

else sleep was the remedy that nature instinctively grasped, for it gave back part of the strength that I had lost.

When I awoke again I felt wonderfully the better for a long rest that had not been broken, but made more beneficial from the fact that I was slightly roused from time to time to take stimulants and nourishment. The heat and glare of the summer day had passed. This I could perceive even through the half-closed window-blinds. At first I thought myself alone, but soon saw that Reuben was seated in farthest corner, quietly carving on some wood-work that interested his boyish fancy. His round, fresh face was like a tonic.

"Well, old fellow," I laughed, "so you are playing nurse?"

"Is thee awake for good, Richard Morton?" he asked, springing up.

"I hope so."

"Cause mother said that as soon as thee really waked up I must call her."

"Oh, wait a moment, and tell me all the news."

"Mother said I mustn't tell thee anything but to get well."

"I'm never going to get well."

"What!" exclaimed the boy, in consternation.

"Your mother and Miss Adah take such good care of me that I am going to play sick the rest of my life," I explained, laughing. "How is Dapple?"

"Oh, thee's only joking, then. Well, all I ask of thee is to get well just enough to drive Dapple around with me. He'll put life into thee—never fear. When I get hold of the rein he fairly makes my hands tingle. But there, mother said I shouldn't let thee talk, but tell her right away," and he started for the door.

"How is Miss Warren? Is she never coming to see me?"

"Emily Warren's been dreadfully anxious about thee. I never saw any one change so. But to-day she has been like a lark. She went with me to the village this morning, and she had almost as much spirit and life as Dapple. She's a jolly good girl. I like her. We're all so glad thee's getting well we don't know what to do. Father said he felt like jumping over a five-bar fence. Only Adah acts kind of queer and glum."

"I think I hear talking," said Mrs. Yocomb, entering.

"Dear Mrs. Yocomb," I laughed, "you are the most amiable and beneficent dragon that ever watched over a captive."

"Thee wants watching. The moment my back's turned thee's into mischief, and the young people are just as bad. Reuben, I might better have left Zillah here."

"Do let her come," I exclaimed; "she'll do more good than medicine."

"Well, she shall bring thee up thy chicken-broth; that will please her wonderfully. Go away, Reuben, and tell Zillah to bring the broth—not another word. Does thee feel better, Richard?"

"Oh, I am almost well. I'm ashamed to own how hungry I am."

"That's a good sign—a very good sign."

"Mrs. Yocomb, how did I become so ill? I'm haunted by the oddest sense of not remembering something that happened after you spoke to us the other evening."

"There's nothing strange in people's being sick—thee knows that. Then thee had been overworking so long that thee had to pay the penalty."

"Yes, I remember that. Thank heaven I drifted into this quiet harbour before the storm came. I should have died in New York."

"Well, thee knows where to come now when thee's going to have another bad turn. I hope, however, that thee'll be too good a man to overwork so again. Now thee's talked enough."

"Can I not see Mr. Yocomb, and—and—Miss Warren this evening?"

"No, not till to-morrow. Father's been waiting till I said he could come; but he's so hearty like that I won't trust him till thee's stronger."

"Is—s Miss Warren so hearty like also? It seems to me her laugh would put life into a mummy."

"Well, thee isn't a mummy, so she can't come till to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

A GREAT SCENE.

At Sedan the Emperor William sat on a hill overlooking the battle-field, with the American Generals, Sheridan and Forsyth, when the news of the capitulation came, and the French bearer of the flag of truce was seen riding sadly back. At dawn the next morning, Bismarck, who had been drinking champagne and eating sandwiches with officers and myself, until one, and arguing terms of surrender the rest of the night, was mounted on his bay, fresh and clean shaven, riding toward Sedan, while we followed. A shabby, low carriage, from which came the gleam of gold lace, approached. Bismarck sprang from his horse, letting it go, and bowed low. The leaden-coloured, gaunt-eyed, deep-lined man, with dishevelled moustache, in the carriage, was Napoleon III. Alighting at a weaver's cottage, Napoleon and Bismarck sat down and talked in an undertone, while we stood at the garden hedge, the weaver calmly looked on from his window, and eager troops and provision carts streamed by. Then Bismarck rode back to the emperor, and Napoleon waited alone, walking back and forth, limping slightly, and smoking countless cigarettes. The proudest monarch in Europe was cooling his heels at a weaver's cottage, waiting attendance on a Prussian. Soon a troop of cuirassiers formed around the cottage, Bismarck returned, and Napoleon was escorted to a ruined house in Sedan. Von Moltke had dispelled the obstinacy of the French commander by shewing him the German cannon, and the capitulation had been signed. The German monarch came riding down, with head proudly erect, to meet the bent and broken Napoleon, who came forward with handkerchief at his eyes, while William's face worked strangely. In the shattered house an interview of twenty

minutes was held, then William rode away among his troops, and Napoleon spent the night in the bedroom occupied by William the night before. He passed the time in reading, and the book significantly was Bulwer's "Last of the Barons."—*Archibald Forbes.*

LOVED TOO LATE.

Year after year, with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—
In and out.

Ever for us the skies were clear;
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold
All that he won of honour and gold
In toil and pain.

O dear hands that our burdens bore—
Hands that shall toil for us no more,
Never again!

Oh, it was hard to learn our loss,
Bearing daily the heavy cross—
The cross he bore;

To say with an aching heart and head,
"Would to God that the love now dead
Were here once more!"

For when the love we held too light
Was gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears,
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning grief could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

Oh, now while the sweet love lingers near,
Grudge not the tender words of cheer;
Leave none unsaid.

For the heart can have no sadder fate
Than some day to awake—too late—
And find love dead!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

MANITOBA LAKE.

The Manitoba Lake, which has given name to the province formed out of the Red River region, is called after a small island, whence, in the stillness of the night, issue strangely sweet, mysterious sounds. The Ojibway Indians who dwell in that neighbourhood believe the island to be the home of Manitoba, the speaking god, and will not land on or approach it for any consideration; thinking they would desecrate or profane it, and that they would meet with some terrible fate for their impiety. The sound is caused, it has been ascertained, by the beating of the waves on the large pebbles along the shore. These, with fragments of fine-grained, compact limestone from the cliffs above, are rubbed together by the action of the water, and give out a tone like that of distant church bells. This natural music is heard when the wind blows from the north, and as it subsides, low plaintive notes, resembling voices of an invisible choir are heard. It has been compared to the chant of the nuns at the Trinita de Monti in Rome, with which all travellers are familiar. The effect is impressive. Tourists have been awakened at night in the vicinity under the impression that chimes of bells were ringing afar off, and that their tones were rippling over the lake. The mystic bells of Manitoba have acquired such a reputation that travellers are not satisfied until they are heard, and often spend days there waiting for the blowing of the north wind. The Ojibways have a number of poetic legends about their speaking god, whom they profoundly revere.

SUNLIT ROOMS.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so ranged that sometime during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed perfect health is nearly as dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. It costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigour, which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room in it may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*Builder and Woodworker.*

SOME idea of the way space has to be utilized in a great city may be inferred from the fact that the owner of a mansion in Belgrave Square, London, where ground is very valuable, has built a stable for twenty horses on its roof, to which the horses are raised by an elevator.

REPORTS from the west coast of Africa to December 31, state that there has been continued fighting on New Calabar river between King and Will Braid, two native chiefs. The latter attacked and captured Awffa, the place which commands the creek down which oil is brought to the coast.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

ACCORDING to the last census there are 245 cities in the United States having a population of over 10,000.

THE complete census returns of the United States shew a population of 50,152,866, of which the territories have 783,271.

THE king of Abyssinia has issued a decree that "all Mussulmans shall be baptized into the Christian faith or leave his kingdom."

A LONDON cable says: By the proposed Coercion Bill the personal liberty of all persons in Ireland is placed at the mercy of the Lord-Lieutenant.

DR. LUGGER says that at the present rate of conversion there will be, in 1913, 26,000,000 church members and 100,000,000 professing Christians in the Chinese empire.

IT is reported that Rev. Father Guillelt, a Jesuit priest arrested at Guatemala, under the law banishing Jesuits, was taken from prison on the 17th ult., and shot by the soldiers.

A SPANISH priest lately declared from the pulpit that any sick person in the parish who should have recourse to homoeopathy would, in case of death, be denied the rites of religious burial.

W. W. CORCORAN, the benevolent old Washington banker, is said to have given \$8,000,000 in public benefactions and \$1,000,000 in private charity. He has \$3,000,000 to draw from still.

At a recent prayer-meeting in Reading, they prayed for editors and newspaper publishers. The Rev. W. J. Mills said that it was a rare thing to hear prayers offered for the press, and yet he did not know anything that needed God's blessing so much.

THE flood in the Thames, England, has driven hundreds of poor people out of their houses, and great distress prevails. Several lives have been lost and terrible scenes reported. Parliament is almost prevented from assembling by the inundations. Business to a great extent is suspended. The damage is estimated at \$2,000,000.

THE formation of a Dutch rifle corps has been resolved upon at the Hague to assist the Boers in the Transvaal. There are hundreds of loyal Boers in Pretoria. It is stated that they can muster 2,000. Hundreds of Boers may desert to the British when the latter approaches the Boer forces. The Boers endeavoured to induce the Swazi king to join them, but he refused to desert the British and prepared to attack the Boers if they enter his country.

ACCORDING to the "Star," Persian paper, the pilgrimage to Mecca this year is unusually large. It says: "According to the news which has reached us from the direction of the Hejaz, 'the land of the remission of sins,' the multitude of visitors and pilgrims to the house of God, 'the sacred,' has been far greater this year than in former years. The number of pilgrims, 'the possessors of joy,' has been written at 120,000. This is a cause of pride to all Mussulmans in general. May the Almighty (may His praises be sung!) grant the travellers to that holy house an acceptable visit and a safe return to their countries!"

THERE has been a conflict between the Catholics and Protestants in the South Sea islands. New Caledonia is a French penal settlement, where the Catholics are strong. The mission work among the islanders was divided, the Protestants taking certain fields. But Jesuit missionaries have come into the island and created discord, as in Uganda and Madagascar. The Catholics challenged the Protestants to a battle, on a Sunday, but they declined; but the next day hostilities broke out, and twenty-two of the native Catholics were killed. A British man-of-war at a neighbouring island arrived and put a stop to the fight.

WRITING from Sydney, New South Wales, Mr. Proctor, the agreeable writer on science, tells a good story of how the reporters in the Legislative Assembly late disposed of one of their chief enemies in an assault made upon them during a debate on the local "Hansard." Mr. Hay, angry at the abridgement of his speeches, had joined with others in demanding that full reports should be given; and accordingly the reporters have granted him his wish, printing his speeches *verbatim*. Here is a sample: "The reporters ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but—the member can only judge what is important.—As I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can tell—no one can understand from the reports—what it is—what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—what the member thinks of importance—are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean who the papers think of interest—is reported. I can't compliment the reporters."

At a meeting of the Berlin (Germany) Wahlmeinner, which was called for the purpose of condemning the anti-Jewish movement, 2,500 persons were present. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the meeting desired to express regret and indignation that Berlin had been the scene of meetings and violent excesses, which tended, by exciting the most disgraceful passions, to inspire members of different creeds with hatred and contempt towards one another, and were calculated to tarnish the reputation of the city and the honour of the German name. The Wahlmeinner protested, in their own name, and in the name of the citizens, against interference with the legal equality of the religious profession. Herr Virchow moved the resolution. The anti-Jewish agitation has extended to Saxony, Bavaria, Leipzig, and Breslau. The petition to Bismarck for the suppression of the Jews has received forty thousand signatures. The crown prince of Germany, speaking in Berlin, condemned the anti-Jewish movement and said he felt especially aggrieved because it was invading the schools and universities. The Bavarian minister of the interior has instructed the police to arrest the agitation.