

with the warmth and kindness of the morning salutation a solemn expression belonging to the hallowed day.

The sweet countenance of Janet Gordon, which, the night before, had been lit with almost a wild gladness, was now breathed over by a pensive piety, so truly beautiful at all times on a woman's features.

The kirk was some considerable distance, but they were prepared to walk to it; and Clarence Harleigh readily accompanied them on their way to divine service.

To Clarence, the scene was most delightful, as the opening of every little glen revealed some new feature of interest.

Families were coming down together from their green nests above among the mountain solitudes; and subdued friendly greetings were exchanged on all sides. The many-coloured Highland tartan, mixed with the pure white of dresses from the Lowlands, gave intimation of the friendly intercourse subsisting between the dwellers of hill and of plain. The distinction of rank was still visible, but it was softened down by one pervading spirit of humble Christianity. The clear tinkle of the bell was heard; the seats were filled, and the whole vale echoed to the voice of psalms.

Towards the end of the service, Clarence glanced to fix his eyes on a small marble slab in the wall, and he read these words:—

“ Sacred to the memory of Hugh Gordon, late Captain in the ninety-second regiment, who died at Vienna, 9th Sept., 18—.”

A mortal sickness seized upon him, and in that agony, which was, indeed, almost a swoon, he prayed for death to still the pangs of his tortured heart. He looked fixedly, first, at the mother, and then at her daughter, and a resemblance, which he had not before discovered, to one in his grave, now grew upon him stronger and stronger. Shudderingly he turned his looks away, only to fix them again on that inscription, to which they seemed drawn by some hideous spell. He heard not the closing benediction, nor saw the exultant gleam of Ethel's dark orbs; but unable to control the emotion that racked him, with a low moan, he staggered blindly from the sacred edifice.

Crossing a rustic bridge spanning a rivulet, he entered a thick coppice wood, and gave utterance to the grief that seemed fast consuming him.

“ Oh, is my sin to haunt me ever, like some grim and ghastly spectre? To dash the cup of happiness from my lips ere I had tasted its Lethæan waters? Is not a life's repentance sufficient atonement for an act committed in a moment of hot-headed folly; or is that one act to embitter my whole existence? But, oh! more crushing than all is the thought that I should win the love of that pure, spotless being—she of all women—who, did she know all, would loathe and despise me! Oh, what evil destiny threw me in her path! It wanted but this to complete my misery! How bitter is my punishment!” he cried, in accents of direst grief.

Sinking on the turf, he sobbed convulsively. The snapping of twigs caused him to start suddenly, and on looking up he beheld, standing before him, Ethel Allison.

“ Oh, my love! my love! Have I indeed found you after these long, weary years?” she exclaimed, stretching out her hands towards him.

“ I do not understand you, Miss Allison,” said Clarence, scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses; “ and I am in no mood for trifling.”

“ Hear me! I witnessed your discovery in the church. Nay, start not, Clarence Sinclair; you see I know you! Oh! is it possible that your heart fails to recognize its once acknowledged queen? Can you so speedily forget the belle of Vienna—the supposed affianced wife of Hugh Gordon, your victim, but whose heart had long before been given into your keeping?”

“ I do recognize you now,” said Clarence, recovering his composure; but to what does all this tend?”

“ Oh, Clarence!” she exclaimed with well-assumed pain, “ can you ask? My love for you is no secret. I have come for the fulfilment of your promise to make me your wife.”

“ You must regard that only as an act of youthful folly, made when I knew not the true meaning of love. Besides,” he added, “ I am now engaged to Miss Gordon.”

“ I know it,” she hissed, through her white, glistening teeth; “ but she never shall be yours; you must give her up, and at once.”

“ It would break her fond, trusting heart!” said Clarence.

“ Better hers than mine,” said Ethel curtly; “ for I could never survive the blow of seeing you wedded to another.”

“ But I have no love to offer you.”

“ Oh, Clarence, I despair not of winning that, if there is power in the devotion of a lifetime.”

“ And what if I refuse?” he said, stonily.

“ Oh, my love! you will not compel me to seem unwomanly; but I cannot bear the thought of losing you; and rather than see you married to another I would tell them all!”

“ Oh, no, no—not that!” he cried, staggering against a tree, as if struck a mortal blow. “ I consent!” he cried, huskily, wiping the great drops of agony from his brow.

It was with a sinking heart and a dread foreboding that Janet Gordon lay down to rest that night.

The disappearance of Clarence Harleigh and Ethel Allison from Glen-Creran the next morning filled the hearts of Mrs. Gordon and her daughter with the most painful apprehensions. They called to mind the singular conduct of

Clarence in the church, and the sudden departure of Ethel, and a vague, ominous fear settled heavily on their hearts.

About noon, a man brought a letter for Miss Gordon.

With trembling fingers, and wildly beating heart, Janet broke the seal. It ran thus:—

“ My Own Dear Love,—

“ For you will be my love till the pulsations of this breaking heart have ceased. All is—oh, all is at an end between us. Oh, my beloved one, it wrings my heart thus to abandon you; but a frightful destiny has rendered it unavoidable. Farewell! Forget your unhappy

“ CLARENCE.”

“ Oh, mother, mother!” exclaimed the poor girl; “ and I loved him so truly—so dearly! I shall die—I shall die!” And falling upon her mother's shoulder, she sobbed hysterically.

“ My dear, dear child!” said the widow in choking accents; “ it is indeed a heavy blow; but you must try to bear it with resignation.”

Janet's trial was great, but the poor stricken girl was yet destined to receive a heavier blow. A few days later they read in the fashionable intelligence the announcement of Clarence Harleigh's approaching marriage with her cousin, Ethel Allison.

“ And this is the man on whom I have bestowed my heart's best love!” sobbed the gentle girl. “ Oh, false, heartless Clarence!”

Later in the day a visitor was announced—a Mr. Edward Manton, a friend of Clarence Harleigh's.

The widow and her daughter, who remembered to have seen him on the day of Janet's rescue from drowning, received him courteously, but coolly. He briefly explained the nature of his errand, which was that he had news of the utmost importance to communicate to Clarence.

“ Mr. Harleigh has gone,” returned the widow, defiantly. “ He left us no knowledge of his whereabouts.”

“ Gone!” exclaimed Manton; “ you amaze me, madam! I am that gentleman's most intimate friend, and, pardon me, but he has repeatedly expressed to me, in confidence, the nature of his feelings towards Miss Gordon. He is the soul of honour. I have never known him to depart from his word, and to act in this seemingly base and heartless manner I must confess is to me most mysterious.”

“ Perhaps this will explain,” said Mrs. Gordon, handing him both the letter and the newspaper.

Manton, with a troubled expression, read on to the end. Then his look suddenly brightened, and he exclaimed, “ I see it all now! You must understand that Mr. Harleigh is suffering from the effects of an unhappy circumstance which has preyed so heavily on his mind that it has become a disease with him, and he has magnified an act of self-justification into a positive crime. The circumstance I allude to happened about five years ago. He was staying at the Austrian capital at the time, and it was rumored that he had a fancy for a lady there, who was well known by the cognomen of the Belle of Vienna, but who was supposed to be the affianced wife of a young English officer, who, on hearing the report, became immediately jealous of Mr. Harleigh. A quarrel ensued, and a duel was fought, which resulted in the death of the young soldier.”

“ His name?” gasped Mrs. Gordon, who had become deeply moved during the latter portion of Manton's recital.

“ Hugh Gordon.”

Mrs. Gordon uttered a faint shriek, and sank back as though about to swoon.

Janet, with many endearing expressions, endeavoured to arouse her.

“ Oh!” she at length murmured. “ To think that the man who deprived my dear son of his life should steal the affections of my only daughter!”

“ Believe me, dear madam,” said Manton, who was greatly surprised, “ Harleigh had no knowledge of the relationship between you and your son when he came here. Let me beg of you not to hastily condemn him. The unhappy quarrel, which has embittered his whole existence, was forced upon him by the impetuous character of his antagonist, who, however, fully assured him of his perfect forgiveness, and of his sense of his antagonist's courage and honour. Harleigh's sensitive nature shrank from the deed he had committed, but none reproached him with a quarrel which had not been of his own seeking, for he had only used his skill for the defence of his own life. Regarding his marriage with Miss Allison, she had doubtless extorted that promise from him under the threat of exposing him to the mother of his betrothed—not because she had any love for him, but because she is eager to share his title and his wealth.”

“ Poor Clarence!” said Janet, sighing deeply; “ he is truly more sinned against than sinning.”

“ You are right, Janet,” said Mrs. Gordon; “ poor young fellow, I now feel that he merits our pity rather than our scorn.”

She felt, only too truly, that her wild and headstrong Hugh had sought his doom, and her heart yearned with the emotions of ineffable tenderness towards him who was willing to let all blame rest on his own head rather than any of it should alight on him who was in his grave; and if he had unavoidably taken the life of one of her own children, had he not preserved that of the other?

Now that the first startling agony was over, both Janet and Mrs. Gordon regarded Clarence with affection for his own sake, pity for his mis-

fortunes, and sympathy for the contrition which he endured for an act which he, more than themselves, regarded as a heinous crime.

“ Tell him, Mr. Manton, that the mother of Hugh Gordon offers him her forgiveness, and may he find rest from remorse as I have found rest from grief.”

Edward Manton was not slow in forwarding to his friend the cheering news, and the next evening saw Clarence at Glen-Creran. He found Mrs. Gordon and Janet sitting alone in the woods.

“ If I can regain Janet's affection,” said Clarence, with great emotion, “ could you bear to look upon me as your son-in-law?”

“ You have never yet lost her love,” returned Mrs. Gordon; “ and if I could see you married to my child, then could I lay down my head and die in peace.”

He was satisfied, and gave a history of himself and his family—telling how he had changed his name for that of a kinsman, to whose estate he had succeeded.

“ Janet,” he said, turning to the lovely girl, “ your dear mother has pardoned; will you not also forgive me?”

“ Freely,” said Janet, holding out her little hand.

Clarence took it into his own brown palm, and drawing her towards him, sealed the blissful assurance on her lips.

“ My darling!” he exclaimed fervently, “ I do not deserve such happiness.”

A few weeks later, the morning of Janet Gordon's wedding-day shone over Glen-Creran. And a happy day it was all over the mountains of Appin and also in the beautiful vale of Mel-cumb, in England, where many a cup went round among his tenantry, to the rich young squire and his Scotch bride.

F. J. F.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together, a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

BE SHORT.—Learn to be short. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace, boil down two words into one, and three into two. Always learn to be short.

HOME FRIENDSHIPS.—If we cultivate home friendships with the same assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns. There is no friendship so pure and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters. Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that higher and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper or more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of later life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier in this loving and abiding union.

LOVERS.—Marriage is so often the result of circumstances which throw two people together—of a consideration of the fitness of things, of momentary impulse, or of cool deliberation—that which should be the happiest state is often the unhappiest. The only true matches are made by love, and when two people have really loved—really, from the depths of their very hearts—nothing can ever quite part them again. We do not say this of those who have been called or called themselves, lovers. A couple may be engaged, or it may be even married, and yet the wonderful tie of great love may never have existed between them. When it does exist, all the waters cannot quench it, nor the seas cover it. Forever and forever—at least in the for ever of life—those two are more to each other than any two who have loved can be. Sometimes happy fate actually unites two who love thus, and they live a long, happy life together.

HOW TO MANAGE HIM.—Husbands, dear ladies, can be coaxed to do almost anything; but it will not do to drive them. If the wife is fond of her own way, the husband is tolerably certain to be similarly inclined; and mutual misery is the result. There should be but one will with a married couple who are truly mated, and that should be the will of both. To those who know the sweet authority of love, this will

not seem like a paradox. We have known couples—not so many as we could wish!—both of whom could truthfully say, after a dozen or twenty years' walking of the long path together, that they had had their own way, because the necessary mutual yielding had been done so cheerfully and so wholly that but the one way remained. The worst of husbands—provided he is not dissipated, of course—can be managed if you, his wife, can keep him in love with you. When that can be done, all the rest follows. How it can be done we do not know; you ought to, if you know what he loved you for in the first place. We do not mean simply faithful, and provident, and kind, but genuinely loving. Few mortals can withstand the power of faithful, loving devotion.

THE GLEANER.

THERE have been 140 duels in France within eight months, without the loss of a life.

EDMUND YATES says that the only rival to English womanhood is American womanhood.

WHEN an American is abroad and is puzzled about what to order he falls back on ham and eggs.

SAPONOVARI is the new chief of the Utes. We believe we could make a pun on that name, but we won't do it.

A CAREFUL traveller says that he rides in the rear car of an express train and in the forward car of a slow train.

THE report that the Grecian bend was to be revived proves erroneous. It got currency during the cucumber season.

THERE is feeling, even affection, in inanimate things. Even railroad cars become strongly attached to each other.

A MISSISSIPPI writer says that when a capitalist or banker can make two per cent. a month on money loaned to a planter he will not invest in cotton mills.

A YOUNG lady wrote some verses for a paper about her birthday, and headed them “ May 30th.” It almost made her hair turn grey when it appeared in print “ My 30th.”

HOMELY cooks always do the best work. Somehow the pretty ones don't seem to be so much afraid that the master will kick up a row if the steak is overdone or the coffee rather weak.

THE daughters of present European rulers do not support the common theory of the novel and the stage, that aristocratic blood causes delicacy and refinement of face. They are, as a rule, rather coarse and common as to features.

TODDLEKINS is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it at all until his three boys grew up to be strapping young fellows and his wife began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

THE famous old Christ's hospital, or Blue Coat school of London, is to be removed to a suitable site in the country, where buildings will be provided for 500 boys as boarders. Accommodation will also be provided for 400 girls in an upper and lower school.

A POET asks: “ When I am dead and lowly laid, / And clouds fall heavy from the spade, / Who'll think of me?” Don't worry. Tailors and shoemakers have retentive memories, and you'll not be forgotten.

If there should ever come a day when an English defeat in India cannot be offset by the excuse that Russian officers led the enemy, they will probably fall back on “ overpowering numbers.”

THE number of drawings sent by the schools of art in competition to the British Science and Art Department for 1879 was 157,666. The schools numbered 146. The number of children taught drawing in Great Britain has increased from 660,531 in 1878, to 725,129 in 1879.

RECENT excavations at Pompeii brought to light a hen's nest with thirteen eggs in it. They had been tightly covered in the ashes and preserved, and the birds took them home and put them under a hen and twelve of them hatched. The question now is, How long will those chickens have to be kept before they are up to the boarding-house standard of age?

LEWIS CLARKE, the George Harris of “ Uncle Tom's Cabin,” is living at Oberlin, Ohio. His skin and beard are almost white. His mother, he says, was a handsome quadroon, the daughter of her master, and his father was a Scotch weaver. He was a slave until he was twenty-seven, when he escaped. He supplied Mrs. Stowe with many incidents for “ Uncle Tom's Cabin.” The original Uncle Tom, Josiah Hansen, is now a clergyman in Ontario. Eva was Mary A. Logan, who lives in the South.

ACCORDING to Mr. Frank Buckland a great deal has to be said in a physiological view in favour of theyster as an article of food. There is an average of about two and a half ounces of meat to every twelve ounces of shell in each oyster, and its constituents include much phosphate of iron and osmazone, or creature matter similar to essence of meat, and also a certain quantity of gelatine or mucilaginous matter, and another material of which phosphorus is the main ingredient. It is the principal brain-giving food that can be taken, and hence is so largely used by those fond of literary pursuits; and in this manner has become an almost essential element of diet to intellectual men. The annals of the University of Paris shadow forth that when so elastic dispositions were more than usually rife and boisterous the students were in the habit of rehearsing their debates over oyster suppers. Louis VIII., who died in 1288, loved oysters so well and thought so much of his cook for the savory manner in which he furnished them up for the royal table that he invested the chef de cuisine with a patent of nobility and made him a handsome annual allowance. The members of the college of the Sorbonne were invited by Louis XI to come once every year to feast upon oysters, until on one occasion a distinguished theologian came to an untimely end by drowning in the river Seine after the symposium had concluded.

“ You Don't Know Their Value.”

“ They cured me of Ague, Billionsness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, whom the doctors and neighbours said could not be cured. I am confident I should have lost both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they did them so much good I continued with them, and they are now well. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them highly enough.”—B., Rochester, N. Y.