

Bertrand de L'Isle, do you know who I am?"

"Your servant told me you were the Comte de L'Isle, but beyond that I know nothing. I came here by no will or purpose of my own, but led surely by a mysterious destiny. Till I saw the name of the Chateau de L'Isle on the sign-post at the turn of the road, I knew not that the old home of our race still existed, nor did I know that the estates were still held by one of our name."

"Did your father, then, never speak to you of Armand de L'Isle, his uncle?"

"Never," answered Bertrand; but he gave a slight start as he heard the name, which the old man's keen eyes instantly observed.

"Louis was always generous," he said; "but who then, has spoken to you of Armand?"

"To myself personally no one; but I once heard a conversation, when I was a child between my father and a French friend, which I had forgotten till the events of this night revived it in my memory, and the name of Armand was mentioned then."

"In terms of bitterest reprobation, no doubt?"

Bertrand did not answer.

"Young man, tell me the truth! in such terms they spoke of Armand, did they not?"

"Yes," replied Bertrand.

"And justly!" he said, with a deep sigh; "but hear me, Bertrand, the time of mercy and compassion is surely come, or you had not been here to-night; and I have suffered—ah, heaven, how I have suffered for my sins! listen then with gentleness and pity, not with indignation, or the desire for revenge, while I tell you that I am Armand, your father's uncle, and alas! too long his enemy and yours, but that, at least, I am no longer, only your kinsman now, Bertrand, in blood and name; let me be friends with the last of my race; but for you I am alone on earth; be merciful to me!" He stretched out his hand imploringly to the young man, and Bertrand, who had inherited much of his father's courtly grace, stooped and kissed his uncle's wasted hand. "The kiss of peace, thank Heaven!" said the old man, while a smile lit up his shrunken face. "Ah, Bertrand, my dear nephew, I have much to say to you; but you are fatigued, and in sore need of refreshment, no doubt; I am unable to move from this chair—my prison for five years past—but my servants will attend to your wants, and when you have supped come back to me that I may open all my aching heart to you." He rang a silver hand-bell that stood on the table near him, and it was immediately answered by the old servant who had conducted Bertrand to the house.

"Show the Comte Bertrand de L'Isle to the best apartments in the house," said his uncle, "and let everything be provided for his comfort and refreshment, and see that no one enters the chateau this night but himself; I must be alone with him."

The servant bowed, and ushered Bertrand, with the greatest respect, through a suite of princely apartments, till he arrived at a room where supper had already been prepared for him in a very sumptuous style, and which opened into a bed-room where a luxurious couch awaited him that was far different from the resting-places he had found for some time past, and with a feeling still that he was living in a dream, Bertrand prepared to take advantage of the comforts that surrounded him.

(To be continued.)

Some trials like fire-flies are lit at eventide.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PRUNE PUDDING.

Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour in a quart of milk, add six eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, a little salt, and a pound of prunes. Tie it in a cloth and boil for one hour.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Three eggs well beaten, one cup of vinegar, two table-spoons of mustard, salt and pepper, one tablespoon of butter; let this mixture come to a boil, when cool add seven table-spoons of cream, half a head of cabbage shaved fine.

ICING FOR CAKES.

To a half-pound of fine sifted sugar, put the whites of two eggs, beaten with a little orange flower water or simple water, and strain. With this, wisp the sugar till it is quite smooth. Lay the icing equally over large cakes with a flat spoon. Large cakes should be cold when iced.

AMBROSIA.

Take one dozen of sweet oranges, peel off the skins and cut them in slices; take a large-sized fresh cocoa-nut, grate it on a coarse grater, then put alternate layers of the orange and grated cocoa-nut in a glass dish and sprinkle pulverized sugar over each layer of the cocoa-nut. This makes a beautiful and palatable dish.

RICE BREAD.

Boil a tea-cup of rice quite soft; while hot, add butter the size of an egg, one and a half pints of milk, rather more than one-half pint of bolted corn-meal, two table-spoons of flour, two eggs, and a little salt. Bake just one hour. The bread should be about two inches thick.

CHICKEN PUDDING.

Fricassee two young chickens; season them slightly with a mushroom powder, mace, nutmeg, and salt, but no pepper. Previously take the giblets, and stew them down with a piece of meat to make gravy; put two table-spoons into the paste, and keep the rest to fill up or put under the pudding. Two hours will boil it.

OATMEAL GEMS.

Soak over night one cup of oatmeal for one cup of cold water and a little salt; in the morning, add one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and fine oatmeal enough to make them as stiff as fritters (wheat flour will do to thicken it, but oatmeal is better). This will make two cakes, if you wish to bake it like "Johnny cake."

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.

The following is a recipe for making hard soap, which is said to be excellent and economical. Nearly every family accumulates through winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling until the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take 6 pounds of sal soda, 6 pounds of grease, 3½ pounds new stone lime, 4 gallons of soft water, ½ pound of borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler; boil till it is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clean lye, wash out the kettle, and put in the clear lye, grease and borax, boil till it comes to soap; pour into a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry.

A CHRISTIAN pound weighs sixteen ounces, down weight; a Christian yard is thirty-six inches, cloth not stretched; a Christian ton is two thousand pounds, not "estimated," but weighed.

AN ACROSTIC.

We should be glad to impress the young folks with the importance of beginning early to study the Bible. What you learn of its truths and precepts will dwell in your heart, like a sweet melody, all your life. We give a copy of a very pleasant and profitable manner of searching the Scriptures. We expect to receive so many good proverbs that there will be no necessity of another from us. The acrostic formed is an old Greek proverb. The subject,

WISDOM.

K—eep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.
 N—ow, there was found in it a poor, wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet, no man remembered that same poor man.
 O—nly by pride cometh contention; but with the well-advised is wisdom.
 W—isdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.
 T—he fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction.
 H—e layeth up wisdom for the righteous; He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.
 Y—ea, also, when he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool.
 S—o shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul when thou hast found it; then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off.
 E—ven a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.
 L—abor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom.
 F—or wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared with it.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Age, when whitening for the tomb, is a worthy object of reverence. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. The old linger with the young—and oh, how careful should the young be to reward them with tender affection and with the warmest love, to diminish the chill of ebbing life. The Spartans looked on reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for you know not what suffering they may have endured, nor how much of it, may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonably to find fault or murmur? Atlow not your anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, which in the spring-time of life, were less flexible than your own. Do they require aid? Then render it cheerfully. Forget not that the time may come when you may desire the same assistance from others that you render to them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think not hard if much is required at your hands, lest when age sets its seal upon your brow, and fills your limbs with trembling, others may wait unwilling, and feel relieved when the coffin has covered you forever.

SWEETNESS is no protection against injustice; even sugar can be crushed.

HARD, horny hands, embrowned by the sun and roughened by labour, are more honourable than white ones that never reached out to help a fellow creature, or added a dollar to the world's wealth.