

thirty years about. They were my next door neighbors in St. Antoine street, before Kildonan was built, and were then amongst my intimate friends; as years went on they became, both of them, my honored and trusted friends. He whom we all mourn to-day has lived so long amongst us, and has been so widely and intimately known in this community that few words will be needed from any one to convey our sense of the irreparable loss which we have suffered by his sudden and (as it not unnaturally seems to many of us) untimely death. Not often has Montreal been called to surrender to the grave a man who knew so well how to bear and how to use that large measure of prosperity with which Providence had blessed him. Honest and honorable as a merchant, of generous heart, manly yet modest in his bearing, munificent and unostentatious in his giving, devout in his spirit, a friend of the poor, he has left behind him, as a citizen, churchman, friend, a name which will be long cherished in Montreal; and most dearly cherished by those who knew him best and longest.

The roll of conspicuous dead which Providence has been so largely and rapidly filling up from amongst our fellow-citizens since the elder brother was removed to his last resting place, about two years ago, is indeed long; it contains many a cherished name; but none more honorable or more esteemed than that which has been last inscribed on it—the name of Edward Mackay.

Yours, very faithfully,

JOHN JENKINS.

May 5th.
Rev. A. P. Mackay.

"Such is the testimony of an old and intimate friend of our late brother," concluded the Rev. Mr. Mackay, "and if I might be permitted to add anything to his words, I would say let us all do likewise and be prepared for the great call."

After the singing of the hymn "Rock of Ages," the benediction was pronounced and the cortege reforming proceeded to Mount Royal Cemetery, where the mortal remains were consigned to the tomb.

The following are the legacies to religious, benevolent and educational institutions by the will of the late Edward Mackay:—

To the Presbyterian Theological College of Montreal, in addition to what I have already given in aid of the "Joseph Mackay" chair.....	\$ 10,000
The session of the Crescent Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, to be employed as may be deemed best by them for the extension of the Church and in aid of schools either in the City of Montreal or elsewhere.....	5,000
The Montreal General Hospital.....	5,000
The Mackay Institute for Deaf-Mutes, the Blind.....	5,000
The Young Men's Christian Association.....	400
The Ladies' Benevolent Institution.....	400
The Hervey Institute.....	400
The Protestant Infants' Home.....	400
The St. Andrew's Home.....	400
The Royal Institution (McGill College).....	5,000
The Presbyterian Theological College at Winnipeg.....	1,000
Home Mission Fund Presbyterian Church of Canada.....	10,000
Foreign Mission Fund, do.....	10,000
Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund, do.....	4,000
Ministers' Widows and Orphans' Fund, do.....	3,000
To my executors to be divided as they may deem best among such charitable institutions (even including those already named) as they may select.....	5,000
Do to be expended in subscriptions toward the erection of Presbyterian churches in Manitoba.....	1,000

The executors appointed by the will are Donald Mackay, of Toronto; Hugh Mackay and Robert Mackay, of Montreal; F. Edgar and Robert Benny.

ONE MAN'S HEART.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

A long, dusty street lay white and hot under an unshaded August sun. The closely-cut lawns were bright and green where the water had been thrown upon them from the hydrants and hose in the yards, but the bits of grass along the sidewalks were dusty and withered. The leaves on the trees drooped in the noontide glare, and seemed to be mutely appealing to the cloudless sky for moisture and coolness. Not a breath of air stirred anywhere as far as one could see; all nature seemed waiting in a painful pause for a relief for which there seemed no hope.

Far down the western horizon, it is true, there was a long line of dark clouds, but it was a hint, rather than a promise, of the cooling rain which the city needed—a thought written in the heavens, impalpable and shadowy, rather than a threat, of what Nature might do when the silent powers of the air were loosened.

Of human life the scene showed little. In all the long street there were only two persons to be seen. Closed blinds protected the inmates of the houses from the almost furnace heat, and no business was being done the need of which was not imperative. Two men, however, were in sight.

The first one lay stretched in a hammock on the piazza of the largest and most pretentious house on the street. His clothing was of the latest style—fresh, cool, comfortable. The face which was looking up at the vines overhead was a handsome one. The book which had fallen to the floor was an expensive one. Everything around him spoke of wealth and happiness.

The other man, coming up the shadeless street, walked wearily. His clothing was coarse, and in many places it was patched; in some it was ragged. His face and his garments were covered with dust. His hair was long and hung over his forehead. His beard was rough and uneven. He was a man who would have been plain anywhere, and who looked his worst that afternoon as he came on through the dust. He had walked for blocks scarcely looking to the right or left, and there was a look in his eyes that might have seemed anger, or might have seemed despair, according to the nature and the observing powers of one who looked at him.

"Once more," he said—"once more, and then—"

He opened the gate of the yard before the house where the man lay in the hammock. The man on the piazza swung himself down and stood at the top of the steps waiting for the tramp.

"Well," he said. The tone was not encouraging.

"Well," answered the other. There was more in the tone than one could get at at once. All the emotions of which the human heart is capable seemed to have stood by in the soul of the wretched man and aided in shaping the thought before the lips said "Well."

"What can I do for you?"

"Give me money. I want money."

"What is your story?"

"No matter what my story is; never mind my past—or my future either. See what I am. Do you want to invest in the gratitude of a man like me? Is there any possibility of your needing it again?"

"You are hungry?"

The question was a useless one, for the man had the look of one half-starved; but the well-dressed and well-fed man on the steps had been used to hearing the plea of hunger put forward at once, and its omission puzzled him.

"Yes, I am hungry. You've been told by men who shun labor and who travel through the country living on their own vices and the misplaced sympathy of the good of their hunger. They have lied. But I am hungry. I'll not tell you how many hours I've been without food. I'll not deny that the last time I had went for brandy. But for it I should have died before reaching here. I need food—yes, and drink, too. I need money."

The man on the steps put his hand in his pocket.

"How much do you need?"

"I'll tell you," with desperation. "I have to say what you've often heard before. If you give me a dime I shall spend five cents for food and five for liquor. I shall rest a little here, and then I shall go on again to tell another man to-morrow the story I have told you to-day. I shall reach my journey's end some day, and you will have been one to help me, and I shall remember it with thanks. But you've asked me what I need. More than I expect, more—much more—than I dare hope."

And the man took his eyes from the face of the one on the steps, and instead of looking at the dirty street, his glance rested for a moment on the railroad station in sight in the distance.

"Well, how much?"

"If I had ten dollars I wouldn't ask anything better in this world," then, a little fiercely, "I'm not sure I'd ask anything in the next. I'd sell myself to you for ten dollars."

The rich man smiled for the first time in the whole interview, and said:

"I flatter myself I am better than some men you might find, men with less money, too, and I haven't so very much—"

"How much?" The question was abrupt, but perfectly respectful; the tramp was evidently gaining a hope which he would not have dared to entertain a half-hour before.

"A matter of ten thousand dollars or so. Of course, the house here isn't mine. But I could afford—afford. But I couldn't afford to be cheated." There was doubt and sudden suspicion in the last sentence.

"On my word and honor as a—pshaw, what does it signify? I have not lied to you. Give me what you will. My thanks will be as true and genuine for little as for much."

The man on the steps took his hand from his pocket, and laid a ten-dollar gold piece in the hand of the dusty man standing one step below him.

"I never gave a penny to a beggar. I never gave food to a tramp. But you have the ten dollars now. Keep it. But, tell me now, are you an ordinary man?"

"I'll finish my sentence now, sir. On my honor as a gentleman, I have told you the truth and I've acted the truth. It was a question of life and death. I looked at the river as I crossed the bridge. Suppose I had not come here; suppose—suppose—"

He said the words dreamily, but with a shudder. Then he turned to the rich man again, for the last words had been said to himself alone. "You have given me life, not food; a future, not money. If ever I can be of service to you I will be; if ever I can repay the debt of to-day—of course, I don't mean the mere money—I will do it. I swear I will do it. What is your name? Tell me your age—your business. It may be I shall some time find you again."

The man on the top step took a card from his pocket, and wrote a line on it in pencil. The tramp took it and read in print: "Paul Hudson. Druggist, Lakeville." And in pencil, "Twenty-four years of age."

"I should like to shake your hand, if you please."

"Certainly," said Paul Hudson:

As the tramp walked down the path to the street, Paul Hudson watched him.

"The quality of mercy is not strained." But that fellow has strained ten dollars out of my pocket. "It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven." And sure enough it is beginning to rain. "It is twice blessed." Well, I'll be hanged if I know whether it is or not."

And Paul Hudson went into the house.

II.

A young man sat in the well-cushioned seat of a palace-sleeper and watched the snow fall slowly through the darkening air at the near close of a brief December day. Strong, but not graceful; noble-looking, not handsome; richly dressed, but not in a manner to attract notice; a face which spoke of sorrow, and on which there seemed to be the seal of peace, rather than what could be possibly called happiness. This was the man who watched the earth bending the shoulders of the hills to the white robe in which nature was wrapping it against the fierce cold of coming winter.

A certain article in a newspaper by his side seemed to claim the attention of the young man. He took it up and read it for the tenth time at least.

Let us read it, too.

"A LUCKY MAN.—Many of our readers have heard of the great case between Smith and Robinson, which has been before the courts in one form or another for more than twenty-five years. The last court decided it yesterday, and for the last time. The decision is absolutely final. The Robinson side has won. The Smiths and Robinsons who were interested at first are all dead. In fact, the Robinson family which was interested years ago is now extinct, and the property goes to a distant heir. The lawyer who took the case years ago, when he was a young man, was satisfied of the justice of the claims of the Robinson family, and has worked for years without pay and without instructions. And in his old age he has won. Deducting all expenses, there remains a balance of some \$50,000, which goes to Mr. Richard Robinson, of this city. Mr. Robinson received the news of his good luck to-day. He did not know that anything had been done in the case for years; he did not know that death among distant relatives had left him the only heir. It was a complete surprise to him. An imperative invitation comes from Mr. Milton Muckle, the lawyer, who has clung to the case so long, and Mr. Robinson, who yesterday was a poor clerk on five hundred a year, is now one of the richest men in our little city, and to-morrow he leaves us to remain for a time the guest of the lawyer, of whom he had until to-day never even heard."

The young man leaned back in his seat and looked thoughtful.

(Doubtless the reader who has just read of the lucky man, would himself look thoughtful if his name were Richard Robinson.)

If Robinson's fortune had come to him ten years before, life, which had always been hard, would always have been easy. Five years ago he could have won love if he could have made a home, or, rather, could have won love if he had tried, and would have tried if luck, or fate, or something had not been against him in every venture he made in the courts of fickle Fortune. A few years ago and he could have given comforts to a loved mother, to whom he could now render no other service than to beautify the place where she was to rest in dreamless sleep "until the judgment." Five months ago and toil, pain, privation, despair had not been his. But at thirty-five life holds a great deal for any man who has a strong body and an honest soul, whatever sorrow and disappointments may have done for him in the past. So this man sat thinking of his money, of the happiness it would bring him, of the good he could do with it; and this despite the fact that his face could never look quite happy again. For peace—not happiness—was, as we said, the sign and seal which good fortune had set upon him.

The train stopped. The brakeman shouted something which sounded exactly as hieroglyphics look. (Did the reader ever wonder whether the only literary men in ancient Egypt were the direct ancestors of modern brakemen?) Mr. Robinson asked a gentleman near him the name of the place, learned it was Rockland, and therefore his destination, and got out.

Several men shouted the names of the hotels they represented, and did it for the benefit of the passengers who had left the train, although one would have thought that they intended to call to some persons already at the hotels, and a long way off, by the noise they made.

Mr. Robinson found a man who had a hack. He distinctly heard the man mention the fact, and he ordered himself to be taken to Mr. Muckle's.

When the hack stopped and Mr. Robinson got out, he must have impressed the driver as being a lunatic of some sort.

"I thought this was Rockland."

"It is."

"Well, I wanted to go to Mr. Muckle's."

"This is the place."

"Where is Lakeville?"

"Thirty miles from here. And your fare is twenty-five cents."

Mr. Robinson paid it, and the hackman drove off.

It was late to arrive for a visit, but the well-trained servants at Mr. Muckle's had had their instructions, and it was not many minutes be-

fore Mr. Robinson was settled in a large and handsomely furnished room.

A servant brought him a note:

"The compliments of Mr. Muckle, who regrets that business which cannot be delayed prevents his meeting Mr. Robinson that night. Will Mr. Robinson make himself perfectly at home! The servants are directed to attend to his every order."

"A cool welcome," said Richard Robinson, to himself, but ate a hearty supper, retired late, and slept soundly—and late, too.

"A cool welcome," was Richard Robinson's first thought when he awoke in the morning. There was a rushing to and fro of hasty steps, doors were opened and closed; there were voices hushed but eager. It was a cool welcome; for, when the almost forgotten guest left his room, he learned the fearful truth. Mr. Milton Muckle had been found murdered in his bed that morning.

III.

The coroner's jury examined the witnesses separately. Mr. Robinson was examined as a mere matter of form. He saw no one else in the room who had or who would testify. He had his luggage taken to the hotel, he had his dinner, and then he walked briskly out into the country for miles. It was all so horrible to him. Here was the man who had done so much for him; the man who had won a fortune which, though justly his, would have been won only by patience and long hard work. It was true that this man had had from the property all the fees for his services which the work warranted, but the service was of a kind which demanded more than money as payment for it. And this man was dead—dead by the hand of a murderer—before he could thank him. It was terrible!—horrible!—he could think of nothing else than the fate of the man who had been his friend.

In the early evening he came back. The verdict had been given. The landlord said:

"They've said it was Mr. Muckle's nephew. I for one don't believe it. I've known them both for years and years, and know they are stubborn and obstinate. Mr. Muckle has been a stubborn man; his nephew a stubborn boy—he's scarcely more than a boy yet. They had hard words last night about a girl the young man intended to marry. The old man, who has no other heir than his nephew, said he would leave all his money to some public charity unless the young man gave it up, and the poor fellow was in his uncle's power. He used to be rich. Lost every cent in speculation three months ago, and twenty-five thousand dollars borrowed from his uncle with it. They almost came to blows last night. The servants knew it and testified to it, and the young man admitted it. He didn't leave the house until after midnight. It looks bad. They've arrested him and put him in jail. Every man in town but myself believes the poor fellow is guilty. I don't. I believe a man he discharged from his employ did it."

(As our story is nearly done, let us say at once that the landlord was right, and the rest were wrong. Ten years later a death-bed confession gave the truth.)

Robinson lit his cigar and sat down on the balcony at the hotel. The moon came up and the night was cool and bright and beautiful. His thoughts went to the dead man, then back to himself. "How sweet and bright life is," he thought; "how I pity this man who has lost his."

A man rode by swiftly, and he had a mask on! Another one, and another! The landlord came out on the balcony behind Robinson.

"Curse the fools," he said; "it seems as if the town had all gone mad together. Do you see what it means?"

Down on the night wind came the sound of blows beating on a strong wall. Robinson looked up and said:

"How horrible. It means lynching, don't it?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "that is just what it means. They won't listen; they won't wait. They will have the doors down in an hour, and Paul Hudson is as innocent as I am."

"What is the name?"

The tones were low and even.

"Paul Hudson."

"Please wait here a minute," said Robinson.

In less than a minute he was back, holding a package in his hand.

"Keep that until morning," he said, "and then take off the outer envelope and give the rest to the one addressed within. Do not open it until morning."

And with a face whiter than the moonlight which fell upon it, he walked down the steps into the street. As he raised his hat to the landlord the latter fancied he saw more happiness in the white face than he would have believed an hour before it could have given expression to.

"Keep back," said a coarse voice from beneath a mask.

"Not so," said Robinson. "I must see your leaders."

"Well, hurry up, then; moments are precious."

A half-minute later Robinson stood with the most active young men among the lynchers, and in the very shadow of the jail.

"Gentlemen," he said, very seriously and very quietly, "you must make no mistakes. I am Richard Robinson. I slept at Mr. Muckle's house last night. Paul Hudson is innocent. You are wrong about the murder—entirely and utterly wrong. I did it!"

And he went with them quietly.