THE SON OF A KING FOR ME.

BY LADY CATHERINE PETRE.
(Lady Young.)

A maiden stood in her bower and gazed
Over the broad ancestral plain,
And the stream that shone like a silver band,
Through the fields of golden grain.

Fair Hildegard was a maiden rich,
With the wealth of lands and gold;
She shone with a beauty unsurpassed,
And her will reigned uncontrolled.

Full many a noble suitor came
To crave for her hand and heart,
But she turned aside with a scornful pride,
And she bade them all depart.

In her pride she said,—"I will never wed,
Save one whose ancestral tree
Is rooted deep in a royal race:
The son of a king for me!"

And last of all young Randulph came
The child of a noble line:
"O Hildegard! wilt thou be my bride?
My blood is as pure as thine.'

He had held her hands, and had gazed awhile
In the depth of her fair blue eyes:
He had offered his all, and his own true heart,
To win such a matchless prize.

But she shook her head, and she proudly said,—
"I cannot wed with thee!
E'en if thy blood be pure as mine:
The son of a king for me!"

And now she stood in her bower and gazed
On the broad ancestral plain,
On the stream that shone as a silver band
'Mid the fields of golden grain.

She cried in haste to her waiting maid,
"Come hither and deck my hair,
And bring me the costliest robe of all,
And the gems most rich and rare."

And she thought,—I go to court to-day
With a hope I dare not tell;
For the king's own son bid me come,
And I know that he loves me well.

As she stood arrayed in her rich attire,
A vision of beauty fair,
She said to herself—"Perchance t'were well
If I knelt to say one prayer."

She knelt where she had been taught to pray,
'Neath the form of the crucified,
And with upturned eyes she clasped her hands
On a bosom that swelled with pride.

But a sudden thrill shot through her frame,
And she seemed to gasp for breath,
As she strained her eyes to the crucified
Who had loved her to bitter death.

And a voice that pierced her inmost soul,
Said,—"Give thyself up to me:
For I am the Son of a mighty King,
And I gave us all for thee."

She gave one cry,—at His feet she lay,
While the burning tears fell fast:
His power had trampled o'er worldly pride,
Her heart had been won at last.

Then she flung aside her costly robe,
And she put her gems away;
With her arms entwined around the cross,
She spent that festive day.

* * * * * *

Ere long a maiden in lowly garb
Knocked at the convent door,
"Oh mother! I loved the world too much,
But my God hath loved me more."

She entered among the saintly flock,
And her spirit was glad and free;
She said,—"I gained my heart's desire,
The Son of a King for me."

Laura Desmond's Choice.

BY AGNES M. STEWART.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

'Aye, Jack, but he's dead and gone now,' observed Mrs. Buzzle.

'Dead—aye, dead and b-b-b-buried as he ought to be, the scoundrel. But far be it from me to say so. I tell you, Bride, its the worst thing he ever did in his life was to fall across Jack Buzzle. I who was his benefactor when he was almost standin' on the gallows, the jumped-up son of a sea-gun; but then why should I say anything against him now that he's dead, as you say. No, no; it's not in Jack Buzzle to say nothin' against the dead.'

'At the gallows, Jack, did you say?'

'The very same. Well if not at the gallows, I saved him from penal servitude years before he came across my poor Martha. That was the reason he concealed his—what'll I call it?—aye, I have it—his identity from us both, the villian, the infamous wretch. But then why should I say a wrong word of the dead when—'

'Why didn't you tell me that before, Jack?'

'Why!—why a'cos I bound myself never to let out the secret during his lifetime, that's the reason why; and now I tell you England did not contain a lower scoundrel; but far be it from Jack Buzzle to say a word against the same Hazelton now he's dead.'

At this juncture of the old sailor's rather inconsistent diatribes, Mrs. Ainslie entered the room. 'Did I hear you, Captain Buzzle, mention the name of Hazelton just now?' she asked with evident interest.

'Yes and sure marm—as big a scoundrel as ever lived. But then I don't want to say nothing bad of him—far be it from Jack Buzzle.'

'You know his history then, his antecedents, his pedigree?' asked Mrs. Ainslie with apparently newly created curiosity.

'Well, marm, you see,' responded Buzzle after a pause, during which he looked first at his wife, then at the ceiling, subsequently at Mrs. Ainslie, finally resting his eyes on the floor, as if in a state of doubt, as to the expediency of committing himself to a knowledge of the man who had so cruelly wronged his unfortunate daughter, and who herself, in her lifetime, so cruelly wronged others. 'Well, marm,' he continued to blubber out, 'I'm a plain spoken man, and don't want to say nothin' against the dead; but that same Hazelton was as thorough going a rascal as ever braced a yard arm. But *I* don's wish to say so; no, marm, far be it from Jack Buzzle that *he* should ever say nothin' against him. Howsomever, marm, you know you have nothing good to say of him naither if it goes to that.'

'You appear to know something of his pedigree, Captain Buzzle.'

'Aye, indeed, marm, and his pedagogue was not a bit'—

'Pedigree it is, Jack,' quickly interposed Mrs. Buzzle, looking sharply at the Captain by way of censure for his grammatical solecism.

'Well, it wasn't a bit too good, marm, that same pedagogue of his.'

'Pedigree, Buzzle, pedigree is the word,' again interrupted Mrs. Buzzle, with some degree of indignation.

'I don't want to say anything bad of him now he's dead; but some years ago I was in Melbourne. It was during what was called the 'gold fever,' marm, when I met that same young man. He was after being wrecked; he was the only one saved out of a total of three hundred and ninety-eight passengers.'

'Three hundred and ninety-nine, Buzzle—three hundred and ninety-nine, I'll swear it,' observed Mrs. Buzzle, with the inborn opposition of her sex.

'No, Bride, it was three ninety-eight.'

'Three hundred and ninety-nine—I'll make my affidavit on't.'

'It makes no matter now, at all events, wife,' observed Buzzle, anxious to allow that portion of the narrative to drop.

'I know that, but you told me three hundred and ninety-nine,' responded Mrs. Buzzle not willing to abate a jot.

'I did not, Bride. I told you three ninety-eight, and I'll swear it.'

'So will I, Jack; it was three hundred and ninety-nine, and that I'll stick to;' hereupon Mrs. Buzzle folded her arms and threw her head on one side as if prepared to fight out the point to the bitter end.

Mrs. Ainslie luckily came to the rescue.

'I presume the whole of the crew and passengers perished with the exception of the man, Hazelton, amounting to——'

'Three hundred and ninety-nine,' again put in the redoubtable Mrs. Buzzle.

'Three hundred and ninety-eight, marm,' was the Captain's reply.

'No, Jack, it was three hundred and ninety-nine, or I'm not Mrs. Buzzle.'

'The number is unimportant at this date at all events,' observed Mrs. Ainslie, seeing how persistently Mrs. Buzzle contested the point. 'And now,' she added, turning to the Captain, 'that of the three hundred and ninety-eight——'

'Ninety-nine, marm, or I'm a dead woman,' again interposed Mrs. Buzzle with the dogged persistency of her sex to have the last word.

'Yes, marm; Hazelton alone was saved, the ship which rescued him and brought him to Melbourne was obliged to put into quarantine on reaching port, and it appears that any man deserting a ship while in quarantine, according to the law there, is liable to be shot. I was walking one evening outside, or rather in the suburbs of Melbourne, when a young man came running towards me, followed as I perceived, by a mounted trooper—mounted troopers were the police in Melbourne in those days, marm. He placed me between him and his pursuer, who had his rifle presented towards him ready to fire. 'Stand back, man,' cried the trooper to me. I could not shake the young fellow off no matter what I did. Suddenly taking advantage he rushed on the trooper with a sheath knife and stabbed him to the heart. Howsomever, to make a long story short, and not to weary you, marm, he was arrested and put on his trial, but whether for murder or manslaughter or justifiable homicide, as they call it the jury could not say which, so the judge directed that he should be tried for murder, inasmuch os he had taken life while evading legal arrest. It was then I learned that Hazelton was the son of an English nobleman, the Earl of Earlsmere, where my daughter Martha was in service. From that time forward I took a strong interest in him. I was the only witness of the crime. I knew that, and on the day of the trial I stolidly refused to answer any question that was asked of me. I knew the consequence. I was committed for contempt of court. The trial had to be adjourned, and I was put into the cell next to Hazelton in prison We met often in the course of many long, weary days, but I was determined to hold out. At last we put our heads together and devised means to escape, which we did successfully. One night in a dense forest, about twenty miles from the coast where we were bound for, I missed Hazelton, and the next morning, having slept on a bed of rushes that night, I found my money was all gone. I had it safe the day before; but as I saw no one take it I could not say how I lost it. I sped my way towards the coast and was lucky in hailing a homeward bound ship. He must have returned home. He had told me in Melbourne that his father had turned him out of doors, and it was only when it was too late that I beard from Martha's lips that he began keeping company with her. Of course he bound Martha to secrecy, so I never could learn who she was going out with or anything else about him or her.'

'How extraordinary, to be sure,' observed Mrs. Ainslie. 'And that was the way he served you after saving his life?'

'That was the way, marm, you see. He made a bad beginnin', and of course a bad end.'

'By the way, there is the garden gate opening; I am certain it is,' suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie, looking in the direction of the window, while a bright smile lit up her features. 'I can tell who it is, too, before I look out. It is Father Sherbourne—now, Mrs. Buzzle, what do you say to that?'

Mrs. Ainslie's anticipation was correct, for in a few minutes after the closing sentences of Captain Buzzle's recital Father Sherbourne entered the room.

Mutual congratulations having passed between Mrs. Ainslie and Father Sherbourne, Captain and Mrs. Buzzle thought it well to relieve their hostess of their presence for a time, and so stood up and prepared to leave.

'Well, Mrs. Ainslie,' said Mrs. Buzzle, 'we're only going out for a time. His reverence may have something to say to you. Come along, Jack. Now you know it was three hundred and ninety-nine passengers aboard in that ship.'

'No, Bride, three ninety-eight.'

'Now listen to him, Mrs. Ainslie,' continued Mrs. Buzzle, sidling to the door; 'how obstinate he is; he *will* say there was three hundred and ninety-eight. I know it; I know he is wrong. You are wrong, Captain, I tell you; it was three hundred and ninety-nine, or I'll put my head on a block.'

Thus asseverating, the worthy pair closed the door behind them, and even from the garden below the mingled sounds of Mrs. Buzzle's voice and those of the Captain contesting the point were heard with even greater emphasis than before.

The accents of marital strife below gave way before the gentle, sympathetic tones of Father Sherbourne's voice.

'Yes, Mrs. Ainslie,' said the ecclesiastic as soon as they were seated, 'while I offered you my congratulations just now I did not withhold my sympathy. But the past must not be dwelt upon too much. There is no such thing as retracing our footsteps; we are bound to our past actions with the strongest and most indissoluble bonds.

'Too true, Father, and unfortunately so in my case.'

'You may not know that I was acquainted with the late Squire Ainslie. Yes, when I was a student at the Sorbonne I met him under circumstances which give me great pleasure to look back upon, but which pain me when I remember that on a point of principle to which I could not yield, in my character as a priest, we differed and became estranged forever. I endeavored to become reconciled, as was my duty, but he remained too firm for our future good relations.'

'How strange, to be sure. He never mentioned your name—*to me*, at least.'

'I was not, however, without learning of your hasty departure from Riversdale, and its long series of consequences. I am not without knowing about your long-lost son, about Hazelton and Martha, your maid, and your brother-in-law's conduct. Pardon me, Mrs. Ainslie, if I speak plainly. I am a priest of God. It is not only my voice that speaks, it is the voice of the Church, the voice of reason, the voice of truth, and that of Him who said that heaven and earth will pass away ere His words be falsified. Had you been less impetuous in leaving the roof of your benefactor on account of a mere difference as to the choice of either of his nephews—an affair of the heart, a matter which could easily have been settled without violence to the feelings of any one—what a world of trouble you would have been saved!'

'A world of trouble, indeed, Father,' observed Mrs. Ainslie, resignedly clasping her hands together, and resting her eyes on the carpeted floor.

'There was nothing wrong, of course,' continued Father Sherbourne, in choosing the man you did untimely choose as a husband; but Squire Ainslie saw further, as after events proved, and which events now point with no uncertain indication how careful, how scrupulously careful children should be in following the behests of those who are their superiors in years and experience, and whom a Divine beneficence has placed over them to guide them, to instruct them, and to breathe into their souls His unerring voice, if they, on their part, will only hearken to it. How markedly illustrative, too, of what I say was the career of that young woman, Martha.'

'You heard, Father, I dare to say, of her attempt to—'

'Everything, my child. I know everything about it. Uninfluenced by her father's counsel, unmoved by her mother's tears and beseechings she left their roof to join her destiny to that of a man—a worthless, dissipated fellow who, although well reared and well descended as I know Hazelton was, ended his days in a London hospital, the victim of a paltry street accident, dying without a friend, and most likely without the consolations of religion, for he succumbed to his injuries soon after his admission. Then again we are all too well aware of how Martha—'

'The wretch whom I served so well,' exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie standing up apparently quite overcome by her rising emotion.

'Whom he lured into a most disreputable alliance, died in Exeter jail whilst awaiting her trial for attempted murder.'

'It is a pity she did not survive to be punished as she deserved,' again observed Laura, while she scanned the calm features of Father Sherbourne as if to watch the effect of her scathing comment.

The ecclesiastic who knew to well the manifold subleties of the human heart, and that human nature in her not least repellant form is seen when woman has to do with woman, allowed Mrs. Ainslie's observation to pass unnoticed.

'At all events, Mrs. Ainslie, you have conquered all your enemies and that's not a little to be able to say.'

'Yes, Father, but what avail is the victory now?'

'Ainslie, too, has died on a foreign shore, alone and friendless.'

Mrs. Ainslie was pitiless to the last and heard of the fate of her brother-in-law without any alteration of feeling save that of inward satisfaction that condign punishment had been meted out to him also.

'What avails the victory now?' she again asked the ecclesiastic, whilst she paced the room in a state of agitation.

'It only shows how the wicked are punished in the end; how Providence permits crime to flourish for a time and virtue to appear vanquished.'

'The triumph of virtue is slow, Father, two slow; tardy enough to repel its most attached votaries, and—'

'My child,' interrupted the priest, 'do not say that; the ways of God are mysterious and should not be questioned by His creatures.'

'Tell me, Father Sherbourn,' and Mrs. Ainslie's voice was evidently weighted with agitation, no doubt by the recollection of her past wrongs, 'why was I made to suffer what I did for the mere act of indiscretion of leaving Riversdale?'

'My dear Mrs. Ainslie, that act alone was light when judged by itself; it is the consequences which it entailed both on yourself, your benefactor, your husband, your brother-in-law. It shows, in fact, the terrible power which sin has to multiply itself.'

'True enough, Father; I was a weak inexperienced girl and pitted against too many. If I have triumphed what avails it now? I was and am an innocent woman. I am past middle life now, Father Sherbourne—'

'You have suffered much, no doubt, Mrs. Ainslie.'

'Suffered much! The phrase is a mockery when viewed in the light of all I have suffered, Father Sherbourne.'

Mrs. Ainslie's attitude was now almost stage-like; her whilom soft features were fierce and almost fiendish, and her voice, even as she stood in the presence of the ecclesiastic, was weighed with bitterness and hate. She went on: 'I have sinned, no doubt, and heavily if youthful indiscretion can be called sinful. I have been punished, too, for it. I was deprived of the light and joy of my life—my husband—my darling who died ere I had scarcely known his worth. I was deprived of my only child ere it had ceased its lisping and its earliest words. I was deprived of my liberty and kept in ignominious confinement by a law which is a disgrace to the statute book of England—a law which permits of a man's or woman's indefinite incarceration on the mere whim of another—that other in my case being Edwin Ainslie.'

Mrs. Ainslie was no longer able to restrain the tears which now began to flow copiously; her further utterance was stifled, and throwing herself on the sofa close by, the once fair face of the Laura Desmond of former years, now convulsed with grief and sorrow, lay buried in her hands.

'God's will be done,' was Father Sherbourne's last consoling words to the grief-stricken Mrs. Ainslie, who now lay insensible.

But what consolation, may it not well be asked, can be rendered to the grief-stricken spirit of erring woman but to pity, to forgive, and to forget!

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN AFTER YEARS.

Five years have sped away, and but little has occurred to mar the happiness of the Squire of Riversdale. Capt. Buzzle sleeps in Stepney Churchyard the sleep of the just; after a life of toil and honest virtue he rests beneath the shadow of St. Dunstan's Church. And where should his wife be save in the right place, under the roof of her foster son at Riversdale? Her days flow on very rapidly, though increasing infirmities warn her to keep ready for the call of the Master, for the evening of her days is waning into night. Who doats more on the little children of the house than does Bridget; they fly to her in their little troubles and alike in their joys, and their hearts will ache when the day comes that will take the good woman out of their sight.

Three children make the old home merry with their prattle; a tiny Gilbert, fair-haired like his father; a Gerald, and a little girl Laura, the names of their senior progenitors having been given to them at the baptismal font.

It is morning, and a huge packet of letters has just been delivered at the hall; one of them, the envelope a mourning one, bears the postmark of Baden-Baden, and is addressed to Mrs. Ainslie.

She turns it over and over wondering whom it can be from with something of that strange indecision people feel when they do not quite recognize the hand-writing of another, and almost doubt as to their right to break the seal, and Ella, fresh and blooming as ever, touches her arm and says:

'Mamma, why do you hesitate to open her letter?'

And so she breaks the black seal which secures the envelope, and reads her letter, whilst her son and his wife look on with an expression of half wonder, half amusement on their faces

A mist comes before Laura's eyes, and she turns over the sheet of paper and looks at the signature, then says she;

'A voice from the grave speaks to us; Edwin Ainslie is dead.'

And this is what she read with a broken voice whilst tears tremble in her eyes:—

'MY DEAR LAURA.

Long stricken by illness, and conscious that my days—nay, my hours—are numbered. I take up my pen, whilst strength to write to you whom I have so deeply injured yet remains to me. It will be a satisfaction to you to know that the years that have passed since I left Riversdale never to return to it have been years of solitary communing with myself, of a bitter remorse for the errors of my life, of endeavoring to do the little good in my power as some poor atonement for the past. I changed my name as soon as Martha's evil attempt had been made known, and I left England with the resolution of never making myself known to you or yours. The newspapers failed not to tell me of all that occured—how I, your son's uncle, and the woman had been in league together to deprive your son of his birthright. It was all too true, but I felt crushed and humbled to the very dust at what I read. The world and its pleasures have long been as nothing to me—to eternity my every thought has been long directed, in the obscure village in Switzerland in which I have passed much of my time. I needed not the warning of the physician that I was a dying man. I feel it within myself. I shall give him this letter and beg of him to send it to you. You will, I know, bear in remembrance that with me you had 'sowed the whirlwind,' and we could expect little more than that 'we should reap the storm.' Farewell, dear Laura,

EDWIN AINSLIE.'

Then Laura opened another letter in a strange hand-writing, dated also from Baden-Baden; it ran as follows:

'MADAM,—At the last request of a phtient of my own, whose remains we have this day buried, I beg to forward a letter written by him to yourself. I am aware that he has had great cause for self reproach in the past of his life; but during the time that he has spent both here and elsewhere, he has been noted by all who have had the honor of his friendship for his mild and affable demeanor, his charity to the poor, his love of religion and refinement. I am sure it will soothe and please you to hear this of your late relative. For myself, I can only say 'may my end be like unto his.'—I am, madam, respectfully yours.

HENRI DEFAURE.'

Then Laura went to her own room for a while. When she again mingled with her family, the traces of tears were still visible. She will never forget, even amidst the happiness that lights up her mature years, that those who sow the whirlwind must reap the storm.

Reader, we have but to add *Vale*.

[THE END.]

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Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Soreness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.
THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

AN ADVERTISEMENT
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IS one with something in it which may be of benefit to you. Please read the list of attractions we are now offering, and call and share in the bargains
In order to make room for a large stock of Summer Goods we are clearing out all lines of Cloths at very low prices. In Fancy Goods our stock is still well assorted, and we are giving large discounts to clear, so NOW is your time to buy. Our last list of bargains brought hundreds of extra customers, and we expect our Dress Goods Bargains to cause a genuine rush. Think of it, New and Fashionable Goods, and the very Latest Styles of Trimmings, at prices that must positively sell them. Housekeepers will find this a rare chance to replenish their stock of cottons and linens; and if Carpets are required, we can give you THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
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It pays to buy your Dry Goods and Millinery at
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D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.
Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1887.

A LETTER FROM QUEBEC.
(Translated from the French.)
GENTLEMEN,—
I have deferred writing the better to testify to the benefits derived from the use of your Liniment. It has done wonders among all the people who have used it about here.
I can certify that in every case where I have used it upon myself, I have been very well satisfied.
Mr. N. Mooney, of St. Sylvester, had a bad leg which was said to be incurable. I told him to use Simson's Liniment, and it has effected a complete cure in a very short time. His neighbor, Mr. John Devlin, having received a very serious cut in his leg, Mr. Mooney took him the Liniment, and having used it, found himself completely cured.
I have been assured of the cures of these people, and the remedy having become known, it has created quite a demand, people coming as far as 35 miles to procure it for themselves.
Mr. Wm. Bennett, of St. Ferdinand, has had it some time for himself, and he has since bought it for his friends, who suffer from Rheumatism, and they have all been well satisfied.
I have never known any medicine to have had such good results about here as Simson's Liniment.
Hoping that it will prove as satisfactory elsewhere.
I am, yours truly,
DAMASE PAGEAT,
St. Sylvester, Quebec, 27th Dec., 1888. Merchant.
Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co.