

Presently Zac asked: "Have you any spirits?"

"Sally rose and opening the cupboard produced a flask of gin not half full. "That is all," she said.

"It's quite enough," answered Zac. "I think we have saved him;" and pouring out the liquor into a tumbler, which it nearly filled, he bade Derney drink it.

"That will do," said Zac, as he placed the empty tumbler on the table, "now we must wait and see."

They all sat down and watched. No worse symptom appeared. Presently Derney seemed a little stronger, and gradually recovered from the semi-torpor into which he had fallen. And so half an hour passed by.

"I feel better," said Derney presently; "I am getting stronger and stronger. The cold dead feeling I had is passing away, and a new life seems to be surging through me. Oh, Zac! how can I thank you? What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," answered Zac in a voice so solemn, so low, so full of terrible mystery, that both man and wife started up in terror.

"What is the matter, Zac?" asked Derney in a terrified tone.

"I am dying," answered Zac. Then he rose and made his way towards Sally, and, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder, he said: "Sally, I loved you once, as a man can only once love in a life-time; and when you asked me to save your husband I remembered that love, and for the sake of it I saved him. It was an awful fight, Sally, an awful fight—for I have had a sore on my gum for the last few days, and I knew it was not quite healed. I felt that in sucking the wound I was running a desperate risk, but I did it for you, Sally, and did it willingly, right willingly. There is no hope for me—you need not run for assistance. It is too near the vital part—the poison can't be stopped. But, Sally, tell me that you are sorry. I do not want you to say you love me, but simply that you are sorry that you made me love you, and then broke my heart, and ruined—poor Zac!"

Sally could not answer, for the words stuck in her throat. She just threw her arms round him with a look of inexpressible anguish, and, burying her head on his shoulders, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I have not many minutes to live, Sally," continued Zac, "for I feel the poison making its way on. Say a word to me, Sally, one word!"

"Oh, Zac, Zac! forgive me, forgive me?" she sobbed; "you are killing me, Zac, with your nobleness. Oh, Zac, Zac!"

Then her husband stepped up, and taking Zac's hand in his he press'd it; and looking towards his wife with a strange look he whispered: "Oh, Zac! I wish she were yours. You are a million times more worthy of her than I."

"No, no!" said Zac, faintly, "not that! not that! I did not mean that, Bob, oh, no! I *did* love her once, but that is all over now. God bless you both! help me, Bob—it's coming—help me to sit down!"

They led him to the sofa, and laid him gently down upon it, and for a few moments he closed his eyes. Then he opened them again, and said softly: "Bob, will you let Sally give me a kiss? it would soften the agony of this hour so much! just one loving kiss."

Sally knelt down by him as though she were performing a solemn religious duty, and kiss'd him again and again; and Derney stood by with bowed head, and wept bitterly.

"I am going fast—" gasped Zac, as he detained one of Sally's hands in his, and laid his cheek on it with the trusting tenderness of a child—"fast, fast. Oh, Sally! it is hard to part. But, thank God! *he* is saved. You love him, Sally, love him always—always. God bless you, Bob! take care of her—and God bless you too, Sally—for ever, Sally—and for ever. Good-bye—You'll think sometimes, Sally—won't you—and not unkindly of—poor Zac?"

A shudder passed through his body and an awful contortion, as if he were suffering greatly; a deep gasp escap'd him, followed by a sibilant sound, as though he was once more trying to call her by her name; then his head fell over Sally's hand, and the next moment God had brought relief to Poor Zac.

NEW YORK CATHEDRAL—ITS HISTORY.—About one-half the northern portion was transferred in 1779 by the New York city authorities to Robert Lyburn for £405, subject to an annual payment of 4 bushels of wheat, or their value in gold or silver coin, to the Mayor, Aldermen, etc. Robert Lyburn transferred it in 1814 to Francis Thompson and Thomas Cadle, who sold it to Andrew Morris and Cornelius Heeneey, and thus it passed through various hands until it was purchased by the trustees of St. Patrick's and St. Peter's churches in 1829, always subject to the yearly payment of 4 bushels of wheat to the Mayor, Aldermen, etc., of N. Y. city. In 1852 a release of the yearly payment of 4 bushels of wheat was obtained from the city authorities by the payment of \$33 32, the interest of which sum would probably purchase the 4 bushels of wheat. The other half, or southerly portion, was transferred by Wm. McMurray, Master in Chancery, in 1846, to Michael McAirney, who in 1847 transferred it to Frederick Hadley, who in 1849 transferred it to Rev. Michael Curran, Jr., who in the same year transferred it to Most Rev. John Hughes, who in 1853 transferred it to the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral. —*New York Express.*