

THE WAY WITH THE WORLD.

BY LENA LYNN.

THE clocks in the city chimed the hour of midnight, and like a death knell each stroke fell on the ear of the anxious watcher by the bedside of Gerald Humphreys. The sound died away on the still air, and nothing was heard in the room save the ticking of a watch as it counted the seconds that remained of a proud man's life.

"Nellie,"—and the woman bent over the prostrate form,—“Nellie, I am dying! O, my timid darling, how can you meet the storm when I am gone? Bring my babies to kiss me, and raise me just a little. God bless and shield you when I cannot!”

The exertion was too much. A spasm of pain, a sharp struggle, and the wife was a widow, the children were fatherless. Who can describe the anguish of that hour? We reverently draw the curtain, and leave her in her anguish of soul with a sympathizing Jesus.

Orphaned by the Civil War, Ellen Temple had at thirteen years of age entered a New England boarding school for young ladies, where for five years she lived, beloved by both teachers and pupils, and especially by her intimate companion and

friend, Annie Humphreys. During a visit to Annie one Thanksgiving season she first met Gerald.

The child of Puritan parents, and for five years accustomed to the restrictions of a Puritan school, it was not strange that the gay and handsome young man was soon raised to a hero in her imagination and enthroned in her affections. Nor can we wonder that the gentle and lovely girl won her way to his heart, requiring him to pay her the most exalted compliment man can render to woman, to ask her to become his wife. And, though the world wondered why the son of one of Boston's proudest families chose a portionless bride, Ellen Temple became Ellen Humphreys.

Five short years had passed since then, short because they overflowed with happiness, and children's merry laughter sounded through the broad halls of their home, and though Willie in the pride of his four summers thought himself a man “most as big as papa” by the side of little two year old Annie, the father still called them his babies. But alas! for the frailty of human joy. Why is the strength taken and the weakness left? “O my timid darling, how can you meet the storm when I am gone?”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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