

In Memory's Twilight

By James Whitehill Riley.

Beyond the purple, busy trees, Beyond the purple, busy trees...

MOONDYNE!

ALICE WALMSLEY.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

MISERERE!

O, Spirits of Unrest and pain,

grieve for the sorrow dealt to you...

REMOVAL!

LUMBER AND COAL.

WE HAVE REMOVED to Con-

necticut Street, where we are

preparing to furnish everything in our

lines cheaper than ever, such as

Shingles, Slatting, Pine of all kinds,

Laths, Planks, Lime, Brick and all

other Building materials. We intend

to keep on hand a full supply of

Hard and Soft Coal, which we will

sell at the lowest rates. Give us a call.

Telephone communication.

Barrett & Champion.

Charlotte, Aug. 2, 1893-3m

TELEPHONE COMPANY OF P. E. ISLAND.

TOLL LINE STATIONS.

WESTERN STATIONS.

EASTERN STATIONS.

Charlotte, Hants River, New Glasgow,

St. John's, Lunenburg, Pictou,

Truro, Antigonish, Miramichi,

Moncton, Riverview, Sackville,

St. John's, Miramichi, Riverview,

Sackville, St. John's, Miramichi,

Riverview, Sackville, St. John's,

Miramichi, Riverview, Sackville,

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My life is in ruin—nothing can now

increase the burden. If I speak,

others will stand before me, and

she will be brought to the gallows.

She was wretched before she became

guilty. Let me undergo—let me

never see the face of one who knew

me, to remind me of the past. Be-

between freedom and memory, and in-

terface in solitary confinement—

I choose the latter.

These thoughts never became

words in Alice's mind; but this was

the mental process which resulted in

her silence in the dock. The trial

showed she was found guilty. Then

came the solitude and silence of the

great prison.

Four white walls, a stone floor, a

black iron door, a heavily barred

window, through which she looked

up at the moon and stars at night,

and enclosed within these walls, a

young and beautiful girl, a tender

heart that never throbbled with a

lustful desire, a conscience so sensitive

and a mind so pure that angels might

have looked down upon her.

Shall not this prisoner find peace

in solitude, and golden sermons in

the waves of pain?

She had been one day and night in

Millbank. The severe matron or

warden of the prison, for she was

in the cell door in the morning, and

held her two books, a Bible and pray-

er-book.

The window of the cell, outside

the bars, was open. Without

word to the warden, the prisoner

threw the books out of the open win-

dow.

'They are not true; I shall pray no

more,' she said, not fiercely, but

firmly, as they fell into the yard with

the books. She sat on a stool, and

she was reported to the authorities.

They sent the Bible reader to pray

with her in the cell, according to the

rule laid down for the convict prisons;

but she remained silent. They pun-

ished her for the 'dreadful' words

'murder' was printed on her door

card; they shut her up in a dark cell

for days and weeks, till her eyes dilated

and body shrank under the meagre

food. Remember, a few days before

she was a simple, God-fearing

country girl. Neither prayer nor

punishment could bring her into re-

pentance, but only deepened the ear-

nestness of her daily answer:

'I shall pray no more.'

Her case was brought before the

Chief Director, Sir Joshua Hobbs.

This disciplinarian visited her dark

cell, and with a harsh 'Ho, there!

flash of anger, she said, 'I have

nothing to say to you. I am a

prisoner, and I shall remain so.

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in grief. She had tried to reason it

away, but in vain. God, who had

tormented her, allowed her torture,

had held her fast for ransom.

While she was wronged before Him,

He held a hostage for her silence.

How should she answer this dying

woman's question?

She talked from the ward straight

to the matron's office, and asked to

be sent in the cells—she could work

no more in the hospital.

Expatriation, argument, threats,

had no effect on her determination.

Her resolution troubled every one in

the hospital, for her services were

highly prized. But she had settled

the question. The mind may delay

in solving a problem, but the soul's

solution is instantaneous and unalter-

able. She was sent to the cell.

II.

A FLOWER IN THE CELL.

Five years of silent imprisonment

had passed over Alice Walmsley—

years of daily and hourly change and

excitement in the outer world. Five

years in solitary confinement are only

one day, one day of dreary monotony

repeated one thousand eight hundred

and twenty-five times.

Take a starving beggar from the

street, seat him at your table, and

tell him that he shall have food and

money if he will turn his plate face

downward, and return it face upward,

and twenty-five times—and the hungry

will drop from exhaustion, and will

run from your house with curses.

The solitary prisoner turns the same

number of days with harrowing wear-

iness a thousand times multiplied in

five years. The days and nights of

those years had passed like a black

and white vibration over Alice

Walmsley's life. They had brought

little change to the outward eye; and

the inward change was only a settle-

ment of the elements of doubt and

despair into a solid deposit in her

heart.

No friends had visited her. When

her mother died, there was left no

living relative. She had no love or

attraction beyond her cell—beyond

the bars. Every wish keeping had

been taken from her. Some lesser

bonds she since had un-

derstood herself. Why should any

happy thing be united to one so for-

lorn and wretched as she?

For God's pleasure she was under-

going this torture—so they told her.

She had been given life, and she had

loved to live it—but when the summer

of her life had come, she was

dragged to the wall, and she was

PRODUCE

We are again prepared to handle com-

modities either by consign or in lots

Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Apples,

Butter, Eggs, Pork, Oysters.

Onions, Apples, Butter, Eggs, Pork,

Oysters, Turnips, Potatoes.

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