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room in the village inn. Soon after he sank into an easy slumber, and I went out into the cool night air to still the fever of excitement which burned in my veins. An hour had passed away, slowly and drearily, ere I returned to the inn. As I approached I heard the voice of one speaking rapidly and rapidly. The sounds grew fainter and lower until they died entirely away.

Noiselessly I entered the room. A soft halo of light flitted across the wall, rested for an instant on his face, and then disappeared. I saw only the face of the dead. Harold Transome had entered into unending rest. I buried him in the shade of an oak, in the pleasant village churchyard, where the soft breezes ever sigh amidst the green grass, and perennial blossoms spring.

As I passed once more through the fragrant fields to the hallowed resort beside the dreamy waters, the bells of the village church seemed to me echoes of the beatings of my heart in its great sorrow. And to-night, as I turn back in mind to that happiest and alas saddest of all times, before my sight arises a sunny hill-side, on which, amid the marble tombstones, stands a plain white cross, and on it is written simply :

“ HAROLD TRANSOME.”

DAVID DORAN.

WEARY.

I.
Thou hast struggl'd and striven
In peril and pain,
Thou hast wilder'd and wearied
Thy heart and thy brain,
In the wildering mazes of peril and pain,
For phantoms as fickle as fair,
Luring and drowning thy soul in dole and despair.
Frail creature of grief and regret,
What lackest thou yet?
Fearing and fainting, forget
Not thy guerdons all golden and sweet;
When thy heart and thy brain
Are weary and weak,
Oh, fainting, forget
Not the pearls that lie under thy feet.

II.
What lackest thou yet?
The ill thou hast not!
What lackest thou not?
The good that thou hast,
Fair stars in thy senescent pilgrimage set,
Rare gems in the waste of thy wearisome
past!
Frail creature of grief and regret,
Fearing and fainting forget
Not thy guerdons all golden and sweet;
When thy heart and thy brain
Are weary and weak,
Oh, fainting, forget
Not the pearls that lie under thy feet.
DAVID DORAN.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

We may fairly include in our Church news, and record here as first in point of interest to ourselves, the appointment, by the Corporation of Bishop's College of a successor to our late beloved and lamented Rector. The particulars of this very promising appointment will be found in another column.

The Bishop of Quebec has just concluded a month's tour of Confirmation in the Townships. The Bishop confirmed in the Mission of Ireland, 67; Inverness and Lamby's Mill, 74; Mission of Leeds, 19; Mission of St. Sylvester, 36; Acton, 8; Drummondville, 12; Durham, 1; Sherbrooke, 36; Cookshire, 9;