

He stepped into the hall as he spoke, and confronted the waiting messenger.

"You will tell the person from whom you received this message, that there is nothing here for such as she; that she is not known here, not acknowledged—that she—" the speaker's brow darkened, and his voice grew hard—"that she long ago cast away the love of father, mother, home, and she has no longer any claim upon them."

"But—she is dying, sir."

"Dying!" The voice shook for a moment, but only for a moment; a moan from the inner room roused him, and, walking to the door, which he had left partially open, he drew it sharply to. "Take my message," he said, harshly, to the waiting man, "and, mind you, do not let me ever see you here again."

"What is it, Mary?" The voice was tender enough now, and the manner anxious, as he bent over his weeping wife, and took her in his arms. "Hush, hush, my darling!" as sobs shook the slight frame, and she wept passionately on his breast. "Mary, Mary, what is this? Is your husband so little to you that you can forget him to mourn for the ingrate who has broken both our hearts?"

"Oh, husband, husband! she is our own child, our little child!" sobbed the stricken woman. "The only one God sent us, the only one we ever had to love."

There was silence in the room for a long time, broken only by the half stifled sobs of the mourning mother as she wept on her husband's breast. He held her closely in his arms, with his face pressed to the sunny hair; but his brow was working, and his lips were very pale. So they sat, in the deepening twilight—the bright fire in the grate casting a glow upon them, and upon the luxurious appointments of the room, so cosy and comfortable, and such a contrast to the wild storm without, and to what might be taking place in that other home. The mother shuddered as she thought of it; she calmed herself, and raised her heavy, drooping eyes to her husband's face; his were cast down, but he clasped her more closely to him.

"Husband, darling—" she put her arms around his neck, and drew his face down to hers—"it was but yesterday we were speaking of our wedding day—let us talk of it now. Twenty-three years to-night since I left my home for yours—left father, mother," she continued, half musingly, while tender recollections gathered around the lips, and filled her eyes with a soft mistiness. "Twenty-three years to-night! Shall I go on, Henry? Shall I speak of that happy time? Ah, we were happy! Poor father and mother, they were angry at first, but they forgave us after. Time went on, and a little child was born to us; she grew up to be our light, our joy—the father hid his face—and then—the voice faltered, and tears fell faster, "she did what her mother had done before her—she loved another more than father, mother, or home, and she left them for him. She has lived to repent it, as"—and the wife clasped the hand she held with both hers—"her mother has never done. Husband, is she more to blame than I was? No, no! not more to blame—more to be pitied—more to be loved. Darling, there are furrows on your brow which time cannot claim—there are furrows in both our hearts—we can trace them to the same cause. Let us forget them! Let us only remember the one who is suffering for what we can give her—the heart which is breaking, that we can relieve. Oh, my little child—my little child!"

"Mary"—the father raised a pale, sad face—"you have conquered, as you always do; act as you wish in this matter—I will not go against you—I cannot see her—no, no!" as his wife raised a pleading look to his face. "There are some wounds too deep to be reopened, and this is one of them. Go to her, if you wish—say what you will to comfort her—give her my love, my forgiveness"—he paused and passing a trembling hand over his eyes—"my blessing."

An hour later, a graceful, quiet form, clad in deep black, passed up the rickety stairs of No. 28 Barker street, and paused before a half-opened door, and the visitor entered the poorly furnished apartment—entered, and looked upon the scene around. Upon a shabby bed, and covered by a patched and well-worn quilt, lay a sleeping form—not calmly sleeping, with the peacefulness of health, but fitfully, with nervous starts, and low, moaning whispers. The long dark hair lay unbound upon the pillow, and formed a strange contrast to the white, worn face. "Mother!" the sleeping girl whispered, and a faint smile gathered on the faded lips. "Mother—father!" She was dreaming something of her childhood's home, and whispered of flowers and birds; and then a spasm of pain contracted the white brow, and she commenced to cough painfully. Her mother's arms held her during the paroxysm, and on her mother's bosom the aching head rested; but she did not seem to recognize her. She lay for a few moments half sleeping—half-exhausted.

"Lena!" a gentle voice whispered, and a loving kiss was pressed upon the damp brow. "Lena, my child!"

"Mother!" It seemed to come to her suddenly, and the wide-open eyes looked fixedly into those from which the tears were falling upon the upturned face. "My mother!"

Ay, home once more—home upon her mother's breast—the tired girl lay all night, and in starts and gasps told her the history of that sad parting—told her how he had left her, for whom she had given up all that woman holds dear. For a little while they were happy—a very little while—and then he left her; and for two years she had struggled and suffered alone—alone, excepting for the baby boy, born one month after his cruel father had gone. For him she had lived—for him she had struggled and suffered—not daring to go to her father's house when she thought of his proud, stern face, fearing she knew not what, until the hand of death had sent her a suppliant to her father's door, not for herself, but to plead for her innocent child.

"See, he sleeps."

With a feeble hand she drew down the coverlid, and revealed the face of the sleeping child. Calmly, sweetly, without a thought of coming ill, the boy slept on, his long lashes resting on a flushed cheek, and the little head crowned with light golden curls.

"He shall never want a home while I live, darling," whispered the weeping mother, "and father will say the same. He forgives, and loves you still; and we will give him a place in our home and our hearts."

"My place," whispered the dying girl. "Let him have my place, my room—tell father I am so sorry—love—forgive—"

It was early morning when the visitor who had entered that dreary-looking house on Barker Street the night previously, and passed up the rickety stairs, passed down them again, this time with a sleeping child in her arms. She was weeping quietly, but her close veil screened her from the peering curiosity of the few stragglers around at that early hour.

The daughter she had gone to comfort in her last hours had passed away calmly and happily with her parents' forgiveness in her heart, and a mother's kiss upon the pale weary lips.

"Who is it, Mary? Whose child have you brought with you?" And Mr. Lane cast a strange, anxious glance at the beautiful boy, who clung, half-frightened, half-willingly, to his grandmother's dress, as she entered her husband's room. "Did you see our—Lena?"

"I did, husband; she has gone to that home where we shall all meet her so soon." And the mother's tears fell fast as she told the sad story. "Gone and left this dear child to be in her place, the comfort of our declining years."

The father took him in his arms and hid his face in the bright curls; when he looked up, there were marks of tears on the ordinary stolid cheek, but the kiss he pressed upon the upturned, wondering face of the child showed how willingly he accepted the charge.

#### A. T. STEWART'S CHARITY FAILURE.

Mr. Stewart was a very gifted shopkeeper, whose rare talent in a single line gave him both fame and wealth. But he knew as little of charity as he cared for it, and when he came, at the close of his life, to attempt something in that direction, he blundered with a facility and self-confidence which ought to be enduringly instructive. It had been urged upon him that he owed something to the working-girls who had done so much to build up his fortune; and so, tardily and ignorantly, he set about a scheme in their behalf. He built a huge structure, capable of housing a thousand people. Every feature of this structure, in view of the purpose for which it was designed, was a glaring incongruity, and then, when he had completed it, he condescended to ask the counsel of experts as to carrying his scheme into practical execution. He was informed by those whose counsel he ought long before to have sought that the very character of his building prohibited it from being useful. He was shown that to assemble one thousand young women under one roof in a working-woman's house, was to necessitate one of two things: either a police so vigilant and so intrusive as to be to any decent girl intolerable; or else, a laxity so provocative of evil as almost to guarantee it. He was shown that he ought to have built a series of small houses, each with a matron or housekeeper of its own, and each to contain a dozen girls at most, where the surveillance could have been constant without being obtrusive, and where something like domesticity would have made a home in name a home in fact. But Mr. Stewart believed supremely in himself. He showed this in his architecture, which was hideous, where it might as easily have been graceful and pleasing. He showed it in his charitable plans, to which he gave but little thought, and in which he chose to be sufficient to himself. And so his great wealth has resulted in no service to his fellow-town-people and in scanty honour to his memory.

It is a story which may profitably be read by other rich men.—"Topics of the Time," in the *July Century*.

It is reported that the British Ambassador has been instructed to ask the consent of the Powers for British protection for the Suez Canal.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES is lecturing in Australia.

THE Su'an will permit Russian Jews to settle anywhere in his dominions, except in Palestine.

FOUR hundred Russians, who refuse to do manual labour, are to be sent home again from New York.

PETROLEUM, apparently of great riches and extent, has been discovered in the upper Province of the Argentine Republic.

PROMISES of almost unprecedented wheat crops come in from all parts of the United States, bating from the inundated regions.

MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P., and quondam Irish agitator, is in the United States getting lionized. He is seeking relief for Irish distress.

IN a lawsuit now going on in Poughkeepsie, it appears that a young spendthrift of New York city lost \$450,000 in an hour in a game of cards.

CROWDS of people in Stockholm and other parts of Sweden gather to hear the Gospel. The Queen is greatly interested in the work.

FROM a sheep and her two lambs, which were a present to a young man in Georgia on his marriage twenty-two years ago, he has since raised over 1,000 sheep.

THE mother of Bayard Taylor, eighty-two years old, and partly paralyzed, has lately reeled and spun with her own hands a skein of fine silk from cocoons she raised.

IN Sweden they are now manufacturing thread for crochet and sewing from pine timber. The thread is already in good demand for export, and the process of manufacture profitable.

SUPPLIES are poured in to relieve the famine-stricken people in Virginia. A woman and five children were starved to death in Patrick County before aid could reach them.

THE Colonial Secretary of Fiji estimates that 103,000 of the 124,902 population of the islands are Wesleyans; they have 1,208 chapels and other places of worship, and the 9,000 Roman Catholics 57.

A REVOLUTION has taken place in the Sandwich Islands. The former Ministry has resigned, and a new one has been formed by Gen. Walter Murray Gibson, representing the young Hawaiian sentiment.

A PROPOSAL is on foot for the formation of a Land League in Wales, and the circular sent out informs those who wish to help the scheme on the quiet "that they send their names anonymously."

MESSRS. COOK AND SON, the tourists, have conducted a party of 1,004 French Roman Catholics through the Holy Land—the largest company of European pilgrims that has visited it since the Crusades.

AT the prize speaking at Amherst College the honours for the Freshman Class were fairly carried off by Brooks, a coloured young man, who spoke with feeling and good taste, and reflected credit on his race.

THE captain of the United States steamer *Galena*, now in Alexandria, has notified all American residents that the *Galena* is ready to receive them, and that they now remain in Egypt at their own risk.

THE Memphis "Avant-courier" thinks that if the Tennessee debt-payers would stop their zrog for five years and kill off their dogs, they could pay the State debt, principal and interest, and have some money left to buy sheep.

A FRENCH newspaper has recently printed for the benefit of its readers, that portion of Washington's Farewell Address in which he speaks of the necessity of morals and religion as indispensable to the political prosperity of a nation.

A MEMORIAL has been presented to the Foreign Secretary, signed by forty-four members of Parliament, praying that British representatives be instructed to press the suppression of the slave trade as one of the objects of the conference at Constantinople.

THE Nihilists planned to seize the torpedoes sunk for defensive purposes in the river Neva. The Nihilists desired the torpedoes in order to arrange submarine mines in places of their choice. Two men concerned in the affair have been arrested. One took refuge in a tree, which had to be sawed down before he was captured.

THE Dean of Bangor Cathedral, England, gathers the children of the church every Saturday morning into classes in the aisles of the cathedral, where they are taught the catechism for three-quarters of an hour, when he ascends the pulpit and questions them on what they have learned. There are over 600 children thus taught by 50 teachers.

DR. SCHLIEMANN is carrying on new excavations at Hissarlik. Two perfectly distinct cities have been discovered in the burnt stratum above the first city. All the treasures formerly found by Dr. Schliemann are now ascribed to the first burnt city. The upper of these two burnt cities was the one identified as the Homeric Troy.

A DES MOINES special of the 22d ult., to Chicago, gives the following estimate of the damage done by the cyclone: Boone County, \$20,000; Stony County, \$30,000; Jasper County, \$50,000; Poweshiek County, \$30,000; Keokuk County, \$100,000; Henry County, \$500,000; Mount Pleasant, \$700,000; Grinnell, \$600,000; Malcolm, \$150,000; Fonda, Pocahontas County, \$10,000. Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, merchandise and property, \$41,000; Iowa Central Railroad, \$10,000; scattering damages, \$305,000. Total, \$2,576,000. Some estimate the loss at over \$3,000,000. The swath made by the cyclone is said to be 150 miles long and an average of one and a half miles wide. By the latest estimate, not less than one hundred lives have been lost, and five hundred persons are wounded, one-fifth, probably, of these, fatally. Over three hundred families had their homes totally destroyed, and fifteen hundred persons are rendered destitute, and are in great need of help.