

The dwellers in the cottages near, among which the footman had to pass before he reached the Parsonage, regarded these visits with sympathy. With sympathy for the young man who was lying ill in their midst, and also for the stranger who had come so perilously amongst them. Some interest was excited also, when a gentlemanly, pleasant-looking man of about forty, arrived at the village in a cab, two days after the wreck of the yacht, and stopped at the public house to ask the nearest way to Sanda Hall, where Sir George Hamilton was at present staying. After the gentleman had received the proper directions, and had driven to the Hall, the driver and the cab returned to the public-house. Then it came out that this visitor was Mr. Hannaway, a lawyer, and Sir George Hamilton's man of business; Sir George being a very rich man, the cabman had been informed.

Still, though these things interested the fishing population of Sanda, they did not create in them the intense curiosity and love of gossip, which they would almost certainly have done in a country village. Whether the solemn dirges that are for ever sounding in their ears, that break over so many unseen graves of friends and kindred, affect them with a sort of solemnity, there is no doubt that, after the heyday of youth is past, these people are, as a class, of grave and quiet deportment; the women as a rule being hard-working, sober, and virtuous.

When, therefore, on the day after his arrival at Sanda Hall, Sir George Hamilton's man of business was seen wending his way past the dilapidated cottages of the fishermen in search of the Parsonage, there was no unseemly staring at the stranger.

The women, as usual, were to be seen standing at their door-ways knitting, dressed in their short blue bedgowns pinned back, and their short blue flannel petticoats, fully displaying the blue woollen stockings beneath, and the short yellow shoes.

They glanced up as Mr. Hannaway passed. "He'll be the gentleman from the Hall," said one woman.

"Y," answered another grave matron, and that was all.

"The lad yonder, they say, is better, then?" said the first woman who had spoken, with a nod of her head to indicate the Parsonage.

"The Lord has been merciful to him," replied the second woman, and then they both went on industriously with the blue, half-finished woollen stockings in their hands.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hannaway had reached the Parsonage, and had been ushered into the parson's study.

This was the smallest room in the house. A little back sitting-room, dark and shabby, in which the Rev. Matthew wrote his sermons, smoked his pipe, and spent his serene hours of peace.

He was not there, however, when the prosperous man of business was ushered into it, and the prosperous man of business looked round with amused dismay at the signs of poverty it contained. Worn was the carpet, worn the black hair-seating of the chairs, and most worn of all the comfortable arm chair in which the Rev. Matthew spent so many hours. Mr. Hannaway had not been used to this kind of thing. "The poor man must be starving," he thought, and he was, therefore, quite astonished when the genial, pleasant-faced parson entered the little room.

He (the Rev. Matthew) held a card in his hand.

"Mr. Hannaway," he said, and Mr. Hannaway smiled and bowed, and then the two shook hands.

"I have called," began Mr. Hannaway, "at the request of Sir George Hamilton. I wish to express to the young gentleman who saved his life, and whom I understand is in your establishment, his deep sense of gratitude, and also to make particular inquiries about his state of health, and will be glad to know if any further medical advice is advisable?"

"Then, I'm thankful to tell ye I don't think it is," answered the Rev. Matthew in his sweet-toned, half-pathetic voice. "My friend Dr. MacRay, here, told me this morning that he hopes that the dear lad will now pull through, and I feel a happy man, I can tell ye, for the news."

"I am, indeed, pleased to hear it," said Mr. Hannaway. "His condition has excited the greatest anxiety in the mind of Sir George Hamilton, who is in a state of great mental depression, also, at the loss of the whole of his poor crew."

"It was, indeed, terrible," said the Rev. Matthew with a feeling sigh.

"It was a fine yacht, the *Endymion*," went on Mr. Hannaway. "Altogether it has been a sad business, and Sir George seems to have taken it completely to heart."

"No wonder, no wonder," said the Rev. Matthew.

"Sir George further instructed me to say," continued Mr. Hannaway, "that anything that he can do to promote this young man's future—I mean the young gentleman who saved Sir George's life—he will most gladly do. Sir George, you know," added Mr. Hannaway with a smile, "is a rich man, and can afford to be a generous one."

"I shall tell the dear lad," answered the Rev. Matthew. "And this I may tell ye, Mr. Hannaway," he went on, "a finer, braver young fellow there does not breathe. He's a gentleman by birth, too," he continued, "for his father was an officer in the 84th—a lieutenant—and married when out in India the governess of his

colonel, and then died, poor fellow, of sunstroke, a year after. He has a sorrowful history, you see. A widowed mother, with her scanty pension barely sufficient to keep in life, and this one son. Well, he has an uncle—some sort of a merchant in London, I believe—and this Mr. Moxam educated young Hayward, and sent him to the University at Durham, under the idea that he might go into the Church. But the poor mother fell ill, and what could the lad do? He left college, and accepted a tutorship, so that he might help her, which he does—sending her indeed almost all his scanty earnings."

"It is highly commendable," said Mr. Hannaway.

"Yes, but the young fellow frets. I'm such a poor man myself that I can do nothing for him, though I love him as a son, but I know he is dissatisfied with his position in life, and pines for different work. Therefore, you see, if Sir George Hamilton would push him on—"

"I am sure he will," replied Mr. Hannaway, as the Rev. Matthew made an expressive pause. "Sir George will see him himself when he is better, but of this I am certain, that any profession is now open to him."

"Is Sir George a young man?" asked the parson.

"It depends upon what you call a young man," answered Mr. Hannaway, with a smile. "I call him a young man, because he is two years younger than I am. He is thirty-eight, in fact."

"And is he married?" went on the Rev. Matthew.

At this question a faint colour passed over Mr. Hannaway's good-looking, pleasant face.

"I believe not," he said, with some hesitation.

"Well, he had a near escape from death," said the Rev. Matthew, quickly, who now saw that he had asked an unfortunate question.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Hannaway, rising, "and he fully appreciates the courage of Mr. Hayward, isn't it?"

"Yes, Hayward, Philip Hayward."

"Tell Mr. Philip Hayward, then, that Sir George will call upon him before he leaves this part of the country; and in the meanwhile assure him, that whatever profession he fixes upon, he may depend on Sir George's influence and purse." And Mr. Hannaway having given this assurance, shook the Rev. Matthew's hand, and then courteously took his leave.

After he was gone, the Rev. Matthew proceeded to the tutor's sick room. There he found his wife, and his daughter Amelia. Amelia had spent the last two days in crying, and in making beef tea; but now, as the tutor was supposed to be better, she had dried her eyes, and was making beef tea more energetically than ever.

"Pa," she said, turning round her rosy, fat, common-place face, as the Rev. Matthew entered the room, "he has taken a cupful (this was of beef-tea). 'Isn't that nice? I made it myself, and I know it's good.'"

"Yes, my dear," answered the Rev. Matthew, glancing at the tutor's pale face lying on the pillow, "but you must not forget that he is to be kept perfectly quiet."

"Oh! I won't forget," said Amelia, gushingly, "but though he's to be kept quiet, he's to be kept up, too, and beef-tea's the thing to keep him up, isn't it, mamma?"

"Amelia Shadwell, don't let your spirits run away with you," replied Mrs. Irvine, in a ghostly voice. "You are always up or down, isn't she, Hayward?"

At this appeal a faint smile passed over the tutor's face.

"I've had a gentleman inquiring after you, Hayward," said the Rev. Matthew.

"Who was it?" asked Mrs. Irvine in her hollow tone.

"I think it must be Sir George Hamilton's agent or lawyer," answered the Rev. Matthew. "This is his card." And he placed Mr. Hannaway's card on the table, thin hands of his gaunt partner.

"An' who did he say?" she asked, after she had examined it.

"Oh! well—" hesitated the Rev. Matthew, "Hayward ought to hear that first. He spoke very generously—he made a sort of proposal."

"Matthew," said Mrs. Irvine, "if he said anything particular tell it now. You will tell it afterwards, you know that, for you can keep nothing."

"Well, my dear, Hayward will tell you himself by-and-bye," said the Rev. Matthew, meekly.

"Amelia Shadwell," said Mrs. Irvine, rising from her chair, and addressing her daughter, "come away at once. Your pa wants us out of the room, I see that also; and I mean, therefore, to go out of the room, and you must come, too."

"Another brewing will be ready in a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hayward," said Amelia Shadwell, glancing tenderly at the bed, and alluding to her beef-tea, "and in a quarter of an hour I'll bring you a fresh cupful." And then with another tender glance she followed her mother from the room.

When his wife and daughter were gone, the Rev. Matthew proceeded to deliver Mr. Hannaway's message to the tutor, and as he did so a flush came over the pale face on the pillow, and a new light into the dimmed eyes.

"He said this," said Hayward, as the Rev. Matthew paused. "He said—"

"That any profession is now open to you, my dear boy," answered the kind parson, taking the tutor's hand. "This offer may part us, but

though I grieve for this, I rejoice at the same time at your good fortune."

As the Rev. Matthew said this, the flush deepened on Hayward's face. Of what was he thinking? As wild and foolish a thought as ever crossed a young man's brain. He was thinking, "I may rise now—I may win Isabel now." Isabel, who thought as little of him as she did of the countless grains of sea sand lying on the shore!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

CERTAINLY THE MOSS ANCIENT FAMILY.—A claim has recently been proudly put forth in New York by a family of the name of Moss to be the most ancient family of whom there is any record and scientific proof. They base their claim on the statement of a well-known professor, that the origin of life was "the moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world."

AWAKE!—A Scotch druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell. He arose, went down-stairs, and served a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled, "What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny," was the reply. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time," rejoined the wife. "Awake!" replied the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank Heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

THE SMITHS PUT ON THE ANVIL.—It is told of the late Lord Chelmsford that so stately was his presence and so dignified his appearance that many years ago, when he was a younger man and more erect of carriage, he was accosted in the street by a hurried individual, who, mistaking him for some acquaintance, clasped him by the hand, exclaiming, "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Sir Frederick Thesiger, as he then was, drew himself up, and, gazing coldly on his questioner, replied, "Sir, do I look like a person of the name of Smith?" and passed gravely on.

SHOANNIE BROWN AND THE SASSENACH.—Scene—Ball at the close of a Highland gathering. While Shoannie Brown, the doorkeeper, who is attired in tartan trews and waistcoat, cocked bonnet, and brass-mounted sparrow-tailed coat, is busy spokenin' to one outsider who wishes to enter without the necessary ticket, another ticketless Sassenach slips past him into the ball-room. Och, ay, ay, but Shoan is very wide awake, and, just as the dancers are forming for the "Reel o' Tulloch," he ambles up the floor to the far end of the hall, where, unceremoniously seizing the intruder by the collar, he asks him in a voice of thunder, "Tid onybody see her comin' in?" The guilty intruder "desna" think it. "Och, weel," rejoins Johnnie, as he drags forth his victim, "there'll be plenty see her gyaun oot than!" Tableau!

"M. DAVID."—A French paper tells an amusing story of the absence of mind which Lamartine the poet, whose statue was recently inaugurated at Maron, so often exhibited in the management of public affairs. When he assumed office, after the Revolution of 1848, he was assailed with applications from persons who desired to obtain employment under government. Lamartine often drew up a list of those whom he was anxious to oblige, and this list was submitted to the different Ministers who had vacant appointments at their disposal. Among the appointments which appeared in the official journal one day was that of M. David to the consulate of Bremen, no Christian name or description being given. Several weeks passed without any one coming forward to fill the post; and, as there was a good deal of business to be transacted, inquiries were made with the view of discovering him. These inquiries were fruitless, and Lamartine was at last referred to. He could not tax his memory with having recommended any one of that name; and on looking at the list upon which the name was written, he suddenly remembered that, while making notes one day, he had been, as often happened, thinking more of poetry than of politics, and had jotted down the name of the Psalmist in order to write some verses about him at the first opportunity. The official journal of the next day announced that "Citizen Marchand is appointed Consul of France at Bremen, in the room of Citizen David, who is called to other duties."

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE TORONTO.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Of all the numerous athletic meetings held in Toronto, every autumn, none excite more general interest than the Annual Athletic Sports of University College. The large number of professors, graduates and undergraduates, &c., who subscribe liberally towards encouraging physical, as well as mental, training, enables the Committee of Management to offer more valuable prizes and to make better arrangements than is usual at meetings of this sort, and the consequence is that not only is the competition very keen in almost every event, but that all the *élite* of the city are present either at the games themselves, or to witness the presentation of the prizes in Convocation Hall.

It had been intended that the sports should be held after the convocation of Friday 18th, but the weather proving unfavorable they were postponed to the following Monday. The disappointment of the students at the rain of Friday must have been effectually remedied by the

beautiful warm weather of Monday, and the crowded and fashionable attendance on the grounds, where the band of the "Queen's Own" enlivened the proceedings by a programme of excellent music.

The course was laid out on the oval cricket ground in front of the college buildings, the whole drive around the green being lined by carriages.

The first part of the programme was carried out on the preceding Saturday, so that the proceedings on Monday might be finished before the shades of evening fell.

PART I. (Saturday, Oct. 12th.)

1. "Throwing the cricket-ball," won by Mr. Nelson, (95 yards.)
2. "High jump," Mr. Haultain, (T. A.), won the first prize with a very clever leap of 5 feet 2 inches; Mr. Patullo, second.
3. Long jump," 1st. Mr. Smith (17 ft.); 2nd. Mr. Freeman. "Resident Prize," (a prize open to resident students only), Mr. Patullo.
4. "Putting the stone," Mr. Watson.
5. "Hop, step and jump," After a keen contest was won by Mr. McEachern, (39 ft. 4 in.)
6. "Kicking football," Mr. C. C. McCaul, (151 feet 4 inch.)
7. "Throwing cricket ball," (accuracy), Mr. E. R. Cameron.
8. "Walking race," Mr. McEachern came in first, but was disqualified; Mr. Grace receiving first prize; (9 min. 42 sec.); Mr. Acheson, 2nd.
9. "Steeple-chase." This race was one mile over fences, ditches, &c., laid out in the Queen's Park; eight started, nearly all getting ducked at the creek, (as illustrated last week), from which point the race lay between Messrs. McCaul, Congdon and McEachern; Mr. McCaul led to within about a hundred yards of the winning line, when Mr. Congdon spurred and passed him coming in first, Mr. McCaul, 2nd.; (time 6 min. 10 sec.)
10. "Race in heavy marching order." This was open only to members of the University Company (Q.O.R.), and was easily won by Mr. Gwynne; Mr. McCaul, 2nd.
11. "Servant's race," 1st, Bullen; 2nd, Walker.

PART II. (Monday, Oct. 21st.)

1. "Half-mile." Nine started, and after a very exciting race, Mr. McMurchy won in the excellent time of 2 min. 17½ sec.; Mr. McEachern, 2nd.
2. "Three legged race," 1st, Messrs. Nelson and Milligan; 2nd, Messrs. Haig and Smith.
3. "Mile race." Only four started, Messrs. Congdon and McCaul going ahead at once. The latter led for the first 4½ laps when, as in the steeple-chase, Mr. Congdon managed to pass him, and run in first, (5 min. 10 sec.)
4. "Hurdle race," (220 yards). About ten started. Mr. Little taking the lead cleared every hurdle and won in 31 sec. Mr. Gwynne was second up to the last hurdle when he came a cropper, and Mr. F. W. Haultain took his place.
5. "Graduate's race," (220 yards), Mr. J. H. Long ran a splendid race in 28 sec.; Mr. McGregor, 2nd.
6. "Flat race," (100 yards.) 1st, Mr. Pratt, (10½ sec.); 2nd, Mr. Nelson.
7. "Open Amateur quarter mile," was won by Mr. Arthurs, in 56 sec., closely pressed by Mr. Johnstone.
8. "Half-mile race," open to undergraduates of all Canadian Universities. In this race, two men from Trinity, one "occasional" student of University College, and three regular undergraduates started. It was won by Mr. Strickland, (Univ. Col.) in 2 min. 19 sec.; Mr. McMurchy, (Univ. Col.), 2nd.
9. "Championship quarter-mile." Mr. Pratt claiming a foul, the Committee decided it should be run another day.
10. "Consolation race." 1st, Mr. Young; 2nd, Mr. Keefer.

At the conclusion of the programme the company adjourned to the Convocation Hall, where, in the absence of Miss Macdonald, Miss McCaul, daughter of the President of the College, distributed the prizes to the successful competitors.

After a few remarks from the President, the proceedings closed with cheers for the Queen, Miss McCaul, the President, and Ladies.

OMEGA.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.—Some time ago a leading London journal threw out the suggestion that it would be a good thing if some practical analyst, or somebody else, would discover an EXTRACT of unusual strength-renewing property to resuscitate the enfeebled constitution of those who by over-work or study had sacrificed themselves. The idea was admirable, and one which doubtless thousands have often expressed. And it will be surprising and welcome news to such to learn that there is already an Extract just of the nature so ardently longed for. We refer to "JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF," which possesses all the nutritive properties that can possibly be contained in any preparation. It has the unqualified recommendation of the Faculty, and is now being exclusively administered in all the leading Hospitals in Great Britain, and is even gaining popular favour on the Continent, and in America. In cases of consumption it is unparalleled, and is an admirable substitute for stimulating solids. It is sold in tins at a moderate cost, and may be obtained of the leading chemists and purveyors everywhere. —*The Christian Union, Glasgow.*