

He led her back to her chair, whence she had risen under the influence of strong emotion. "I only want to see you happy," he said, "I could think of no other way than to preserve the things you love. They—they comforted me."

"Comforted you?"

"Yes."

"Have you—have you any sorrow," hesitatingly enquired Miss Maria.

"Yes," said John; "ever since I can remember anything, it has been with me."

Then a light flashed upon Miss Maria. This man had loved her all his life. She had made a barrier between them which was insurmountable. He had watched over her, cherished her, loved her, only to be repaid by condescending impertinence and patronage. Even now, he was too noble to be revenged, too magnanimous to crush her as she deserved. His sole thought had been for her happiness, for her well-being.

For a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. The woman fell. She moved blindly toward the door. Most men would have taken advantage of her helplessness. This man would not speak even now. Suddenly, she came back and held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked. "I have treated you very cruelly, very unworthy. I only see my own meanness through my tears. Had I found this out years ago, when I was younger and unbroken by the world, I—I should have acted differently."

Stebbins stood as one dazed, but she came nearer still, her thin, white hands clasped together. "I am so sorry," she said, "so very, very sorry. Oh, if our lives could come over again. Now, I am broken and old and worn, with no one to love me, no one to care, no one to remove the barriers which my hideous pride has raised around me. I have wasted my life—and yours! Forgive me!"

Stebbins raised her up. "You are the only woman in the world for me," he said. "I've loved you ever since we sat in the choir and our voices mingled together. You made my heaven then. Will you make it again?"

She crept into the shelter of his strong arms. "You are so strong," she sobbed, and laid her head upon his breast.—*Chambers' Journal.*

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Irish Letter.

DEAR CANADIAN SISTERS & BROTHERS:—

I shall begin my to-day's letter by telling you of an event which will rebound, in your estimation, to your own country's credit, to the discredit of mine. Some days ago, an able-bodied American gentleman (tourist, I presume), was walking along one of our country road paths; coming along behind him was an Irish cyclist who had no business whatever to be on said side-path but who should have been on the road—(this is not a free country as to the use of and abuse of side-ways). This particular young cyclist "hollered" to the stalwart American to "clear off." No reply was vouchsafed. Then, again, "clear the way" resounded, still no reply. Then came a rush, an impediment, an interchange of "polite" mannerisms, a broken bicycle, and two broken heads, two doctors' bills, two summonses, two apologies, and last as well as best, two eternal friendships. So ended the fracas between America and Ireland, in which your countryman certainly had the best of it.

As we live we learn. I never heard of any dangerous properties in gelatine until to-day, when I heard of a shocking accident—resulting in two deaths—occasioned by a package of it having been put into an oven to dry. A young wife and her husband were sitting at their kitchen fire. He had just come in from his business, and was having a good warm. She, poor girl, had forgotten the gelatine, or at least had forgotten the dangerous place she had left it in; or, more probably still, was as ignorant of this danger as your humble servant. Suddenly came an explosion, and in one minute the young wife was blown to atoms, the husband shattered almost beyond recognition, but alive, and the oven with all its adjuncts—everywhere. The unfortunate young man died that evening, but was able to tell the cause of the accident before he became unconscious. They had only been married a few weeks. This may be a useful warning to your readers, many of whom may be as ignorant on the subject as I was until to-day.

Yesterday, for the first time for many months, there was a spark of hope regarding the water question; the numerous mountain rivulets flowing into the reservoir were equal to the daily demand, viz., 8,000,000 gallons.

A terrible suicide has made our country notorious. A gentleman, very well-known everywhere, by everybody, a Mr. Dick Farrell, took away his own life some days ago. The circumstances which caused his doing so are better buried with him. More than his own hearth has been made desolate. But let the dead bury their dead. He has passed away and left many friends behind him, who remember nothing but that he was a genial friend and an accomplished gentleman.

The annual military festival was held on Wednesday evening in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Three bands attached to the different regiments quartered in Dublin took part in it, also the choirs of St. Patrick's, Christ Church and St. Bartholomew's. The magnificent church was crowded and the music perfect. The offertory always goes to the Soldiers' Guild.

I shall end up by telling you of a shock of earthquake which was felt one day last week in different

parts of Ireland. Somewhere in Carlow, a nurse in her nursery was surprised to see a table she was sewing at move up and down. She thought a little dog, which was in the room, had occasioned the moving of it in some way. Presently, after she had removed the dog, the table heaved so much that the lamp which was on it fell towards her; she had presence of mind sufficient to catch the stem in good time, and carry it quickly out of the room. Other members of the household felt the same sensations, and in the morning it was heard that the country all around had experienced them also, and in other parts of Ireland, too, shocks were felt about the same time. How very small such things make one feel, don't they?

I hope I shall have pleasanter current events to tell you in my next letter than I have to-day. This letter reads to me surging over with horrors, but they are *bona fide* "current events."

S. M. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

Our Library Table.

We have received from G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, Ontario, a copy of his work entitled, "Patriotic Selections and Arbor Day Exercises." It will be found very helpful by the teachers in our public schools.

There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry.
And the star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing;
And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.
—J. G. Holland

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

As I sat before the firelight in my easy study on New Year's Eve my heart was stirred with many tender memories of the year so nearly gone; stirred, too, by a few vague regrets that it was leaving me forever. As I sat musing thus there appeared before me a figure, that of an old man, clad in flowing robes of gray, while long hair of the same color floated over his shoulders. His countenance was sad, yet resigned and peaceful, and as I gazed in surprise he divined my thoughts and thus addressed me: "I am the dying year, from whom you evidently dread to part. To those who have used me well such a thought should not be allowed to come, for to them I have shown the way to make even better use of the years to follow; and when their allotted span has passed, old 1893 will reward them by shining brilliantly in the crown they have earned. My friend, I leave you soon, grieve not for me, farewell."

As he spoke these words I reached forth my hand to detain him, but eluding my grasp he passed outward, his form finally disappearing from my view, and left me even more lonely than before. But lo! a gentle touch was laid upon my knee, and turning hastily I perceived beside me a little child with soft, curling locks, azure eyes, and a countenance of surpassing loveliness. My enraptured gaze rested admiringly on his beautiful form, when, in a voice, oh! how soft, he said: "Mourn not so for your old friend, he has sent me to comfort you." "What is your name and whence come you?" I cried. "I am the infant year, and people call me 1894. Will you not love me too, even as you loved my old friend '93?" And, smiling sweetly, he held out to me his tiny hands and I, no longer filled with regret for the departed, snatched up the beautiful child and clasped him fondly to me, when hark! the old hall clock chimed out the hour of midnight, and I awoke with a start to find my arms empty and my nocturnal vision only a dream, and yet not wholly so, for as I suddenly remember,

"Another year, with all its hopes and fears,
Has passed into the deep abyss of Time."

And this, then, was the old man who bade me farewell in my vision. With the passing of the old year comes the dawning of the new, the beautiful new year—the unstained cherub that, in imagination, I so fondly pressed. Yes, it is now 1894, and as it is customary, let us call to mind the resolutions formed at the beginning of the year just passed, see where we carried them out faithfully, or where in we have failed. Failures will come, try as we may, but let us not be discouraged. Perhaps the blotted parts of last year's pages serve only to bring the bright into greater prominence, just as the stars look brighter when the sky is dark.

But there, my boys and girls are all, I know, doing their best, and weaving life's mingled yarn as skillfully as possible; so your old Uncle Tom is not going to have you begin the new year with solemn faces, but rather have a friendly chat on subjects more congenial to the merry hearts of his young folks. Lessons? not a bit of it; you have all school hours for them. School? What a flood of memories that simple word recalls. All that

happy boyhood when I was, as in fancy I see you now, at your recreation hour, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes, coasting down the steep hillside, snowballing, or perhaps playing shinny—was ever anything more appropriately named? Many a sore rap these poor shins got, but somehow that was all forgotten in the excitement of the game. And talk of toboggan slides! artificial affairs made of boards with water poured over them. Bah! give me the good old hill by the edge of the brook, that is a place worth having a slide on; why it almost makes me feel young to think of it, and then what a glorious skating rink that same brook afforded!

"Hurrah! the lake is a league of glass!
Buckle and strap on the stiff, white grass,
Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,
And swiftly turn upon scoring heel;
And our flying sandals chirp and sing
Like a flock of swallows upon the wing."

What wonder country children are healthy and happy? And look here, too, at the great snowman Rose and Harry, who are not big enough to go to school, have made. It reminds me of a story I read of a poor boy whose sole ambition was to become a sculptor, but he had no materials with which to work, so one night when the snow lay soft and deep he worked all night, alone and unobserved, and when morning came the people beheld with astonishment, on the village square, a beautiful figure which they called the "Snow Angel." But they never knew whence it came for many years, when the boy, then a man and a famous artist, carved from marble the fac-simile of the figure he had in his boyhood formed from the snow, and which, he always said to himself, he would one day produce in stone. Truly, "the child is father of the man," and our thoughts and actions of the present are faithful indicators of what we shall become in the future.

Notes.

BY MRS. J. H. BUCKBEE.

In the dear old home, mother encouraged each of us to keep a note book, and dot down all we came across that might be a help in our work. Mine money could not buy, for is not every line linked with the old life, ere I had left the roof-tree where my earliest cry was heard. We used to prove a receipt, then it was copied, and the consequence is we each have a volume of valuable references on every imaginable subject, and if the ADVOCATE has a nook to spare, I send a few hints by way of specimen from my wayside gatherings:—

In cooking fruit cake, put a layer of ashes on the bottom of the oven, under your pan, and it will not burn underneath, and if you put a tin (I use a salmon can) of hot water in the oven, your cake will not be scorched on the outside.

Put three or four bits of dried apple in the lard you cook your fried cakes in, and they will not scorch, neither will the lard get dark in color, although the apples will look like dead coals; when they get black I take them out and put more in their place.

A CURE FOR CORNS.

Break some bits of pearl shell, the river clam will do, or pearl buttons (but not, as a girl friend did, take china buttons), put in a bottle, squeeze the juice of a lemon on the pieces, and when dissolved moisten the corn for several successive days. It will effect a certain cure.

In winding wools do not wind tightly, as it destroys the elasticity of the fibre.

If the ring on a glass gem jar will not unscrew, hold it in the steam of a kettle spout a few minutes and it will readily give to pressure.