

INSPECTION OF 65th BATTALION, MONTREAL, JUNE 29.

"Was ever man so hard to convince? Why, Will, I love you now with all my heart; and I believe," she added, with a little break in her voice, "I believe I have loved you all my life and did not know it."

They were amazed at the rapidity with which the Squire recovered his lost strength. From that day he became a new man, and in less than a month's time was able to journey to the sunny south to establish the cure love had wrought. Husband and wife took the journey alone. There never was much said about it, but it very gradually began to dawn upon them that it would be better so; nay, that though grateful to those who had so loved and cherished them, the time had come for them to be alone.

Some months later, in the bright spring month which was to witness the bridal of Sybil and her brave soldier, the Squire and his wife returned to their own; and when the Lady Emily saw the bronzed and bearded man, still slender of figure, but straight and lithe and strong, come up the carriage-way, with his wife leaning heavily and proudly on his arm, while the people who loved him rent the air with their hurrahs, she was totally overcome.

"Courage, Emily!" said Rachel, the faithful and true, ready, as of yore, to speak the tender word in season. "God has been very good to us, and to our children. Are they not a noble pair?"

"Ay. I was but thinking how very little I had aided in the formation of my son's character. I owe a great debt, Rachel, to you and yours—a great debt. It is love and happiness which have restored my son, even that I owe to you."

"Hush, here they are!"

And the next moment Evelyn's happy face was hidden on her mother's breast, and the joy of reunion was perfect.

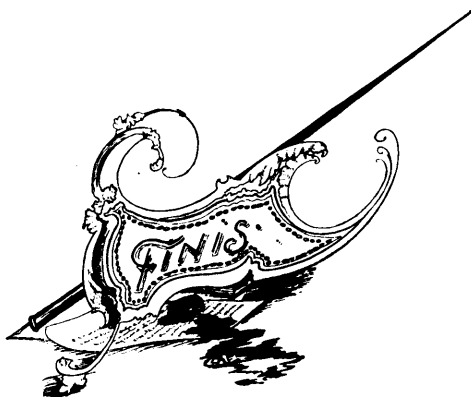
In the midst of that deep, true happiness, however, memory had its place—memory which made

Clement's face at times very grave and sad. It is ever thus. Even in our brightest hours there must be a touch of sadness—since all who live must leave behind a memory-haunted past, fraught with much that is perplexing and full of pain, if only to remind us that we have no continuing city here.

It is ten years since Evelyn became William Ayre's wife—ten happy years—which have revealed to her what life can hold for those who are one in heart and purpose, and who walk together in love.

The Squire's health is not now such as causes any anxiety. He has a fair share of strength and energy—enough to make life and activity pleasant, more than enough to fill his own and other hearts with fervent gratitude.

There is no child in Studleigh, and it is Clement's son, a boy who has all his father's strength of limb and will, who is regarded as the future Squire. But while the boy is a favorite with all, it is still the prayer of many, many hearts that it may be long before he enters on his inheritance, because Studleigh is blessed unspeakably by the wise, beneficent, and loving rule of William Ayre and Evelyn, his wife.



La Grippe in 1803.

The other day we saw an extract from the life of Thomas Campbell, describing his sufferings from influenza when it was an epidemic in England in 1803. Another and a greater poet did not escape. During the greater part of April and May in that year Coleridge was bedridden at Greta hall. "It was the influenza which showed itself" (he writes in a letter which I do not think has been printed), "in the form of rheumatic fever, crippling my loins, but distinguished from it by immediate prostration of strength, confusion of intellect on any attempt to exert it, a tearing cough with constant expectoration, and clammy honey-dew sweats on awakening from my short sleep." Coleridge goes on to say that at one time every soul in his house was confined to bed, and waited on by strangers, and adds: "Many have died of the complaint in and about Keswick, and no one has been quite as well since as before."—*London Academy*.

Carrier Pigeons in the Navy.

A despatch from Halifax, N.S., July 27, says: In a conversation to-day with an officer of the British warship "Bellerophon," a reporter was informed that it was probable that at an early day carrier pigeons would be placed on war ships on this station with a view to ascertaining their usefulness in conveying messages from ships at sea to the shore. An experiment was made at Portsmouth some time ago, and was attended with good results. The pigeons for service on ships will be trained at a homing station to be established at Estny Barracks near Portsmouth.

A PROMINENT PERSONAGE.—Jawkins: Who is that man yonder who goes along with his nose in the air?

Hogg—"So! He's a mighty important personage. His picture and biography are in all the papers."

Jawkins—What has he done?

Hogg—He's the man who was cured of catarrh.—*Judge*.