

FIFTY LINES TO NATURE.

A theme for endless praise is Nature fair, To all mankind, in her the savage rude...

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Then it is all false—all? You own to having gone out of the window to meet this young man?" says Miss Dormer, checking off the indictments on her skinny fingers...

It is given. Miss Dormer opens it, and takes out a folded paper. "Niece Cyrilla, look!" she says, and holds it up; "it is my will! Last night while you slept I sent for my lawyer and made it. It bequeaths everything—everything, to Donald McKelpin—it does not leave you a penny. If I die without a will, all is yours, as you know, Prove these two ladies wrong in what they have come here to accuse you of, and I will give you this paper to burn or destroy as you see fit, and my solemn promise to make no other."

and recoils at the sight of the young man's stony face and the burden he bears. "Take her up to her room," she says, and leads the way. "Poor dear, has she fainted?" Cyrilla has not fainted—vertigo, congestion, whatever it may be. She is conscious of who carries her; knows when she is laid upon her bed, in a dull, painless, far-off way...

she is conscious of no feeling of anger or resentment at the sight. All that is dead and gone—gone forever—with hope, and love, and ambition, and daring, and all the plans of her life. Only a day or two ago—a day or two it seems a lifetime! She keeps her room through it all, stealing down to the kitchen now and then, through the startling stillness of the house, for the strong tea or coffee on which she lives. No one sees her, though dozens come with no other object. For the story—her story—is over the city. Mysterious hints of it are thrown out in the morning papers; it is the chit-chat of barrack and bonfire, mess table and drawing-room. Nothing quite so unromantic and exciting has ever before happened in their midst, and Mrs. Fogarty and Miss Jones awake and find themselves famous. The heroine keeps herself shut up, ashamed of herself, very properly; the hero is invisible, too. And how has Miss Dormer left her money! That is the question that most of all exercises their exercised minds.

of allowing him to find her here—by to-morrow morning's early train she will go. She will go—where? In all the world she has neither home nor friends. She thinks of Sydney, good little, loyal Sydney—but Sydney is far away. Still she has her plans. In the long watches of the night she has made up her mind to go to New York. Why, she does not know; only in a great city it is so easy to lose one's self, to die to all one has ever known. Perhaps there she will get rid of this gnawing, miserable pain at her heart; perhaps there, her wandering brain may feel as it used. And she has been so happy there—so happy. She will go back, and walk in the places where they used to walk together, as Eve may have come back and looked over the closed gates of Eden. And then—well, then, perhaps, there may be mercy for her, and she may die. She is of no use in the world, of no use to any one—she is a wicked wretch, of whom the earth will be well rid—a sinner viler than them all! People die every day, every hour; why should not she?

AN INVITATION TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES. For some time past the good people of Montreal have been looking forward to the happy moment when the doors of this most holy sanctuary would be thrown open for the first time. Many years have now passed away since the Mother of God, in whose veneration the Catholic people, undiminished by the lapse of time, have taken up this beautiful edifice in honor of Our Blessed Lady the Mother of God. The undertaking at the outset seemed, in a human point of view, almost impossible, on account of the expense, would evidently incur and the numerous obstacles which were thrown in the way, and, notwithstanding God blessed the work, to-day could not boast of this beautiful little church, which is not only a glory to Montreal and Canada, but the most beautiful of America. Blessed be God and His Holy Mother, the project proceeded slowly, the faithful became warmly interested in the enterprise, and when an opportunity was made for their generous contributions, they seized the opportunity of manifesting their devotion and advancement to Mary by giving an amount to the edification and erection. True, the edifice was made by their generous contributions, but the pence of the poor have always been forthcoming, and would space permit, many interesting details might be given portraying the sacredness of their work, the purity of their motives, and the willingness imposed upon themselves, that they might likewise throw in their mite. The exterior of this church is most striking and imposing. As the most prominent lines of architecture it finds so many beautiful things to admire; that it would be almost impossible to give an adequate description of it. One of the leading features is the tower, which is mounted by a beautiful cross tower, and is called into the air. The windows are most beautifully shaded and tastefully decorated, their symmetry is perfect, and the light which they shed into the interior of this temple, adds greatly to set off the magnificence of the decorations. The facade is very pleasant to the eye, the large round window above the entrance is a beautiful piece of workmanship and is admirably well carved; a little higher, in the center of the facade, is a window, in which is the following words in Latin: "Benedicite, Maria, Dominice Mater." In a word, it is a masterpiece of art, and it may not be out of place here to remark that the artist who has executed this work, is a Canadian, and his name is the Canadian name.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"ON THE LIPS ARE BITTER, BITTER."

She lies there for the remainder of the day, while the rose light of the sunset fades out, and the pale primrose afterglow comes. The moon rises, and her pearly lustre mingles in the sky with the pink flush of that May sunset. The house door was opened and shut again and again, while she lies mutely there, and she knows that her triumphant enemies have gone, that Dr. Foster has come, for it is his heavy step that ascends the stairs now. A torpor, that is without pain or tears, or sorrow or remorse fills her, and holds her spell bound in her bed. Her large, black, melancholy eyes are wide open, and stare blankly out of the curtained windows, as she lies, her hands clasped over her head. She can see the myriad city lights, sparkling in the crystal light of moonrise and sunset, a dozen shining crosses piercing the blue heaven, which she feels she will never see. As she gazes at them dreamily, the bell of a large building near clashes out in the quivering opal air. It is a convent, and the bell is that of the evening Angelus. How odd to think that there are people about her scores and scores of people, who can kneel before consecrated altars, with no black and deadly sins to stand between them and the holy and awful face of God. And now it is night. All the little pink clouds have faded in pallid gray, and the clustering stars shine down upon Montreal. How still the house is. Are they both dead—her aunt and Joanna? No! While she thinks it, Joanna comes in with a cup of tea and a slice of toast. "Better, miss?" says the old servant interrogatively. "Would have come sooner. Could not get away. Waiting on her. Very low to-night. Eat something, miss." Cyrilla drinks her tea thirstily, and makes an effort to get up. It is a failure—there is something the matter with her head; she talks heavily back. "Lie still, miss. You look ghastly. I'll stay with her to-night. Have a sleep, miss." And old Joanna takes her tray and untouched toast, and goes.

IRISH RELIEF.

Splendid Collection.

An eloquent address was delivered to the parishioners of St. Edward's Church, Westport, on Sunday, 4th inst., by the Rev. M. Stanton, P.P., in behalf of the suffering poor of Ireland, which, considering the size of the parish, was generously responded to by the warm-hearted people, the handsome sum of \$435.34 being realized. The following is a correct list of those who subscribed:— Rev. Father Stanton \$100, John Whelan 20, Jeremiah Donahoe 10, Wm Bird 10, O. McNally 10, M. McCann, sen, 6, Wm Fitzgerald 5.50, Mrs Necey, sen, 5.50, James Ryan 5, Peter Rooney 5, James Kane 6.50, John Donahoe 5, Patrick Donahoe 5, David Kennedy 5, John Hamilton 5, Henry Kelly 5, Michael Quigly 4, Mrs James Kelly 4, Thomas Lynatt 5, Mrs James Kiley 4, John Madden 4, D. Harrington 5, Terrence Necey 4, Walter McNicholls 4, Owen Murphy 3, Thomas Ryan 3, Patrick McCann, Bedford, 3, Andrew McCann 4, John Murray 2.50, Edward McCann, Bedford, 2.50, Mrs Golden, sen, 2.25, Patrick Hagan 2, Thomas Fraynor 2, Thomas Bird 2, James Lynch 3, Dr. Parker 5, Wm Foley 2, Patrick McCue 2, Thomas Martin 2, Terrance Scanlon 3, Patrick Murphy, N.P. 2, James H. Martin 2, Owen Walsh 2.50, Patrick Egan 2, Michael Grady, sen, 3, Mrs Thos Egan 2, Michael O'Neill 2, John Garvan 3.50, Mrs Cutting 2, James Conter 2.50, John B. McCoy 2, James Tobin 2, Patrick Jourdan 2, Edward Grennan 2, W. E. Whelan 2, A. McCabe 2, John McCue 2.50, John Egan 1.50, Thos Hastings 1.50, Peter Brennan 1.50, Louis Badoer 1.50, Patrick Murphy 1.50, Michael Daley 1.35, Miss Hopkins 1.25, J. Hazell 1, Henry Bennet 1, M. Bennett 1.50, Patrick McKeon 1, Peter Brady 2, Patrick Carle 2, Mrs Fahey 1, James Burns 1, Mrs Hogan (Chicago) 1, Michael Grant 1.50, John McCoy 1, James Mulvihill, Bedford, 1, A. McAllister 1, Mrs P. Donohue, sen., 2, P. O'Hara 1.50, P. Donnelly 1, Mrs Ellen McCarthy 1, John Martin 1, M. McCarthy 1, Wm Mangin 1, Thos McKee 1, John Kalscher 2, Patrick Cawley 2.25, Mrs B. Smith 2, M. Grady, jr, 1, Louis Wood 1, John Moriarty 1, M. Coburn 1, B. Carberry 1, Mrs Jas Lappin 2, O. Martin 1, Thos Quinn 1, Mrs Joseph O'Connor 1, John Kennedy 1.50, Mrs Toppings 1, Mrs Peter Kelly 1, Wm Carly 1, Pat Bennett, jr, 1, James Speagle 1, J. Sullivan 1, Kate Jourdan, 1, A. McCann 1, S. Raspberry 1, O. Donnelly 1, Patrick O'Hare 1, Mrs E. Kelly 1, D. McCarthy 1, J. Clifford 1, James Murphy 1, James Byrne 1, J. Murphy 1, J. Renant 1, Mrs Trayner, sen 1, M. Gaughan 1, Hugh Hagan 1, Mrs Bryans 1, T. Garvan, sen 1, P. McDonald, 1, James Downey 1, Patrick Connors 1, O. Kelly 1, Thomas Hickey 1, P. Kiley 1.50, Peter Carey 1.25, Patrick Judge 1, P. Kennedy 1, M. O'Connor 1, J. Badour 1, James Barrett 1, J. McAllister 1, James Kiley, sen 1, John Noonan 1, J. Hastings 1, M. Frawley 1, M. Kelly 1, T. McGowan 1, P. Turner 1, Mrs Thos O'Neill 1, James Donahoe 2; Patrick O'Donnell 4, small subscriptions 6.50.

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R.I.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Pianos manufactured by Weber & Co., of Kingston, Ont., are acknowledged to rival the best Imported Instruments in durability and elegance of finish, while in delicate evenness of touch and purity of tone they are unsurpassed by any other. They are also much lower in price than any Imported Instruments. Montreal Ware-rooms: 419 Notre Dame street. 44-1

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is one of the most amiable monarchs in Europe, and is well beloved by the people whom he governs. It is claimed for him that he has none of the ordinary vices of despotic rulers—he is neither impatient, idle, nor dissolute. Married to a beautiful and genial Princess, he lives with her a life of great simplicity, superintending the education of his children, reading, studying, and taking hardly any other recreation than shooting. Many a tourist has met him strolling unattended in the park of Schonbrunn; and it always pleased him when such persons, mistaking him for his Tyrolese hat and green-collared gray jacket, for some upper keeper, asked him to show them their way about. It is said that an English family whom he once led over his palace and grounds wound up by presenting him with two florins, which he pocketed with becoming gravity, remarking afterwards that it was the first money he had ever earned. It is not always so plain with His Majesty, however. We have seen him in state so grand and gorgeous that it was dazzling to behold. The following Irish members voted in the Bradlaugh case against his admission:—Messrs. Blake, Brooks, Colthurst, Daly, Dawson, Errington, Findlater, Foley, Laidlaw, Leamy, Levey, Linton, Lyons, McCarthy, McCann, Martin, Marryat, Molloy, O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Donnell, O'Donoghue, O'Shea, O'Sullivan, R. Power, Redmond, Richardson, Smithwick, Stuart, Sullivan (2), Sweeny. The Irish members who voted for Mr. Bradlaugh were—Messrs. Barry, Biggar, Connelley, Fay, Finigan, Johnson, Laidlaw, Nolan, T. P. O'Connor, O'Gorman, Mahon, O'Kelly, and Parnell. The New Orleans Picayune says that the puzzle blocks originated in Philadelphia, where the blocks of houses are so much alike that a man is puzzled to know when he gets home.