THE ANGEL OF GOD'S WILL.

At the gate an angel lingers,
(Narrow Gate that leads to Life,)
Bearing in his shining fingers,
Elements of peace and strife.

Elements of bliss or anguish—
Fortunes like a clouded star,
Hopes that blossom, hopes that languish,
In that angel's keeping, are.

And he standeth at the portal,
Standeth veiled and silent, till
Each expectant, anxious mortal,
Comes to claim his good or ill.

Tired feet and faces ever
Meet the angel at the goal,—
For the strife of strong endeavor
Pales the cheek and sinks the soul.

Lighter steps and brighter faces
Leaves the veiled spirit there—
He hath hidden gifts and graces
In the mystic lot they bear.

Some who gather joy and blessing,
(With the cheek and lip a-glow),
Linger not, but onward pressing,
Sing Te Deum as they go.

Others, yea, the meek and lowly,
Hearts that have lived but to brave
Heavy sorrow, burdens holy,
From the cradle to the grave;

Bowing there to painful duty,
With a loving, trustful soul,—
Journey forth in strength and beauty,
For their faith hath made thee whole.

O thou joy akin to heaven!
O thou patient misery!
Both with tend'rest blessing given
From Our Father's treasury;

We shall never cease to wonder
At your strange and potent sway,
Till the skies are rent asunder,
And the earth shall pass away.

In that dread and awful season,
(When the mortal hath no power),
We shall know the hidden reason
Of each glad or darksome hour.

Then the veil will be uplifted,
And our strengthened vision see,
How the holy and the gifted
Bore and bless'd their misery.

And the angel of the portal,
Donor of our joy or care,
In a beauty more than mortal,
Will embrace and crown us there!

PATRICIA:

A STORY OF

A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

ALICE HORLOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you mean to tell me, Patricia, that you would not like to be married and have a house of your own?"

Patricia Carlisle turned round quickly to answer the questioner, her friend, Rose Maynard.

"If I loved some one, and he loved me, I suppose I should wish to wed him; but as to talking of marriage in the abstract as you do, I can not understand it. You speak of getting a husband as I should of choosing a new hat or bonnet."

"But all girls look forward to this, and speculate upon it."

"Do they! More the pity then. And you should not say *all girls*, for certainly I do not," remarked Patricia.

"Oh, but you are so strange—so out of the common run of girls; not a bit like me for instance."

Her friend smiled a little sadly as she responded:

"True, Rose, I am an odd specimen I know; but remember what my past has been. Your life up till now might be compared to a velvet cushion, warm, soft, well wadded, while mine has borne more resemblance to a worn out horse-hair chair, hard and prickly."

A laugh followed this speech, and Mrs. Maynard (Rose's mother) said kindly:

"Well, my dear, there is not much that is hard or prickly in your present life at the Abbey."

"No, I am very happy now, thanks to dear uncle."

"Lawrence is coming home I hear. When is he expected to arrive?"

"Next month, I believe."

"You do not seem overjoyed," said Mrs. Maynard, looking keenly at Patricia's downcast face.

"Well no; to tell you the truth I am sorry he is coming; I never get on with young men."

"Not so very young—let me see—Lawrence Hazeland must be now thirty. I am a distant cousin of his mother. He was like her—a very handsome youth—I remember, before he went abroad. Why, Patricia, what a chance for you there; a man comparatively young, very good looking, and heir to the Abbey."

"That is not so certain," quickly put in Patricia.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Maynard, with marked emphasis.

Patricia had spoken without forethought, merely because she was vexed at the flippant remark just made; but long after that speech of hers was brought back to her memory to be bitterly regretted.

"If it were not that we are going into Yorkshire next month, I suppose you and Rose would be having a battle royal over who would win this eligible visitor? Now, Patricia, don't look at me like that; you know I am only teasing you," continued Mrs. Maynard, for a look of pain had passed over Patricia's expressive face.

"Rose is quite welcome to have him; there will be time enough to win him when she returns. I don't think there is any fear of his taking a fancy to this plain face of mine," answered Patricia, as she glanced at the bright beauty of Rose Maynard, sitting there listening with a mischievous smile on her pretty lips.

Mrs. Maynard regarded her daughter with pardonable pride. Rose was exquisitely fair, a flush on her cheeks of the faintest rose color, hazel eyes, large and soft, with the well arched brows above, and rich brown shining waves of hair, made her a very beautiful girl.

Patricia Carlisle had only one gift, only one feature in her pale, little face to redeem it from plainness—this was a pair of singularly beautiful eyes; beautiful, not so much for their shape or color, though both were good, but for the peculiarly sweet expression which dwelt in them. They were of a clear, steel-gray hue, shaded by long black lashes; the true Irish eye which no Saxon ever possesses. But when Patricia was not looking at you there was nothing to be remarked in her appearance, for you only saw a girl of small, slight stature, with a quiet colorless face. Patricia, rising, held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Maynard, I must go now; it is getting late."

"Can you not stay and spend the evening with us?" asked Rose, hospitably.

"Oh no, thank you! Uncle would be expecting me home; he does not like me to remain long from him," said Patricia.

"He is very fond of you," was Mrs. Maynard's reply.

"Indeed he is; and I don't half deserve his goodness. No father could be kinder to me," and Patricia's eyes were filled with tears as she walked away.

Over the fields she went, with quick, light steps; not hesitating at the stiles, formidable obstacles as some of them were, but crossing them deftly and springing to the ground. At the last stile there was a view of the "Abbey" through the trees; and leaning her arms on the top rail she stood gazing at it, meditatively.

It was a fine old mansion, which once had been a conventual establishment of great note and much wealth. Cowled recluses had solemnly trod the broad walks, and intoned their Vespers and Compline in the richly ornamented chapel. But the thought of their treasures exciting the greedy mind of Henry VIII, he had found it convenient (for *conscientious* reasons of course) to dissolve the monastery, and send forth its inhabitants into the wide world, to find another home as best they could. The house with its broad lands, passed to one of the King's favorites, and in the course of years became the property of the Hazeland family, a descendant of which race was its present possessor.

Passing through various hands it suffered many changes. Much modern masonry had been added to the ancient building; the chapel had fallen into disuse, its altar and statues removed; only its name remained, the burial ground had been overlaid by a velvet lawn, where one or two peacocks displayed their gorgeous plumage, and from the lapse of time since the alterations, the site of this, as of other portions of the monastery, was uncertain; but the porch and part of the original front wall, curiously carved in the stone, still remained. Inside the abbey, the ancient cloisters, save for the larger windows and the orange trees, and other flowers in large pots which stood there, looked much the same as when the monks of the stern and rigid Premonstratensian Order were wont to pace up and down its paved floor. The dining room had been the monastic refectory, and its high fire-place and oak-paneled walls were rich in quaint carving. The brass dogs for supporting logs of wood still remained upon the hearth. Now portions of ancient armor were hung on the walls, coupled with old pictures; and antique medallions, mirrors, with other rare and curious articles, adorned the room. On the floor was a thick, rich carpet, while sundry rugs of various kinds were scattered about.

The monk's cells down the long corridor had been transformed into apartments for servants; for all the best chambers were of modern construction, except Mr. Hazeland's own, which still bore the name of "the abbot's room," and contained an ample library of rare antique books, some of richly illuminated manuscript.

Patricia, after her survey, which was a long and loving one, for she was deeply attached to the old house, walked up the winding road, and passed through an iron gate into the fine avenue bordered on each side by wych elms. As she drew near, she saw Mr. Hazeland standing in the porch shading his eyes from the sun's glare by a white, thin hand. He was evidently looking for her coming. As he stood there, with his tall, bent form and aristocratic bearing, he looked every inch a gentleman. Patricia ran up to him.

"Were you thinking I was long away?" she asked.

The old man regarded her affectionately.

"I was getting dull, dear, without you, and wondered when my little Pat was coming home," he replied; and drawing her hand fondly through his arm, they went into the house.

CHAPTER II.

Patricia Carlisle was the adopted daughter of Mr. Hazeland. He had taken the forlorn creature of fifteen years from her dead mother's side to his own home. There she had found the peace and happiness which had been denied to her childhood, for her father was a thoroughly bad man, profligate and dissipated, and it was a sad day for Isabel Moore (her mother) when she fell in love with him. Her family had renounced her from the time of her elopement with Lieutenant Carlisle, and declined to take any notice of the unfortunate child, who, seeing her gentle mother slowly sinking under her father's bad conduct, and the want of common necessaries, suffered the bitter pain of a sensitive nature—too early brought to bear the sorrows of womanhood.

When Mrs. Carlisle died, Geoffrey Hazeland stood by her side.

As her feeble glance rested on her child with a sad yearning gaze, he said, solemnly:

"Before God, Isabel, I promise you that your daughter shall be to me as though she were my own—as she might have been, had things happened differently," and he heaved a heavy sigh.

The mother's eyes thanked him. Worn and faded as she was, those large, soft orbs still kept their beauty. Looking up in his face pleadingly, she murmured:

"Geoffrey, kiss me. Let me feel dying, as I am, the touch of the lips that do love me. There is no one else who cares for me, except my child."

"Your husband, Isabel; you have forgotten him?" answered Mr. Hazeland, as he bent his head kissing her very tenderly. Ah me! what thoughts passed through the man's soul; what memories of the past, as he pressed his lips on the brow of her who was his first and last love through life!

She had been so dear to him, though she had never reciprocated his attachment; and now unappreciated, uncared for by the husband to whom she had given the treasure of her heart, she was passing swiftly from this earth, out of his sight forever—'till they met in Heaven.

Mrs. Carlisle answered his remark:

"Geoffrey! do you think such a man as my husband is, loves me? No, he loves his pleasure, his passions, but his wife—is too great a clog on Alfred Carlisle!"

There was a feverish gleam in the dying woman's face, as having spoken, exhausted by the effort, she sank back on the pillow. Patricia, poor child, ran forward to assist her; and thus, sheltered by her little daughter's slight arms, Mrs. Carlisle's desolate heart ceased to beat and was at rest.

After the funeral was over, Mr. Hazeland very sternly confronted Lieutenant Carlisle, and informed him of his intention to take Patricia, educate, and bring her up as his adopted daughter.

"I presume you have no objection? It was her mother's desire," he said.

"None at all, my dear sir," Lieutenant Carlisle answered lightly. "I shall be very glad if you will take the brat off my hands."

With these feeling words did the father take leave of his only child.

At this cruel speech, Mr. Hazeland put his arm round the trembling girl, and drew her to him.

"She has another protector while I live!" he cried hotly. "The day will surely dawn when you will sigh for the daughter's love you now cast away."

Then without one word more, Mr. Hazeland took Patricia home. From that time to this, six years after, she had never seen her father.

CHAPTER III.

The month passed by, and in the bright June days Lawrence Hazeland arrived at the Abbey. He had been absent from England six years. Now, as he passed by the green pasture lands dotted with cattle, or the beautiful woods of the Abbey estate, he look-with a feeling of keen pleasure over that broad domain, which there seemed no reason to doubt would in time be his own, since Mr. Hazeland had no nearer relative than his nephew.

The carriage had been in waiting for Lawrence at the station, and when the train came slowly puffing into the terminus, Mr. Hazeland came to meet him with outstretched hands.

"How are you Lawrence? After your long absence I am very glad to see you."

"Thanks, uncle; and how do you do?" replied his nephew.

"Pretty well, but I am getting an old man now."

"Oh, not you, sir; there's plenty of life in you yet."

Then they were in the carriage and bowling along the road.

When Lawrence entered the dining room, he looked with some suprise at Patricia, not being aware of her presence in the household. Mr. Hazeland introduced them. A formal bow from his nephew made impulsive Patricia draw back the little hand she had warmly proffered; but Mr. Hazeland said quickly.

"Shake hands with her, Lawrence; I look upon Pat as my own daughter."

Lawrence complied, yet with a very loose clasp of the fingers, as he said, inquiringly;

"Pat! what an odd name for a young lady?"

Pat laughed.

"It is short for Patricia. I was born on St. Patrick's Day. It is only uncle who calls me 'Pat.'"

"Are you a cousin of mine?" asked Lawrence, a shade passing over his face as he spoke. 'Was the girl likely to supplant him?" he wondered.

"No," said Mr. Hazeland: "you two are not related to one another; but she calls me 'uncle' because (as I am a bachelor) she could not well address me as 'father'; and I am much too fond of my little girl to let her call me by the stiff term of Mr. Hazeland!"

Lawrence frowned. Evidently he did not like the adopted daughter, Patricia's sensitive nature felt his coldness, and she retired more closely into her shell. But during the progress of the meal, she often glanced at Lawrence when he was talking to Mr. Hazeland, and so not looking her way.

He was a tall, fair man, with blue eyes and a long brown moustache; his complexion had become sunburnt, but the forehead had become white as ivory.

I do not know where the charm lay in him, but that there was one, all women who once spoke to him confessed. Of easy manners tinged by a slight languor which was not unpleasing, and a good conversationalist. Lawrence was fitted to shine in society; with a certain half tender, half sad way he had of talking to women, made many a foolish heart flutter with the pleasing delusion that this manner must mean "something."

On first sight he had decided that Patricia Carlisle was a little insignificant person—very plain; yet before the week was out, strange to say, he was generally to be found by her side. Many a long walk and ride they had together; in the evenings, he would hang over the piano, singing duets with her, or listening to her own sweet notes, as she poured forth his favorite songs. Though Patricia only possessed a voice of moderate power or compass, she had that rare gift of entering into the feeling of the song she sung, and so her melodies often sent her listeners back into bygone days, causing their hearts to throb again with the passionate sorrow or joy of the past. They brought back memories to Lawrence—strange memories some of them—which he would fain have forgotten, of other women's eyes in foreign lands; and soon, very soon, he perceived in Patricia's own sweet orbs, as she lifted them after some tender ballad to his face, a new expression which had not been there of old, and whose meaning he knew too well—too well!

But as the days went on in her company, Lawrence Hazeland fell in love. He could scarcely realize that it was a fact; that he, for whom many lovely women had vainly striven, who had passed by unscared all the enchanting wiles which beautiful maidens are mistress of, should now surrender his heart to little Pat. She was utterly unconscious of the impression made. As she declared in the opening conversation of this story, she never looked forward to matrimony, and at this time, had no more thought of Lawrence as a possible husband, than she did of the merest stranger who passed by the Abbey gates.

He grew to listen for her light footfall, gliding through the rooms and down the wide staircase; to watch her every movement; to use every art to make her look at him with those beautiful speaking eyes. Her frank sincerity, her childlike unconventionality, her outspoken truth were to him—who had spent much of his time in the society of fashionable ladies, with their many affectations and unrealities—a revelation, a new manifestation of womanhood. It seemed to him that Eve, our first mother, might have looked out on the world in its sinless beauty with eyes as clear and pure as Patricia's own.

The fair garden of her heart, bright with the dew of its first youth, he longed, manlike, to conquer—to possess. At last he spoke of love to her, and roused thus within her an affection which only faded when Patricia's heart, so loyal, so true, ceased to beat.

When the twilight was softly gathering in the old cloisters, Lawrence and Patricia stood watching the last faint glory of the setting sun. Her profile was turned to him, and she was temptingly near. No sound broke the stillness. The sweet scent of the orange flowers floated softly through the dimness. His breath was on her cheek, as he bent down and looked into her eyes.

"My little darling, can you love me? I am very fond of you," he said softly.

Patricia uttered a little startled cry.

Ah! did she know now why she blushed at his coming?—why his voice thrilled her soul!

"Patricia, darling, you have not said you love me. Do you?"

She colored over brow and neck. Raising her frank eyes she said:

"Yes, with all my heart!"

"And you will be my wife?"

"Yes," solemn and low.

Then with a rush of feeling:

"Oh, Lawrence, be kind to me. My mother was a very unhappy wife."

"I will guard your happiness with my life!" he cried ardently.

Ah, vows so passionately breathed from men's hot hearts—so warmly uttered, so *lightly forgotten*. What a goodly array of promises will be revealed at the Judgment Day!

Guilessly she listened to his fond words in all the rapture of first love. No thought crossed her mind of other ears fairer than her own, into which Lawrence Hazeland had breathed just such sweet things as he now whispered to her. It is ever so; the jaded heart of the man woos the girl's love, and she flings down that treasure at his world-worn feet.

"Lawrence, it is quite dark. We must go in," said Patricia's voice at last.

"Yes, I suppose so; but it is a great bore. We have had so little time together."

It was an hour and a half since they had watched the sinking sun, but then love counts not time.

As they entered the drawing-room, Mr. Hazleton awoke from a doze.

"Why," he ejaculated, rubbing his eyes, "it is quite late! You should have awakened me. Little Pat, how red your cheeks are. What have you been doing?"

Like damask roses they glowed now.

Mr. Hazeland glanced at his nephew, and the truth dawned upon him.

"Oh, that's it, is it? I congratulate you, my boy. Pat is a girl in a thousand," he said.

She was in his arms and on his breast.

"Uncle dear, I am so happy," she cried.

"God bless you, my dear! So happy—poor child! Long may you be so," he sighed, while a cloud came over his benevolent face.

It was soon dissipated; for the desire of Geoffrey Hazeland's heart was to see Patricia the mistress of the Abbey, and the heir's wife.

CHAPTER IV.

In a dreamlike joy passed the days then with Patricia. It is very sweet to be loved; and while the glamor lasts and the idol remains unfallen there is nothing so like a gleam of heaven. What walks those were through the fields in the July sunshine, with the perfume of wild roses scenting the breeze! What rambles in the cool evenings when the intense heat had passed, and the silver moon was bright above them. Were there ever flowers so sweet and blooming as those Lawrence brought his love in those days? Was there ever a July so glorious, so delightful as this one—such fair days, such soft moonlit nights? To all which questions, had you put them, Patricia would have answered; "Never!" and firmly believed that she only spoke the truth.

It was her first experience of "Love's young dream," while Lawrence was an ardent, devoted lover, so in the delight of her new life Patricia was wonderfully happy.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose came back. At a *fete* given in the neighborhood, Lawrence met the latter. Mrs. Maynard claimed Lawrence Hazeland's acquaintance as she was a distant relation of his mother. She introduced him to her daughter, and was pleased to see them pair off together.

Rose Maynard was most becomingly dressed in pale blue; it suited well her fair beauty. She danced to perfection, and presently was gliding round the room with Lawrence Hazeland, while Patricia watched them from afar. To-night Rose Maynard's beauty struck like a pain upon her heart. She saw her lover's gaze fastened on the radiant, laughing face, as the two rested after their first dance. Rose's hazel eyes glanced, her red lips curved; for was not her partner the heir to the Abbey estate? Patricia clasped her small hands nervously, and shivered as with cold.

"Is Rose cutting you out, my dear?" jestingly asked Mrs. Maynard, who approached her unperceived. Patricia knew she was not aware of the engagement existing between her and Lawrence.

"What a handsome man Lawrence Hazeland is," she said, "and how he waltzes! I should like him very much for a son-in-law. Would you have any objection, Patricia?"

Patricia tried to smile while giving some light reply, but her heart felt sick within her; the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand was rising upon her soul's horizon, and she was not one of those women who can deftly hide their pain. Mrs. Maynard seeing her distress, said to herself: "Patricia is in love with him," and she had good feeling enough to intend changing the subject, but at that moment one of the stewards of the Cricket Club, whose *fete* this was, came to ask Mrs. Maynard to partake of the refreshments which had been prepared for the dowager guests, whose presence on such occasions is so necessary; and as a faithful chronicler of this day's doings we must tell how many mothers and chaperones looked with anxiety as to where the neighboring "eligibles" would fix their matrimonial intentions.

Lawrence danced twice, thrice, with Rose Maynard. Her beauty pleased his artistic senses; then she had those soft coaxing ways which go at once to a man's heart and captivate him in a subtle snare.

To give Rose her due, had she known her friend was engaged to Lawrence, I do not believe she would ever have flirted with him, but ignorant of this, she did her best to win the heir to the Abbey and its broad lands. She thought of her position as mistress there: but before that, for her heart thoug not deep was loving, she thought of this handsome, attractive man as her lover, and the fancy was very sweet.

"Little one," said Lawrence's voice, "how quiet you are to-night."

Patricia lifted her face, a tremulous quiver about the lips. She had crept into the conservatory in order to avoid seeing her lover's eyes admiringly on another's face.

"You have not wanted me Lawrence; you have been enjoying yourself very much, I know."

There was a sad, desolate ring in her low voice, but he did not notice it.

"Well, yes; the evening has been decidedly jolly. And as you will not dance, I was very glad to secure such a nice partner as Miss Maynard," he said.

"She is very pretty, Lawrence!"

"Oh, by Jove she is! I don't think I ever saw a lovelier girl; and she waltzes divinely."

Pat's look fell; she turned away.

"Patricia," asked he, "what is the matter? Tears, dear! Why, my little girl is not jealous, is she?"

He went towards her with quick remorse, whispering: "Dearest, you are more to me than the loveliest woman that ever lived." with other light remarks which soothed poor foolish Pat, and sent her home with gladness again in her young heart, upbraiding herself for being so envious of Rose's beauty, so silly to think Lawrence, her plighted lover, could care for any one but herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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JAMES CURTIS,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Queen's County, } ja 16
12th January, 1889.
Edward Bayfield Plaintiff, } si
Attorney.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. Out box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

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LONDON HOUSE,

For Useful Christmas Presents.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS (Plain and Hem-stitched), FANCY BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS, WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Wool Clouds, Fascinators, Hoods, Jerseys, Cardigan Jackets, Astrakan Mitts and Gloves, Kid Mitts.

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Clothing Store. | Street, CH'TOWN, JANUARY 23, 1889.

We beg to inform the public that we have

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To our New and Commodious Premises in the

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Where we will be most happy to have our customers and the public come and examine our large and varied stock.

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New Dry Goods in Great variety; best value in the Province.

Millinery.—New Hats and Bonnets, fashionable and select. Trimmings new and beautiful. Work tastefully done at short notice.

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Tea, Tea, Tea.—Cannot fail to please; will put against anything in this country.

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Please remember that in each line we have a larger stock than many who keep only single lines. We are bound to be foremost.

BUTTER, EGGS, WOOL, &c., always bought, and highest cash price paid.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

Kensington, June 13, 1888.

JOHN S. MACDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE:
Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.
Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

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