#### PRAYER.

That we can find in humble prayer
A halm for sorrow, sin. and care,
A sine, though rough and rugged road
"To Heaven's golden portals:
Bow great this privilege bestowed
On lowly mortals!

Blind wanderers on the sea of life. with angry stoims and tempests rife.
With angry stoims and tempests rife.
This guides us to the port above—
The region of the blessed—
The happy home of blissful love,
And peaceful rest.

Whate'er our mortal strife may be. And by prayer we gain the victory,
When we with cares and sorrows languish
'Tis our sole friend below;

Lt quick removes each mark of anguish Each trace of woe.

It curbs and moulds the human will,
And drives away the thoughts of ill.
It makes the coward strong and fearless,
The orphan's tear it dries,
And makes the widowed heart so cheerless
To cease its sighs.

The wretch who spurned the Saviour's hand To lead nim to the promised land, Parsuing madly transient pleasures
Through follies false and vain—
contrite, he prays: eternal treasures
Pour down like rain.

This food of saint and real sage, In every land, in every age. O may I cherish here below In joy or misery. That, past my exile, I may go, O Lord, to Thee! August 19, 1880.

# One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes F.cmirg.

# PART II.

CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED.

'He has deceived you, then: men are all alike-liars every one of them. Well, when he comes home to-right ask him it he ever knew Bertie Naughan; ask him how they parted last; tell him I told you, and that I can tell you more. Don't forget. I'll be back to-morrow.'

Miss De Courcy turns with the words, and goes out of the room. Mrs. Nolan makes no attempt to follow her, to bring her back, to ask an explanation. She stands, feeling that the room is going round, and that if she lets go her hold of the chair she will fall. But the giddiness passes in a moment, and she gropes for a chair, and sits down, and lays her head upon the cushions, feeling sick and

What does this dreadful woman mean? Her words are all confused in Sydney's mind; only one thing stands clear, and that-that he has known Bertie Vaughan, and knows who killed him. But that is impossible. Has she not told her husband the whole story, and has he said he ever heard the name before, ever met Bertie in his life? The creature must be crazy or drunk, or both; her story is absurd in the face of it. But what a shock even an absurd story can give. She laughs weakly at her own folly in being so overcome, and then a glow of indignation fills her, and lends her strength. How shameful thatshe should have listened while her husband was defamed, called a liar and deceiver by this vulgar actress-her beloved husband, with the glance of a prince, honored and respected of all men. Excitement follows indignation-no more lassitude now. She tries to dine, but finds eating a delu-

An artist in hair comes to dress those flowing blonde tresses, greatly admired, and she is nearly an hour under his professional hands. Night has fallen, gas is lit, and she is leaving, dressed for the ball. She wears white and rich laces, and bridal pearls, and looks lovely. There is a streaming light in her eyes, a deep, permanent flush in her cheeks that makes her absolutely brilliant tonight. After eleven she will see Lewis; that is the one thought, the one desire uppermost in her mind, as she is driven to the town house of the Ten Eyck's. A lengthy ale of carriages block the avenue, policemen keep order, two large private lamps burn before the house, which is lit from roof to basement. A red carpet is laid across the pavement-colored men in snowy shirt fronts, kid gloves, black broadcloth and beautiful manners stand in waiting. It is a long time be-fore Mrs. Nolan finds her way to the lofty and superb saloon where Madame Ten Eyck receives her guests. Flowers bloom everywhere, literally everywhere, gaslight floods every corner; it is a picture all light and no shadow, German dance music fills the air, and there are crowds of elegant women in magnificent toilets. All are making their way to where Mrs. Ten Eyck, a little old lady in creamy satin, yellow point, priceless diamonds, with a severe silvery face, snowwhite hair, combed back a la Washington, stands in state. She looks like a large doll, or a little duchess-Sydney hardly knows which—and she receives Mrs. Nolan with dis-

tinction. 'I was an heiress myself, my dear,' the little old lady said to her, on the occasion of their first meeting: 'only not half so great an heiress as they tell me you are, and not quarter so great a beauty. I ran away with Yen Eyck, my dear—he didn't run away with me, mind-when I was only seventeen. My father cut me off with a shilling, and we began housekeeping on eighty dollars. I fell in love with you, my dear, the moment I heard what you had done. I don't understand the young women of the present daythey believe in marriage, but not in love. In my time we believed in love, if we never were able to marry.'

It was Sydney's good fortune to attract elderly people. Men worn and grey in life's long battle looked after the lissome shape, and frank, sweet face, with a gravely tender smile. Mr. Ten Eyck, a patriarchal old gentleman, greeted her with unwonted cordiality, inquired for her husband, hoped he would be here, had heard great things predicted of him, hoped he would prove worthy of the wife he had won, and verify these predictions.

Mrs. Nolan found berself at once surrounded and engaged for every dance before supper. People remembered afterward that never had she seemed so fair or so brilliant

as to-night. It was ten when Sydney entered the house; eleven came, twelve, and still no Lewis. A fever of expectation, impatience, longing, filled her. In half an hour supper would be commenced—surely he would be here to

take her down. She made her escape from her latest partner, and took shelter in the curtained recess of an open bay window. How cool and fresh seemed the sharp night air; imprudent perhaps to sit in a draught, but darkness and solitude were tempting. Excitement had made her head ache, and her cheeks burn. She leaned her forehead against the cool glass, and looked up at the million stars keeping watch over the great city. Some men were talking in the plazza just outside,

talking in a desultory way, of the ball, of the ladies, of the war; all at once she heard her own name pronounced—some one was saying she was the prettiest woman present. Some one else spoke of her husband's absence, a third made some campaigning remark, and the subjects seemed to connect themselves in his mind.

Why doesn't Nolan try it, I wonder?" said this gentleman in a dissatisfied tone. He's as likely a mark for a bullet as any of us; a tall and proper fellow like that.' 'Ah! why?' retorts No. 1, with a satirical

laugh. 'He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow.' 'He has married a wife, and therefore can-

not come, savs No. 3. 'All wrong, you fellows,' cuts in a fourth voice; 'he is going—I happen to know. He has been offered the captaincy in his old regiment, vice Wendall, shot, and has accepted. He has kept it quiet the fact is three days old; but I can't stand by and hear you old women abuse him. You envy him naturally—I do myself. Lovely girl, that wife. He starts in two days. As good a tel-

low as ever lived is Nolan.' 'And as plucky,' supplements another; he was out the first year, as you know. We served together. Got a bullet in the lung, and came home invalided. There's fight enough in Nolan-being an Irishman, that is understood. But as to his going out, by George, if I were in his place I would think twice before I left a wife like that, only married yesterday or thereabouts. There's the 'Soldaten Lieder'—let's go back. This is a great night; Mrs. Ten Eyck expects every man to do his duty.'

They go; but Sydney, long after their voices cease, sits frigid. Is she in a dream? Lewis going to join the army, without a word to her—going in two days! She sits for a while so stunned that movement or thought is impossible. Then she rises slowly and stiffly, feeling chilled to the heart by the frosty night wind, and parts the curtain and steps out. Almost the first person she sees is her husband, talking to one or two other

'Then you're really going back, Nolan? one says; 'itis an accomplished fact? Well, we need such men as you, and we all must make sacrifices at our country's call.'

Day after to-morrow, is it?' asks a second, and Nolan nods a little impatiently, his eyes wandering about in search of some one.

Sydney comes forward. The color has left her face-it is white as her dress: her eves look blank and bewildered with sudden terror. The men stare at her-her husband with an alarmed lock is instantly at her side.

Sydney, you are ill!' 'Yes, no,' she answers, incoherently, grasping his arm. Oh Lewis, take me

'Sit down for a moment,' he says. He knows she has heard what he meant to break to her himself. She obeys and he leaves her, but he is back directly with a glass of iced champagne.

'Drink this.' She obeys once more, looking at him with

imploring eyes. Will you not take me home, Lewis? head aches and burns-this glare and music is torture. Take me home at once! 'Certainly, my dearest; but will you not

wait for--'No, no I will wait for nothing. Take

me home at once!' But 'at once' is not so easy. Mr. Nolan must see his hostess, and explain that his wife has been taken suddenly ill. Then another half hour passes before their carriage comes into line and she is safely seated in it, her head en Lewis' shoulder, his arm holding her to him, and scarcely a word inter-chauged the whole way.

### CHAPTER X V.

NO SUN GORS DOWN BUT THAT SOME BEAR DOES BRHAK."

It is the supreme hour of his life—he feels that. He has not meantithat a denouement shall come in this way; he has intended to break to her the news of his departure; and when far away write to her the story he knows he must tell now. All the way home he is nerving himself for the ordeal—the selfrepression, the self command, that have been the study of his life for the past five years stand him in good stead now. Except that the face on which the lamps shone is deadly pale, there is no change. The eyes he fixes on his wife are dark with unutterable sadness and compassion. For her, she trembles and clings to him, and when they reach her own room, to which he leads her, she clasps her hands and speaks for the first time. Lewis, is this true?'

'Sit down, Sydney,' he says, gently, and places her in a chair. 'Is what true, my

'That you are about to rejoin your regiment-that you go the day after to-morrow? I heard it all at the ball.'

See is thinking of this strange fact alone, that she is about to lose him, and that he has never told her. It pierces her heart like a knife-it has driven all thought of Dolly De Courcy and her suggestion out of her mind.

'It is quite true.' 'And you never told me!'

The passionate reproach or the eyes that look at him-those gentle blue eyes that never had for him other than infinite tenderness-move him to the soul.

'My darling, I meant to explain-I meant to have told you to-morrow. You know I have spoken of this to you since our marriage. After all it is only my duty. You would not listen, and I-Heaven help me! -was not strong enough to break from the gentle arms that held me back-might never have broken but for what passed between us the other night.'

'The other night!' she repeats in vague wonder. Then recollection flashes upon her, and her eyes dilate incredulously. Lewis, she exclaims, 'you do not mean to say that the story I told you the other night has

forced you to do that?' 'I am only doing my duty Sydney. Still, but for that story my duty might never have

been done.' She gazes at him silently, seemingly lost

in wonder and incredulity. Did you feel the fact of my former engagement so deeply, then? Because I was once before on the verge of marriage you leave me

to rejoin the army? Oh! Lewis, pardon me,

but I cannot believe this.' 'That was the cause, but not as you think. Sydney, love, do you remember, in telling me of your previous engagement before our marriage you never told me tre man's name? Had you done so,' he stops a moment, 'we

would never have been man and wife.' She sits quite still, her hands clasped, her dilated eyes, looking almost black with vague terror, fixed on his face.

'Do you recall,' he goes on, 'that moonlight January night when we walked home together, and I told you there was a secret in my life that if told might separate us forever?

why did you not bid me speak? I would force Vaughan to give up his pretensions, have told you then, when it was not yet too whatever they were, to Dolly, by fair means late, the miserable story I must tell you tonight. Truth and fidelity were all you asked in your noble trust and generosity, and these I could give you without stint or measure. If I had ever heard the name of Bertie Vaughan-

He shudders as he says it, and looks off, and all at once there flashes back upon her bewildered mind the memory of the afternoon's visit, and the dark hints dropped by

the actress.
'Lewis,' she suddenly exclaims, 'a very strange person came to see me this afternoon -I meant to tell you and I forgot—and she said very strange things. The person was liked the actress best. the actress we saw the other night—Dolly De you and Bertie Vaughan?'

Dolly De Courcy?' he repeats, in wonder. What was it she said?'

'She told me to ask you'-Sydney puts her hand to her head in a dazed way, trying to Still listening I learned that he was stoprecall-how you last parted from Bertie ping at this very house, and would be along Vaughan.'

He stood stricken speechless, it would seem, by her words.

· How, in Heaven's name, does she know?' he says, speaking as if to himself. 'Was she there, and has she all this time kept the secret? Surely not—she never kept a secret in her life-she would be the first to tell. It must be that she only suspects. But to come here-to force herself upon you?"

His face flushes angrily, his eyes indignantly flash.' 'She came in search of you, Lewis,' his wif: interposes in a broken voice. 'She said she had a claim upon you, and I saw her

in your stead. I had no wish to pry into

any secret of your life, Lewis.' Her voice breaks altogether for a moment in a great sob. Then she starts to her feet,

and holds out both hands piteously, Lewis, what is this? she cries. 'I feel as if my heart were breaking: I am atraid of -I don't know what. Something stands between us, and keeps me from you. If you ever loved me, tell me it is no crime of yours that is parting us now. One word of denial will be enough; I will believe you, though all the world stood up and accused you with one voice.'

She sees the strong frame quiver from head to foot: she sees the desperate gesture with which he stops her.

· Cease! he says, hoarsely. 'I cannot bear one that should have held us asunder for- arms blindly.

She drops back into her chair, and puts one trembling hand over her eyes. And Lewis Nolan, leaning against the mantel, regains his wonderful self-restraint after a moment, and rapidly and concisely begins the dark record he has to tell.

'I knew Dolly De Courcy. 'Tis ten years ngo now, when I was a lad of eighteen, that I knew her first. She was an actress at the time, and her black eyes, and coquettish ways captured my romantic boyish fancy at sight. In those days I was an inveterate play-goer. Uncle Grif's good nature kept me always supplied with sufficient money for that dissipation. My mother remonstrated about my late hours and doubtful associates; but I was absolutely self-willed in those days, had ideas about joining the theatrical profession myself, and went on in my own way. Dolly and I soon became warm friends-lovers, perhaps, should say-for she was an arrant little flirt even then, and willing to fool me to the top of my bent. We were engaged, after an absurd boy-and-girl fashion, when I was twenty. I left off play-going, began to work hard, save money, and look forward to marriage and house-keeping. It was all pro-foundest earnest and good faith on my part. The girl had bewitched me. I believed her to be everything that was good, and warm-hearted, and honorable; and in those days I believe she was an honest girl, and really fond of the infatuated young sin ran after her about New York, and was furiously jealous of every man who looked at her of her stage lovers, and the fellows about the theatre generally. She laughed at my jealousy, ridiculed my rages, for in those days I had a furious temper, quite uncurbed. She would not marry me, made game of my poetical ideas of love in a cottage, and I believe in her heart was tired of my too exacting devotion.

My mother and sister knew very little of all this—they certainly were aware that I had formed some absurd attachment for an actress, but I was moody and sullen about it all. My jealous fears were always up in arms; it was a wretched time for myself, and a supremely wretched one for all the family.

It was about this time when Dolly went to Wychcliffe. It was not the first occasion she had gone out of New York, but I seemed to feel her absence more deeply this time than ever before. It is of no use looking back now, and wondering at the infatuation that chained me to such a woman-of no use thinking how supremely wretched my life would have been if she had taken me at my word and married me. I urged her to, before she went to Wychcliffe, and she actually promised to do so as soon as she returned, and I

believe meant to keep her word. 'In the company was a man with whom I occasionally corresponded, and who kept a watchful eye upon my fickle fiance. It was from him I first heard of her new lover, Bertie Vaughan. He haunted her like her shadow, it appeared; his sudden devotion was the laughter of the whole company. Dolly, it seemed, was deeply smitten too they were almost inseparable. Had I not better come on and look after my property wrote my friend. I could not go on, but 1 wrote fine, furious letters to Dolly, which Dolly did not answer. Poor soul! flirtation was more in her line than letter writing. Finally an epistle did come. Would I break it off? She was tired of being scolded; I was too cross and hateful for anything. Please not to trouble her with any more jealous letters, and she would give me back my ring when she returned to New York.'

'I could laugh now, even in all the bitterness of despair, as I look back and recall the effects this letter had upon me. Insane as I was, fool as I was, I still kept my rage to myself, but my mind was made up. I would go to Wychcliffe, I would see this man, this young aristocrat who was fooling Dolly, and force him to hear reason, if I could not force her. I knew he was fooling her, for my actor acquaintance had informed me that he was engaged to a young lady residing in the town, the only daughter of a very rich man. and, in fact, about to be married to her. Not once was your name mentioned-it was always as a young lady of Wychcliffe you were spoken of; his name alone, Bertie

Vaughan, I knew. 'Fortune seemed to favor me. While I was meditating upon some plan of making my way to Wychcliffe, Mr. Graham, on the point of starting for Minnesota upon some important business, was taken very ill; some one must go in his place. He had

or foul. I reached Wychcliffe in the middle of a cluded, had left the town a whole week before. This was startling intelligence, and I had resolved to go back to New York, seek out Dolly, and reproach her with her vile infidelity. I heard, too, without asking any questions, that a fashionable marriage was to the bridegroom was Vaughan, also that Vaughan had been courting the actress all the while he was courting the heiress, and

'Men laughed, and cracked jokes about it Courcy-and the things she said were about at the hotel bar, while I listened, devoured with silent jealousy and rage. Even then done, who was to prove it was not premedi-your name was not mentioned—if it was, I tated? He was my rival: I had deliberately paid no attention to it; my only thoughts were of him who had dared to supplant mo. at half past ten. That determined me. I would wait and meet him, as I had come so far to do it; I would force him, if he ever met Dolly again, to drop her acquaintance; for an engaged flirt, as I knew, was ready to prove a married flirt. I would force th's promise from him, then take the night train for New York, seek out Dolly the first thing in the morning, and have a final settlement with her before going to Mionesota for an in-definite time. I had no other thought but that—I say it before Heaven.

'I started about half-past nine, ostensibly to take the train back to New York, in reality to take the path by which I had heard Vaughan returned to the hotel, and meet him somewhere on the way. You may remember that night. The snow-storm had ceased, the moon and stars were shining on the white, glistening ground; it was mild and windless as I walked along the steep path above the shore. The talk of the men about this man I was going to meet, and Dolly, had thrown me into our of mr black, silent rages; their laughter implied more than their words, and had maddened me. I took my stand at what I judged to be about half way, and leaning against a large rock, looked out at the sea creeping up so far below, and waited.'

Lewis Nolan pauses. In a low, suppressed voice, full of intersest feeling, he has narrated all this. In her chair, her eyes upon him, her face stony-his wife listens. it; for it is a crime that stands between us- But now she starts up, and puts out both

Lewis! she cric in a voice that pierces who killed Bertie Vaughan!'

'God help me! God fergivo .ne!' he answers in a stifled voice—' it was I.'

#### CHAPTER XVI.

" A FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.

SHE stands almost paralyzed, looking at him, her arms held out in that blind agony, her eyes fixed and dark with horror. He possible, but to look back only with remorsethinks she is going to faint, and takes a step towards her; but as he attempts to touch her, she shrinks suddenly back. It is the said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they slightest of movements, but it holds him shall become white as wool.' from her, as a wall. He turns abruptly and resumes his former place. She drops back into her chair, and lays her white face on the her on the stage, and we mutually recognized table beside her, and neither speaks nor

moves again. moment, and as there is no reply he goes on: I waited for him there. I had not long to her died a natural death; it seemed as if my wait. Presently he came along in the moon- horror of my own act had killed it. I could light, whistling as he came, as if he had not a care in the world—this man who was betraying two women. I knew him instantly in the clear moonlight-I heard him described often enough; and as he was about to pass the place where I stood, I started out into the light and said:

'Stay!' at once, ceased his whistling and looked at me, a little startled, I could see, but he spoke cooly onough.'

Well, he said, who are you? · You are Bertie Vaughan?' was my an-

swer. 'And who the devil are you who makes so free with my name? Get out of my way and let me pass. 'Not just yet,' I said; 'I have a little ac-

count to settle with you, Mr. Bertie Vaughan, before we part, and I have come all the way from New York to settle it.' Who are you? he asked, curiously. 'I am Lewis Nolan, the man to whom

Dolly De Courcy is engaged, and I demand of you to resign all acquaintance with her from He laughed. 'So," he said "you're the fellow Dolly's to

marry. Well, when I am ready to give her up she may marry you, you understand Now move aside.' ·There was something so insufferably insulting and sneering in his tone and laugh that I lost the last remnant of self-control.

sprang at his throat; he darted back, and lifting a cane he carried, he broke it across my shoulders. Then we grappled, and the struggle began. Not a word was spoken, as we held each other there in that narrow path. At all times I must have been the stronger of the two; now, beside myself with fury, he was no more match for me than a child. Unconsciously we had wrestled near to the edge of the cliff, and all at once I freed myself and threw him from me with all my might, I threw him from me-as Heaven hears me, I had no thought of throwing him over, no thought of the precipice at all.'

· There was a cry that has rung in my ears ever since, a cry of horror and despair that I will hear when I am dying, a glimpse of a white, agenized face, and then-

He breaks off. There is agony in his own face, agony in his voice, great drops on his forehead, and the hand that hangs by his side is clenched. The picture is before him; if he would, he could not keep back the words that paint it. It has lain locked in his bosom so long—he has seen that face, heard that | cept. death-cry so often, asleep and awake, all these years, that, now the hour has come, he must speak all or nothing. For his wife, she neither gives word nor sign, and yet he knows she hears all.

'Well,' he says, in a hurried, breathless rocks, like black spikes, projecting in the sentenced man, never dreaming of the terrible moonlight eighty feet below. I knew what truth. I would see if I looked over. And I could word nor cry, and turning suddenly, without one backward look, I walked away.

Perhaps, in reality, I had not stood there and the fragrance of the cigars they were had nothing to do—you only required perfect seeking. I left home ostersibly to start of Cain was upon me for all time—I had that ever mortal man enjoyed have been of larger profits.

Smoking came to her as she sat. They were truth and fidelity for the future. Oh! love, West, but in reality to go first to Wycholiffe, slain my brother. I walked all night. I mine. All the parting and the expiation of of larger profits.

the morning I found myself, foot sore and memory. I may be most miserable, but weary, at another town some eighteen miles have been most happy. His voice, low and husky, and hurries New York, breakfasted, but in a few hours piece, and there is silence. was speeding along westward by express.

The first intense horror had by this time faded from my mind: I saw now how insanely I had acted; I was not guilty of murder-I had no thought of taking his life. take place next day, and that the name of | That I had thrown him over the cliff, instead of on the ground, was purely accidental. What I should have done was to have found a path down to the beach, and see if he were really killed. But I shuddered as I thought of it—no, I could not have looked upon that.

And if I gave myself up for the deed I had come to Wychcliffe in search of him, waylaid and assaulted him-the circumstantial evidence would be against me, and crushing. It would break my mother's heart, and kill my sister. Besides, I thought, with sullen doggedness, he had deserved his fate; he was a scoundrel-why should I suffer for what was an accident after all? I would think no more about it, it was done, and could not be his adopted son's death. If you feel that undone. It was an accident, and he had promise must be keptbrought it on himself-I kept repeating that over and over again.

But it would not do-it never has donejudge and jury have never tried me; but my own conscience has, and I stand condemned. It has spoiled my life, changed my nature— a nature better changed, perhaps, and I have held myself and my passions and my temper, with the higher help, for which I have prayed, better, I trust, in hand. I have suffered for what I have done. I have repented Heaven knows there has been no time since when I would not have given my own life to have brought his back. When I pleaded for Mrs. Harland, I saw a parallel in our two cases, and it was for myself I pleaded; when she was sentenced, as still guilty, in that sentence I read my own condemnation.

'I remained in Minnesotta, nearly seven months-so busy I scarcely had time to glance even at the daily papers. Once or twice I saw a brief account of the murder or accident, no one seemed able to determine which; no one was suspected, no one arrested, all was well. If any one had been. of course there would be no alternative but to go at once and speak out. But no one was, and when I returned to New York the whole matter was a thing of the past. I went back to the office and resumed my old routine, his very soul, don't tell me that it was you with a secret, like Eugene Aram's, in my heart. And yet knowing that I had never meant to kill, that I would have shrunk appalled, even in the hour of my fiercest passion, from the thought, I could feel altogether guilty, altogether unhappy. And as the years went on, and as I strove to atone by a better life, by fidelity to all duties, as ambitious thoughts and hopes absorbed me, I gradually grew-not to forget-that was imful sorrow to that dark night of my life, and look humbly for pardon to Him who has

Dolly De Courcy I never saw again-not once—until that night last week when I saw each other. It brought back so vividly all that was past and gone, all my wrong-doing, Shall I finish?' he huskily says, after a that it cost me an effort to sit the play out. From that night my insane infatuation for not think of her without a feeling of repulsion. I felt it unjustly, no doubt, as I looked at her then. How she comes to know anything about it is a mystery to me. I do not believe she really does know. She may snspect, knowing my jealousy—she can know nothing beyond.

'I had ceased to care for her-1 cared for no one else. I had made up my mind to my own satisfaction, never to marry. Law should be my love, ambition my bride, honors my children, the praise of men my home. A woman, and my own madness, had spoiled my life, no other should ever come into it; and then, at the height of all these fine resolves, my wife, my love, I met you. I met you by chance-if anything in this world does happen by chanceand all melted before your blue eyes and radiant smile, as snow before the sun. Did I fall in love with you, as I saw you standing, tall and graceful, and fair as a lily, before Von Ette's picture? I don't know. I know that the words you spoke stabbed me

like a knife—haunted me with incessant pain until I sat beside you in Mrs. Graham's home and tried to bring you to my way of thinking. You were remembering Bertie Vaughan. Ah, Heaven! so was I, and neither knew it. Your face was with me incessantly-came between me and my books, and lit the dingy office with its sweet memory. You were unlike any one I had ever known-you were my ideal woman, half-angelic, half-womanly, and—I lost my head again. I had no hope of ever winning you, no not the faintest. I saw you surrounded by such suitors as Van Cuyler, admired wherever you went, rich, beautiful, well-born. What was I-what had I-that I should presumptuously hepe for anything bayond a kind smile, a friendly word? Your choice surprised everyone-my wife, it surprised no one more than it did myself. struggled with my own insanity, as I called it, more insane in a different way even than the first, and thought I had strength of will sufficient to master it. But I found it was every day mastering me—that each time I saw you I grew more helplessly powerless and enslaved, that my only hope was in flight. I had long meditated this trip to California; the chances were better there, success more rapid and assured—now seemed the time. I was telling all to Lucy that night, my love and struggles; you came and—you know the rest. It was as if an angel had stooped to love as mortals love, and I could only wonder at the great joy that had come to me and ac-

The only thought that marred my happiness was the thought that I ought to tell you all, to lay bare my secret, and let you say whether it was sufficient to hold us asunder forever. I tried one night and you stopped me. With matchless confidence and genesort of voice, and looking up again. 'I don't rosity, you said that with my past life you know how long I stood there—paralyzed by had nothing to do, that you refused to listen, the deed I had done-I knew the depth of that love and fidelity were all you asked, and that precipice—had seen the jagged bed of I was weak, and grasped at my reprieve, as a

You had once lived in Wychcliffe, you not look over. Something of the horror of had once before been engaged to be married, the awful sight that would meet me, held me and the man had died-that told little or back. I had done a murder-that thought nothing. The man's name was never menfilled me, body and soul. There was neither tioned between us—but why go on? You an article that will tone and stimulate the will believe me when I say, had I known that day when we met in the studio what I know now we should never have met again five seconds-five hours could not have unless I came to you and confessed the truth. seemed longer. Like a man who walks in Even had I loved you, I would have dreaded his sleep, hardly conscious of what I did, or such a marriage as much as you could have where I went, I hurried on; I neither feared | done, but there is a retribution in these things stead. It was the very opportunity I was it, in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand seeking. I left home ostereibly to start of Cain was upon me for all time—I had that works its own way, and we are husband and wife, and five of the happiest months ing be particular and secure "Rowntree's" in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband and wife, and five of the happiest months ing be particular and secure "Rowntree's" in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we are husband in fact, I had but one feeling—the brand that works its own way, and we a

was too late for any train back; but early in the future can never dim the bliss of their

His voice, low and husky, and hurried whirling snow-storm, and the first news I men I met going to work. A train started at through it all, breaks, and he bows his foreheard was that the theatre people, Dolly in- seven; I found it, got on board, returned to head on the arm resting on the chimner.

The blow that killed Bertie Vaughan killed also your father you have told me, he resumes. 'I thought that I had suffered i the past, but I never knew what suffering was until that night when you sat on my knee, your head on my shoulder, and inno. cently told me your story. I sat that night long after you were asleep, love, and thought of what I should do. That we must part was certain, that you must know the truth was certain, and what I have thought of long I did at last. I meant to have told you then, and once fairly away to write you all It seemed to me I could never look into your face and break your heart. But even that has been forced upon me; it is part of my punishment, and a very hard one to bear. Once more silence—she never moved nor looked up. 'You bound yourself by a promise beside

your father's death-bed,' Lewis Nolan goes on, 'to bring to justice the man who caused She lifts her head and looks at him, such

agony in her face as it breaks his heart to

(To be Continued.)

## LOOKING TO ROME FOR GUIDANCE

The Earthly Head of the Church. A late issue of the Evangelical Charebon,

The English Church Union continues to pursue its disloyal course. Many of its members, growing bolder, have completely thrown off the mask and unblushingly owned the real object which the association is labouring to promote. A meeting of the linion was recently held in the vestry of a Chiswick church, at which the Vicar presided. From the report of the speeches given in a Ritualistic organ we cull two specimens that our readers may see for themselves the Romeward tendency which was conspicuous throughout the proceedings. One speaker, a Mr. Schooling, said that "he hoped the Church of England would long lead the van in the glorious work of reunion, and bring it to a triumphant conclusion. It was round Rome that all hopes of reunion must cluster. Scripture implies, history confirms, and reason goes to prove that Rome is the centre of Unity that the Pope is the vicar of God, the successor of PETER, and the earthly head of the Church Papal infallibility is said to be a bar to re. union, but I venture to think that were the Church made visibly one there would be few who, believing the infallibility of the body, and acknowledging as they must the supremacy of the see of St. Peter, would fail to recognize in the utterances of the visible and earthly head the voice of the infallible body, declaring by virtue of his perpetual guidance

the mind of the eternal God." Another speaker, Mr. Rawson, said that "he hoped the day would soon come when the Archbishop of Canterbury would be found opening negotations with Rome for the corporate submission" Such an archbishop will have to be of a different temper than he who now happily occupies the see of Canterbury, and who has indignantly and truthfully characterized these men as "conspirators." Surely it is time for those, whose names we have previously given as connected with the Union, to disavow their complicity with such dishonourable and reactionary sentiments, otherwise they must be held accountable for them .- The Evangelical Churchman.

### BREVETIES.

Don't growl when the doctor orders bark. When two dentists are partners they rarely quarrel; they pull together.

A gentleman in conversation said that his dogs were A 1. Shouldn't they have been rated K 9?

"You're a man after my own heart, as the blushing maiden confessed when her lover proposed marriage.

"Where will the wanderer sleep to-night is the tittle of a new song, which naturally provokes a chorus of "In the station-house." REPORTING MADE EASY .- An American paper writes of a lecture on Irelanu's miseries:

"It is too long to report and too good to condens<del>e</del>." GIVING HIS AUTHORITY.—Teacher to pupil Spell "butter." Pupil: B-u-t-a-r. Teacher: You are wrong; sit down. Pupil: Well, sir, that's the way mother spells it on the lodger's

bills, any way." The plump, nice-looking chickens that are illowed to roam about the lawns in the vicinity of sea-side hotels are merely walking advertisements. They are not intended for

table use. Six medical experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong

person altogether. Not many years ago the yellow fever was raging in Buenos Ayres. The number of deaths was increasing daily at an alarming rate. A sexton had charge of one of the cemeteries. As it was becoming uncomfortably crowded he placed a sign outside the graveyard, which read as follows-"No corpses al-It wed here except those living in the neigh-

#### borhood !" IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poer, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

Throat affections and bronchial diseases are relieved immediately by the use of Downs' Elixir.

Probably no one article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as the most nourishing and strengthening beverage, and is strongly recommended to all as most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Rock Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has passed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Government analyist, and is certified by him to be pure, and to contain no starch, farnia, arrowroot, or any of the deliterious ingreidents com-