"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows.

CHAPTER XXIII.

And all this while remorse pursued Bruce Laidlaw, sighting him before he was many yards from the house in Bloomsbury, nearing him in the cab which took him back to Euston Station, and fairly laying hold of him there whilst he waited for the teno clock train

to take him back to Manchester.

He knew he had been horribly in the wrong, but he felt too that he had been horribly provoked. He had been think ing perpetually of Lola for days past, until at last, seeing by the letters that she was too shy or too proud to suggest coming to him, he had even brought himself to go home and fetch her, meaning to surprise her by his tenderness, and to ntone for all past neglect by telling her plainly he could not live without her. And so, with a heart aglow with gracious warmth, he had driven up to

the door of his London house at about half-past eight in the evening to learn from the frightened servant that there was 'n gentlemen with Mrs. Laidlaw who would go up, although I tried to stop him. His name is Mr. de Vaux, and he turned on me quite horrid when I wouldn't show him up, and gave me a half sovereign, and told me not to charter."

A blow in the face would have disconcerted Bruce Laidlaw less than this announcement, and as, with gathering rage in his heart, he stole through the inner room to break unperceived upon the tote atete, the first sight his eyes fell upon was his wife holding out her hand to Aubrey as he turned to go, and the quick but passionate embrace her action had provoked.

Yet even now he could not believe her really unfaithful to him; truth itself cemed stamped upon every word of her elefence, and in every line of her fair, suffering face. Had she refrained from the taunts and reproaches she had ventured to a blress to him, he would have been ready, after a sufficient show of contrition and humility on her part and of seathing reprimand on his at least to listen to her explanations and abject pologies. But to his face she had braved and defied him, citing Ella Granville against Aubrey de Vaux, and repeating the old lies, the old calumnies, concern-ing his relations with the actress until, in his fury, he had struck her, and had hurled at her such words as he knew were surest to wound her to the quick.

And for all this he was sorry, intolerably sorry, as he walked up and down the platform waiting for histrain, trying to justify himself for his conduct, and failing lamentably in the attempt, up to the moment when, as the ten o'clock train began to slowly leave the station, he actually jumped from the compartment in which he had seated himself resolved upon another interview with Lola before he should leave town.

"The midnight train will suit hat equally well, and I can at least learn what took her to Manchester." he said him, and he sank dazed and giddy into a top on her arm. to himself, half to excuse his erratic conduct as he drew near home. He meant to be severe with Lola, but just and even to condescend to explain to her his insisted that he should at once rise and meeting with Mrs. Granville, should she first account satisfactorily for Androse. first account satisfactorily for Aubrovisit, and implore his pardon for her her discretion. But a sulfen igalicity took possession of his mind again as he reach od his own door and saw an empty call. The mace was

wourself as to be rude to a woman of my age in your own house. In a letter I received three days ago, and which has brought me up to London. Addrey tells me you do not wish your wife to meet him. Your jealousy is as causeless as it forward hate the panels open and fell it will be to meet him. Your jealousy is as causeless as it forward hate the room. Before he received the may even be mad enough to look meeting at the door, with all the passion of letter without me, and long ago I jearned that I was not a fit wife for you. Breed lack down by her side.

It is I who was not fit for you. Lola. It is I who was not fit for you. Better the worst, and the first sight his eyes beheld was Lola's geld-br we hair stained and heavy the forgive my selfish, cruelty, my harsh here had now I cannot feel anything either of love or soriow any more. You and held that I was not a fit wife tor you.

Better the who was not fit for you. Better the worst, and how I cannot feel anything either of love or soriow any more. You and held that I was not a fit wife to you. Better the wife of with the passion of love or soriow any more. You and held that I was not a fit wife to the trust for you.

Better the whom to anything either of love or soriow any more. You and held that

not two hours ago. I returned from Man-seen object, while he crushed Lola tight-chester to find her in your son's com-ly against him the while. With an aw-

at your describen; she has always been indifferent to every man but you. Ah, in Heaven's name, think of what you are

She laid herhand upon his arm in ther maniae strength he brought it emshing excitement. Bruce frowned down upon to the ground, and left the room in total

her in gloomy mistrust.

"If all this is new to you, why have you come up?" he enquired. "What laugh, Bruce sprang after him again, and you come up?"

blanched lips. "God forgive you, Mr. Laidlaw, for holding such a thought about the best and purest woman that ever blessed a man's home! What have you done to her? How have you treated her that you should think such things

possible?"
"My private affairs are my own," said
Bruce haughtily. "You have come to
see my wife. She is not here, and I see
no use in prolonging this interview."
He walked to the door and opened it for
her to pass out. He was gnawed with
a terrible anxiety as to Lola's fate, but

before Aubrey's mother he was too proud to show it. By sending Madame de Vaux at once to her son's rooms Lola would still have a chance of escape, and he himself be saved the humiliation of tracking down an erring wife.

But the will of this woman was as strong as his own. She closed the door he had opened, and stood agrinst it. She who had faced Gaston de Vaux in his gathering madness was not to be cowed by the displeasure of any sane man.

"In this case your affairs concern others besides yourself, Mr. Laidlaw," she said; "and more depends upon them tell what mine must be. It is true that ford to tell to Lola now. In my son's love for Lola there lies a great, a horrible, danger both to him and her. Not one that concerns your honour: only your own selfishness or harshness arms would deserve no pity. It is of my son I am thinking, it is from him the danger springs. In this letter I saw it shadowed in his wild threats against you mind.

"Against what? "Against exciting the passions of a man who is hovering on the brink of hereditary madness, and who may at any moment change before her eyes to the ikeness of a wild beast -a murderer!

Her voice sank to a whisper as she speke the last words. Bruce gazed at her horror-struckwhile he lived again through the scene that had passed between him-

never descrited her. Seizing his arm, she inve something I must say to you, insisted that he should at once rise and I am only here for a day. And there is

can effect support.

"What I she exclaimed, "Local to the sentence of the sent

In his present state of mind he was ready to believe this vene-rable od fady a go-between from her sen to Lola, or even to suspect her of assisting in his wife's flight; for that she had indeed filed he could hardly doubt.

His face was deadly pale, and his voice who hung about the best down to hung about the best down to have quarreled with Loiaand a bout showed han to be the person mest deeping my son, or you would not so far forzet.

He fling himself upon the door with door with a handle be should be trought in the coverwhelming strength of a manufist without my wife.

Since aught he banely in the winter evenings without new wife. Since aught her breath and looked up at him, surprised not less by his words than by the break in his voice when he minished speaking. Then she shook her thin by the break in his voice when he minished speaking. Then she shook her the first of not bearing should be one down to do curious, fightened hetch without the crowd of curious, fightened hetch without the crowd of curious, find the break in his voice when he minished speaking. Then she shook her thin by the break in his voice when he minished speaking. Then she shook her the fiver Pilis one adose. Try them.

The art of not bearing should be down to have a heart of not bearing should be one by in the winter evenings without may wife.

Since aught her breath and looked up at him, surprised not less by his words than by the break in his voice when he minished speaking. Then she shook her thin bear to be a beautiful to hear, very many of the fiver, with constitution induces the congletion, induces the congletion induces the final time that the beat and the congletion in the congletion induces the congletion induces the manded to the congletion that the beat and the congletion t

all her heart and soul.

"She has a strange way of showing her affection," stid Brace, with a short, fierce laugh. "Here, in this very room, not two hours ago, I returned from Mannesser to find her in your son's complete, while he crushed Lola tight with an archive to find her in your son's complete thin the while. With an archive heart and rulned your life, but you face hore than half an angel, and will you try to forget?"

Teans rushed to Lola's eyes, she quivered the hore than half and the while with an archive here the hore than her think the while with an archive here the hore than her think the while with an archive here the hore than her think the while with an archive here the hore than her think the while with an archive here the hore than her think the while with an archive here the hore than her think the while here the hore than her the hore the hore than her the hore the hore the hore than her the hore than her the hore the hore than her the hore than her the hore the hore the hore the hore than her the hore the hore the hore the hore the hore than her the hore t you must be mad. Mr. Laidiaw. to wrest his wife from the madman's You must be mad. Mr. baidiaw.

Aubrey has never been anything to her:

arms. For a moment the three figures seemed inextricably confused, the manipulation of pique seemed inextricably confused, the manipulation of pique seemed inextricably confused, the manipulation of the stringsling men.

That woman—" she faltered.

striking at the chandelier above with

was there in your son's letter which close against the window, the struggle made it necessary for you to see my wife? And where is she now, if not with him?"

"To not with him!" the repeated with throat, and Aubrey's knife was against throat, and Aubrey's knife was against. "If not with him!" she repeated with Bruce's shoulder. But as, through the

tumult and confusion of stumbling rien and shricking women, a light flashed up-on the faces of the pair locked in that deadly contest. Anbrey suddenly shook himself free, and turned from the real enemy before him to the imaginary for in the street below. Striking wildly at the unresisting air, he let the body of Lola slip from his arms and fall heavily upon the floor, whilst he reached out to reache with that many arms and the floor. grapple with that unseen wrestler; then. overbalancing himself in the attempt, he fell with a howl of triumph into the arms of Death waiting for him in the

street below. And Lola did not die. Two years later she was living still, but aged before her time, her glorious beauty dimmed for ever with the shadow of that night of horrors. Life and reason were both despaired of at first: lever and the wound in her throat threatened the former, whilst the very sight of her husband imperilled the latter so seriously that by the doctor's orders Bruce was not allowed to approach his wife's bedside during her conscious moments. Before her health was restored, Mrs. de Vaux, who could hardly forgive herself the ill her silence had brought about, took the girl away with her to Italy.

Aubrey's mother was greatly changed. The fire of resistance, of an indomitable or my me for twenty years, the safety— Fate, had kept her young and active by more, the very lives both of your wife and of my son hangupenyour conduct and mine at this moment. And until you have told me the perfect truth I make truth I to take the place of her old energy and alertness. The mainspring of her exis-tence had departed, and the rest was my poor Aubrey has always leved Lola. It was I myself who broke off the match between them, and before Dr. Marsden died he knew my reason. The secret I told to him I have journeyed up from Old-Lola herself came never a word.

It seemed hardly likely that these two, so hasitly bound together, so swiftly parted, would ever meet again on this side of the grave, when, one duil November could endanger that, and the husband morning, Bruce, shortly after leaving his who could drive Lola into another man's new rooms in the West End of London, came face to face on the pavement with

for making your wife unhappy—threats that would be mere vapouring from another man, but which, coming from Aubrey, are sinister, horrible. And as soon as I read them I came straight to Loia to put her on her guard."

Loia to put her on her guard."

Arainst what? he had known: a pale, faded woman, dowdily dressed in clothes that hung thish in her cheeks, and even the old sheen of her hair.

> And he, the man who stopped before her and tried to speak to her with trembling lips, was in the very zenith cl. his fame and of his perfect physical beauty. Bruce Laidiaw, the brilliantly-successful author and dramatist, on whom the world and fortune smiled, and who, during the past two years, seemed to have acquired the gift of turning all he touched

o gold. A faint thish spread over Lola's face as had made upon him.

"Great Heaven! If it should be true, her head and would have passed on her head and head and head her head and head her head and head and head her head and head and head her head and head her head and head head her head and head her head he the raised her eyes to his. Then she bent when he stopped her by laying his hand

"Don't go yet," he said in a low voice. I had no idea you were in London. I

"And, pray God" we may not be too know. Even your anger would be ap-late." she murmured, as, with strained peased, I think, if you knew how I have nothing you can tell me which I do not eyes and hands tightly clasped in prayer, she drove through the meanlit streets by Bruce's side.

Bruce's side.

The peased, timing, a you knew now a nave suffered. Of what use is it to go over the past again? You cannot judge memore barshly than Ljudge myself.

od his own doer and saw an empty call writing real waiting before it.

The hard was did code passessed. His strengthed have policy desired from the sitting real code and the sitting real code and glared regard to the sitting real code and glared regard to the sitting real code and place to the season to drive for least, and in the side in the addining apertment, as with the form and the strength of the regard to what the code and the form of the season in a window of the same form to make the form of the season in the addining apertment, and the strength of the sake of the sa photograph, and phaced on an easel he-side sent to .

No. But a wife should have no see his veits. A wo man's shrick, long and despuiring time a wild cry for help in a voice he knew too well.

In his present state of mind he way.

In his

all over now. Thave suffered horribly, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract and now I cannot feel anything either of | from contentment and happiness.

good to you, do you think you will ever forgive my selfish, cruelty, my harsh-ness and my miserable jealousy? Child,

borrow money to take her to her husband, and she was to sail from Liverpool that same night. Lola, these rooms are lonely, and the fireside in Sussex is lonelier still, and my heart his loneliest of all. Will you come?"

She was sobbing this time, with her hands upon his development.

hands upon his shoulders. But for a

moment she drew back.

"This is pity," she said doubtfully.

He drew her closer into his arms, and rested her head upon his shoulders while he kissed her tips. "No,' he said; "it is love!" (The end.)

The Marriage Altar.

Let us sketch a bright and beautiful scene of life. Behold a wedding party, around the altar of God. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just plighted her faith; to whom she has just given herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and ye hard-hearted bachelors, and tell us, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping: but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. We to him that forgets his oath and his manhood.

We have all read the history of the

husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who, but a few months before, had united her faith to his: "If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go: return to your friends and to your happiness," "And will you give me back that which I brought you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "and your wealth shall go with you: I covet it not." "Alas!" she answered. "I thought not of my wealth; I spoke of my devated love; ean you give that hack my devoted love: can yongive that back to me?" "No!" said the man, as he hung himself at her feet. "No! I cannot restore it, but I will do more: I will keep it unsullied and unstained; I will cherish it through my life and to my death; and never, again, will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to nie all she held most

Who now can doubt that there is poetry in a woman's look, in a woman's word, in a woman's heart? See it here? the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harsbness and its rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew her strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's dereest battles would be unfought; how much unhappiness and coldness would be avoid ed. Man was born to rule the storm, but woman to rule its master. -- Cuthalic T. legraph.

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In Proteslant polpits there is no doubt great deal that is refined, as we read of them in the newspapers, but it is simply fudierous to those who know anything of the state of society to think there could be anything in this kind of preaching to

to the loftiest heights of modern speculation, everywhere we find religion as a power that conquers even those who think they have conquered it.-Mar

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I understand only too well how one can lose his faith, but I don't understand how a man, who, in his childhood, has knelt before the cross at his mother's side, can ever fail to see in that emblem his child hood and his mother. - Detree Feuitlet.

The truths of religion are best communicated in the form which befits their asand hung her head, and the rosy flush sociation to the beautiful. The Church which crept over her checks gave back everywhere engages the senses to attract some of the old beauty and brightness to the mind to the intelligence of the teachings of faith.

Then she looked up quickly.

"That woman—" she faltered.

"E.la Granville? She had never been anything to me iron the moment when I first met her husband and child. I have not seen or heard of her since you left me. The day you saw me with live in Manchester she had called to

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"That woman—" she faltered.

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