

warriors and statesmen, the bearer of a great historic name, not only joins in (that were nothing noteworthy) but himself leads the prayer and praise of his household. But we must not linger too long in the chapel, though one is tempted to enlarge on its many beauties.

The house contains many fine pictures, some of them by old masters. These were collected principally by the grandfather of the present Earl.

In 1879 Lord Aberdeen began the renovation of the house, together with a complete redecoration of the interior. Lady Aberdeen's taste in such matters is well-known, and the result is very apparent in the brightness and cheerfulness of the general aspect of the rooms and corridors. A new wing was also added to the house, which is now an extremely large mansion, but its accommodation is nevertheless fre-

quently taxed to the utmost, owing to the fact that Haddo House is a recognized centre of hospitality and stately entertainment. This is a tradition of the place, for in past times, and especially during the long career of the present Earl's grandfather (the "Premier" Earl), well-known statesmen, and other persons of note were frequent guests.

The view from the south front of the house is far more striking than that from the side by which visitors approach it. From the broad-terraced garden, brilliant with flowers, and with a fountain playing in the centre, there is a magnificent vista, formed by an avenue of trees, a mile in length. Immediately on the right of the terrace are two fine Wellingtonias, planted by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort on the occasion of a Royal visit to Haddo House in 1857.

REMORSE.

This is the torture of the damned,
This gnawing endless pain ;
Which ceaseless feeds upon the heart,
And racks the anguished brain.

It dieth not, but still consumes,
Like fire that will not cease ;
For mournful memory still outlives
The sin that murdered peace.

No hell but this the sinner needs,
The avenging God to sate,—
Remorse, remorse, will be enough,
And these dread words "too late!"

CONSTANCE FAIREPANKS.
Dartmouth, N.S.