided himself with a yellow walking-stick, with a crook of the same curve as a Jew's nose, and a blue satin stock a good deal worn, in which he inserted a glass diamond. This, with a great many rings on his fingers, a hat with a dent on the side and greasy rim, and a pair of baggy boots, completed the equipment; and thus equipped, with his hair glistening again with an excess of hair-oil, he set forth on his charitable mission into Jewry.

His first visit was naturally to the pawn shops. First he directed his search to the old clothes department of Houndsditch—the London ghetto—where cast-off garments are bought by the ton, and having been subjected to some wonderful reviving process, are exported to the Colonies as new. Then he explored the lower order of pawn institutions, known as "leaving" shops, where flat-irons and battered tin candlesticks appeared to be the principal articles of deposit. Higher than these were the pawnbroker's proper, magazines of mortgage that seemed to embrace everything, from the sorry tools of the ruined workman to the books and plate stamped with the arms of the rained gentleman. In none of these did he find the person of his search. At last he entered the shop of Cohen & Co., whose narrow doorway was surmounted by the three Lombard balls—the *palle* of the Medici.

Morlecan Cohen was a shiny Jew that reminded one of a brown snake in a dirty bib. With one glance he took in the spurious appearance of Daniel Deronda, and attempted to sell him a piece of jewelry for four pounds that was intrinsically worth two shillings. Deronda asked him if he knew the man he sought. "Perhaps," said Cohen, "if you buy the brooch,—s'elp me Bob of Abram, dirt sheep at the money." Deronda bought it and invited him to partake of a pipe and glass at the sign of the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah."

There they talked of many things of an Israelitish tinge. Cohen affirmed he had once met

Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, in the streets of London. Deronda spoke of Sir Moses Montefiore's efforts to rehabilitate the promised land. Cohen spat on the ground to show his contempt for the noodles who maintain the British nation to be the lost tribes. It ended by Cohen promising to find Mira's father, and Deronda returned to Mira.

She was seated that evening dreamily at the piano, with her cameo-like profile in statuesque relief, and the ends of her voluminous hair curling in the nape of her neck, and had just begun to sing Beethoven's passionate prayer, "*per pietà non dirmi addio*," when the door burst heavily open and a particularly unclean Jew, wearing three hats, staggered into the room.

"Misher Deronda, I'm Misher Lapidoth—house a' mother—O Moshesh," said the intruder.

Mira started up in anguish. "O, papa, you are drunk!" she cried, as she wrung her beautiful hands.

The stranger squared off feebly at the candles with a fatuous smile, and remarked: "Fite 'm for ninnepence—clo—ole clo"; and then collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"This is dreadful," said Deronda, "but I have restored dear Mira her father."

GEORGE ELIOT.

A PLUCKY WOMAN PREVENTS A BURG-LARY.

On the night of the 12th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. W. Kidd, a New York merchant, was about retiring when she heard a noise in an adjoining room, and on going into the hallway met a burglar with a seven shooter, which he pointed at her head and threatened to shoot her if she gave any alarm.

Mrs. Kidd grappled with him and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. Finding that he was foiled he escaped through the front door.

Detective Murphy subsequently arrested him and Judge Gildersleeve sentenced him to fifteen years in the States Prison.

Ye burglar didn't find that Kidd-napping.

The man who leaves two-thirds of his cigar in a dark nook in the front door stoop when he goes in to see his girl, will make a thrifty husband.—*Herald*, N. Y.