

have any cause for complaint. Tell the other servants."

Klettenmaier understood the whole matter and shook his head, but did not venture to ask any questions. "Farewell, Wally," said he; "come back soon!"

"Never!" replied Wally, under her breath. Klettenmaier went into the house. Wally stood before the priest, without avoiding his searching glance. "Now there is nothing on which my heart is set, except the eagle," she said, faintly; "but I won't leave it here, it must go with me. Come, Hansl," she called to the bird, which was perched lazily on a pole. It flew clumsily toward her.

"You must learn to fly again; we are going away."

"Wally," said the priest, anxiously, "what do you mean to do?"

"Your reverence, I must go! *Afra* is in the house. Don't you see I can't stay there? I'll do anything; I'll wander cold and hungry on the highway all my life, and leave everything—but I can't look on and see him pet his *Afra*. That I can't do!" She clenched her teeth, to force back the rising tears.

"And you will really give up your home to him? Do you know what you are doing, my child?"

"The *Hochstoth* never belonged to me, your reverence; since yesterday, I have known it was Vincenz's, whenever he claimed it. But all the other property I possess shall be Joseph's. Suppose, through my fault, he should be lame, and no longer able to earn his bread; it is my duty to provide for him."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the priest; "did your father really deprive you of house and home?"

"What do I care for house and home? The house where I belong is always ready for me!" said Wally.

"Child," said the good priest, anxiously, "I hope you will not do yourself an injury!"

"No, your reverence, not now! I see you are right in everything, and our Lord does not allow Himself to be defied. Perhaps, if He sees that I am honestly trying to atone, He will have mercy, and not deny my poor soul the blessing of peace!"

"Blessed be the lesson, however hard it was, that softened your obstinate nature. Now, Wally, you are really great! But where are you going, my child? Do you want to enter some institution? shall I take you to the Carmelite convent?"

"No, your reverence, that won't do for Geier-Wally. I can't be shut up within walls and cells. I will die as I have lived—under God's free sky. I should feel as if He could not get through some thick walls. I will do penance and pray as if I were in church, but I must have rocks and clouds around me, and the wind must whistle in my ears, or I cannot bear it. Don't you see that it is so?"

"Yes, Wally, I see it, and it would be folly for me to try to restrain you; but where are you going?"

"Back to my father Murzoll. That is now my only home."

"Do as you will," said the priest. "In God's name, my child, I can see you depart with a quiet mind, for wherever you may now wander, you will go back to the *Father*."

CHAPTER XV.

A MESSAGE OF PARDON.

Once more the solitary, outcast girl sat high up on the lonely glaciers, near her stony father, as if she were fixed there like a portion of the dizzy crags, from whence she gazed down on the little world below, which had no longer room for the great heart, matured amid the wilderness and storms of the glaciers. Men had rejected and cast it out, and the promise of the dream had been performed; the mountain gave it a child's place. It belonged to the mountains; rocks and ice were its home; and yet it could not turn to stone itself; the poor warm human heart was silently bleeding to death amid these crags and glaciers.

Twice had the moon's shining crescent waxed and waned since the day when Wally sought refuge here, and she had not seen the face of any dweller in the valley. The priest alone had once dragged his feeble body up to her, and reported that Joseph was recovering. News had also come from Italy that Vincenz had been shot soon after joining the army, and bequeathed her all his property. She folded her hands on her knee and said, softly: "He is fortunate; his time of atonement was short!" as if she envied him.

"But what are you going to do with so much money?" asked the priest. "Who is to take care of your immense property? You ought not to let it go to ruin."

"Money and land as plenty as hay—and of what use is it? I can't buy one hour of happiness. When sufficient time has passed for me to be able to think of such things, I'll go down to Imst, and make arrangements to have my property legally given to Joseph. I'll only keep enough to build myself a little house for winter, farther down the mountain; but now I must have rest. I can't attend to anything yet. Do you take care of my property, your reverence, and see the servants have their wages—and give the poor what they need; from this day no one in *Sonnenplatte* shall suffer want!"

In these few words she arranged her temporal affairs, as if on the verge of the grave; nothing

was left her, except to wait till her hour came—the hour of deliverance.

It seemed as if God had told her through the priest's lips: "You must not come to me till I summon you!" And now she waited for the summons; but how long—how terribly long the time might be. She looked at her powerful frame: it was not formed for a speedy end, and yet there was no more hope for her than if she were dead. She saw that she could not end by violence a life devoted to atonement; but she thought she might venture to *help* the dear God to release her soul—and so she did everything that could tend to destroy the strongest constitution. It was no suicide to take only just sufficient food to keep herself from starving—fasting was a part of penance—or to expose herself for days and nights to rain and storm, when even the eagles took refuge in the clefts of the rocks; so that gradually wet, cold and privation undermined her health. It was no suicide to climb cliffs, which probably had never before been trodden by any human foot, merely to give the dear God an opportunity to hurl her down, if He so willed! And with a sort of cruel joy she saw her beautiful body gradually lose its power, felt her strength fail. Often, when she had wandered a long distance, she sank wearily down, and when she climbed, her knees trembled, and she grasped for breath. Thus one day she sat wearily on one of Murzoll's highest peaks. Around her, white ridges and blocks of ice rose one above another: the scene resembled a graveyard in winter, when the snow-covered headstones stand in rows, no longer veiled by climbing vines or flowers. Directly at her feet lay the glittering green waves of the frozen sea, that extended to the commencement of the *Hochjoch*. The deepest stillness reigned in this motionless, frozen world. This distant horizon, with its boundless chain of mountains, was shrouded in a dreamy veil of mist. Similaun, which rose beside the brown Riesenhorn, was veiled by thin light clouds, which clung caressingly to its rugged sides, rising and falling, until at last rent and dispersed by the sharp edges of the terrible cliff.

Wally lay supporting her head on her elbow, while her eyes mechanically followed the movements of the clouds. The noon-day sun shone fiercely down upon her, and the eagle sat a short distance off, languidly pluming itself, and occasionally stretching its wings. Suddenly it grew restless, turned its head, as if listening, and, with a loud scream, flew to a higher peak.

(To be continued.)

VINUM ET VIR.

Frederick the Great, like a good many other persons, had a particular affection for Tokay. Napoleon preferred Chambertin, but liked black coffee even better. Peter the Great thought Madeira the best of wines, but regarded brandy as superior to all other drinks. Marshal Riche-lieu held Medoc in the highest honor, and Rubens had the strange taste to esteem Marsala the finest of wines. John Bart, whom the French persist in imagining to have been a great admiral, drank confusion to the English in bumpers of Beaune. Rabelais thought that "the divine bottle" never looked more admirable than when filled with Chablis. Marshal Saxe had a decided predilection for champagne; while the severity of Cromwell's countenance is said to have occasionally relaxed at the sight of a pipe of Malmsey. The Emperor Charles V. would plan his campaigns and devise more stringent laws for the repression of heresy, over a flagon of good Alicante wine. His rival, Francis I., consoled himself for the loss of everything but honour with a cup of Xeres, or, as we should say, a glass of sherry. Henry IV., whether as a Catholic or a Protestant, was faithful to the vintage of Suresnes. In more recent times, the genius of a Goethe was fired by a bottle of Johannisberg. Humboldt studied and wrote unpleasant things about his friends under the gentle influence of Saunterne. Talleyrand often owed an hour of good nature to Chateau-Margaux.

THE "NORTHERN LIGHT."

Our illustration represents the winter steamer *Northern Light*, built by Mr. E. W. Sewell of Lewis, for the Dominion Government to carry mails and passengers across the "Straits of Northumberland" during the winter months. The points between which it is intended to run are Pictou, N. S. and Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, a distance of forty-five miles. Mr. Sewell, the promoter of winter navigation, looks upon this undertaking as the initiatory step towards this greater scheme of winter steam communication between Quebec and Europe. The engines of this vessel are of great power as compared with her displacement. They are of the compound build of 700 nominal H. P. and performed their work during the trial trip of fifty-four miles in the most satisfactory manner. They were built by Messrs. Carrier, Laine & Co. of Lewis, and reflect the greatest credit on the firm. The distance of fifty-four miles was run in four hours and four minutes, very good time, considering that the vessel was out of trim, being nine inches by the bow, caused by the stowing of some ninety tons of coal all forward. Steam has been communicated to such parts of the hull as are requisite to receive warmth and comfort for passengers and crew. The *Northern Light* will leave for Prince Edward Island in a week or ten days.

HON. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON.

This very distinguished man, whose death occurred at Toronto last week, was born at Beaucaire, Languedoc, France, on April 14th, 1817, at which time his father's regiment, the 79th Highlanders, were stationed there as part of the army of occupation. He came to Canada in 1825. His earlier education was obtained at Kilkenny College, and was completed in Upper Canada College, in Toronto. At an early age he entered as a student the law office of the Hon. J. H. Boulton. In the rebellion of 1837-38, he commanded a militia company, and in 1866, he donned his old uniform and went to the front to fight the Fenians. In his 21st year he was called to the Bar, and at once commenced practice. In 1840, he was appointed a Commissioner for revising the Statutes of Upper Canada, and in 1856, for consolidating the Statutes of Upper Canada and of Canada respectively. On the death of the Hon. Robert Baldwin, he was elected Treasurer of the Law Society, the highest distinction which his professional brethren could confer upon him. In 1846, he became Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in the Draper Ministry, and was soon afterwards elected for Cornwall. In 1848, he was again elected for Cornwall, and soon afterwards retired from office. At the general election of 1851, he was not a candidate. In 1854, he was returned for Toronto, and represented that city until 1857. He was elected for the County of Peel, in 1861, and represented that County until the Union in 1867, and subsequently, to the general election in 1872, when he was defeated. At the time of his death he was member for Cardwell. Mr. Cameron was twice married, first to a daughter of the late Hon. J. H. Boulton, by whom he had one son, now an officer in the 16th Regiment of Foot, and secondly to Miss Mallett, an American lady, who survives him, and by whom he had four children, two sons, one an officer in the 71st Regiment, the other a child, and two daughters, all living.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A BLUSH.—What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a single word, look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer's sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, more than the glove or sock that covers it.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison-keepers, that while wives constantly visit and condole with their husbands, when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their trouble. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered brutality at the hands of their criminal husbands!

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuit, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness, and melancholy.

COLOUR OF THE HAIR.—The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which colour most becomes it. We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of Elizabeth it found ardent admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

PROFUNDITY.—Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed, for a long time, on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depth, while versatility skims the surface, of the sea of speculation; while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

SNUG.—A home with flowers and vine growing about it, and neatly furnished and kept within; a husband temperate in habit and virtuous in heart and life; a wife discreet, chaste, good, and a home-keeper; children hearty, cheerful and obedient; the home half paid for, and the remainder payable in small instalments; the husband earning fair wages, supporting his family, paying the premiums on a life policy large enough to cover his indebtedness, and saving a little besides;—that is what we call having things *snug*.

THE CAPACITY OF WOMEN.—Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring woman who

looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck called earth," who despises order and regularity as indications of a grovelling spirit; but a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the space of duties it takes in. Proportion and propriety are among the best secrets of domestic wisdom; and there is no surer test of integrity than a well-proportioned expenditure.

ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.—Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state, and your heart. Let no father or mother, or sister or brother ever presume to come between you, or to share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no, never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and re-renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

MERE BEAUTY.—It is natural that men should pursue beautiful women; but it would be well to remember that there are qualities of far more importance than mere personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous, and beautiful eye, the crimson blush of the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form; but, after all, the inquiry should be, is there a soul within? Is there elevation of thought, generous principles, noble purposes, a cultivated intellect? If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but as a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship at such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affection invariably accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelope a cultivated mind as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and his fondest hopes blighted, in the selection of a partner for life. Nothing is more desirable to a man of genius in this life than the ardent affections of a good, sensible woman; and, on the other hand, no offering on earth is so acceptable to a woman as the sincerest affection of a man of genius and truth.

LITERARY.

ITALY now possesses 1,126 publications, including 387 diurnals.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's new novel is named "Miss Misanthrope."

THE authorities have forbidden the introduction into France of *Le Tocsin*, organ of the Russian revolutionary party, published at Geneva.

THE autotype fac-simile of the commonplace book of the poet Milton, which was found among the muniments of Sir Frederick Graham, has just been finished, and will be issued shortly.

STUDENTS have not yet offered themselves to Dr. Legge, the Professor of Chinese at the University of Oxford, but it is expected that the lectures which the reverend gentleman is about to deliver will bring some.

THE MS. remains of the late John Keble are in an advanced stage of preparation, and the publication of them will be accompanied by an essay by Dr. Pusey, together with an elaborate criticism by Dr. Newman.

MISS SARA S. RICE, who was the leading spirit in securing the monument to Poe at Baltimore, has prepared a memorial volume, giving a biographical sketch of the poet, with reminiscences by one of his fellow-students and other interesting memorabilia.

THE long-promised edition of the Greek Testament, on which Professor Westcott and Mr. Hart have been engaged for nearly twenty years, is now really approaching completion, and the sheets of the Apocrypha are actually in the printer's hands.

IDA VON DURINGSFELD, the German novelist, author of "Schloss Coczy," "Die Literaten," &c., and her husband, Freiherr O. von Reinsberg, who was also a writer, have both died at an hotel at Stuttgart, within a couple of days of one another.

FATHER BOLIG, who, it appears, is a member of the Society of Jesus, has been appointed to the office of custos of the Vatican Basilica. Father Bolig is said to be an exceedingly learned man, and to be able to speak fifty-two languages.

MR. PETER O'LEARY, author of "Travels in Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States," has just returned to England from a tour through the Northern and Western States of America, and is now engaged in preparing a work on "The Irish in England," which is to be published in America.

THERE are three derivations of the word "sterling money." The first is, that it is derived from Stirling Castle, and that Edward I., having penetrated so far into Scotland, caused a coin to be struck there, which he called sterling. The second opinion derives it from the figure of a bird called sterling, which appears about the cross in the ancient arms of England. The third assigns its true origin by deducing it from *Easterling*; for in the time of Henry III. it is called *Monea Esterlingorum*, the money of the Esterlings, or people of the East.

CHARLES HEMANS, a son of Felicia Hemans, the poetess, well-known as an antiquary and archaeologist, died at *Mucos*, in Italy, the other day. Mr. Hemans was the secretary of the British Archaeological Society in Rome, where he had passed his winters for years. To scholars and students of Italian ecclesiastical history and archaeology his works are invaluable. His more recent ones, "A History of Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy," and "Historic and Monumental Rome," contain the results of his most mature studies.

ROUND THE WORLD.

It is stated that Germany positively declines to participate in the Exhibition of 1878.

THE Prince of Wales will visit New Zealand and Australia in 1878.