

"Hi, hi!" came from above, and the other sailor soon made his appearance.

Being told the plan of Lisette, the old man-of-war man replied, "It'll do." The hope of in some manner being revenged on Sir Harry Chillington filled his mind, and he repeated with apparent pleasure, "it'll do; but had'n't we better have that young 'un from Dover?"

"A good thought," replied Uncle Jacob, and in less than an hour the blue postchaise was rattling along the road, and in it were seated Jacob Winter and Dick Backstay.

The dawn of the day had begun to creep above the eastern horizon as the blue hack drew nigh to the town of Dover; but just previous to entering the limits they passed a miserable wretch, looking as though he were driven to desperation by the force of circumstances. "Stop!" shouted Uncle Jacob to the driver, as he saw the wretched man pass, and instantly the chaise was brought to a stand. With that impetuosity of temper which made his doings eccentric, he leaped from the carriage and stood calling after the miserable being; but the unhappy man was too absorbed to regard his call, and pursued his way without heeding the noise.

"Run after him and bring him here!" shouted the old man to the driver.

Obedient to the command of the man who always paid well for any service rendered him, the driver quickly pursued the wanderer. On reaching him he still maintained his abstractedness of manner, and placing his hand on his shoulder, the poor creature started and trembled as though he would fall to the ground.

"Begging your pardon," said the driver, "but there's a gentleman as wants to speak with you."

"I know of no gentlemen now, nor am known of any."

"That may be, but if you'll go back, I'll lay you a wager that you'll be paid for the wear of your shoe-leather."

"What does the man require of me?"

"I'm blest if I know, and perhaps he doesn't know himself; but it'll be nothin' out of your pocket to go back, and like me you don't appear as if you could afford to lose much."

"What is the name of the gentleman?"

"Jacob Winter."

"I don't know him."

"Perhaps not, and it might be a good job if you did, but you had better speak to him."

Permitting himself to be prevailed on, the stranger returned in his company to the chaise. As he reached the place Uncle Jacob looked earnestly at him as though trying to read the depth of his soul. The appearance of that man was a sad spectacle; dressed in a long faded brown coat which reached to his heels, and was buttoned up close to his chin; with boots through which the morning dew was finding its way from toe to heel without impediment; with a hat napless and battered, which must have been in wear for thirty years, he looked the picture of poverty; while his pale face, bloodless lips and thin hands, told that he was nearly starved. The sight of this wretched being aroused the humanity of Jacob Winter, and taking him aside he said,

"Man, you are in trouble."

"I don't know you," replied the stranger.

"That may be, and I don't often know myself, but you are in trouble, and tell me what you were going to do."

As the wretched man looked into his face and saw his countenance beaming with benevolence, the tears gushed from his eyes and he sobbed aloud. Standing with his face buried in his hands, it was sometime before the strong convulsions which shook his attenuated frame would permit him to speak, and when capable of doing so he replied,

"Sir, I am a stranger to you, and why should you interest yourself in my affairs? I am the victim of misfortune. I have nothing with which to reproach myself; I have neither been drunken nor extravagant, nor have I neglected my business. I closely studied my profession, nor am I ashamed of my skill; but I started in life without patronage, without friends. I hoped by the sheer force of talent and industry to make my way in the world, but, however, this may succeed in a trade, it is not always so successful in a profession. I failed in the first step I took, and not being able to secure a patronage during the first year of effort, I became judged, not according to my skill, but by my want of success. From this public opinion set me down, and driven by circumstances I was compelled to take up my abode in a back street for cheapness. This, in a profession demanding appearances, was against me; still I have struggled for twenty years to succeed and to maintain my family. I have braved the trials of life as a man, but fortune still frowns upon me and blasts my expectations. Sickness at last has entered my home, the result of poverty, and my wife and some of my children lie prostrate from exhaustion. These call on me to relieve them and I cannot do it. For years my wife has borne our condition in patience, and has cheered me by her hopeful nature in the hour of my greatest sorrow, but this morning, in a fit of delirium arising from want, she reproached me. Her words cut me to the heart, and became the last drop which was required to fill to the brim my cup of trouble. I can endure life no longer, and, sir, but that you have stopped me I had now been lying a mangled corpse at the foot of the cliff. And why did you prevent it?"

There was the calmness of despair in the recital of his sorrows, which stirred the soul of Uncle Jacob. The tears of unfeigned sympathy stood in his eyes, and in the impulsiveness of

his nature he grasped the hand of the stranger, and he exclaimed,

"Poor man, you must, you shall succeed! In the moment of your greatest distress Providence has sent me to your aid. Hasten to the carriage and let me take you home; while mutually we will offer thanks for your salvation."

Gently forcing the man toward the vehicle, into which he prevailed on him to enter, and as it rolled on he looked into his pale face in the triumph of humanity. "Drive to Five Post Lane," was the order given, and in a short time the apothecary was restored to his family with sufficient to supply his present needs, and with strict orders to be at Sapphire Cottage before three o'clock that same afternoon.

Jacob Winter had come down to see Fred Holman, and having found him, they returned in company. The plan of Lisette for defeating the plot of Lord Lushington became matured under their united energies, and the old captain placed himself as leader in reducing it to practice.

(To be continued.)

IMAGINATION.

Imagination is the presence of a healthy mind and the only effusion of a diseased one, but each shows the inherent power of the mind in its primary creation. The former is less marked, because the latter exhibits hallucinations only, and few who carry the boast of indifference consider to what extent it contributes to form a character which they themselves will admire.

Imagination is often applied to the abstract out of which no permanent truth can come; but in reality most truths not self-evident are indebted to imagination, for intuition is imagination followed by the approval of slight examining reason and acts as a beacon light to other powers.

All things of which we have any knowledge as oracles to ourselves may be experienced in imagination—the only difference being in the impression which is forced upon us through lasting time. But imagination or vision will often produce feelings slightly varied from those experienced in the fulfilment, else a man might go into convulsions for the fate of posterity.

In the man, imagination may be considered a *tabula rasa* on which the future will be written in its exact fulfilment. The possible world which it opens before us may also be a real one, and here lies the dangerous part of imagination that it "spreads in the eye of heaven its many-coloured wings," and leaves behind the faculties which are admonished by moral laws, which laws force every present act and future prospect to partake also of the experience of the past. These imagination outstrips in her flight, and whatsoever discrimination is exercised between good and evil will be an inborn sense that appreciates purity in all its forms. Imagination only can connect our feelings most widely opposed, and joy and sorrow come ushered in alternately by a prolonged stretch of the opposite. We can recall everything lost by partial oblivion, and see things as they have been, and draw an ideal from the future, and these shall prove unflinching truths in their exactness.

No man lives for a moment alone, neither does he live in little space, by which imagination proves the regulator of time, for otherwise a day were a thousand years, and a thousand years could not be accounted for except as imagination fills the space. By imagination everything lovely is with us and made more lovely, as also from it sorrow borrows all that detracts from despair.

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter." (We speak for the moment.) No, but imagination is, and by it we still retain our side and live the days of old in their strange connection with the present. Again, imagination if not the highest faculty of man, is the one which mostly helps to establish others, which acting under its direction complete works that we might otherwise seek in vain. So perfect is the relation existing between them that one cannot be heightened but the other will be still more elevated.

One glance of imagination has often revealed truth to a man, and formed purposes which he was not able to carry out, yet he held them in his heart of hearts. All other powers at times may fail through weakness, but imagination sleeps not, and with the first dawn of strength it calls the soul to itself, while the completion of works shall prove imagination's nobler part begun.

M. AUSTIN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

FINDING how short-lived is everything terrestrial, should we on that account be sad and desponding? On the contrary, we should learn to make the most of the passing hour. We should also acquire the habit of adapting ourselves to the fluctuating conditions in which we are placed, and of compelling even untoward circumstances to minister to our enjoyment.

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not

up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can be by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others, as to secure to us the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

"PLUCK."—With the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using that term in a modern sense and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appears to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enemies of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room that this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty.

INDUSTRY.—If proficiency encourages industry, so also does industry produce proficiency. They act and react upon each other. The execution of any work is of itself a part of our education; it qualifies us for the next thing in hand; while doing nothing incapacitates us for any sort of exertion in the future. All our faculties will rust if not used, and will become sharper by each exertion. But the exertion must be made intelligently; we must know where to plant our forces, and how to manage them; we must accustom ourselves to use the best methods, and to do all we undertake in the best way. Then success and industry will go hand in hand, and the pain of useless labour will be entirely replaced by the pleasure of conscious power.

THE TRUE CURE.—There are two ways of dealing with the evils in the world which we justly deplore and wish to abolish; one is to attack and try to break them down forcibly, the other to dissolve or exalt them by the active presence of good. The former of these methods appears so much the more direct and obvious that it generally gains the first place in our attention. We see a wrong, and our impulse is to crush it; we see injustice, and we long to exterminate it; we observe an unrighteous institution, and we desire to overthrow it. The slower and less direct method of overcoming evil with good; of substituting a better way for that which is bad; of devoting the same energy to building up that we would have given to the work of tearing down, obtains a gradual hold over us only with time and experience.

BURLESQUE.

JOE PARSONS' ADVENTURE.—Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy, and a little rough, but withal a good-hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"

"Joe Parsons."

"What is the matter?"

"Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out."

"At what battle?"

"Antietam."

"How did it happen?"

"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle-field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I could stand the pain, but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently heard a man groan near me."

"Hello!" says I.

"Hello yourself," says he.

"Who be you?" says I.

"Well, I'm a Reb," says he.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"My leg's smashed," says he.

"Can you walk?" says I.

"No," says he.

"Can you see?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"Well," says I, "you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favour."

"What's that?" says he.

"My eyes are shot out," says I, "and if you'll show me the way I'll carry you out," says I.

"All right," says he.

"Crawl over here," says I; and he did.

"Now, old Butternut," says I, "get on my back," and he did.

"Go ahead," says he.

"Pint the way," says I, "for I can't see a blessed thing."

"Straight ahead," says he.

"The balls were flyin' all round, and I trotted off and was soon out of range."

"Bully for you," says he, "but you're shook my legs almost off."

"Take a drink," says he, holding up his canteen, and I took a nip.

"Now let us go on again," says he, "kind o' slowly," and I took him up, and he did the navigation, and I did the walkin'. After I had carried him nearly a mile, and was almost dead, he said: 'Here we are; let me down.' Just then a voice said: 'Hello, Billy; where did you get that Yank?'

"Where are we?" says I.

"In the rebel camp, of course," says he; and hang my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a mile straight into the rebel camp. Next

day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up; but it was a mean trick of him, don't you think so?"

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, April 19.—Callao has been blockaded by a Chilean fleet.—It is feared that the *Atalanta* is lost with all on board.—Colombia is exercised over the presence of U. S. men-of-war, and has asked for an explanation.—The officers and men of a post at Chaman, on the Quetta road, have been massacred by Pathans.—A French traveller is about to explore the Niger and Benue rivers, the latter being also known as the Chadda.—Owing to adverse criticism, Sarah Bernhardt has left the Théâtre Français, and refuses to play on its boards.

TUESDAY, April 20.—Another horror is reported from that lawless place, Lucan, an attempt having been made to fire the dwelling of a jurymen.—Turkish army and navy contractors decline to supply any further provisions until they are paid what is due to them, about £1,000,000.—De Lessens thinks that the cutting of the Panama Canal will be an easier task than the cutting of the Suez Canal. If needs be, he will accomplish his enterprise without the United States.

WEDNESDAY, April 21.—The north-western corner of Madison Square Garden caved in last night, fatally injuring several persons.—A terrible fire occurred at Hull, opposite Ottawa, yesterday.—Communication has been restored with Candahar. Despatches from Cabul report the recapture of Ghuznee by the Hazarees.—Drought in Jamaica has created much distress. Numbers of cattle have died from an epidemic, caused by the scarcity of water.

THURSDAY, April 22.—The British Government has refused to recognize the claims for indemnity preferred by American fishermen in connection with the Fortune Bay, Nfld., trouble.—The strike on the Mont-Cecis Railway tunnel was caused by the men's wages being paid in Italian paper money, which manner of payment has now been prohibited.—While marching towards Ghuznee, General Stewart was surprised by a large body of Afghans, when a sharp fight occurred, resulting in the complete defeat of the enemy with a loss of one thousand killed. General Stewart occupied Ghuznee a few days later.—Quite a disturbance took place in Sligo County about a difference of opinion between a process server and a tenant. A large assemblage of the latter's sympathizers successfully resisted the process server, who was backed by a detachment of armed constabulary, and prevented the service of the writ.

FRIDAY, April 23.—The Queen sent for Mr. Gladstone yesterday.—The Spanish Cortes have passed the Cuban budget.—The King of Siam is to visit Europe and the United States.—The Duchess of Marlborough is to receive the Order of Victoria and Albert.—The cession of Albanian territory to Montenegro is resisted by the Albanians.—A Melbourne, Australia, company which has gone largely into the business of exporting frozen meats to England, expects to be able to ship 2,000 tons weekly.

SATURDAY, April 24.—H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh will proceed to Galway to superintend the distribution of relief.—The Bremen steamer *Strasbourg*, which reached Baltimore yesterday morning, brought 1,914 emigrants.—The banquet to the officers of the U. S. ship *Constitution* takes place at Queens-town on Thursday next. Their reception in Queens-town has amounted to an ovation.—An event, interesting to the Royal dynasty of Spain, will be shortly celebrated in anticipation of the occurrence, which will, if all goes well, actually take place a few months hence.—Calcutta despatches say General Jenkins met a portion of the Afghan army defeated at Ghuznee, at Charisiah, and repulsed them after a stubborn fight. General Stewart also had a sharp fight with a large body near Ghuznee.—Mr. Gladstone has summoned Lords Northbrooke, Selborne, Wolverton, Halifax, Breadalbane, and the Right Hon. Mr. Childers, and it is rumoured they have all accepted office.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE New York *Herald* has raised more than \$300,000 for the Irish relief fund, and a woman in that city couldn't go to church last Sunday because her bonnet was six weeks old. We little dream, while assisting others, of the suffering at our own doors.

A CLERGYMAN in a sermon on "Courtship" says: "Flirtations are frequent, and prolonged even in the glare of the lights and before the gaze of the throng." "Well, what of it? If the glare were shut off and no throng present, there would be more occasion for gossip, but then some parsons will talk, you know."

WOMEN can keep secrets. A Worcester girl on a friend's solemnly promising not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses costing sixty dollars each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

ROWLAND, aged three (noticing a scar on the hand of paterfamilias, from a percussion cap): "How did you hurt your hand, papa?" Papa: "I was shooting yesterday." Rowland: "And did the target bite your finger?"

THE latest puzzle is this:

Hard	Eggs
Boiled	Man.

The trick is to get the eggs inside the man without breaking the shells.

THE Oil City *Derriek* says: A man will complain of his wife's extravagance, and yet treat a crowd to a dollar's worth of cigars without a murmur.

Wives of great men all remind us

We may make our wives sublime

By the purchase of spring bonnets,

If we purchase them in time.

Bogus and Counterfeit.

There is no genuine Hop Bitters made or sold in Canada, except by Hop Bitters Mfg Co., of Toronto, Ont., nor can there be, for the sole and exclusive right to use the name Hop Bitters is secured to said Company by the laws of Canada, by two registered trade marks, and it is a heavy penalty for any one to use the name Hop Bitters or make or sell anything pretending to be like it. Druggists and consumers should remember this and shun all spurious, injurious stuff made by others or elsewhere. Hop Bitters is the purest and best medicine made.