IV.—CONTINUED.

The dead silence which fell between us seemed to me to stretch out with an expression of its own—a cry of anguish to herfabsent lover. I could see him standing before me, saying in his ten-ler, manly voice, "Keep her for me, Agnes!" In an instant his desolate future rose before me, and for a moment I dared not trust myself to speak, but knelt down, taking her cold little hands in mine.

"Leonor," I said, very gently, "when Roger went away he left me a solemn trust—it was to keep you for him."
She smiled, stroking my cheek with her hand—the hand weighted with Olga's ring.
"You cannot, dear," she answered. "Besides, I am not worth it. If Roger came back, he would not love me. How can we fight destiny? I am carried on by it. I cannot resist it."
The ungodly reasoning of this man already working!
"And you love him?" Ghosts.

Is there such a thing in Canada as behief in ghosts? Have our young people sufficient imagination and are any of them so little scientific as to have a tremulous feeling when they walk through a forest-at midnight or go into a c flar when the household is wrapt in sleep? We scarcely think that such fears are known, at least they are seldom if ever confessed. Indeed, even in the old lands all such ideas and feelings are dying fast out, if they are not a ready entirely gone. Ohosts, witches, fairies, and what not, have all ceased to exist in the estimation of the children of many to whom there beings were them ast formit lable of all possible realities. No house with us is old enough to have we rit traditions about it. None of our people are of such a temperament as to keep up such traditions even thought they had existed. Everything is cold dead, matter of fact materialism, and all such old beliefs are dismissed with summary contempt as super-titions. Is the change in every respect an improvement? We very much doubt if it is. The world is no longer peopled with curious spiritual beings of diver e characters. The ignorant grin at everything in stabil unabelief. The intelligent have nothing, but cold glead uniyelding natural laws, about which to speak and to whose operations to ascribe all phenomena. The wild ignorant imaginings of other days have disappeared. Are the people improved by what has taken their place? In some respects they are. In others we suspect, they are in the Ghosts and fairies and such like are gone, but wish them has also gone in a vast number of cases, any sense of the spiritual and the unseen. In many more we fear, tiod Hunself has become a name and nothing cise—a mere word to feather an oath of righten a child. It is no matter for regret that the false should lisappear, however picturesque may have been its surroundings. But what if a good deal university of the spiritual sist fooderies that are also taken the same time take their departure? The ghost stories of other days were atr

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IN LOVE'S ECLIPSE.

When death—the dreadful shadow of the earth—Rests on the mortal face of Love's twin str, rests on the mortal face of Love's twin str, and the shadow bar could shut him off forever in his dearth; He turns within, and lo! a shy, new birth, A spark of light from rear, or from sfar, Pierces the darkness still, a fary car, It lifts him into light more wender-worth. Sal love! bewall not the' you be before the shadow of the s

O we elect of sorrow and of love Wino hear for others' weal a double strain, And share the sarptus of love's coatly gain With hearts his presence doth more feebly move count not vone refer a excess too far disslain. The worth of those you the barren pain. The strain of the same pain which was not been a surfaced by the poor who are by God's decree Your pensioners, and fear not, for your part, To harbour love, how dear soe'er he be.

O love that counted, how wile hy thee ! The lord of love can enter where the

LEONOR.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, OCTOBER 4, 1878.

rightly," she added, with a look of remorse.

"It is all right now," I said, feely,
"The man's spell is at an end."

The years have gone since that dreadled sight. The wild fever, which for weeks the properties of the properties of the properties of the country, and she man's final death in his prison, mark that winter as the most terror events gain clearmes at the most terror events gain clearmes. Happile is the country, and she man's final death in his prison, mark that winter as the most terror events gain clearmes at the most terror events gain clearmes. Happile is the consciousness of the details of a daily life, the worst was over, and back to life, the worst was over, and the philosophy of an American town the philosophy of an American town the philosophy of an American town the prison, mark that winter as one. She seemed to have forgotten her disloyality to him. It passed have went as came to the head of the prison, mark that winter as one. She seemed to know no confort except in his presence; but it was in Rome, among new determined the prison, mark that winter and the prison of the plate of the prison of the pl

noticing me in any way. Once alone, I nervously fore open Rogoe's letter.

Duez Agense, 'it man, ''il is be within the common of the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually to remain the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the common was illited out of he remained the plant residually the remained the rema

HAWKINS & KELLS,

The Dangers of Violet Powder.

GURRENT JESTS.

TO be Takeen when Orse in the Human.

The reas is in which the present the property of the transport of the t

with the simple look of a child within them.

"As utterly as any woman ever loved on earth!"

She passed her han! across her brow in perplexity.

"Well, it is not the same now, certainly. By you know, Agnes, when Mr. Lemark spoke to me of it, I said 'Yes' to him, and my voice sounded strange and unnatural? When I talk to him sometimes, I feel inclined to ask myself, 'Is this Leonor Newton?' I say things! I never thought of before. There come moments when I feel driven—impelled on by some force I cannot resist, yet which I do not understand."

She rose, and I felt her shudder painfully. Oh, if only Roger could return! How could! I speak of my vague, foolish-seeming fears!—my feeling, instructive, yet no less sure, that in some way Olga Herninide's life cast a shadow across Leonor's; that in some way this man who had forced her to promise herse! marriag, to him, was connected with Olea spast?

She left me presently, and before I slept I had vented my desp-rate feelings in a detailed letter to Roger. The morning mail also carried a note to him in Leonor's hand. "I am at the gardener's house. "My our come at once?"

I searcely know how I found myself, carelessly cloaked and hooded, walking down the garden-path. But one thought filled me. Every leeling of dread or pain merged into the one great thought that Roger was come home! I pushed open good Mrs. Larkin's door. The sitting-room fire burned brightly: the clock ticked away with regular indifference to fate or circumstance. No one seemed about, but, as I stood irresolutely on the threshold, my name was called—Roger stood before me! For an instant I gave way to foolish weeping—the teasion had been too strong. Roger stood in sympathing silence for a moment before speaking, and, oh, how gratefully the sound of his voice felt upon my cars!

"My dear Agnes," he was saying, hurriedly, "your letters and Leonor's, announcing this engagement, came together; hers was one little line of farewell; yours, thank Heaven! was in detail, and from it I learned how to trace this man's career!

He stopped, and I implored him tago on. He took my hand, looking searchingly into my face.

"Agnes," he said, quickly, "there is no

CURRENT JESTS.

The Bells! The Bells!