

unmaidenly in it," I pleaded, "and father and uncle would be with me." To make a long story short, they two and I set out. We had written to Robert detailing our plans, which were simple enough in the first place. He was to see George—he knew how to manage that—and entreat him to see his heart-broken cousin, who would forgive all. I had through Robert sent a note assuring him of the same and giving our address in the city. If this attempt failed, then we had decided to boldly seek him.

For two days after our arrival we heard nothing, and I was sick with despair. On the evening of the third a hurried scrawl was put under the door of the house where we were, and asking me to be at the corner of a certain street at dusk. Of course I determined at once to keep the appointment, and in that dismal place waited, my father and uncle keeping out of sight. I had been gazing at the bay dreading I know not what, when a whisper made me turn swiftly round. Merciful Heaven! Was this squalid being, this trembling creature, who shrank from me with averted head, my George? Changed like this in one short year? "Mary," he faltered, "I did not seek this meeting. I am going to the dogs. We have nothing in common any more. I am only what you see me, and fit only to be despised."

"You are my cousin, George—nay, are we not more than that?"

"Stop," he cried, "cousin, if true, but only that. I tell you, Mary, I am lost. The men with whom I associate would kill me if I deserted them. I am their slave, their besotted slave."

"What are they, George?"

"Gamblers, thieves, everything that is villainous and bad."

"How came you among them?"

"I could no more tell you than could that tree before us. One pleasant fellow, then another, came along, to a saloon I used to go to now and then. In a few days I was, somehow, one of a 'crowd,' conscious of no harm, confident that if there was I could keep out of it. I thought I was 'smart'; I was but a fool. Then came drinking; I got dissatisfied with work, rebellious at heart. Where is the use of tracing my downward steps? Now, I have no work, no money, and am simply a vagabond upon the face of the earth."

Miserable as this story was, I could not divest myself of an idea that there was a spice of the theatrical about it; that he had a desire to hide his, shall I say willful voluntary fall, under the excuse of a sort of dramatic inevitable "fate." There was much more of this kind of talk which I will not record. I begged him to come home at once, and when his father and mine at my signal came forward and heard all, and joined me in urging this, he refused. He asserted that to fly from evil was not to reform, and that the victory over himself must be fought for on the battlefield where he had been so sorely wounded. Argument with him was to no purpose. His father at length said that if he would not come home he should be forced. "Do you think," he said, "I am going to leave my son to sink into utter perdition? No, George, no."

"If you take me by force I must go, I suppose," was the answer, theatrical now I was sure. George wanted to be carried away apparently against his will. I never believed all of the story about the truculent companions by whom he said he was coerced. It was a shameful business enough as it was, and I want to get over the telling of it. Enough to say that we all went home next day, George made decent but broken down physically—that was true at any rate. I had no more faith in any amendment; all we could do was to guide the wreck into smooth water again if we could.

Robert, whose devotion to his friend I shall never forget, begged me to write to him of the invalid's—that was the right word now, mentally, morally, bodily an invalid's—progress. Of course I promised; what did we not owe to him? And so we became first occasional and then active correspondents. I have spoken of the change that had come over me with respect to George, and I now recognized it more than ever. What good I had done to him already, what care I was taking of him, now that he grew always weaker, would formerly have been from love, but that word was laid aside and "duty" took its place. How could I avoid the further question of what was my duty in regard to our engagement, which was an actuality, in case he should recover, though however, I knew that was next to impossible. I began to suffer real torture about this. Was I bound to George morally? Was it my appointed work before God to watch over, comfort, sustain and belong to this weak-souled lover of mine, and this for life? What were the plain moralities of the case, and how much was due to me as well as to him?

I did not waver long. In the silence of my chamber I prayed for guidance, and the "still, small voice" whispered to me: "Be of good cheer; a human life is given into your keeping; a human soul is allotted to you, that you may work out its salvation." I rose from my knees, resolved that, come what might, I would never desert him to whom my truth was pledged. And I never did. Even when the letters of Robert became more and more affectionate—nor could I be cold to him—I did not falter, and when at last my poor boy, turning his wan face to me, and begging me to forgive all the trouble and grief he had caused, said he was going to die, I kissed him as in the old times and put my arms fondly about his neck. Three days after that, he had lain in a kind of stupor for several

hours when, feebly lifting his head from the pillowed couch by the window, on which he had been placed, he gazed dreamily upon the sunlight now fading in the west, and I saw his lips move. Passing to his side instantly and bending close over him I heard him whisper "Mary—love," and that was all. He never spoke again, and it was not many months before the roses were blooming around his grave.

A new life began with me thenceforth. I had been faithful, though I dared not inquire whether I had always loved him with my whole heart, nor was it worth while. At any rate it was not very long before Robert asked me a not unexpected question, and I said Yes. For many years we were happy together, and then he was taken away. I went back to the old homestead with my little girl, and now live again with father and mother whom time has been gentle with. Fortunately my husband left me a competence, and we all are comfortably off. As I began to write I said there were some things I would fain forget. As I lay down my pen I withdraw those words, and shall keep these lines as a treasured record of many trials, some griefs, but many blessings for which I ought to be and I hope am sufficiently thankful to Him in whose keeping we all of us are, now and for ever more.

INGOLDSBY NORTH.

A PROPERLY QUALIFIED JURYMAN.

According to the present magnificent law in regard to the composition of a jury, no man who has read about the case to be considered, or formed an opinion thereon, has a right to sit in judgment upon the party involved therein. He only who knows nothing, never reads the papers, and never has an opinion of his own, because he has no mind, is fit to serve as a jurymen. The man who reads and reflects, the intelligent citizen who takes an interest in passing events, is not the proper person to be upon the jury, simply because he may have formed an opinion and may not do "justice" to the prisoner at the bar. In a recent court the following interesting scene occurred:

The empanelling of the jury in a murder case was in progress when one of the men called was challenged by the counsel for the defence.

"Have you heard anything in regard to this case?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"What did you hear?"

"I heard people talking about it, and also read the particulars in the papers."

"Um!—Read the particulars in the papers, did you?"

"Yes."

"And what conclusion did you arrive at?"

"I thought it was a brutal crime, from what I read about it."

"So you have formed an opinion already upon the matter?"

"Well, people generally condemned it, and I was of that opinion too."

"That'll do—you can stand aside."

Up comes a sample of the intelligent jurymen, but he is challenged too.

"Do you know anything about this case?" is asked by the counsel for the defence.

"What case?" asks the jurymen.

"The case about to be tried."

"I dunno."

"Did you read anything about it in the papers?"

"I never read the papers—I can't read."

"But have you not heard your neighbours talking about it?"

"I think I did hear John Jones saying something one day about a man being killed or found dead or something, but I didn't ask him for particulars."

"And you've formed no opinion regarding the matter?"

"What's that?"

"You haven't come to any conclusion regarding the crime?"

"I dunno."

"Take your seat, you'll do."

And of such men as the latter a jury is oftentimes composed, therefore it is not to be wondered at when remarkable verdicts are brought in. Justice weeps, while people wonder at the increase of crime.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

UPWARDS of 1,500 persons, who were unable to get beds on the Tuesday night of the Royal visit to Swansea, attended the all-night performance at the theatre.

THE cost of the barricades erected in the Leeds streets on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit was £191. The sum will be paid out of the borough fund. Pleasant for the Conservatives!

"STUDIES in yellow," are the proper and most fashionable hues of the day, and "sunset" is an alarming shade of changeable red and yellow, that is much more artistic in the skies than on a bonnet.

A PROPOSAL has been put forward for the formation of a Curates' Association, the object of the promoters being to bring before the public and those in authority the grievances, real or imaginary, of curates as a body.

THE Radical candidate for Cricklake, Mr. Michell, who is a director of the Great Western Railway, made a quarter of a million of money in the feather trade in the city. He is the largest shareholder but one (Mr. Bilby, of Liverpool), in the Great Western Railway, holding about £200,000 worth of that stock.

IT is eleven years since the first volume of the new Speaker's Commentary was issued. The last will be given us before the close of the year. As a work of criticism and exposition which has employed the ablest divines of the day, the commentary is almost as interesting a product of modern scholarship as the Revised Testament.

RECENTLY a Welshman wrote a letter in the vernacular to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, inquiring if a certain Nonconforming church could be rated, as was the wish of some hostile local officials. To the Welshman's delight, he not merely received the wished-for reply, stating that such property is exempt, but it was written the Welsh language.

THE line that most tickles the listener in the new drama *Mankind*, is old Daniel Groodges reply to the gentleman who calls him a dirty old man, and suggests that he should treat his paws to a little soap and water. "What!" screams the ancient one, "Wash the hand that was once shook by Nelson! Never! never!"

SIR WILFRID LAWSON combines shorthorn breeding with his advocacy of temperance principles. At one of the Holker sales he bought a bull from the Duke of Devonshire at an extravagant price, which, however, was found dead recently on the farm at Brayton. With a regretful look at the deceased beast the genial baronet, on the spur of the moment, struck off the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Baron Oxford 6th

Quiet and cool,

Bred by a Duke and

Bought by a fool."

SOME clever photographic feats have recently been accomplished. M. Hieckel has been able to photograph from a boat, and in spite of high water, a stretch of the shore at Berck, with all its bathers and promenaders. M. Andra has photographed a young girl springing over a cord, just at the moment when the child was on the highest point of her course, viz., at the neutral point of rest which immediately precedes the descent. The head was very clearly done, but the feet, which at that moment were somewhat behind, in order to clear the cord, did not present the same distinctness. An English artist has photographed swallows on the wing, and fixed the reflection they threw on a pond in passing over. The plate is exposed the five-hundredth part of a second, so that it is possible to take a "portrait" of the "Flying Dutchman" whilst at full speed.

THERE has been in existence for many years a periodical called the *New Moon*, the contributors of which are inmates of lunatic asylums. As a rule the articles display marked ability, and no one would suppose that the writers were suffering from mental aberration. On one occasion the editor of the *New Moon* received complaints from several subscribers that the contents of the journal, though well enough in their way, were lacking in distinctive flavour, and did not betray their origin; so, in the next number, he gave free play to his refractory contributors. There appeared a-tounding political revelations: a paper on evolution, with wood-cut illustrations of the shape of the human soul at different ages; the designs of a machine to facilitate bodily ascension into heaven in the manner of Elijah; and the first canto of an epic, which, when not utterly incoherent, was anticipatory of Alice in Wonderland. One number of this character was sufficient. The discontented subscribers expressed themselves satisfied, and begged that they might have no more of Bedlam broke loose in prose and verse.

THE habits of the ballet girl have been discussed of late, not in all phases of her existence, but as regards her pay, not her perquisites; for instance, she makes five shillings a night, and for this has only to do a few regular steps, but when a girl "comes out," or is intended to come out, the usual method is to apprentice her to a ballet-master. He trains her, teaches her, makes her practice, and finally "brings her out." He does all his work apparently for nothing, his usage being not to charge anything for training, but to make her contract to allow him a certain per cent. on her engagement. Their interests then become identical, and he makes in proportion as he is able to finish her. This is more easy for him, as in the production of pantomimes the division of labour is now so largely relied on to give success with the least cost. As the ballet-master contracts with the girls to teach them, so too he contracts with the managers to supply them, and thus the work goes on independently. He furnishes his female army nightly, and may supply more places of amusement than one in the course of each evening. But the ordinary ballet-girl, once she has mastered the very few initial difficulties of the ballet, can come forward year after year and join the troupe.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Empress Eugénie is at Lorette on a pilgrimage.

THE death is announced of the Marquis de Maille de la Tour de Laundry.

THE Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, is in Paris with her two daughters.

THE inhabitants of Patagonia, who lately attracted all Paris to the Jardin d'Acclimation, have left France and have gone to Antwerp.

A MARRIAGE was celebrated this week at Biarritz between Mlle. Tozefo, the daughter of the Marquis de Fientafiel, former Spanish Minister of War, and M. Gustave Rinzi, Attaché of the Spanish Embassy, and son of M. Rinzi, banker and Senator of the Basses-Pyrénées.

THE report that M. Gill, the celebrated caricaturist, had gone out of his mind is happily perfectly unfounded; he has only been suffering from an attack of fever. His last good joke was to represent Gambetta as *Hamlet*, studying the skull of Rochefort.

THE choicest fancy, as an addition to evening toilettes, is the pearl sleeves; they are made entirely of a fringe, woven in fine pearl beads, that falls on the arm with very pretty effect. Bracelets and necklace to match, should be worn with them.

SAN DONATO, the renowned palace of Prince Demidoff, has been purchased by a Parisian celebrity just as it stands—that is, all furniture and effects. The splendid Frenchman means to keep it up in full style, and to commence shortly with a series of fêtes.

SOME people, it appears, have a strange way of obtaining titles. They write to the Comte de Chambord and put before their name a title which they do not really possess. The excellent Henry V., believing in their loyalty, addresses his reply with this title, and the recipients of the letter maintain that they have henceforward a right to the title thus usurped.

A NEW census of the population of France is about to be taken. The Minister of the Interior has decided that "Freethought" shall be classified as a religious sect. That word will therefore appear on the census papers handed in by the side of the word Jew, Catholic, and Protestant. This will probably be the first national recognition of freethinkers as a distinct body.

THE military students at St. Cyr lately availed themselves of their holiday to make a Royalist demonstration in uniform at the mass in honour of the Comte de Chambord. The severe penalty inflicted on them for their escapade has not deterred their comrades at Saumur from indulging a freak which will possibly entail the loss of their commissions. The *Temps* relates that a band of forty officers, in various stages of inebriety, patrolled frantically about the streets of Saumur with drawn swords, making night hideous with their yells, chanting in chorus a ditty replete with loathsome obscenities, the refrain being foul aspersions on the President of the Republic. These delinquencies call aloud for severe repression. The curled darlings of the nation, who cannot conscientiously restrain their abhorrence of existing institutions, should seek some other than the military profession.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A COMIC opera, without chorus, is all the rage at Florence. It is by Cortesi, and is called "Amico di Casa."

MME. PATTI's first matinee, with the exception of her own, which was perfect in every respect as ever, was a very gloomy affair.

LISZT is in Rome for the winter. He passes his time with the German Ambassador, Baron Kendl, or with the German Cardinal, Monsignore Hohenlohe.

At the Valle Theatre at Rome, a play called the "Psalm of Psalms" is being given. Count Enrico Campello, the late Canon of St. Peter's, who has joined the Methodists, was at the theatre on the first night.

A NEW theatre is to be erected in London, under the direction of M. Marius, who upon its completion is to undertake the management.

A DRAMA founded upon Lord Beaconsfield's romantic tale of "Atrox" is about to be played in a Berlin theatre.

THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.