WHAT!-TO ETHEL.

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN. At the golden gates of the Visions
I kneltme adown one day,
But sudden my prayer was a silence,
For I heard from the "Far away,"
The murmur of many voices
And a silvery censer's sway.

I bowed in awe, and I listened—
The deeps of my soul were stirred,
But deepest of all was the meaning
Of the far-off music I heard,
And yet it was stiller tean silence—
Its notes were the "Dream of a Word."

A word that is whispered in Heaven But cannot be heard below, It lives on the lips of the angels Where'er their pure wings glow, Yet only the "Dream of its Echo." Ever reaches this valley of woe.

But I know the Word and its meaning— I reached to its height that day, Whou prayer sank into a silence And my heart was so far away, But I may not murmur the music, Nor the Word may my lips yet say.

But some day far in the future, And up from the dust of the dead, And out of my lips when speechless The mystical word shall be said, 'Twill come to thee still as a spirit, When the soul of the Bard has fied.

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XVIII .- CONTINUED. Monday morning came. The week, big with fate had arrived. He took the cars, his business satisfactorily completed, and started for home. It was only a three hours' ride to Wychcliffe. As he took his seat and unfolded the morning's damp paper, he was thinking that the crisis in his life had come. How would be feel this time next Monday morning? Would he be sitting by Sydney's side somewhere on their bridal journey, her lawful owner and possessor, or would Dolly turn up and make a grand theatrical tableau in the church-and would ruin, and poverty, and disgrace be his portion for life?

He could not read. Again and again he tried; again and again he failed. He gave it up at last, and sat staring out at the wintry picture flitting by. It was like a day cut in steel-clear, windless, sunless, cold. The sky was pale gray, the earth frozen hard, ringing like glass at every sound. The trees stood up, tracing their black, sharp outlines against the steely air. A snow storm was pendingwould it storm on the wedding-day?

'Dolly! Dolly!' she haunted him like an Importunate ghost. Her face was before him, her voice in his ears. 'Remember!'— what had she meant by that? He had laughed then; Oh! it meant that he was to be with her on Wednesday night. He had said he would, if the captain did not die. Die! he looked of late as though he would never die, as if he had renewed his lease of

Remember! How ominous a gleam there had been in her black eyes as she said it. Black-eyed women are always edged tools to play with. Why had she ever come to Wychclisse? Why had he ever gone to that infernal little theatre? What would she do on Wednesday night when he did not come? Would she even wait as long as Wednesday night? It was only three hours' ride to Wychcliffe, and trains were running all the time. She was not a girl to stick at a trifle, and she had told him she would not give him up. The wedding hour was eleven. If she took the cars Thursday morning in New York, there would be ample time to get to the church in season to-

He broke off with a pang of absolute physical agony. He could see it all, that horrible sickening scene. Sydney fainting, the guests standing horror-stricken, the old captain, his friend, his benefactor, livid with fear and dishevelled, in their midst, her back hair down, displaying her proofs before them all, pointing the finger of retribution at him. and reading his letters aloud. Those fatal letters! Spoony beyond all ordinary depths of spoonyism, and he-he standing pallid with guilt, his knees knocking together, paralyzed, stricken dumb, Sheep-

He set his teeth. No! if it came to that there should be a tragic ending that would take the edge off the sheepishness at least. He would provide himself with a pistol, load it, carry it in his breast pocket, and when the awful moment came he would thrust in his hand, hurl it forth, cry: 'Woman-fiend! behold your work!' and pull the trigger. There would be a flash, a report, the wild shricks of many women, and he would fall headlong at his bride's feet-dead!

'Wychclisse!' shouted the conductor, putting in his head.

From tragical reverie Mr. Vaughan sprang to his legs, seized his baggage, and got out of There were many he knew at the depot, but no one from the Place, of course. He took a hack, drove to the hotel, made

some change in his toilet, jumped into his hack once more, and was driven to Owenson Place in time for luncheon and to give an account of his stewardship.

Nothing had happened--bright looks and

cordial greetings met him everywhere. The captain wrung his hand as though he had been away a year or so. Sydney actually blushed and looked shyly glad to see him. Aunt Char kissed his moustache, and Miss Hendrick gave him one slim, dusk hand, the old quizzical, satirical look in her ebon eyes.

'How I do hate that girl!' he said petulantly to Sydney, ten minutes later, when they were alone.

Bertie! Sydney cried, in a shocked tone hate Cyrilla! You don't mean that?' 'Yes I do-hate her as I do the-

' Bertie!' 'Well, I won't then; but, I detested her from the first moment I set eyes on her, After you're married, Mrs. Vaughan, I promise you she shall not wear herself out visit. ing us. Now, don't put on that horrified face, sis. You've known well enough I didn't like her all along.1

'But why?' persisted Miss Owenson. 'J think she's lovely. Why don't you like her She's never done anything to you.'

'Oh, no, of course not, and wouldn't either if she got a chance!' says Bertie, sarcastically. 'Why don't you like a toad or a snake when you meet one? A little green snake is pretty to look at, and never did any one any harm. Wby do we take antipathies to people at sight?

"'I do not like you, Doctor Fell:
The reason why, I cannot tell.""

' I feel, Doctor Fell, towards her. I could see her bow-strung and cast into the Bosphorus by two of my blackest Nubians, with all the pleasure in my life!

Then there is silence—horrified on Sydney's part, ruminative on Mr. Vaughan's.

'And so everything's lovely, Syd?' he says, after a moment. 'Nothing's happened?'

'The feast is set, the guests are met, all cor-

rect and duly. What could happen?' asks Sydney, gayly. Of course everything is correct. Except the

and miserable enough even for the last of November. By-the-by, it's a dismal month to be married in, Bertie.'

'Is it? But there will be so much sunshine in our hearts that we will never see the weather. You didn't think I was so poetical, married on Thursday morning, 1'll do my best to make you happy.'

If is about the nearest approach to a tender speech this ardent bridgeroom has ever got, and Sydney laughs at it, but with a little tremble in her voice.

'If we are married?' What an odd thing

to say, Bertie I 'Oh! well, one never knows—one may die any day. 'In the midst of life we are in death, and all that. One never is certain of the first time I ever was bridesmaid in my anything in this uncertain world.'

She looks at him in wonder as he makes He is lying back in an easy-chair, his legs outstretched, a hand thrust in each trouser pocket, a dismal look on his face that suits his dismal words. He is thinking of Dolly.

Would you care much, Syd,' he goes on. looking out of the window at the dreary grayness of the dull day, not at her wondering face, 'if you lost me? You're not in love with me I know-no more am '- 'I with you is on his lips, and he barely catches it in time-ino more do I expect it just yet: but we've been jolly good friends and comrades all our lives-quite like brother and sister: and-would you be sorry if anything happened, Syd?

She comes close to him, laying timid hand on his shoulder, and looking down at his moody face. 'I don't know what you mean, Bertie.

If anything happened to stop our marriage, is

'Yes. It's only a suppositious case, of course, but would you?'

'You know I would.' she answers. 'Iam not in love with you, as you say, but indeed, Bertie, I do mean to be a loving wife, and make you happy. I would be dreadfully sorry if anything happened to break off our marriage now. I really believe papa would die of the disappointment.'

Always papa!' He sits erect hastily, for just at that moment enter Miss Hendrick, and all the softer sentiments take unto themselves wings and fly at sight of her deriding black eyes.

All the minor details of the important event are mapped out by this time. Cyrilla, Mamie and Susie Sunderland are to support the bride through the ceremonial,—she thinks she can survive with only three bridesmaids. Harry Sunderland is to be best man. Groom and groomsman are to meet bride and bridesmaids at St. Phillips, at eleven A. M., sharp. The nuptial knot tied, they are to return to the paternal mansion—then breakfast, toasts, speeches, good wishes, etc. A very large company are bidden. Then the bridal tour due south, and unalloyed bliss for the rest of their natural lives!

The snow-storm still threatens, but has not begun to fall, when at ten o'clock Bertie returns to his hotel. All Tuesday it darkens and lowers, and glooms, and the wild wind blows from a stormy quarter, but still the im-pending storm holds up. It will be a heavy fall when it comes, and the world will wear its chilliest nuptial robe to do honor to Sydney's bridal. One step for his own protection Bertie has taken. On Monday night he wrote a brief note to Dolly, informing her that the wedding had been postponed a week. That would throw her off the track he fondly hoped. If he could have seen the bitter unbelieving smile with which Miss De Courcy perused it, his confidence in his own diplomacy might have been shaken.

On Wednesday morning the long threatening storm began. The teathery snow came down in great, white, whirling tlakes-down, down, softly, steadily, ceaselessly. No wind blew, the bitter cold had changed to softness, and rage, Dolly, a black-eyed Nemesis, wild and in two hours all the world was wrapped in a soft, soundless, ghostly carpet of white. 'Oh!' sighs bydney, as she flutters from room to room and looks wistfully out, 'how sorry Iam. I did so want to-morrow fine.

Superstitious child! What's the odds? says Mr. Vaughan; though the snow were piled mountains high, though the awful aval-Exclsior, threatened, still would your devoted Bertie be there.

'Well, I wish the sun would shine,' persists the bride. 'You may say what you please, but a stormy wedding-day is un-

My child, I am saying nothing. And I am perfectly confident the sun will shine. It will show itself out before evening at this rate. They can't have such a stock on hand up there,' says Bertie consolingly.

Bertie is right. All day long it falls, soundlessly and thickly, then as evening approaches it lightens and ceases. The air turns crisp and cold, the stars come out, the wind veers round into a propitious quarter, and the sun will shine upon Sydney's wed-

The Misses Sunderland are here, Bertie, Cyrillia, Sydney—this last evening. They have music, and waltzes in a small way over the carpet. Down in the dining-room the marriage feast is set out, silver and glass making a brave show under the lamps. Cold white cakes glisten, cut flowers in frosty epergnes are everywhere! Up in one of the spare rooms the bridal dress and vail, wreath. gloves, and slippers, lie pale and wraith-like

in the starry dusk. At ten o'clock Mr. Vaughan arises, makes his adieus, dons his overcoat, cap and gloves, and departs. Sydney escorts him to the door. How white and still all the snowy world below, how golden and blue all the How white and still all the snowy shining world above! How tranquil, how beautiful heaven and earth!

· I am so glad it will be fine,' she says, with a little fluttering breath. He bends above her, a smile, almost fond

on his face.

Good-by, sis,' he says. 'After to-morrow there will be no more good-bye.'

Then he is gone. She watches him in the starlight along the snowy path. Once he turns and waves his hand to her, that smile still lingering on his lips. So in her dreams. for many an after year, Bertie Vaughan comes back to her.

He has disappeared, and Sydney, silent and thoughtful, goes back. Bertie tramps on his road, with only one thought in his mind. Dolly has not come-will she come to-morrow? He takes the short-cut to the townthe path that Sydney affects, which 'gives' along the high cliffs above the sea. All black and mysterious that great sea lies down vonder under the stars its soft-ceaseless whispering was sounding on the sands. He has reached Wychcliffe, the highest point, without meeting a creature, and it is just here from behind the rock that a dark figure starts up in his path, and a stern voice cries:

CHAPTER XIX.

'Stay!'

"THE GUESTS ARE MET."

CYRILLA is finishing 'Come Haste to the Wedding,' in ten pages of wild variations,

prehensively out of the window; 'that's cold At sight of the bride's thoughtful little look she laughs.

'My solemn Sydney! what has he been saying to you so heart-breaking that you should wear that forlorn look?'

'Do I look forlorn?' returns Miss Owenson. 'I don't feel so, I can tell you. Papa, sis, did you? Honestly, though, if we are do you know we are going to have a fine day to-morrow, after all, and I am so glad.'

'And I am glad of anything that makes my little girl glad,' says papa with loving eyes. 'Now young ladies all, which do you propose, to make a night of it here, and so to church to-morrow as vellow as lemons, or try the early-to-bed and early-to-rise principle Bertie was advocating the other day

life. Shall you, Syd?
'I hope so, at least,' laughs Sydney.

this cheerful and bride-groom-like speech. | don't want to look as yellow as a lemon, tomorrow. Mamie, dear, is is your turn to look solemn—what is it about?'

For the elder Miss Sunderland is staring in rather a dreary way at the fire, and saying nothing. 'I know!' cries that malicious elf, her

younger sister, triumphantly. Miss Herdrick's last r. mark has upset her

This is the third time she has been a bridesmaid; and three times a bridesmaid never a bride, you know. She is thinking how the celebrated and fascinating Miss Dolly De Courcy had stolen from her the fickle affections of Ben-

Susie!' cries Miss Mamie in an awfu voice, and Susie, the irrepressible, shouts with laughter, and stops. Miss Hendrick laughs a quiet laugh to herself, too. Truly Wychcliffe is well rid, she thinks, of that small destroying angel Dolly De Courcy.

Good-night, Syd-dear old Syd-our Syd, no more!' exclaims Susie Sunderland, flinging her arms around the neck of the bridein that sort of hug known to bears and school-girls. 'This time to-morrow—oh! dismal to think of-it will be Mrs. Bertie Vaughan. Good-night, Syd-good-night, Sydney, re-

peat Cyrilla and Mamie, each with a less ve

'Good-night, Sydney, love,' says mamma, coming last of all. 'Try and sleep well—it's very trying to the eyesight not to sleep well. I recollect I didn't sleep a wink the night before I was married-you remember, Reginald?'

'How should I remember?' growls Reginald. 'I am sure I wasn't there?' Whereat the girls all laugh. Well, I didn't,' says Aunt Char, 'and my

eyes were as red as a ferret's next day.' And lest yours should be as red as a ferret's to-morrow, suppose you be off to bed at once. Good-night, young ladies, says the old sailor with his grandest bow. 'I wish you all pleasant dreams, and a speedy coming of

your bridal eve.' They are all gone and Sydney stands alone by her father's side. He puts his arm about her and looks anxiously down in her face. 'You are happy, Sydney?' he asks-'really

and truly happy!" She lists her smiling face and fair serene

Really and truly, papa-quite, quite happy.'

God bless my little daughter.' He holds her to him a moment, and lets her go. And Sydney runs to her room, that smile still on her lips and in her eyes.

The red glow of the firelight fills the room. She turns low her light and goes to the window, to make sure of the weather. Yes, there are the stars, a countless host, studding that illimitable, blue done. Something in their glittering tremulous loveliness holds her there, and she stands and gazes. And then Bertie's words come strangely back to her as if some soundless voice had spoken: One never knows—we may die any day. In

the midst of life we are in death.' She has heard many times the grand, solemn words, spoken nine hundred ago, by the saintly lips of the Monk of St. Gall's-on the lips of all mankind since; but they have never held the meaning to her they hold now. Yes, life with all its hopes and plans, its births and bridals, is like a halftold tale at best. Suddenly, when the story anche that destroyed that rash young man, is at its brightest and fullest, the frail thread snaps, and Time is at an end and Eternity begins.

"What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps across the plain,
And all things pass away."

All things but the good works humbly done, the duties cheerfully fulfilled, the crosses patiently borne—everything else life has held, lost—these alone to plead for us in that awful

She draws the curtain and turns away, her thoughts sweet and solemn, but not sad. Half an hour later, her fair hair falling loose over her pillow, a wondrously fair sight, in the rose-shine of the fire she is sleeping like

a tired child. The sun is shining, filling her room with its early morning glory, when she awakes, and some one is standing by her bedside

smiling down upon her. It is Cyrilla. 'Laziest of brides,' is Miss Hendrick's

greeting, 'get up. Look at that clock and blush for yourself. Sydney looks-it is nearly eight.

Well,' she says, with a stifled gape, that

is a very good hour, isn't it?' Then she is silent, and as it flashes back apon her that this is her wedding day, her heart for a moment seems to stand still. She sits up in bed, throws her arms around her friend's neck, draws down her tace and kisses

Dear old Cy! she says, what good friends we have always been. I hope-oh! I hope to-day may never make any difference between us.

It will make a great deal of difference, responds matter-of-fact Miss Hendrick. Mr. Vaughan detests me with a cordiality worthy a better cause. Well, perhaps he has some reason, and Cyrilla laughs. Reason?' Sydney looks puzzled. 'What

renson ?' Never mind-you dear little innocent, it isn't well for you to know too much. be assured of this-however friendly Miss Owenson may have been to her vagabond

friend, Mrs. Vaughan will keep her civilly at arms length.' 'Cy! as if I could ever change to you. 'Ah! wait,' hints Cyrilla darkly; 'wives and maidens are two different orders of beings. You will see with Bertie Vaughan's eyes, and think with his thoughts, before you are his wife three months. It is one of

stars! 'If I were three years—three centuries his wife,' cried Miss Owenson with heightened color, 'I would still be your friend, as

the fixed laws of nature, as immutable as the

strongly and as firmly as I am to-day.'
'Well,' Miss Hendrick responds, heaving a profound sigh, 'I hope so, I'm sure. I told you at school I had a firm conviction I would one day make strong claims upon that friendweather, adds the bride elect, glancing ap- and she rises from the piane as Sydney enters. dress yourself, and come and have some stricken; it is twenty minutes past eleven. of larger profits.

coffee and a roll to nerve you for the trying ordeal. I should not be surprised if Mr. Vaughan were bracing his trembling nerves with a petite verre of the strongest fire-water

in Wycheliffe at this moment. Sydney has her bath, knots up her hair, throws on a dressing-gown, thrusts her feet into slippers, and runs downstairs. It is nine o'clock now. In two hours precisely she will be standing at the altar.

From this moment all is fuse and haste, bastle and confusion. A hasty cup of strong coffee is swallowed all around; eating is but a pretext with these excited maidens, then they scurry off to their rooms. In his, Captain Owenson is making the most elaborate toilet man ever made; he began at eight and will propably not get through until eleven. For the first time in two years he is going to church. Sydney finds the hair dresser a vaiting her, and places herself under his hands. It is a lengthy operation. When it is over the maid who is to robe her for the sacrifice approaches and leads her off. One by one they are ou, dress, slippers, veil, wreath, necklace, gloves. As in a dream she sits or stands, wondering 'if I be I.' She can fancy the pains Bertie is taking over his wedding toilet, so fastidious and difficult as he is at all times, and she smiles to herself. Then she glances at the clock-twenty minutes of eleven.

Look at yourself, miss, says the girl with pleased simper. 'I don't believe you have

looked yet.' She scarcely has, but she does now. almost starts; she utters a faint, delighted exclamation. Can this be Sydney Owenson? this radiant vision in silvery white, with all that gold hair coiffed so elaborately in this trailing splender of shimmering silk, and pearls, and lace, and orange blossoms! Then the door opens and three bridesmaids come

It is a long-drawn breathless aspiration from all three at once. They stand and survey the bride from head to foot.

Oh! don't you look scrumptious!' cries Susie Sunderland, dancing a little ecstatic jig around the bride, 'Shouldn't I love to be a bride and look like that!

They are all three in palest pink! rose is Cyrilla's color, and fortunately suits the Sunderland sisters. In palest pink, with golden lockets, the bridegroom's gift, on their necks and blush roses in their bair.

'You really look lovely, Syd,' says Mamie Sunderland, with a small, envious sigh. 'I always knew being married was becoming to almost everybody, but it becomes you better than any one I ever saw. Your dress is exquisite.'

And don't she wish Ben Ward would ask her to put on such a one and come to church with him!' says Susie, in a stage 'aside.' The door opens again; this time it is

mamma, brave in pearl satin, a diamond breast-pin and point-lace cap. Will I do mamma?" the bride asks, hold-

ing up her face to be kissed. 'Yes, you look very well,' says mamma, critically. 'White silk is a trying thing to most complexions, but then fair people with a color can wear almost anything. I could myself when I was a girl. Everybody said I looked remarkably well the night I was married. I prefer a gaslight marriage myselfit's more imposing, but your papa would have the morning and the church. It's more English I suppose.'

Again a tap at the door-this time papa, looking stately and grand, an 'officer and a gentleman 'every inch.

'Ready, young ladies?—ready, Sydney?' he asks, his watch in his hand, 'the carriage is at the door, and it is only five minutes to eleven. We shall be precisely ten minutes late? 'Oh, where are the wraps!' cry all, and a universal rush is made. Dazzling sunshine

streams over everything, but it is the last week of November, and the air is iced accordingly. Wraps are found and thrown on, and all troop down-stairs with a joyous tumult of laughter and talk, and pile into the two carriages waiting there. Captain Owenson, Sydney and Cyrilla Hendrick in the first. mamma and the Misses Sunderland in the

other. 'What a perfect day!' Sydney exultantly cries; 'sunshine everywhere and the snow sparkling as if it had been painted and varnished. It is a good omen—this heavenly

'I wish it were not so trying to the eyes, though, said her father; 'mine have been blicking in its dazzle and raining tears—the only tears that are to be shed at your wedding, Sydney.'

Sydney smiles and nestles her hand in his. There is an interval of silence—then they are in Wychcliffe. And now the little bride's heart begins to beat fast. There is the church -a flock of the town street Arabs around the

gate—the hour has come. They stop. Can Bertie and Harry have walked? Theirs are the only carriages waiting. The girls fling off their loose wraps, the door is opened and the captain is handed out. A red carpet is laid to the church door—upou it the bride steps and takes her father's arm. The Misses Sunderland and Miss Hendrick follow: mamma sails along in their wake, and

the bridal cortege sweeps into the church. There is a mist before Sydney's eyes, a dull roaring in her ears; her heart beats as if it would suffocate her. She is dimly conscious that the hurch is very full of people, and that they are all staring at her. never afterward knows how it is-but a douche of ice-water seems to go over her, all palpitation passes away, all tremor, all shyness—she feels suddenly cold and still, and

the bridegroom is not here! They are standing alone at the altar rails, her father, her bridesmaids, herself, and-no one else. Bertie and Harry Sunderland were to be here before them, but neither Bertie nor

Harry has come. Her father-it is her first thought-her proud, sensitive, invalid old father. He has turned livid in the first shock of realizing the affront put upon him-he has turned purple now, a fine imperial purple. Then, as the vestry door opens and the parson in his surplice appears, changes to ashen pale again. The Reverend Mr. Sylvester beckons him aside and says in a whisper:

'This is very awkward, captain-it is a quarter past eleven. Something has detained the bridegroom.'

Awkward! A mild way of putting it, certainly. There stands the bride—there stands the bridesmaids in a blank group, there sit all the gaping people, dead silent, breathless, a dawning smile on two or three faces.

Here he is-here is the parson; but was annals of bridals?—the bridegroom is late!

To her dying day, it seems to Sydney as she stands there, she will never recall to mo-ment without turning sick and scarlet with pain and shame. She is as white as the dress she wears, she stands looking straight before five minutes tick off. No one seems to know

As he puts it back there is a sudden sound and bustle at the door. All start, all eyes turn, all hearts beat quick. A man enters, one man, one only-not the bridegroom. It is Harry Sunderland.

He is pale, his eyes look excited, he strides up to where they stand, heedless of the staring congregation, and addressed himself to

the father of the bride. 'Hasn't Vaughan come?' he asks in

hoarse, breathless sort of voice. 'He is not here,' the parson answers. The power of speech it seems has left Cap-

tain Owenson. 'Then in Heaven's name where can he be?' the young man cries. 'He is not at the hotel—he never was there all night. No one knows anything of him. He left yesterday afternoon and has never been seen since.' In the same hoarse, breathless voice, he says all this, staring blankly in the clergy-

man's face. 'I waited and waited, hoping he would

come,' he goes on. I sent messengers in search of him. No

one has seen him, no one——'
' Papa!' Sydney shrieks. She springs forward, not a second too soon, and reels as her father falls headlong into her extended arms. Harry Sunderland catching him before both

fall. Then a scene of direct confusion begins, the cries of women, the rushing of many feet, the sounds of wild weeping, the excited clamor of many tongues. In the midst of it all

the rector speaks: 'Carry him into the vestry,' he says, and young Sunderland obeys. Like a dead man the old sailor lies in his arms. Is he dead? His doom has been long ago prononnced-a sudden shock may kill him at any moment. Surely he has had shock enough now.

'Fly for a doctor!' says Mr. Sylvester. Sunderland places his burden upon a bench and goes. Sydney, sinking on her knees by his side, receives her father's head in her arms. She does not speak, she makes no outcry, she is the color of death, and her eyes are black with terror, but she is perfectly still. Her mother, in the grasp of Cyrilla and Africa. Hendrick, is in violent hysterics: the Sunderland girls stand near, sobbing uncontrollably. Sydney alone looks down in her father's

corpse-like face and is still. It may be a moment, it may be an hour, she does not know when the doctor comes. She does not quit her post as he makes his examination; it seems to her she hardly lives or feels as he searches pulse and heart, and pronounces it not death, but a death-like faint. Then remedies of all kinds are tried. Sydney is told to arise, and mechanically obeys. She stands beside her father, heedless of everything else that goes on, forgetful of everything else that has happened, and watches the slow return to life. Slow, but he does return, there is a struggle, a quiver of all the limbs, a gasping breath or two, and he project does not contain sufficient guarantees opens his eyes. He is bewildered at firsthe looks wildly around.

'Sydney!' · Papa, darling, here!' She fails on her knees beside him again, takes his head in her arms, and kisses him soltly. Something has happened?' he asks in the

same vacant way.
'What was it? Oh, I know!' A spasm of agony distorts his face. 'Bertie.'

Harry is going to try and find him Don't think of Bertie now, papa. Can you sit up? We are going to take you home. 'Yes, home-home!' he makes answer, brokenly. 'There will be no marrying or

giving in marriage to-day. Oh, my little

daughter. They raise him up, Harry Sunderland on one side, the doctor on the other, and bear him between them to the carriage. He came here this morning a fine, upright, grand old gentleman, he goes marked for death, unable to stand alone. The doctor follows him in, and sits beside him; then Sydney, Henry Sunderland helps to hers, Mrs. Owenson still

sobbing wildly, and finally Miss Hendrick. 'You had h tter get into my sleigh, gi he has said to his eisters ; 'it is at the gate. They want no strangers at Owenson Place to-You can drive yourself and Sue, day.

They assent and go. The young fellow returns to the first carriage and looks with compassionate eves at Sydney. 'I am going in search of Bertie,' he says.

I will find him if he is alive. 'She bends her head and the carriage starts They go slowly—it takes all the doctor's strength to uphold the stricken man. The other carriage is at the house before them, and Mrs. Owenson and Cyrilla stand at the

'Oh, Reginald,' Mrs. Owenson cries, with a

wild flood of tears. He neither seems to see nor hear her. Perkins and the doctor carry him up stairs to his bedroom, take off all those brave wedding garments, which will serve for his shroud and lay him on the bed from which he will

'In her chamber the unwedded bride is removing with rapid hands veil, wreath, pearls, robe. There are no tears in her eyes; she has shed none, she keeps that pale, cold calm through all. The clock strikes one as she throws on her dressing-gown and hurries to her father's bedside. And where in the world of the living or the world of the dead is

Bertie Vaughan? (To be Continued.)

A victim of domestic infelicity, who is in the habit of dreaming, should never go to sleep in church. A congregation near Towsontown was somewhat startled last Sunday when a venerable member excitedly yelled, "Here now! drop that skillet, old woman!"

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures its curdling. Now, these gymnastic feats always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column.

Probably no one article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as ever such a thing heard of before in all the the most nourishing and strengthening beverage, and is strongly recommended to all as an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Rock Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has passed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Governher and seeing nothing. So they remain a ment analyist, and is certified by him to be petrified group, while one, two, three, four, pure, and to contain no starch, farnia, arrowroot, or any of the deliterious ingreidents comwhat to do, they just stand and look blankly monly used to adulterate Cocoa. When buyship, and I have it yet. If I am ever in what to do, they just stand and look blankly monly used to adulterate Cocoa. When buy-trouble, friendless and cast out, I shall remind before them. Then the captain pulls out his ing be particular and secure "Rowntree's."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The total amount thus far expended on the Catholic University of Sydney, Australia, is 150,000 dollars.

In the election of a Counsellor of State the Catholics of Fribourg, Switzerland, have been successful despite a vigorous opposition.

The Earl of Kenmare is the first Catholic since the time of Henry VIII. who has been appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household.

The famous school attached to the Monadtery of Einseideln, was never in a more prosperous condition than the present time. Not long since upwards of 100 applicants were denied admission owing to the crowded condition of the institution.

At the English College, Valladolid, Spaid Mass is sung every Saturday by the students as an act of reparation to the Blessed Virgin for the insults offered her by fanatical English soldiers, who dragged her image through the streets of city three hundred years ago.

By a majority of twelve against nine the Municipal Council of Ardennes have resolved on the expulsion of the Brothers of the Chris. tian Schools. A favorable report had been made by the Mayor of the Brothers' work in the schools, but the majority were determined to expel them and could not be moved.

The ladies of Quebec intend to present the members of the Quebec section of ex-Pontifical Zouaves with a handsome flag worked by the Grey Nuns, and valued at about \$100. The flag will be blessed on Sunday next at 5 p.m. by his Lordship the Archbishop, and afterwards handed over to the Zonaves.

During the year 1878, 85 missionaries died for our holy faith. The largest number came from the Society of Jesus, and the priests of the Foreign Missions, then the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Lazarists. Twenty-nine were natives of France. They shed their blood in China, Japan, India

His Eminence Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, has addressed a letter to the clergy under his charge, in which he intimates that the title of the "Catholic University of Paris" has been changed to that of the " Catholic Institute," and asks for the contributions of the faithful to its support. Pere Regis, Superior of the Trappists, died suddenly on Monday.

The Rome correspondent of La Civilisation writes:-The project of modifications to be made in the May Laws has just been submitted to the Holy Father, who is now engaged in examining them. Upon certain points the concessions made by the German Government are rather important. But on the whole the to enable the Holy See to accept it. An account appears in the Irish Journal of another apparition having taken place at Cap-

pinrush, within four and a half miles of Maryporough, in Queen's County. Visions of the Blessed Virgin are said to have been seen, and beautiful lights ascending from the altars of the little country church. A number of people have visited the place, and several persons allege that they have seen visions. The Hindoo Patriot, a native paper, says: "The Marquis of Ripon is distinguished by

a high conscientiousness, which is evident from the fact of his change of faith. A noble and public man in his position would not have changed his ancestral religion if he had not been moved by high conscientious scruries. As a conscientious man he will not fail to do justice to the poor and dumb millions of India."

It is a strange circumstance that the French Government should dare, and be allowed, to persecute the Church in a country where nearly the entire population profess to be Catholics. The exact statistics of the relious bodies, according to the last Catholics, 35,387,703; Calvinists, 467,531; Lutherans, 80,117; other Protestant sects, 33-119; Jews, 49,439; other non-Christians, 3,071; belonging to no Church, 81,921. It will thus be seen that whilst the Catholics number so many millions all the non-Catholics combined only reach the figure

of 715,198. The monks of La Grande Chartreuse are said to be likely to seek a local habitation in the north of Ireland, in consequence of the laws obliging the religious orders to secure State authorization. The historic community will carry with them the mystery and manufacture of that exquisite liqueur for which every amateur of the table has, some time or other, thanked the Brotherhood of St. Bruno. This liqueur, of which they have guarded the secret so long and so closely, brings the order an annual revenue of many millions of france, almost all of which is laid out in benefactions, the rule of the fraternity being extremely aus-

That the appointment of a Catholic Governor-General of India should arouse the hostile criticism of the fanatics is not a matter of surprise. Lord Oranmone and Browne-that tenderly conscientious nobleman who recently refused to sit down at table with Cardinal Manning at a banquet, has of course "earnestly and solemnly" protested against the splendid post being held by a Catholic, while he admits that "the Marquis is in every way an honorable man and a good member of society." Some Scotchmen have similarly declared that they are "irritated" by the Queen's selections of her Indian Viceroy: but we are glad to observe that a body of Methodists, true to their traditions of religious liberty, rejected by a large majority a proposal to censure the Government which had entrusted to the ex-Grand Master of the freemasons so magnificent and responsible a position .- Liverpool Catholic

Queen Victoria held a drawing-room on the 11th of May. The occasion, according to the London News, was the subject of much searching and palpitation of heart. "Every nobleman or gentleman kneels, with a face as solemn as though he were about to say his prayers. Every lady makes a 'cheese' as though her salvation depended on always performed with either grace or safety. Even on the very latest occasion when the Queen's Majesty was pleased to delight the privileged classes with a pageant of this sort, son ething in a high-born lady's dress came undone with such disastrous consequences that two household dignitaries were constrained to harry forward from their customary places of discreet retirement and envelop the levely gymnast with the shawls and other wraps which her mischance re-

quired." Among Bodily Annoyances easy to get rid of since the introduction of Milk of Magna-SIA, are nausea, heartburn, furred tongue, bitter taste in the mouth and offensive breath. This pleasant and popular remedy removes them all. For excess in eating or drinking, it is most valuable, as it immediately removes the irritation and acidity of the stomach, 11-G | Sold by all Chemists.