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STUDY TO BE SUCCESSFU d happy costs somethin

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through trials and labours.

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reverance you become a me many a man, now in Wall with all his personal effects with home sickness and q Tear up those whining ep verance. Quash-every dis ces except where they ten

knowledge of business.

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vour companions in busine ples and resolution, and w Providence, you may bold

nerves to meet every enga

poor. you will succeed.

Luck, and stake nothing o human nature," says Play

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test which so constantly to who appears to have the Alexauder, D. D.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY

PEROR'S PALACE .- A C

"Among the most curious Allies in the Chinese Em

was a suit of magnificent

and the helmet surmour pearl (this suit is to be so peleon :) a saloon furnish Louis XV., decorated wi

of the court of the sover lady being inscribed at the

The immense apartments

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HEMLOCK BARK. - Th

and thus preparing it fo power, has been success

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prosperity of the countr gin.—New Brunswicke TO RESTORE SCARLES of military u iforms of thus: Boil a quarter of oochineal in a pint of y then strain the decoction with fresh water, but th reducing by this mean pint and a half ofred l hot that the hand can b ounce of muriate of tin, of the color and give i To restore the

236

The Moodstork Dournal.

Literature.

THE .. LONG AGO,"

Oh, a wonderfal stream is the river of Time. As it runs through the realms of tears, With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme, And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime, That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow. And the summers like buds between, And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they

On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow? As it glides through the shadow and sheem

There's a musical isle on the river of Time; Where the softest of airs are playing ; There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,

And a song as sweet as vesper chime. And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago, And we-bury our treasures there ; There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snor

There are heaps of dast, but we love them so ! There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that mobody sings; And a part of an infant's prayers ; There's a lute uns vept, and a harp without strings.

There are broken vows and pieces of rings And the garment that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when; the fairy

shor e By the mirage is lifted in air ;

And we sometimes hear through the turbulen roar

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before, When the wind down the river is fain.

Oh ! remember for aye be that blessed isle. All the days of our life till night-

When evening comes with its beautiful smile And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,

May our " Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

KATE DOUGLASS.

Concluded.

III.

strong man and that lovely girl; never, I think, stairs, did she look more beautiful than in those first Wh Maitland did not speak to me on the subject which engrossed all my thoughts until I had been endure long. A shadow was even then hovering sion of triumph as she looked at him, saying, over it, and just when I thought Kntie's future "There, I knew yau would like me to den happiness was secured, clouds darkened our sunuy horizon.

the avowal of Mr. Maitland's love for my sisters from his own lips. I'r-member the day now, as well as if it only happened yesterday, and so, I dare say, does Kati. We were going to a large dare say, does Kati . We were going to a large party in the evening, and Mr. Maitland was to accompany us. Kate was wild with delight as she

in the same mood, and soon said, trying to smile again.

"Oh, Mary, how foolish I am, but so happy! ing of wrong; she has never mentioned his name next day Ewatched by her side, listening to her wild ravings. Once we almost despaired, for the wild ravings. Once we almost despaired, for the doctor hinted that brain fever was caming m; good. respectable little wife ? . 1 can't somehow, believe it, Mary dear." "You must try, Kate," said I seriously ; "he

loves you so very, very much. Do not triffe with his affection. But that I need not tell-you." ' No : there, dd not let us be serious any more,

ant voice. as she entered the room, "I hear it is all over with poor httle Katie. - Let me congratu-late you, dear." And she kissed her blushing

"As, unless. I met Mr. Maitlano, and he told me all about it. "But, come, girls." she contin-ued, "go and dress directly; I must not have you late for the ball. Run along, Katie. Mary, I want to say a word to you." And as my sister I want to say a word to you." And as my sister left the room she dropped her voice, and said.— "You must not let Katie dance too much to-night. You know, dear, it would never do; but she is such a giddy little thing that you must tell her. I am afraid she won't like the prohibition. though."

I promised Lweuld tell Katie, though I feared it would be useless. Is had no opportunity of speaking to her until she came into my room to "show herself," as she said, before going down into the drawing-room, where My. Maitland was already waiting for us. She was dressed in white silk, with roses in her hair. She looked most

silk, with roses in her hair. She looked most lovely, her whole face radiant with happiness. "Well Mary, are you not dessed yet?" she asked. "I an longing to go ; it is such along time since I have been to a really good bells and my feet seens as if they would not wait, any longer. Really, I have been dancing about my room like a med three "

"On, Katie !" I said, "I cannot bear to lessen your enjoy ment, but you know you'must not dance much to-night. It will not do, my aunt tells me; after dance, they whiled past me, that Mr. Mait-land, as I thought, was, absent, but suddenly much about it yourself as Mr. Maitland doesn't dance." "Not dance !" said Katie indignently, stamp, "Not dance !" said Katie, indignantly, stamp-

All went'on smoothly enough for the first fow days after my arrival. Mr. Maitland came and went, and Katie appeared as happy as I could wish. I liked to so those two tegether—the great strong man and that lovely girl inover. I think pression of rage and despair I hope never again te see on his face, he was watching her as been. I turned to my aunt, and said, -"We must go. Will you call her ?" "I must speak to him," sho answereds and him myself." And so sayings she ran down

presently I saw her approach him. I don't know days of their happiness. There was then a soft-ness and gentleness in her which formerly I had not seen, and I thought that all mast be well where each so trusted and loved the others. Mr. When I entered the drawing-room they were

were sitting, for they had just ceased dancing. I watched them eagerly. Mr. Maitland, did not utter a word, but my aunt seemed to tell Kå je me, he said, "Why should she not dance, Miss Deuglass ? which engrossed all my thoughts until I had been some time in town, and his silence would have sur-presed me had my sister not informed me that she sight pleasure : and this, I think, Katie, is more than a sight pleasure that they as your to see that a them. slight pleasure that they ask you toosacrifice for

" One more dance, aunty." said Katie, with a had particularly requested it—why I know not. But the brightness of those first few days did not b-seeching look changed to a half saucy expres-were determined to brave our anger "There, I knew you would like me to dance and enjoy mysolf. Besides, you know Edmund "I cannot wait longer, my dear," said my aunt coldly ...

ppiness was secured, clouds darkened our sun-you would soorabe tired if you had no one but me I had been a month in London, when I heard to talk to all the evening?" "Should 1?" said he. "Well, well, we will "Should 1?" said he. "Well, we will

IV.

I never danced myself; but, nevertheless, I I cannot tell the misery of those next few days, was for some time perfectly happy as I watched On the morning after the fatal ball a letter came always was, indeed at the prospect of, gaiety. I was for some time perfectly happy as I watched On the morning after the fatal ball a letter came hardly liked to check her anticipations, but I Katie's light figure, and bright, joyous face; and for Katie She was sitting with me alone at the could not help thinking that, as Mr. Maitland did I think, at first. Mr. Maitland was perfectly_con- time. Neither of us had spoken a word of the not dance himself, he would not quite enjoy seeing tented in doing the same. Between the dances, events of the night before I saw her face turn deadly pale as she read, but I never saw what

next day I watched by her side, listening to her wild ravings. Once we almost despaired, for the wild ravings. Once we almost despaired, for the wild ravings. Once we almost despaired, for the observed to listen to the walking with Captain Henderson. She tried to evoid my glance as she passed, and scemed to listen to the eager words her companion was still pouring into her ear. A sterner shade came over Mr. Maitland's face as he left my side and walked after Katie. "Miss Douglass," I heard him say very quietly to her, "are yon engaged for the next dance !"

from him, saying, "The music has begun, Miss Douglass, Are his forgiv.

-Mr. Maitland was gone from the room. I dok-ed mound for my aunt; there was a heavy pain at my heart. for I had seen a dark look of sorrow and anger on hiss face which. I had "One moment," she said. But it was too late and anger on hiss face which. I had never witnessed there before. Just then Mrs. Dyuglass

"He will return presently, dear, I hope," she said; "meanwhilor, we can, I fear, do nothing." I candot forget the misery I telt then on my sisters account. She seemed to have become des-perate, though. in her heart, I think, now, she perate, though, induced nearly, I think, how, she come; and I was right. My auth came and as I must have been weetched. On, on she danced, ged me to go into the drawing-room, and as I the admiration of the room, her eyes bright with left the room she whispered, softly, "He is come, my dear; I will prepare Katie to see him honger. Really, I have been dancing about my room like a mad thing." (As a manufration of the room, her eyes oright with exsitement laughing and talking in a low tone to the man whose name I had heard coupled with hers, and who seemed to be drinking in her every

* No: there, dd not let us be serious any more, Mary dear," she answered, coaxingly. "Look here—at this mark offmy subjection !" And she pointed to the ring which he had an hour ago placed on her "engaged" finger. " Well, my dears," said my aunt, in her pleas-" Well, my dears," said my aunt, in her pleas-

He did not seem to hear this, but still looked at Katte steadily. I saw her colour come and go, as, with averted eyos, she answered, "I-I believe I am engaged to Captain Hen-derson, as he said." The latter looked trium hantly at Mr. Mait-I and; as, drawing Katie's arm in his, he turned his forgiveness-his love I know I have justly

February 14.

I could not deny her request, as she lay there

witaessed there before. Just then Mrs. Douglass returned to me, and said, anxiously. "Mary, my love, where is Mr. Maitland ?" I don't like the way Katie is going, on with that Captain Henderson. I assure you it has been re-marked. We must put a stop to ne." I told her all Lknew. She agreed with methat our interference was useless, since his had been ther in the next room. Never have I seen such a change in any other person as there was in her in those few days; and yet, though so worn and weated, she was still in my eyes far lovelier than in her brightest days. She was now perfectly calm, almost happy, but I could not keep back a restless hope that that day Mr. Maitland would come; and I was right. My aunt came and beg-

> had often seen him thereabcfore, but under what different circumstances. He looked eagerly round when I entered, then came towards me, and said. " Miss-Douglass, I never heard till to-day of Katie's illness. God knows how bitterly I repent-my hasty conduct towards her. May I speak to her myself ? tell me there is hope of her reco-

verv "Yes, great hope," I. answered, "bnt you will see a great change in her. I fear." And the teans gathered in my eyes as I thought how near-ly L had lost all that was most dear to me on a

and took him to her. There were no witnessess to-that interview, but I knew that all was forgotten and forgiven by both.

merly ; and on one bright summer morning I stood in our village church, as Katie's brid- smaid. that day ended my care of Katie Douglass; she was now in wiser, better, but not more loving hands than her sister's, and many happy years have passed with her since then as "Katie Mait-

A PARIS STORY .- The Paris Siecle revives and old story. At the corner of the street leading into the Rue de Temple, a large crowd assembled ; and on inquiry it turned out to have been

caused in this way : Two well dressed females each with an ample

believed then was her last letter to kim who was once to have been her husband. I thought that letter sacred, and would not look

again.'

Yes, he was there, in the drawing-room, as I I had

Gold and silver statur tastic incarnations of Bud bers. Of silks, velvets, tissues, for the most part there were enough to cy larger than the Louvre of ite dwelling of the Tarte Imperial domain of Yuen prises an extent of near

"I thank God for that?" he said, his voice

Months passed on, and Katie was once more her-self; but far gentler and more subdued than for-

could not here intensity away has also has into due of particul records of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the night before 1 as we know a root of the root o

her tears, for I thought they were good for her; with suppressed passion. But her nature was too impulsive to remain long "Were you aware they were friends? he con-

but her nature was too impulsive to remain long "Wa in the same mood, and soon she started up and tinued. "Were you aware they were friends? he con-inued. "No," I answered faintly, for I felt a forebod

The excitement of those two days was too much Rarey is making a second fortune in New York. His only anxiety is a scarcity, of wild and vicious

be applied with a spong an indifferent remedy, oloth "must be boile and this, of course, in again. It is "robable line made by Messrs. Islington, London, wil this purpose. The exis used may be judged stockings worn in win with rosealine .- Septi A paper before us dwelling, no French its walls. In connect

oloth.

may be mentioned on since 15 33 every Fren the Tuileries his abod some time or other, to

A little boy in. Ve have swallowed a co physicians have been to be dying slowly of have become paralyze ing weaker and weak