PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF THE CAUSE IN DRITICH PARLIAMENT WILL BE HEARD FROM-THE INCREASED ATTENTION GIVEN TO LABOR MATTERS IN THE UNITED STATES -IN CANADA LABOR REFORM HAS TAKEN FIRM R OT AND WILL FLOURISH.

All indications point to the fact that the labor question, especially in England and the United Sates, is rapidly coming to a crisis. There was never a time when liber was better organized, more united and determined-when it had as many true, far seeing and able leaders, and when it, had so atrong a hold upon the forces which go to create public opinion. The Irish question-which has taken precedence of every other autject of legislation in Britain-is practically the Labor question in one of its most important phases. The right of the people to own the land once secured there will be a most important precedent which will have a telling effect on the movement against landlordism elsewhere. Events are hastening a dissolution of parties in England and the redrawing of party lines on a different bas's. The Kauicalism of a large number of members of the new l'alliament, including a dozen elected as representatives of Labor, is of a far more protounced and aggressive type than the mealy mouthed and complaisant style of some who in the past have called themselves Rad icals. For the first time in history the masses of the Butish people are themselves repre sented in Parliament, not by a niere handful of men often cowed into silence by the domincering involence of the aristocracy and bourgeous el-ment, but by a powerful and compact phalaix, eager for the fray, who care little or nothing for old party distinctions or what may happen the government or the op position as the result of their action. The bastard Liberalism which allowed its course to be dictated by a small aristocratic element in its ranks and was afraid to commit itself to any bold stroke of practica reform of existing social abuses -- and the fossilized Toryism which has resisted step by step, as long as it dured, every advance in popular liberty, are no lenger the only forces in the governing body of England.

The Radical elem at may be as yet namer

itally small, but it will make itself tel, as power. Old traditions will no longer go unchallenged. The usurpations of the landthief and capitalist, the brutal and heartless cypicism and greed of the British upper class and their habitual arrogance and contempt for honest toil, which has made them intensely hated wherever they are known, and by none more than their own countrymen, will be confronted on an equal footing by men into whose sculs the iron of oppression has en tored and exposed in plain, burning, indignant

Whatever may be the immediate issue of the struggle the right will go on, and the influence on the side of Labor Reform will continually increase, as contration and organiz tim develop the power and self reliance of the working people. Time lights on our side as I will overcome all obstacles which now B.en. so formidable.

In the United States the question is also coming to the front. Men who a few years or mouths ago hardly knew what a Labor movement meant, are now engerly dis-cassing the rights and wrongs of the workers. The air is full of it. The newspapers which formerly slighted the whole matter are treating the demands of Labor respectfully. The ministers are preaching and lecturing on it, and the politicians realiz ing that labor is a powerful force and that organization will make it an irresistible factor, are anxious to k now what is wanted and voluble in their professions of friendship Many of the opinions, ideas and remedies for social grievances which are now so plentiful are shallow and superficial. There is much trimming and time-serving, no doubt, much ignorance and inconsistency in some of these uit-rances, but still the eagerness to discuss and agitate the question is significant of the great change in public opinion. There is a general dis-position to recognize that there is a grievance and a wrong underlying present social avrangements, even though the remedy may not be clear.

All through the land the agitation goes rolling ou, gathering strength, enlisting fresh Everywhere organization and discussion -- increased earnestness and s growing clearness in the views and aims of the movement. Patty local questions, strikes against individual employers for some temphrary advantage, are giving way to broader ideas of universal measures of reform, such as the establishment of a working day of cight hours. The old trade union idea of each class of workers standing by itself and aiming to benefit only itself gives place to the grander, more eleviting one of the brotherhood of toil, in which the injury if one must henceforth be the concern of all. Prijelices which kept apart the laborers owing to differences of country, creed and party are dying out. Elucation is dispelling lise notions, and we are losing the reverence for wealth and position as such that exalted the idler and parasite and made labor despised. In Canada we have but begun to understand the questions which have so long agitated the denser populations and more advanced communities where reform is a more urgent need than it is with as Industrially as well as commercially we are a portion of the American system, and the labor movement here is much in the nature of an offshoot from the keener and more fiercely contested struggle across the lines. But we share to some extent the distillities of labor prevalent elsewhere. We feel the pressure of an unjust system under industry toils long hours for a pittance that the wealthy and the idle may luxuriate or the fat of the land. And we must know no pause to rest in our efforts until the battle for social freedom, for better opportunities, for a larger measure of

It is coming out all right! Surveying the "world's broad field of battle," and noting how, in spite of every obstacle, in spite of all the mistakes of judgment and betrayals and defeats-in spite of defections and lukewarmness here and there, the cause is steadily advancing, we cannot doubt that we shall triumph in the end.

ORGANIZE

The farmers of the North-West are beginning to think that the Canadian Pacific Railway, instead of opening the country, is more likely to open their purses, that instead of enriching them, they will be saddled with the maintenance of a monopoly, which threatens to make paupers of them. They complain that the company, in entering into pooling arrangements with the St. Paul, Manitoba and MinnieapoliaRailway, isrobbing them in a systematic manner, and that if this state of affairs becomes known it cannot but have a detrimental effect on immigration and the general progress of the country. They condemn the company for failing to reduce rates so as to enable them to market their realize even a bare livin on frozen a newspaper through it.

THE LABOR QUESTION. wheat, which will necessarily go to waste. They also protest against the elevator monopoly as an injustice, and have, on account of these grievances, begun resoluting ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—THE RADICAL and petitioning the government to use its AND LABOR REFORM ELEMENTS IN THE prerogative and provide that remedy which alone can save many from utter ruin and the country generally from serious injury. Now what on earth does our government care for these resolutions, these petitions which they are sending to Ottawa, the chances are they will not even be read. Have the settlers of Manitoba not had sufficient opportunity during the past five years of seeing the futility of such proceedings in the endeavors of the Northwest half-breeds to obtain justice. Did they see the labor organizations and national societies f the Dominion gain anything by the loads

of petitions and resolutions sent to O.tawa protesting against Chinese and pauper immigration? Surely by this time they should know that Sir John counts votes and not petitions. If instead of petitioning this or that honorable body the men of Manitoba would organize, so as to enable them to control votes, they might reasonably hope to ob ain redress for their grievances, but until they do this they will have to grin and bear it, and rest content if the Government in addition to the monopolist does not saddle them with the maintenance of imported pauper:

PHIL GARLIC

LOST!

Daring 1885-The reputation of Montreal for being a healthy city.

The aidress of the landlord who, on account of hard times, intended to reduce the rent next May. A petition to the Local Government, signed

by over 3 000 citizens of Montreal, praying er the abolition of the Statute Labor Tax, last seen in the hands of the Hon. Attorney General

A Factory Bill, introduced at the last session of the Quebec Legislature, and supposed to have met with foul play in committee. At the G.T.R. shops at Point St. Charles, the old-time confidence of the men in their

employers. By the Imperial Federation League-A platform. At the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa-

The list of names of agricultural laborers who availed themselves of the Government grant for immigration purposes, came to this country and settled in the North West. At Regina, on the 16 h of November,

1885-The honor and reputation of Canada as a civiliz d country; last seen in the hands of Sir John A. Macdonald. The member of Parliament who fulfilled

the promises made by him to workingmen previous to his election Auyone returning the same will be liberally

rewarded, and no questions asked. FELIX.

LABOR NOTES

LANDLORD MURDERERS.

A great deal has lately been said by the daily press about the tyrauny of the Irish National League and the villamy of boycotting, but little or no notice is taken of the fact that laudlordism in Ireland is still asserting its rights to deprive people of their lives by turning them cut of their homes in the bitter cold weather. Several evictions took place on Tuesday last on the estate of Sir John F. Godfrey around Milltown, County Limerick, when some of the most harrowing scenes occurred. Among those evicted was a woman who had been recently confined, and was forced to leave her bed.

THE BOYCOTT.

The first boycott ever inaugurated by District Assembly 86 has begun its work upon the scab firms of Spinney & Co. of Norway, and Keene Bros. of Skowhegan. They were notified on the 8th day of this month of the action of the Executive Board of D. A. 86, in regard to their discharging K of L workmen, and given until the 14th to consider the matter if they wished to settle by arbitration. Rut the 14th came and went without any reply from either firm, and now the death watch has been set and they are marked tor the slaughter. 5,000 circulars have been issued and are already speeding on their mission of death to their business in every a ection of the country. District 77 of Mass. has clasped hands with 86 of this State, and ere another new year is ushered in, these two firms will be ushered out of business or brought to terms with the K. of L.

House L agues are being established in Irish towns, with the object of bringing rents to a live-and let live figure, and of having the residences of individuals decently provided tor in a sanitary way.

"A Montrealer abroad" writes :- "I am getting quite interested in the doctrine of Socialism, as preached by so many of the leaders of thought and new ideas," and adds, " Men must be made comfortable before you can expect them to be wise and good. Most of crime springs from the necessities of life, and good hving must be assured to all industrious men before they can be cured of dishonesty and selfishness."

An exchange says the daily wages of the King of Belgium is \$1,640; Queen of England, \$6,300; King of Italy, \$5,400; Emperor of Germany, \$8,000; Emperor of Austria, \$18,098; Sultan of Turkey, \$18,000; Emperor of Russia, \$25,000; a workingman, And yet one humble and industrious workingman is infinitely more beneficial to society than all these legalized purpers combined. The sums set opposite the names of kings, queens and emperors are the simple price of the people's oppression, and paid by them. Labor builds the world, and these costly appendages occupy and enjoy it. .

Why is it that members of the government and government officials, railway directors, managers and their officials, judges, lawyers, doctors, professors, actors, brewers, bankers, the products of our toil to create, is fought bank directors, merchants, manufacturers, mill superintendents, confidential clerks, newspaper proprietors, customs officials, clergymen, hotel managers, insurance men, municipal officials, and literary savants, all seem to think they should have an income ranging from two thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, while the earnings of skilled citizens range from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars per year (the latter happens very raiely); echo answers

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of D. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Dability, loss of Vitality and Man-hood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed.
No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaio Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. G

At Prosser Creek, in Nevada County, Cal. they are harvesting ice eighteen inches thick. grain crop, and assert their inability to and so clear that one can read fine print of

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An Anorien Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Surely, Angelina enjoys this scene," said Bells. Her eyes looked on, but her heart the took no part in it. How she yearned to open her heart to someone. She thought it would be a relief if she could lay the whole experience of her life before Mr. Beauvais, and not play the part she was now acting b.f re the world, of an unmarried woman. Indeed, that night, when she could not sleep, she decided that to do so was simply duty she owed to him and to his daughter. Perhaps he would not wish her to remain to be the adviser and companion of Isabelle, if he knew, that all this time, she was not what she seemed to him to be. Her face burned with shame at the thought what he would think of her duplicity; and, would Bella still love her? But these painful considerations must not deter her from doing the right thing now. She was sorry that she had not taken this step before they came to Florence. It would have been easier than now? What would the world say? Her comparative seclusion had saved from being much known to the outside world; though rumors had reached her that there was a good deal of curiosity in Forence respecting her. She began to be anxious to get away from the publicity of even that which she was obliged to face in their home lite. Poor Izabelle! What would she say to the idea of her parting from them? But had she not parted from her own child, when she thought it was right to do so? And would she hesitate to be strong in her purpose now ?

And so these thoughts passed and repassed through her weary brain till her eyeballs sched, and a tumult of sounds like rushing waters filled her ears. She rose in the morn ing scarcely able to dress, and she looked pale and careworn. Poor Angelina!

Mr. Beauvais remarked the sunken eves. and the expression of anxiety that was on her face. That morning a party had been arranged, composed of the families of two or three of the magnificent villas on the hill of San Ministo, to visit the ancient city of Ficsol. Carriages were to meet at the Beauvais Villa, where the ladies and gentlemen would lunch, and then go together to bjoy the delightful drive, and the view from tie summit of the mountain.

Isabelle was in the greenhouse, superinending the cutting of flowers for deco rating the rooms and the table, and her voice could be heard in the library, where Mr. Beauvais had followed Angelina. It was an unusual thing for him to come immeliately after breakfast to the library. She justed the vases in it. He usually took walk in the Ramble, or higher up the tills till about noon; so Angelina was surprised to see him follow her when she left the reakfast table. The English custom of nine and ten o'clock breakfast was kept by them n Florence.

" Miss Raymond, ex use me, if I intrude upon your time and seciu-ion this morning," ne said, -slightly inclining his head, and respectfully asking her to be seated near him. she complied.

"I have noticed with pain that you are not well; and, I fear, you are not contented, as still trom heaven saying to her in her

we desire to make you, Miss Raymond."
"I do not know—I do not think—that I am ill, Mr. Beauvais. I cannot complain of anything in the Villa Beauvais. I suppose that I cannot be happy; but I hoped that my ill nature bad not cast a shadow here, where the only consolution I have is, to make Isabelie happy."
"You have been to her what she calls y u,

her Angel;' and I believe that you have as you know already, what it has been to nidden from the world; and I would gladly know if it is in my power to relieve you from

"Thank you, Mr. Beauvais; I appreciate your kindness, but it is not in your power to hange the state of things in my life. I fear that my unhappiness is my own tault. Others, surrounded as I am here, with so much to make one contented, would not be so ungrateful as I am.' The conversation was interrupted by a

ervant, who ann unced the arrival of a party of French gentlemen who had come with letters to Mr. Beauvais. They were in vited to remain to lunch, and join the party to visit the ancient Flesole, whose Erruscan autiquities, though not numerous, had been the studies of students and artists for generations. We wonder that so small a city, on the summit of the mountain, should bave kept its place in history longer than Rome has been known. When the party wound its way around the mountain-side, and saw, at every turn, the enchanting views of Florence, and the surrounding country, their spirits rose as they advanced: and, by the time they entered the parrow walled lanes, and passed the extensive gardens of the old mediaval villas, they were prepared to idealize the peasant men and women whom they met plaiting straws for fans, baskets and bonnets. while walking along the roadside on their way to and from the market below. Within the city itself the women, young and old, sat on the door-steps plying this industry, for which the Fics : lani are famous.

"It is like a picture painted from fancy to

please us," said Isabelle.
"No fancy could equal the beauty of this 18 w from Fiesole," replied Angelina.
vEach one in the little company expressed his pleasure, and all returned to Villa Beauvais with a sense of the influence which sublime nature has upon the mind. Isabelle was learning more and more every day from her father the history of this great city, that had borne the toil and battle of ages, and was yet like a crowned queen in its glory! He had explained to Angelina and his daughter the history of the Pitti Palace and its treasury. before they visited it, and the story of the Falazz Vecchio, and the sad and touching life of Savonarola before they went to the convent of San Marco.

"Ten years before the discovery America, Savonarola was prior of this convent," said Angelina, "and was so powerful in his eloquence, and he drew such large audiences to hear him, that he asked to be allowed to preach in the cathedral."

At the time Angelina, Isabelle, and Mr. Beauvais were standing in the cell of San

Marco, once occupied by Savonarola. "Yes," said Mr. Branvais, "I doubt if any man since St. Paul exercised more influence over an erring multitude than Savonarola; and I believe that he was a sincere servant of God, whose enthusiasm was at the time needed by worldlings who wore forgetting everything but this life's enjoyments."
"Did he receive encouragement?" asked

Angelina. "From the people; but those in power, whom he denounced, were his better enemies, and persecuted him in every possible manner, accusing him of improper motives, and toogreat for a few moments unable to move or speak, of his daughter for her, and she described

not to continue to preach; and his political enemies put him to death."

"Do you think a man who could influence thousands as he did by his preaching was so small-minded as to attribute the success to himself?" continued Mr. Beauvais, who remarked that Angelina and Isabelle were very

"Dear papa," said Isabelle, "all you read to us last night of the goodness of Savonarola, and what he persuaded the confer on him by returning his love, and he people to do for God and their own good, told her that to her only would he ever offer and how he taught the young people and loved them so much, made me ready to kiss the walls of San Marco where he lived, and I believe that everything he did was right and good."

"What a sight it must have been to see the poor from the mountains all around pouring into the City of Florence to hear him preach," said Angelina, "and waiting hours and hours for the time to come for him to enter the cathedral." She could not help wishing that she had lived then, and perhaps her cold soul would have been touched with the burning tire of his instructions.

"Let us go into the library," said Isabelle, "it was there that he spoke to his fellow-monks the last time." They went into a hall of moderate size compared to the gigantic libraries of some palaces of that day. Here they read his last discourse of a few words to these

loved followers, it was as follows :-"My sons, in the presence of God, standing before the Sacret Host, and with my enemies already in the convent, I now confirm my doctrine. What I have said came to me from God, and he is my witness in heaven that what I say is true. I little thought that the whole city would so soon have turned against me, but God's will be done. My last admonition to you is: Let your arms be faith, patience and prayer. I leave you with anguish and pain to pass into the hands of my enemies. I know not whether they will take my life, but of this I am certain, that dead I shall be able to do far more for you in heaven, than living I have ever had power to do on earth. Be comforted, embrace the cross, and by that you will find the haven of salvation."

"The governors of the city, in retaliation for the part Savonarola took unfortunately in politics, ordered him to be hung outside the Plazzo Vecchio and then burned," said Mr. Beauvais, who was painfully impressed by the recollections of the tragic ending of a life so glorious as that of this good priest. "Is had been better," Mr. Beauvais said,

"if Savonarola had not accepted the political power the people forced upon him.'

"No doubt he thought he could benefit his people by using his influence in this way, said Angelina.

Mr. Beauvais led the way to the cell where the hair shirt, the prayer-book, and some other articles used by the martyr were preserved. Isabelle sat down in the large wooden chair he had occupied, saying: "Poor Savonarola! I will never forget you-pray Angelina repeated the wish mentally. It

was a relief to leave the convent, so like a tomb, and come out upon the sunny streets of Florence of to-day, and meet the bright and peaceful faces of the people in them coming and going. But, above all, it was delightful to drive up the long way of the garden-like grounds on the slopes of San Miniato, under the vines and shades of Villa Beauvais. Angelina had been deeply impressed by hearing the last words of Savon arou-she thought she could hear bis voice trouble: "Faith, patience and prayer must

be your arms." Isabelle was glad to forget all about the poor sufferer, and wished that she had not

seen the hall and his cell. The paintings of Fra Angelico, in San Marco, particularly pleased Mr. Beauvais and Angelina.

they visited the Palace of Poggio Imperial, and its splendour delighted saved her life, for, without her reason, it Isahelle. The antique embroidery, tapes'ry, would be the end of her responsible life. I and the magnificent suites of apartments were knew, Miss Raymond, by my sad experience, in keeping with the luxury of the times when it was tuilt. The history of the Medici was earry, for years, a bitter sorrow in my heart, repeated by Mr. Beauvais, and the old bridge where the jewellers still held their wonted places was visited and examined; and so time Villa Beauvais gathering knowledge and enjoying its sweets. At least such was the case with Mr. Beauvais and Labelle—of of the vases with lavender, and making Angelina we need say nothing more than that she was patient; faith and prayer were not as yet added to her blessings.

Mr. B-auvais hoped that time and the happy influences of Florence had restored Angelina's peace of mind. So far as he could judge, she appeared happy. laubelle was devoted to Augelina, and he became more and more interested and pleased with her. Her mind had wonderfully improved, and her judgment was more developed than was usual in one so young.

The painful sense of her false position in Mr. Beauvais' family became every day more irksome to Augelias, and her health was suffering from the constant worry of mind she endured. It was dawning upon her mind that right and wrong were involved in every action of one's life. The former, led to happy results; the latter, that as surely brought about misery. She reasoned that since her separation from her husband had kept her in a constant state of wretchedness and unrest, it must be that her action in the case had been a wrong one, and that peace could only come by doing what was right. Each morning when she rose she resolved to see Mr. Beauvais, and to tell him that now Isabelle could very well do without her, it was her resolution to go back to Havre-and at night when she went to her bed, she reproached herself for her lack of courage and the procrastination she indulged in. She would take advantage of the first opportunity, she promised herself, and prepare to leave Florence.

An opportunity presented itself. leabelle was in the garden with a party of young friends. Mr. Beauvais left them and went to the library alone. Angelina followed him and apologised for this unusual intrusion. She was agitated and trembled. Mr. Beauvais remarked her embarrassment, and offering her a chair near him, said in a kind

"I hope, Miss Raymond, you have not received bad news—can I help you?" "Mr. Banvais, I am pained to tell you that—I have —made up my mind that it is best—that it is—right, to leave Fiorence."

"To leave Florence, Miss Raymond? You think it best and right to leave Florence ?" asked Mr. Beauvais, completely bewildered by surprise. "Pray what has occurred to give you such an idea?"

"Isabelle is older, and I am no longer necessary to her, Mr. Beauvais, and "Miss Raymond," interrupted Mr. Besu-

vais, "you are necessary to me! Let me implore you to remain, let me hope that-Angelina, I love you—I love you passionately, and I cannot be happy till you say you will be my wife !"

It was all said in a moment, and he had seized her hand and held it to his heart. It was so unexpected, so sudden, that she was

a love of power. His superiors in the church but as if in a trance she looked into his face condemned him for disobeying their orders horror-stricken at what the result must be ! Then she gasped," Oh, Mr. Beauvais, why

have I allowed this? I have abused your confidence and your friendship, but I did not mean to do so! Let me go, please, and do not remember that you have asked me to be your wife-It cannot be !"

Mr. Beauvais thought it was only the natural timidity of her nature, and that her position in his family made her fear to accept him. He assured her of the honor she would his hand in marriage. Angelina was too much overcome with a sense of her humiliation and the pain she suffered; to reply to his entreaties. She requested, in a Bess, dear?" few words, that he would allow her to go to her room for an hour, and then return and I'd be the happier if she never left us. I'm speak to him again. Mr. Beauvais refrained | growing older now, and while you are away, trom further expressions of love for her, it is lone like for me."

and said tenderly:—

The Captain related

" Angelius, do not keep me waiting longer than the hour-your happiness shall be con-

sidered more than my own." Mr. Beauvais was standing by the window, leaning against the sill, with his back to the door, when Angelina, at the end of the time named, returned to the library. Could one short hour have produced such a change? Her face was white, as if bloodless, and her large blue eyes looked sunken. Her step was feeble and hor voice trembled.

Mr. Beauvais hastened forward to meet her, and taking both her hands, led her to the sofs and placed some pillows around her. Alarmed by the expression of pain that was in her face, he said :-

"Angelina, do not speak of what has passed, you are not well enough to day. I vas wrong to have surprised you as I did.' "No, no; I have given you a deep wound-will you believe I am sorry?" she answered.

You are incapable of doing wrong !" " I wish I could say so !" "Angelina, do you love any other person

that will prevent you from loving me? "I love no person. I once loved truly-I was deceived; but I am not dishonored!" "Oh, trust me, Angelina! Trust me and

ove me Like one frightened, she started up from her reclining position, and thrust back the hair from her forehead to cool her throbbing brow, and wiped her face that was wet with large drops of perspiration, and then with a desperate effort she said, in a hoarse whisper:
"God forgive me, Mr. Beauvais, I am a

married woman! I am a mother!" "My God! What have I done?" said Mr. Beauvais. "I have obliged you to bring to light such a secret."

"I ought to have told you when I engaged to be the companion of your daughter," Angelina, much agitated. Pray do not be disturbed, Mre Raymond.

No woman could have acted with more discretion; the fault is my own-What a wretched fate is mine?" In broken sentences, and in as few words

as possible, while choked with cobs and sighs, Angelina told him the distressing narrative, and how much she had suffered. "May I ask, Mr. Beauvais," said Angelina, that what I have told you shall be only

known to you?" "You need not fear, Mrs. Courtney, shall be a sacred secret. His name is not unknown in Europe. You will allow me to do what I think is my duty to you and

Mr. Courtney, to urge you to return at once to your husband!" "I believe it is the only true course."

"It is the only one, Angelins, that can give you peace of mind and security from the persecution of the world. Let me address you with the purest respect, for I love you too well to do otherwise, and tell you that you won my admiration by your womanly reserve and discretion, and I shall never cease to hold you in my memory as one of the best of women, to whom I owe more than I can May Go and pity me!"

Mr. Beauvais burst into tears. The disappointment was a painful one to him. Angelina wrote to Mrs. Hart that it was her intenton to return to Havre almost as soen as her letter would reach her dear friend. The good woman was preparing as lovingly for the welcome as if her own daughter was sped on in study and recreation till a year and sexpected. The thought of Angelina's return more had passed, and found the inmates of gave a happiness to her motherly heart that shone in every feature of her face. With what pleasure she superintended the refilling

> rose for her coming. The hour of her expected arrival was near at hand. Mrs. Hart put on a new silk gown and a fresh lace cap, in which to receive

> Angelina with loving honour. And now they were in one another's arms, and both cried for joy. At a glance Mrs. Hart saw that the childlike, lovely Angelina in her absence and mixing with the world, had become the elegant lady. As soon as she had unclasped her hands from Mrs. Hart's neck she stood for a moment in the middle of the sitting room and looked around.

"Oh, how sweet the old home looks!" she said; "I am so glad to come back to it!" "Yes, dear, yes, I know it, and I am glad to see you, darling. You have been used to everything so beautiful in Florence and so much better than this that I'm afraid you will miss many comforts here."

"No, indeed," replied Angelina, kissing her friend again; "it is all just what suits me best, dear Mrs. Hart. I can rest here. To tell the truth, since I left you I have not really rested one day !"

"Sit down, dear," said Mrs. Hart "Maggy, take Miss Raymond's shawls and bag to her room."
"Let me go with her a moment and then

I'il return ; I'il take off my bonnet and look again at the dear old chamber." So Angelina followed Maggy and Mrs. Hart. "It is sweet as roses and lavender can make it, dear Mrs. Hart, and so clean,' said Angelina, laying her bag on the bed; she added, "I am very tired, I shall sleep sweet-

ly here to night." "I have good news for us both," said Mrs. Hart; "the Captain came this morning, and will be back to night. I would not tell him that you were coming. I wanted to give him

happy surprise." They were scarcely scated in the room below before his footstep was heard in the hall. A moment more and he stood before Angelina, who rose to meet him, he grasping her hand with such violence that she was obliged to call out for mercy on her poor fingers. He

"My soul! Bess, dear, how well she looks! Upon my honor you have grown handsomer than ever! You have a rosy bloom, I mean, that you hadn't before, and a sparkle in your eye that makes you look happier. Well, am glad to see you!'

was explaiming: .

Mrs. Hart knew that the color he noticed was from the excitement of her meeting them, and the sparkle of her eye was from the same cause. It was a warm welcome, indeed. God bless hospitality! God bless those who are kind to the stranger

After supper they sat around a wood fire. The evening was beginning to be cool. The chat was genial and pleasant. Angelina told the old couple much that was interesting about Florence, and gave them an account of the kindness of Mr. Beauvais, and the love how sad it was for them to part after so long a time together.

But it was time you had rest said the

Captain. "Bess, dear didn't you say so long ago !"
"Yes, but we couldn't believe she would come.

No, we had an idea that Mr. Beauvais would keep you slways with his daughter."
"Oh, no," replied Angelins, "he saw I was not quite as contented as I ought to be,

and he advised me to come to Havre."
"Well, I like that," said the Captain " He saw that you were in need of a quiet well and happy here, Bess, dear, and I will

"Angelina knows," said Mrs. Hart, "that

The Captain related what he had heard while in port in Louisiana, and described the improvements that were going on in the old Spanish part of the city.

"One great nabob there is like mad," said the Captain, "pulling down and building up blocks of grand houses; buying and selling plantations all over the State. One Colonel Bellechasse, a Frenchman, is like his double They are everywhere together."
"Who is the great man?" asked Mrs.

Hart.

"Daniel Courtney," replied the Captain, "A bachelor, they say. All the ladies, they tell me, are in love with him, or his riches; but he don't seem to care for any of them.' Angelina had suspected from the first word

said about the man that Daniel was the hero of the story, and her heart beat quickly, almost choking her; but she knew she must not manifest the slightest curiosity on the subject.

"Some say," continued the Captain, "that he was in love with a lady in Washington, and that she jilted him!" "Not very likely," interrupted Mrs.

Hart.
"Others will have it," said the Captain, "that he was engaged to a young girl in Louisiana, and she went off with a young Frenchman to France; and since then he will not visit or see anyone, except on great public occasions-balls and the like.'

"It is hard to get at the truth of report," said drs. Hart. "We are keeping the child up o late. You look pale and tired,

Angelina." Angelina gladly yielded to the good woman advice to go to bed; and in spite of the unexpected conversation that had moved her so much, the fatigue of the jurney and the prostration that followed the excitement of her interview with Mr. Beauvais, overcame her, and she slept till a late hour the next morning, awaking not retreshed, but feverish and starting at every sound, as if expecting some greater trouble near at hand.

Mrs. Hart did not like the pallor of Miss Raymond's face, nor the langu r of her eye, and she sent a private note to Dr. Fleury, asking him to call and see her husband. She made no mention of the arrival of Miss Raymond.

The next day, while Angelina and Mrs. Hart were in the cosy sitting room, Dr. Fleury called, asking the servant at the door if Captain Hart was ill. Mrs. Hart heard

the voice, and said:
"There is Dr. Fleury, and I am sorry the Captain is not at home. I wanted him to see the dector."

Before Angelina could escape, Doctor Fleury came in and expressed his surprise and great pleasure at meeting Miss Raymond. The cordial welcome was seen in his beaming countenance and a formal shake of the hand : he dared not show the joy he felt, lest he should be refused what he desired with all his heart-to come and see her often so long as she would remain with Mrs. Hart. It was still the dream of the good man's heart that in time he could win her love for him and be after patient waiting. If Miss Raymond could have weighed and measured the good qualities of that noble man's nature, and could have known that still the warmest desire of his heart was to be her consolation and support the rest of her life, she would have refused to see him. So it was better that he said only a few words to her that morning, asking for Miss Beauvais, and then turned to Mrs. Hart to inquire about her own and the Captain's affairs, quite indifferently apparently to the presence of Angelina. When he was leaving, and had bowed formally to Angelina, his hand was on the door

when Mrs. Hart remarked : "Do you think Miss Raymond reeds your care for a few days, Doctor, after her j urney?"

The Doctor turned, and scarcely glanced an instant into Angelina's face, She was looking at him, and blushed when the question was asked.

"I think not," he answered. "Your good motherly care is better than anything else I can prescribe. A few days of quiet and rest is all she needs.

Doctor Fleury was puzzled to conjecture what had made Miss Raymond Florence. He had received a letter not long since from Mr. Beauvais in which he had spoken enthusiastically of her; and of the continued good health of his daughter. What could have occurred since? Of one thing he felt sure, that whatever it might be, Miss Raymond could not be blamed. There was a great mystery yet to be explained; a secret sorrow that controlled her will and action was evident. What could it be? He could not yet ask her to give him her confidence. If she would do so, he was sure he could remove the burden that oppressed her heart; so thought the good man while his servant rapidly drove along the street to the house of

a patient who hung between life and death.

A gentleman and his daughter had been some time travelling in Italy; the daughter had been taken ill and was hastening home. Reaching Havre, from which port they expected to sail to America, Miss Crawford was obliged to yield to the sickness and now lay under Dr. Fleury's care, at the critical point of typhus fever where the chances of

tife and death are about equal. "Oh, Dootor," said Mr. Crawford, "I have been impatient to see you. My child, I fear, is much worse to day—beyond hope of re-covery. What can be done for her?"

We must see," said the doctor, in a calm voice. With deliberate step he approached the bed and looked anxiously at the beautiful invalid who lay in a deep sleep, unconscious of her danger. He touched her hand, it was cold; her face was deeply crimsoned by the

(ever. "My God!" said Mr. Crawford. "My God alone can save her now." In utter help-tessness he clasped his hands and prayed silently but fervently that his child might

The Doctor stood some time by the bedside with folded arms and drooped head, watching every breath the patient drew, and the smallest change of colour, in her face. He, too, was sensible that he could not, decide if life would last more than, a few hours longer. With the fullness of his falth in an overruling Providence, he prayed pervently that the heart of the father, might be comforted. Turning to Mr. Orawford, who was weeping convulsively, he laid his hand gently on his

arm, saying : "My dear sir, do not grieve so much; let