

Grizzie was there, it behoved them to show her the courtesy due to a guest.

"Noo, Janet Nesbit," said she, "we're left in peace, and I want tae ken what way Sandy Riddell didna mak his appearance the day. Was he bidden?"

"Yes, Miss Grizzie."

The peculiar ring in Miss Nesbit's voice might have warned the old woman that she was treading on delicate ground.

"I misdoot ye'll no be gaun tae be the ledly o' Ravelaw efter a', Janet Nesbit," continued she with malicious satisfaction.

This woman, soured and disappointed in her own youth, was jealous of all feminine youth, especially if it were accompanied by comeliness or beauty, which was likely to secure its possessor a good matrimonial settlement.

Miss Nesbit answered nothing, but reached out her hand and took hold of Tibbie's, prompted by that dumb instinct for human sympathy which we feel when sorely driven.

"Men are a' alike, Janet Nesbit; and tho' Sandy Riddell jilts ye, ye needna mak a mane. Mony a better and a bonnier lass has been thrown ower for want o' gear, or jist oot o' fickleness."

"We'll speak o' something else, Miss Grizzie if ye like," said Miss Nesbit steadily.

"Oo ay! It hurts yer pride, I'm thinkin, tae be telt a lad's gaun tae jilt ye. They say ye can get Mr. Bourhill if ye like; but I dinna wunner that ye wad rather bide among the godless splendour o' Ravelaw afore the plainer doon sittin' in the manse o' Aldersyde."

"I maun leave ye tae yersel', Miss Grizzie, my guest though ye be, if ye winna let that subject abe," said Miss Nesbit, two red spots burning on either cheek.

"Ye may draw yersel up in yer pride, my wummin," said Miss Grizzie, whose ill-nature, was getting the better of her entirely; "but prood an' bonnie though ye be, ye're no a denty enouch bite for a Riddell o' Ravelaw."

Miss Nesbit rose up, and, keeping hold o' Tibbie's hand, bent her flashing eyes full on Miss Grizzie's spiteful face. Her slim figure was drawn to its full height, her proud head held up in womanly indignation.

"I can pit up wi' a guid deal, Miss Grizzie; but I will not bear sic words frae you, suld though ye be. I mean hae ye tae understand that ye canna meddle in my inmost affairs, or maybe I'll forget the hospitality o' Aldersyde, an' bid ye gang back tae Yair."

Up rose Miss Grizzie, bristling all over, and fairly glared upon the fearless face of Janet Nesbit.

"My certy, d'ye ken wha ye're speakin till, Janet Nesbit?" she screamed. "Am I no yer bluid relation? It's enouch tae mak yer father turn i' his grave."

"Mind what's passed the day," pleaded Janet Nesbit; but Miss Grizzie was not to be appeased.

"Umph! I'm nae suner insultit by that limb wha, mair's the peety, ca's himsel' Laud o' Aldersyde, than I'm suld upon tae staund impidence frae a lassie. Weel, I'll gang back tae Yair this verra nicht, an' my hands are washed o' the Nesbits for evermair." Whereupon Miss Grizzie stalked out of the room, and retuning down-stairs, surprised Tammas Erskine at the kitchen fire by bidding him get the coach ready to return to Yair. She then ordered Marget up to carry down her boxes, a task which Marget immediately proceeded to perform with great willingness.

If there was a woman in the world Marget Drysdale had an aversion to, it was Miss Oliphant of Yair.

In the drawing-room the sisters sat side by side listening to the rumbling in the south room, and when they heard Miss Grizzie taking her departure down-stairs, Tibbie rose.

"I'll gang an' bid her fareweel, Janet," she said with unusual thoughtfulness. She was not gone many minutes, and came back laughing.

"What a woman that is, Janet! She nearly snapped my head off at the door. I hope she'll keep her word and not come near us any more." Then they drew their chairs close together again, and listened to the commotion at the hall door, and the rumbling of the yellow chariot as it drove away.

So again, as in bygone days, the Miss Nesbits sat alone by their drawing-room fire; but, oh, what a difference was in their lives! Desolation in heart and home, an uncertain future and a new-made grave, were their portion now. What wonder that they sat very quiet, holding each other's hands, and feeling that life was very hard for them, and that no sorrow could equal theirs! Ah! it is well for us all that the future is hid within the veil!

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS A MIRAGE?

Recently the papers have given notices of wonderful mirages that have been seen upon the coasts of Europe. The name mirage is a French one, meaning "to loom up." It should be pronounced mee-razh, as near as the pronunciation can be written. In some countries a mirage is very rare; in others it is almost of daily occurrence. Before I try to tell you what causes a mirage, I must describe how they look. Sometimes places very far distant appear to be close at hand and seen in the air; at sea ships known to be many miles distant are seen as if suspended in the air. In travelling across the continent I have seen many a mirage. In the distance it would appear a beautiful sheet of water with headlands, islands, and sometimes a fort could be plainly seen, and even ships. As to water the illusion was so perfect that it was difficult to believe that it was not real. In the early days of travel to California by trains of waggons overland many of the parties suffered greatly, and some were entirely lost by pushing out for what seemed to be water. Sad, indeed, are the stories told of this mistake.

This is not easy to explain, unless you know something about light. Most of you have noticed that when you place an oar or a pole in the clear water of a pond or river it seems to be bent. If you look across a hot stove the objects on the other side appear to be curiously distorted and out of place. Rays of light passing from a denser medium to a lighter one are bent out of a straight course. Thus, when

they pass from an oar or a pole in the water, they are bent, and the object appears to be crooked. When they pass from common air through much lighter, heated air, the objects seem to be bent out of their shape. Now, all the mirages I have seen have been where the soil became very hot from the sun; this hot soil heated the air just above it. There was a layer of hot air close to the earth and just above it, the other air was not heated. Objects seen at a distance through these two kinds of air were singularly distorted, and, like things seen across the hot air of the stove, much out of shape. In this state of the air a barren, sandy tract looks like water, and clumps of bushes are distorted to look like trees. Wherever a mirage has been examined the appearance has been found to be caused by a difference in the density of the air, whether from contact with heated earth, or seen at sea, with heated water. Mirage is a very interesting phenomenon to see once or twice, but when it occurs day after day one soon tires of its unnatural appearance and prefers to look upon a landscape that is real.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"Good-bye, Jennie; the road is long
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and the marshy moss.
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie,
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at nightfall,
And she'd sun-light all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
And she, smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they could only keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day—
They'd have sunlight all the way.
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep to the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls black on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

—Harper's Weekly.

THE VALUE OF MANNER.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove the truth of this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with benign glance at the company and melodious purring sound she walks leisurely around, selects for herself the warmest place in the room—perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the grate—curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily and gracefully. Indeed, everyone experiences an access of warmth and comfort in themselves, from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way, and by a less self-possessed individual—if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or clumsily, or indifferently even, or in anyway obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosoms of all beholders? How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or a gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.—*London Spectator.*

The new vicar-general of the Jesuits is said to be a Swiss of the name of Anderledy.

PROF. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL has had an addition made to his Washington house, containing a large room, in which he will, for an hour each day, receive deaf mutes and teach them to speak. In this good work he will be assisted by his wife, whom in the same way he taught to speak years ago.

THE Rev. Joseph Dickey, Second Kilrea, one of the best known and most respected fathers of the Church, died very suddenly last week in his seventy-third year, and the forty-third of his ministry. The day previous to his death he was in his usual health and actively engaged in his ministerial duties.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN STAFFS.

THE night population of the city of London proper is only seventy thousand.

DR. SHORT, late bishop of Adelaide, has died at Eastbourne, aged eighty.

A MURDERER in a Kansas gaol charges five cents for look and is thus doing a thriving business.

JOHN BRIGHT says that he has no intention now of visiting the United States. His health is poor.

IT is stated that Mr. Alexander Allan has laid the foundation stone of a new seamen's chapel in Govan.

THERE are thirteen thousand cabmen in London, and last year nineteen thousand left articles were returned.

CARDINAL MANNING contributes an article on "Courage," to "Merry England," one of the new magazines.

THE Rev. Edward Bindloss, for forty years British chaplain at Archangel, Russia, died in London on 9th ult., in his seventy-fifth year.

AN order to vaccinate all of the pupils in the public schools of France has revived opposition to that mode of preventing small-pox.

THE remains of Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, have been placed in a marble coffin by the Royal College of Physicians.

UNDER the sceptre of the Czar of Russia live thirty-eight different nationalities, each speaking its own language, which is foreign to all others.

ONE Savtchuk, a Russian who lives in a Bessarabian province, is declared to be 130 years of age and to enjoy perfect health and strength.

FIVE women are candidates for the office of Superintendent of Public Schools in as many Nebraska counties, and all are regular party nominees.

THE Bishop of Gloucester consecrated a new church in Gloucester lately, erected as a memorial of Robert Raikes the founder of Sabbath schools.

CITIZENS of the English Isle of Thanet have been taking steps to arrange for a fitting celebration of the centennial year of Sir Moses Montefiore's life.

FESTIVITIES were held at Worms and Wittenburg last week, to commemorate Luther's nailing the Theses to the church door, thereby inaugurating the Reformation.

THE Rev. Mr. Robson, of Lauder, has entered on the fiftieth year of his ministry. He was entertained to a public dinner, and in the evening a social meeting was held in the church.

KING HUMBERT thinks that six years are too long a time for his father to remain without a pretentious tomb, and, therefore, one is soon to be built in the centre of the Pantheon.

BERLIN tradesmen are so excited by the proposed opening of co-operative stores that they have asked the Emperor to forbid members of the army and navy to have anything to do with them.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL diggers at Canterbury, England, found a score of ancient skeletons, some Roman urns of red ware, a fragment of a highly decorated Roman bowl, and curious fint instruments.

A PROPOSAL in Aberdeen Synod to dispense with the Free opening sermon, on the ground that "people were gorged with sermons," met with no support, but it was agreed to "make the sermon more attractive" in future by procuring the use of the organ.

THE big diamond recently found in South Africa, though weighing nearly six ounces, is not estimated as worth more than \$10,000, the colour being bad. However, a bath of acid has improved it.

MESSRS. STEWART, Virginia, natives of Rothesay, Scotland, intend presenting their native village with a temperance public house and reading and recreation rooms. The cost will be \$50,000.

HINDOO coffee suppers are fashionable in the church circles of Fort Wayne. The girls act as waitresses in Hindoo costumes, as to the style of which a clergyman has felt constrained to remonstrate.

FRANCIS Bismarck has taken to industry in a new channel. Mr. Gladstone feels trees for exercise. The great German sells them for gain. The industry he has taken to is the conversion of wood into paper.

THE trustees of Cass township, Iowa, have voted that Samuel Blair, being a one-armed and one-legged war veteran further disabled for work by a bullet in his side, must go away, lest he becomes a charge upon the public.

A PROPOSAL is under consideration for connecting Portsmouth, England, with the Isle of Wight by means of a tunnel under the Solent. The cutting would be chiefly through blue clay, and the distance three miles and a half.

THE Sultan of Turkey has issued a decree condemning modes of dress now followed by the ladies of his empire. He orders that the heaviest material shall cover the features, that lace fringes shall be discarded, and that the dress generally shall be simple and plain.

THE Rev. W. G. Elmslie, late of Willesden, has been inducted as professor of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis in the English Presbyterian College. His opening lecture was on "Renan: His Writings and His Life." The session opens with twenty-four students.

THE Irish Presbyterian Committee of the State of Religion have arranged for a conference in Belfast on 5th and 6th December, similar to those annually held in Perth, Dundee, etc. Several friends in Scotland and England have promised to attend and take part in the proceedings.

THE Rev. Mr. Thomson of Ladywell, Glasgow, has resolved to be a candidate for Glasgow town council in order to protest against popery. At synod and school board meetings lately he persisted in characteristic ungentlemanly conduct, rudely interrupting the speakers.