

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE McDONALD, OF VANDER RIVER, P. E. ISLAND, WHO DIED IN SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 25, 1884.

(Ascribed to his beloved ones.)

Above the sin of busy life, Above the waiting winter-day, I have one sad and solemn day, And forth a sad and solemn day.

I saw a mournful cottage stand, With roses where spring and winter vie; The still calm scene with flowers bright, In earth, green earth, the dull grey sky.

I saw three lonely tombs that have Not faded with unwearied care; And bright and beautiful, above Their heavenly forms in gleaming stars.

Beside those lonely tombs to-day A loving father's form I see, His memory who has passed away, Can never be from our minds erased.

For slight will rise and tears will flow To cloud each dear familiar scene; And many a day of silent weep, And lonely nights must intervene.

See time and resignation's hand Of healing on the wound be laid, The void within the household band By such a father's absence made.

For though the soul with reverent trust, And meek submission bows down; While "earth's earth" and "dust to dust," To faith and hope, mean pain and crown.

The heart, the sorrowing heart, Crushed by the burden of its loss, By separation rent apart, Weeps "neath the shadow of the cross.

Weeps sacred tears of Christian grief, Not the wild floods of dark despair, But tears that yield a sweet relief, When sanctified by love and prayer.

Since Jesus wept o'er Lazarus' tomb Such tears are hallowed in their flow; And as the storm clouds' darkest gloom Is lightened by the rainbow's glow.

So too, good wife and daughter, God's care Will over-arch your present hours; And your blessed father's prayer Will plant grief's desert waste with flowers.

For you and your dear mother's heart With his so closely intertwined, That some still holds of him a part In her devoted noble mind.

The faithful share of her lot, Thy fourteen happy, happy years How heavy, now that he is not, Must be the cross of grief's lot.

God comfort you my friends through life, And give you grace and strength to pray For peace and strength and courage rife To cheer you on your onward way.

To Him whose "star of Bethlehem" led His noble spirit to the skies, Oh! faithful to his teaching tread His pathway to God's Paradise.

W. D. MCKINNON.

DARE AND DO RIGHT.

OR THE ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN UPRIGHT BOY."

CHAPTER XXVII.

JAMES GREY'S RESOLVE.

About a mile from the bank of the Mississippi River, in the small town of Clayton, stood a handsome house.

It was on a commanding site, and could be seen by the traveller bound up the river, from the decks of the large river boats.

It stood in lonely grandeur, with no other houses very near, and those that were within a respectful distance of it were far inferior.

The occupant might be judged to be, in his neighborhood, a person of some consideration.

This was the mansion of James Grey, already introduced to our readers.

What motives had led him to pitch his tent in such a spot, can only be conjectured.

He came thither directly from the city of Cincinnati, having lived in a hotel near by while he hurried the erection of his house.

He came thither with his wife, (his wife was dead) and had lived there ever since, though, from time to time, he absented himself on a trip to St. Louis, or, in rarer instances, Cincinnati.

It is not unlikely that, knowing himself to be guilty of a fraudulent appropriation of his nephew's property, he had chosen to withdraw from the busy world and plant himself in this comparatively obscure place, where he was not likely to be visited by anyone cognizant of the manner in which he obtained his money.

Indeed, until his visit to New York three years before, he had not known there was any one living so cognizant.

He had seen a rumor that the vessel in which Jacob and his young charge went out to Australia was wrecked, and he imagined, or rather hoped, and so persuaded himself, that his dangerous nephew and his guilty accomplice were dead.

But his recognition of the boy who blacked his boots on the steps of the Astor house undeceived him as to this point. Still it seemed altogether unlikely that the boy would ever become aware of his identity.

"If he does," thought James Grey, "he is not likely to find me here on the banks of the Mississippi, fifteen hundred miles away."

According to the doctrine of probability, he was doubtless correct. It was not likely, out then events often hid defiance to the probabilities, and such was the case now.

At the time we introduce Mr. Grey at home, he was sitting at breakfast in a handsome breakfast-room, from the windows of which the river was visible.

He had in his hand a copy of a St. Louis morning paper of the morning previous, and was reading its columns, while sipping a cup of coffee at his side.

A boy of seventeen entered the room. "You are very late, Jasper," said his father, consulting his watch. "Can't you get to breakfast earlier than ten o'clock, sir?"

Jasper was dark and effeminate in appearance, not strong and sturdy, nor had he the look of self-reliance and calm power which characterized our hero, who was his cousin.

He was smooth, docile, and vain, running to dissipation, as far as he had opportunity.

"I was tired, sir," answered Jasper. "What made you tired?"

"I had got home till late evening."

"Where had you been?"

"I was at Alton."

"Without my permission," said the father, frowning.

"I am seventeen, sir. I can do as I please, and I will."

"I will give you ten dollars if you will go to Alton for several days."

"I don't wish to hurry you too much, Mr. Grey. That will be satisfactory to me."

"Very well. Now there is one other thing I wish to speak of. Of course I can't acknowledge you as my nephew immediately."

"I do not ask it, sir."

"It will be better that your claim be made first from his chair and advances to meet him with hand outstretched."

"Good morning," he said, smiling. "How did you find your way here?"

"I accidentally learned where you lived, Mr. Grey."

"Precisely so. I was quite sure I had not mentioned my address to you."

"No, sir, you did not."

"It was an oversight on my part. Did you have a pleasant journey from Cincinnati?"

"Quite pleasant, sir."

"Are you traveling on business?"

"On business with you, sir. That is all."

"So I supposed. Well, I am glad to see you. We are a small family, and I hope you will stay with us a few days."

"As your guest?" inquired our hero, much surprised.

"Yes. That will enable us to transact this business at our leisure."

"I shouldn't think you would invite me to your house," said Gilbert, in surprise.

"Why not?"

"You think I am an impostor."

"I don't feel sure of that."

"You said so in the city."

"I thought so in the city," said Mr. Grey, with apparent frankness. "Since I returned home I have been turning the matter over in my mind, and I don't feel so certain about it. You may be deceived."

"I know I am not," said Gilbert, firmly.

"Of course, you think so, my young friend. We won't dispute about it. I only want to find out the truth, and if you can prove your claim beyond any question I will do what is right. But there must be no doubt of it."

"Of course, that is fair enough."

"I have named to me incredible that a son of my brother John should be living, and as he left some property, I thought that you might be playing a sharp game. You might be offended at my plain speaking," he added, with a smile.

"No, sir; certainly not. I am in favor of plain speaking. But I hope you will find time have a more favorable opinion of me."

"I have already, or I would not invite you to become my guest. Have you your luggage with you?"

"Only a carpet bag."

"Where is that?"

"At the village hotel."

"That is a poor place. You must stay here, and I will send for it."

"I don't know what to say," said Gilbert, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"Then I will say for you that you accept without hesitation."

"Thank you, sir."

"Mr. Grey rang the bell and Pompey appeared.

"What's wanted, massa?"

"Send Dick to the hotel for this young gentleman's carpet bag."

"Yes, sir. What name, sir?"

"Gilbert Grey," answered our hero.

"Any 'lotion' asked Pompey, with the freedom of a favorite servant."

"Mr. Grey thinks there is a relationship," said the uncle. "Now be off, and tell Dick to make haste."

"By the way, though it is early to enter upon business, have you brought old Jacob's confession?" asked James Grey, in an indifferent tone; but he only expressed his thanks quietly.

"You probably know nothing of my family," continued James Grey, "though as a possible relation, you should do so. My wife is dead, and I have but one child, a boy of about your own age. Jasper is seventeen."

"I am about eighteen."

"He does not look at all like you, or me, either. He favors his mother's family, being quite dark. I think also he is more like his mother in disposition than like me. I hope you will like him."

"I think so," said our hero, politely. "I can't say he altogether pleases me," said James Grey. "He is not so obedient and observant of my wishes as he should be. For example, he went to Alton yesterday without permission, and lost all his money on hand by gaming. I hope you never gamble, Gilbert."

"No, sir, I don't approve of it."

"I hope you will, sir, as I wish to return to Cincinnati."

"If you prove yourself to be my brother's son, there will be no need of that, for the greater part of my property will go to you. You will be independent."

"I should be sorry to deprive you of property, sir, though I have no objection to becoming rich."

"Of course not. We all want to be rich. I shall not blame you for being my brother's son, if it appears that you are so. How long can you remain with us?"

"I won't set a limit, sir. Do you think I can get away in a week?"

"That is a short time."

"I can stay longer if necessary."

"I may need to go to Alton, to consult my lawyer, after examining this paper, which, I suppose, is an exact copy of the original?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"I will give you ten dollars which

ENTERED THE LIBRARY, EXPECTING AN ANGRY REPLY.

He was astonished by seeing his uncle rise from his chair and advance to meet him with hand outstretched.

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Believe me, dear Sir, gratefully and truly yours, J. M. JOHNSTONE, Missionary to Swatow, China.

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