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A Lost Gem

He was turning away, when his attention was arrested by a word from Kingscott's lips. Stella was bending over him and trying to do something for his arm; but the word he uttered made her hand fall suddenly to her side. "Hannington," he said.

Stella half raised herself, glanced round her, and said, almost below her

"Where is Molly?" She thought that Alan would, if he could, have annihilated her on the spot. "In her room, of course," he answered sternly. "You are unnerved, Stella. What is Ralph saying? Attend to Bertie—I will look after Ralph. Do you know me, Ralph? Who did this?

Who has been here?

"Hannington." "Hannington! He does not know what he is saying," said Alan, for the benefit of the listeners around him, but his face blanched a little at the sound. "You need not crowd into this room." he said, addressing himself to the servants. "There is no further cause for alarm. We will get Mr. Kingscott to bed, and Mr. Bertie also; I hope that the doctor will be here presently. Now, Ralph?"

Kingscott opened his eyes. A contraction of pain crossed his brow. What! Did he shoot me?" he asked, trying to sit up, but turning whiter than ever with the effort as he moved. "The young scoundrel!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Ralph?"
"Of Bertie, of course. Isn't his revolver anywhere about He shot me, I tell you, whether by accident or not, I can't say. I think I knocked him down in return. Good heavens! my arm!"

"What are you talking about, Ralph? Did not burglars get into the house?" "Burglars! certainly not. John Hannington did-if you call him a burglarhe has stolen one thing, at any rate. Have you some brandy there? This

pain makes me feel uncommonly sick." Alan was obliged to control his impatience while he gave the brandy; but before Kingscott had swallowed it, a woman servant came flying into the room with news. "Oh, sir, oh mem! Miss Molly's no' in her bed, nor in her room, nor anywhere! She's maybe hiding, or cairryit aff by the robbers."

Stella, who was now attending to Bertie's wants, turned so white a face towards her husband, that even in that moment of anxiety he was struck by its expression.

"Send the woman away," Ralph murmured faintly. "I think I can explain." Mr. Monorieff sternly ordered the girl out of the room, and then Ralph murmured his explanation in his brother-in-law's ear. "I'm afraid that Molly-Molly-has eloped with Hannington." he said. "They were stealing out by the door in the Tower when I came upon them. Molly had a bag; she was in her cloak and hat. Bertie was with themperhaps he meant to go, too; I can't and you see the result." and yu see the result."

Stella sprang up with a cry. "Oh, it can't be!" she exclaimed, hastening to her husband's side. The grey change in his face alarmed her. "Alan, it can't

be true." She put her hand on his arm, but he repulsed her, speaking harshly in his grief. "Was this your secret?" he said. "Were you helping my daughter to bring disgrace upon my name?"

"Alan, don't say such a cruel thing. I knew that Mr. Hannington had met her-I was trying to put an end to it-I had no idea that Molly ever thought of leaving us in this way! Oh, cannot we stop her? Cannot we bring her

"Too late," said Alan, grimly. "If I could, I would not now. Molly is no longer a child of mine. I have done with her for ever. And if Bertie has helped her to disgrace herself in this

way, I will-"No, Alan, don't say it—don't say anything just now," said Stella, clinging to him, although the sight of his rigid and repellant attitude, his fiery eyes and sternly set face, would usually have been enough to startle her into silence and submission. Kingscott, watching her cynically in spite of the pain that he suffered, thought to himself that he would as coon have thrown his arms around the neck of an infurlated lion. But Stella was carried out of herself and beyond the domination

Alan's hand was fiercely clenched; the words upon his tongue had been harsh and bitter, and even terrible to hear from the father's lips. But the hand relaxed, the words died into silence, as his fair young wife clung to him and gazed pleadingly into his face. A look of anguish took the place of fury; he turned away, placing his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out the vision of wife and son and absent, erring daughter. Stella was obliged to release him, but she felt-afterwards, for she was too much bewildered and distressed to think anything just then-that her interposition had not been without effect. Alan staggered a little in his walk as he went blindly towards the door; but he refused all offered help, straightened himself, and walked out of the room with head held high, but a face like marble and eyes like living coals.

Kingscott sank back with a groan of pain, and called to the old butler to give him more brandy. Stella hastened to Bertie's side, for the lad's eyes were unclosed, and he had raised himself on one arm with a bewildered air. She

could not leave him to the servants at that moment, although her heart yearned after her husband in his agony of wounded love and pride.
"What is it? What does it mean?"

murmured Bertie. "Don't talk yet," said Stella, gently. "Do you feel any pain? We must have you taken to your room when you are able to move, and the doctor will be here directly."

"I'm not hurt," said Bertie, in a stronger voice. Only a little dazed, I think. What was my father saying about me? I did not understand—" You had better hold your tongue,' said Kingscott from the couch on which he was lying, in tones rendered harsh, presumably by pain. "You can do no good by talking."

Stella was sorry to see that the lad cowered when these words were spoken, as though they contained a threat. She redoubled her attentions to him, and was rewarded presently by finding that although still sick and faint, he was able to move without difficulty; then, thinking that she could be of no use at present to Kingscott, she went away from the Tower to make inquiries about Molly, and to give any orders that might be needed.

Alan was invisible; the responsibility for every kind of action seemed at once to have fallen on her shoulders. The servants turned to her as if knowing instinctively that her head was sure to be clear, her judgment sound, and her will decided. She had to restore order, as far as possible, to the distracted household, and provide for future contingencies. Notwithstanding Alan's declaration that he would have no more to do with Molly, she sent messengers in one or two directions-the coachman to the railway station with orders to telegraph to the station master at Perth-a groom in another direction with somewhat similar injunctions. She thought that there might be still a chance of finding Molly and bringing her back.

But her hopes grew small when, after considerable search, she found a letter addressed to herself in Molly's room. It was short, but clear enough.

"As you are so determined to prevent my marriage with Jack," wrote Molly, 'we have thought it better to take matters into our own hands. Jack is waiting for me with a carriage in the road We shall not go to Dunkeld or to Perth, so you need not look for us there. We shall be married tomorrow morning, and then I will write again. I have written to my father, and I hope that he will not be angry with us. Indeed, I would not have taken this way if you had not driven me into it by coming between me and Jack. I am sorry for my father's sake, but not for anything else, because I love Jack better than anybody in the world."

She had signed her full name at the end-"Mary Helen Monorieff." (To be Continued.)

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Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's The end of a novel (compressed by the editor owing to lack of space): "Ottokar took a small brandy, then his

hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly his own

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Montreal, wholesale agents. "So you still believe in the Darwinian theory, do you?" "Of course I do. What is the spring house cleaning mania but a survival of the times when we were

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THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Lessons Drawn from the Words of Pontius Pilate,

When Jesus Was Brought Before the Sanhedrim-Dr. Talmage's Sunday Afternoon Sermon.

New York, May 6 .- On Sunday afternoon Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "Conscience," the text selected being Matthew xxvii., 24: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic, and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snow banks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of 33, already condemned to death, on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is his name.

In a semi-circle around the prisoner are the Sanhedrists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest prosecutions have been religious prosecutions, and when Satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questions the prisoner, and finds right away he is innocent, and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to dis-

charge the prisoner from custody. But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the Governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the Emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the Emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. Pilate compromises the matter, and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on his bent and bared back come the thongs of leather with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be more awful. Christ lifts himself from the scourging with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the Sanhedrists are not yet satisfied, and Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify him!" Then Pilate sends for a basin, water is poured in it, and Pilate, having washed his hands, practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entire responsibility; you will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when he says: "He took water and washed his fore the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person;

see ye to it." Behold, in this, that ceremony amounts to nothing, if there is not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead failure. Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersions, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds, and liturgies, and sacraments, and genufiections, and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heartlife go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wicked-

ness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely com-manded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany, or Lent, or Ash Wednesday, or Easter, or Good Friday, or Whitsuntide, or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genu-ine repentance, and holy reminiscence, and Christian consecration. But the ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means, but, more than all, wash the heart,

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand-the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! His conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from his hands until the day of his death. Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused! With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the grave yard, but of one's mind not at rest. From what did Adam and Eve try to hide when they had all the world to themselves? From their own conscience. What made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? His conscience. What made Ahab cry out to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O, mine enemy?" What made the great Felix tremble before the little missionary? Conscience. What made Bel-shazzar's teeth chatter with a chill when he saw a finger come out of the black sleeve of the midnight and write on the plastering? Conscience, con-

Why is it that that man in this audience, with all the marks of worldly prosperity upon him, is agitated while I speak, and is now flushed and now pale, and then the breath is uneven, and then beads of perspiration on the forehead, and then the look of unrest comes to a look of horror and despair? I know not, but he knows, and God knows. It may be that he despoiled a fair young life, and turned innocence into a waif, and the smile of hope into the brazen laughter of despair. Or it may be that he has in his possession the property of others, and by some stategem he keeps it according to law, and yet he knows it is not his own, and that if his heart should stop beating this moment he would be in hell for

ever. Or it may be that he is respon-sible for a great mystery, the disappearance of someone who was never heard of, and the detectives were baffled, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse or the rail train took him out of reach, and there are only two persons in the universe who know of it—God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection and con-

science. Conscience amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocketbook is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the pigeon-hole containing the correspondence is converted. A man half converted, or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the Day of Judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

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