darkness in which all were crowded together in the tent concealed them from observation: and both felt, without a word, that as yet they must not betray themselves.

they must not betray themselvos.

Magdalen was dressed in a fantastic garb of crimson petticoat and black velvet bodico. that might have been supposed originally Italian, but for fringes of gilt, glittering sequins fastened here and there, which jingled and tinkled as she bont forward now led and tinkled as she bont forward now— not rising, but bowing with a sort of care-less grace in answer to the shufflings and murmurs of curiosity, and some encouraging hand-claps from her little audience in the hand-claps from her little addiction in the twilight tent. Her eyes gleamed so keenly from under a white head-dress, adorned with false jewels, as she gazed forward, that Blyth and Joy felt as if she must see them ! And yet she did not; her gaze wandered restlessly on all around.

Then, with a weary air that she seemed

at no trouble to disguise, the be-tinselled countess took up a mandolin that lay on an old leopard-skin rug at her feet, and carelessly drawing out a prelude from the atrings, began the song two listening there knew so well. "Tara he tara."

"Taza be taza."

Moment by moment, the well-known air and her own voice seemed to excite the singer's feeling, however. The old artistic spirt, only dormant till then, broke forth again. Her eyes flashed; her voice grew clearer and stronger; her whole form took a momentary fire and grace of youth, it almost seemed, for a few fleeting moments, as striking her hand passionately now and again on the wood of the instrument, drawing out deep sounds, and then moving her fingers rapidly up and down the strings in a dreamy, sweet-tinkling, almost laughing accompaniment, Magdalen chanted the old, old, old love-song of Hafaz.

An honest burst of applause drowned the lat notes as they lingeringly died away. Despite the shufflings, hoarse "Brayvo's," violent stamping of umbrellas and thick sticks on the ground, and sucn-like marks of want of refinement in the criticism, it was good, genuine praise. Moment by moment, the well-known air

good, genuine praise.

As such Magdalen felt it, with the quick As such Magdalen left it, with the quick magnetism of relations always established between true orator, actor, or singer and audience, who so greatly influence each other. She bowed and bowed again, and smiled with just such a delighted air as Blyth and Joy remembered so well seeing her wear in the glen—when, hidden in the ner wear in the glen—when, nidden in the bushes, they first saw her sing and dance to an imaginary crowd of spectators. For the moment she belived herself a star, a prima-donna, at the height of her triumphs? The travelling tent was a great theatre ringing with acclamations !

A few moments of gratified silence. Mag-dalen sat amiling as in a dream. Then the noisy calls, clappings, and stamping burst forth again from the crowd, eager for an-other song; the red-faced manager anxiously moved as if to attract the singer's attention, but, thinking better of it, stopped

"Best not, Bill," he muttered, replying to the urgings of his assistant, "this werry particlar star of ours might fly out upon me, you know. A star, he, he! Humph, more like a sky-rocket. The countess is in one

of her humors to night and wants humoring,
I can tell ye. My arm is sore yet."
Hush! Silence! She has begun again.
But it is an old English ballad this time

A north country maid up to London had straye'd, Although with her nature it did not agree; She wept and she sigh'd, and she bitterly cried I wish once again in the North I could be."

So in the simple, well-known words telling of home-sickness, longing, pining for the fresh air, the free life, the love left bethe fresh air, the free life, the love left behind her, of the dear ones away up yonder. What is the matter? The singer's voice has begun to grow fainter, to falter; the sadness of the words is infecting her own heart.

(70 BE CONTINUED.)

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

Except in very rare instances which involve actual wrong doing or very serious injury, every promise should be rigidly kept injury, every promise should be rigidly kept and every resolution scrupulously carried out. Caution and reflection should precede every determination, but should never be suffered a subsequent freedom of interference. When we have once decided, once resolved, once promised, suspense should cease, and the action should be considered virtually done.

OHARLES OHEERYBLE'S OHATS.

PEOPLE WITH A GRIEVANCE WHO ARE NEVER HAPPY WITHOUT ONE—BORES—CHARLES DOESN'T WANT TO BE CLASSED AS ONE.

Did it ever strike you that many people eem to be absolutely miserable unless they have a grievance of some kind or another? It has me, and I'm sure that it is so. Was it Sydney Smith or Douglas Jerrold who said that women were really rather glad than otherwise when their husbands staved out late at nights-because it gave them a grievance? It was one of the two, I feel pretty nearly sure and, at any rate, it is just such a speech as either one of them might hava mada

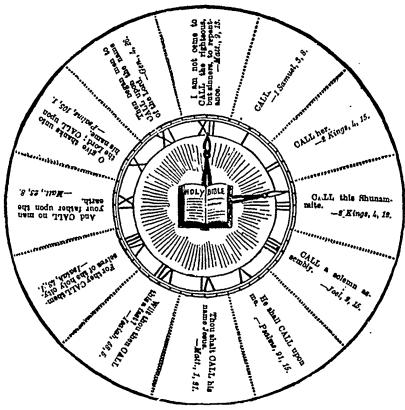
Now, all of us must have met, at some time or another, people who are constantly complaining, either because they are never well themselves or their relations are not, or because they are, or imagine themselves to be, the most unfortunate creatures under the sun, for this, that, or the other reason, and yet these people would feel completely wretched if they had nothing to complain It may be that they are so constituted that the sympathy of others is indispensable to them, and they are, on that account, compelled to pour the tales of their woes and misfortunes into the cars of their friends to obtain that sympathy; but they are none the less nuisances for all that.

If a man forms an appetite, say for strong liquor, and gives way to it to such an extent that it becomes second nature, and then insists on calling on us because he knows we happen to keep a little of the very beat brandy (for medicinal purposes!) in the house and because, out of our good nature, we cannot bear to refuse him when he requests. "nip" thereof, we soon get tired of the visits of such a person, though we may relieve his wants for the time being; but he is no less a bore and a nuisance than those folks who are always ailing or sempiternally falling out with their servants, who peraist in coming to us with faces a yard long and lugubrious tales six times that length, and look to us for sympathy. In nine cases out of ten their woes all arise from their own folly or bad temper, or some such thing. Possibly their troubles are only imaginary after all, but they must have a grievance, and if they can't be unhappy they are not happy at all, their greatest happiness being unhappiness, which sounds uncommonly Emerald Isliah, and is redolent of O's and Macs and praytics!

If you refuse such people your sympathy you only add fuel to the flames, for you then heap a fresh grievance on the already large pile, and make these unfortunato people fairly ecstatic with grief! I merely make mention of this class of folks in the, I fear, vain hope that my remarks may come under the notice of some of them, and be productive of good. I say I am afraid the hope is vain, for, even if this article is read by these people with a grievance, they will never allow that they can possibly be-long to that class. Oh! dear no: your bore is always delightfully, proportions that he long to that class. Oh! dear no: your bore is always delightfully unconscious that he is a bore, though the fact may be as plain as a pikestaff to all who are so unlucky as to be his or her friends. Persons with a to be his or her friends. Ferrons with a grievance are the worst kind of bores—thatis, if they persist in unburdening themselves to others—and they mostly do. They, like all bores, are eminently selfish, and as it is a minor species of sin to be selfish, we must conclude that bores are minor sinners.

Another very objectionable kind of a bore is one who imagines that too much of his proxing and grumbling, when put into print, can be of any interest to his readers, and who insists on going prosing and droning and rambling on till his readers begin to think he is not only a bore but a fool. So, to avoid being included in this class I think I had botter come to a stop at case.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.



ANSWER TO PRIZE OLOOK AND ENIGMA.

Out of the fifty-seven Scriptural Clocks and Solutions of the Enigma sent in a response to the questions in the issue of Troys for March 7th, the above have been selected as most deserving of the prize effered, the winner, Miss Baxter, of Thoroid, having evidently bestowed great pains in the preparation of the prize clock which is given above. "SINAL"

Sarah, Gen., xvii, 16; Ichabod, i Sam., iv, 21; Nahum, Nahum, i, 7; Alexander, Mark, xv, 21 Iahmael, Gen., xvi, 11-12.

Joking the Joker.

Sometimes it is rather a dangerous thing to teach a knowing bird, like a parrot, tricks that involve some other person's discomfort, for these lessons may concent a comerang which will hit back.

A lady in England had a parrot which she taught to wake up her sister, who enshe taught to wake up her sister, who enjoyed morning naps, by flying against her face and shouting, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up!" The parrot learned very quickly, and the lady enjoyed her sister's discomfiture. One morning, however, when she was very sleepy, because she had been up so late the night before, this lady was awakened by a smarting semation at been up so late the night before, this lady was awakened by a smarting sensation at her nose. She brushed her hand across her face two or three times, and then dezed off again, only to be fully awakened a minute again, only to no runy awakened a minute later, to find the parrot pecking vigorously at her nose, which bled profusely, and screaming, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up, Maud!"

The laugh was turned, and this particu-lar trick was henceforth discouraged in that

parrot.

A gentleman owned one of those mischief-A gentleman owned one of those mischief-finders, a magpie. This bird was very fond of shell-fish, so that when his owner placed some pickled cockies in his larder he took special pains to tie parchment firmly over the top of each jar. It was not long, how-ever, before the skin was torn off and some cockies eaten. Nobody could be found who would confess the deed, and the theits were repeated, until the cook, hearing one day a crackling sound in the larder, hurried in to find Mr. Magpie, with the skin off a jar of and Air. Magne, with the skin on a jar of cockles, cating away as fast as he could. This so exasperated the woman that she hurled at the bird a ladle of boiling fat, which she had in her hand, exclaiming, "So it's you, you rareal, that's been at the cockles!"

twas a hard punishment, for all the poor little fellow's feathers came of his scalded head, leaving him bald over ter; and he never forgot the cause of his misfortune, as appeared afterward. In night among some visitors at his ma ster's house was a gentleman with a bald head. The magpie, which had been perches on the edge of a vase, suddenly flew to this gentleman's shoulder, and with his head tipped on one side in quizzical fashion, aqueaked out, "So, you rascal, you've been at the cockles too, have you?"

Increased Duration of Life. The stage to which we have at present

attained may be stated thus: Compared with the period of 1838-1854 (the earliest for which there are trustworthy records) the average of a man's life is now 41.9 years instead of 39.9, and of a woman's 45.3 instead of 41 9 years, an addition of 8 per cent. to the female life and 5 per cent. to the male. Of each thousand males born at the present day, forty-four more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case pre-vious to 1871 For the whole of life the es-timate now is that of 1,000 persons (one-half males and one-half females) thirty-five aurvive at the age of 45, twenty six at 55, nine at 65, three at 75, and one at 85. To nine at 65, three at 75, and one at 85. To put the case in another way, every thousand persons born since 1870 will live about 2,700 years longer than before. In other words, the life of a thousand persons is now equal in duration to that of 1,070 persons previously; and 1,000 births will now keep up the growth of our population as well as 1,070 persons used to do. This is equivalent in result to an increase of our population, and in the best form, viz., not by more births but by fewer deaths, which means fewer maladies and better health. What is more, nearly 70 per cent. of the increase of more, nearly 70 per cent. of the increase of life takes place (or is lived) in the "usual his takes place (or is lived) in the "usual period," namely, between the ages of 20 and 60. Thus, of the 2,700 additional years lived by each thousand of our population, 70 per cent, or 1,890 years, will be a direct addition to the working power of our people. It is to be remembered that there might be a great addition to the births in a country with little addition to the national working power—nay, with an actual reduction of the national wealth and "conomic agents," children are simply a source of expense, and so also are a majority of the elderly who have pasted the age of three score. On the other bind, as alor three score. On the other hand, as al-ready said, only one quarter of the longer or additional life now enjoyed by our peo ple is passed in the useless periods of child-hood and old age, and mure than ene-third of it is lived at ages when life is in its high-est vigor, and most productive alike of wealth and enjoyment.

Th ree things to cultivate—Good books good friends, and good humor.