A theme for endless praise is Nature fair, To all mankind. In her the savage rude Groping life, through Pheath Afric's burning

sun,
And the proud dweller in enlightened climes,
Embraced by lore, refinement, wealth and peace,
Great source of pleasure find and pure delight.
I love great Nature,—for her various forms
Of beauty, majesty, sublimity,
With pure emotions fill my eager soul,
And raise it up from earth and Nature's self.
In love and awe and hope to Nature's self.
For when I gaze around me and behold.
The flowers and trees as gay and beautiful,
The rivers, lakes and ever-restless ocean—
The stately mountains, towering over all,
Their snow-crowned summits rearing to the
Sky,

sky,
And seeming to connect it with the earth;
Then when I raise mine eyes and contemplate
The beauty, grandeur, harmony, design
That's manifest in th' azure vault of Heaven—
How the bright Sun, the dazzling orb of light,
Pursuing his steady course, sheds light and
heat.

And life and gladness upon every clime—
How Luna and her brilliant train by night
The heaven y dome adorn, and lake and stream
Their brilliancy reflecting, all combine
To form a scene of fairy lovelines—
And how all these, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars
Yea, all the lustrous ornaments of Heaven,
In all their motions, all their wanderings
Throughout the vast, unbounded realms of
space,

Throughout the vast, unbounded realms of space.
The dictates of a mightler Power obey.
And like unto a grand, immense machine
With a jar or clash move ever on
In undivided, changeless unity
Throughout the long array of countless years.
These wonders all, the lovely parts of one
Great Nature, lead me deeply to reflect.
And feel how great, how wondrous great that
Power,

Power, how perfect, and how infinite,
How wise, how perfect, and how infinite,
How awful, how unjestic, how tublime,
Who could devise, design, and form—from

One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes F.cmirg.

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, "to baving met him at the Delamere's and at the Fogarty woman's. You own to having come upon him by accident in New York, and ridden with him in an omnibus. But he never was your lover, and he is not your husband. You never lived with him for a week in a New York hotel. This is how the case

Cyrilla bows; her face pale, her eyes black, her form erect, her look indignant.

"You see I want to make things clear," continues Miss Dormer, almost apologetically; "my time may be short," a spasm convulses her face; "and a good deal depends on it. Mr. McKelpin will be here next week, and your innocence must be proven before he returns. I would rather believe these women false than you. You will not mind denying all this in their presence, I suppose, Niece Cyrilla?"

"Certainly not, Aunt Dormer." "Then I think that will do. I am tired of curse the son. all this talking. Sit down there, and take that book, and read me to sleep.

Cyrilla obeys. Her heart is beating in loud muffled throbs, she feels sick and cold, a losthing of herself fills her. But she will not go back—on the dark road she is trending there seems no going back.

At moon the doctor comes, and Cyrilla quits the sick room for a breathing spell. In that my niece, Cyrilla Hendrick, your wife, or interval the doctor receives from his patient | not?" a message for "the Fogarty woman." She is to wait upon Miss Dormer with her friend | meet. Miss Jones at five o'clock. She also dictates a note to a third person, which the obliging eager, imploring glance says. physician undertakes to deliver.

Miss Dormer keeps her niece under her eye until about half-past four in the afternoon. Then she despatches her to the druggist's, with orders to be back precisely at five. Cyrilla is glad to get out, glad to breathe the fresh, clear air. The walk is long, she hurries fast, gets what she wants and hurries back. But, in spite of her haste, it is ten minutes past five when she lets herself in, and runs up to her aunt's chamber. She flings

open the door and enters hastily. The druggist kept me some time waiting

while he-She has got this far when she breaks off. the senience is never finished. Her eyes have grown accustomed to the dusk of the room, and she sees sitting there, side by side, her two mutual foes-Mrs. Fogarty and Miss

Jones. "You know these two ladies, Niece Cyrilla?" says the shrill, piping voice of Miss Dormer !

Cyrilla stands before them, her black eyes flashing-yes, literally and actually seeming to flash fire. Mrs. Fogarty's gaze sinks; but Miss Jones, the better hater of the two, meets, with her light, sinister orbs, that look of black

fury.
"It is my misfortune, Aunt Dormer," says Cyrilla in a ringing voice, "to have known them once. I know them no more, except as alanderers and traducers!"

The strong English words flash out like bullets. For a moment they, with truth on encounter a la mort, and the first blood is for

Cyrilla. "Ha! well put," says Miss Dormer, a gleam of something like admiration in the look she gives her niece. "Whatever else the Hendricks lacked, they never lacked pluck,

right or wrong. Open the shutters, my dear, and let in the light on this business.' It is the first time in all her life that Miss Dormer has called the girl "my dear." Cyrilla stoops over her, and for the third time

in her life kisses her. "Do not believe their falsehoods, Aunt Phil," she cries passionately. "I am your niece; your own flesh and blood. They hate me, both of them. They have laid this plot to ruin me. Do not let them do

"Prove them false, and they shall not," Miss Dormer answers, her old eyes kindling with almost a kindly gleam. "You are my own flesh and blood, as you say, and blood is thicker than water. Open the shutters and

raise me up." She is obeyed. It is to be a duel to the death. Every nerve in the giri's body is braced, she will stop at nothing-at nothing, to defeat these two. A rain of amber sunset comes in; over the thousand metal roofs and shining crosses of Montreal the May sun is setting. Miss Dormer is propped up, and looks for a moment wistfully out at that

lovely light in the sky-last sunset she will ever see. It is a highly dramatic scene. The deathroom, the two accusers sitting side-by-side, the culprit standing erect, her haughty head

thrown back, her eyes afire, her lips one rigid hue, her hands unconsciously cleuched.

the table. Hand it here.'

slept I sent for my lawyer and made it. 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 the carries her; knows when sheds laid upon her bed, in a dull nainless to accuse you of and they give you this paper to burn or destroy as you see fit, and my solemn promise to make no other.

A gleam like dark lightning leaps from Cyrilla's eyes. Prove them wrong! What is there that she will stop at to prove them wrong i

'My Niece Cyrilla,' goes on the sick woman turning to Miss Jones, admits that she stole out of her room to meet this young officer one night in the school garden. She admits, looking at Mrs. Fogarty, 'having met him at your house and at Mrs. Delamere's. She admits, glancing again at Miss Jones, having encountered him by accident in New York, and riding with him a short distance in an omnibus. But all else she denies. Mr. Carew is not her lover, is not and never will be her husband. She is to marry Mr. Donald McKelpin next week. Now which am I to believe-my niece, ladies, or you?'

Your niece is a most accomplished actress, madam,' says the saw-like voice of Miss Jones : she can tell a deliberate falsehood and look you straight in the face while telling it. She may not be Mr. Carew's wife—all the worse for Mr. McKelpin if she is not: for she certainly lived with Mr. Carewas Mrs. Carew in New York for a whole week. I saw them enter the hotel together, I enquired of the clerk, and he told me they had been there together five days as man and wife.

'Niece Cyrilla,' says Miss Dormer, 'what have you to say to this?' 'Nothing to her,' replied Cyrilla; 'to you

I say it is false! totally false: a fabrication from beginning to end.' 'Let us call another witness,' says Miss Dormer, 'since we don't seem able to agree. Open that door, Mrs. Fogarty, and ask the gentleman to walk in.'

The widow arises and does as she is told, and for the first time Cyrilla starts and blanches. For there enters Fred Carew!

She turns blind for an instant-blind, faint sick. All her strength seems to go. She gives an involuntary gasp, her eyes dilate, she grasps a chair-back for support; then she sees the exultant faces of her enemies, and she rallies to the strife again. No, no, no they shall not exult in her fall.

Fred Carew advances to the side of the bed nearest the door. Cyrilla stands directly opposite. He looks at her, but her eyes are upon her aunt. He nods coldly to Mis. Fogarty, and addresses himself to the mistress of the

'You sent for me, madame?' he briefly

She looks at him-a strange expression on her face. 'I am going to see a ghost,' she had said to her niece. 'Surely it is like seeing a ghost to see another Frederick Carew with the same blood in his veins, the same look in his eyes, at her bedside after five-andtwenty years.

The old smouldering wrong seems to blaze up afresh from its white ashes! As in that distant time she hated and cursed the father, so now she has it in her heart to hate and

'I sent for you, sir,' she answers, 'to settle a very vexed question. A simple yes or no will do it, for you are an officer and a gentleman, with noble blood in your veins-the blood of the Carews-incapable of deceiving a poor, weak, woman.' Oh! the sneer of diabolical malice in eyes and voice as she says it! Fred's face flushes. 'It is only this -is

He looks across the bed and their eyes

For heaven's sake, Fred, say no! truth, Cyrilla!' his command, imperiously. For my sake!' their softening look adds. 'Speak!' Miss Dorrier cries fiernely:

don't look at her. Speak for yourself! is she your wife or not? · I decline to answer so extraordinary

question,' Fred says coolly If I had known y ur object in sending for me, Miss Dormer, would not have come.

'Do you deny that she is?' 'I deny nothing-Infirm nothing. Whatever Miss Hendrick says, that I admit.' She is Miss Hendrick, then-you own

that? 11 have never heard her called anything else, madam.' Will you speak, or will you not!' cries

Miss Dormer, in a fury. 'Are you my niece's husband? Did she live with you in New York as your wife?

He folds his hands and stands silent. And silence gives assent, says the spite-

ful voice of Miss Jones. 'Speak, sir!' goes on Miss Dormer. am a dying woman, and I demand to know the truth. What is my niece to you? · My very dear triend. More, I positively

refuse to say.' 'Cyri'la!' the old woman almost shricks, he will not speak-you shall. Come nearer and repeat what you have already said.

Is that man your husband or not!" The agony of that moment! There are drops on Cyrilla's face---cold, clammy drops. A rope seems to be tightening around her their side, flinch and quail. It is a pugilistic neck and strangling her. Across the bed, Fred Carew's eyes are sternly fixed on her changing face.

'Speak' her aunt screams, mad and fnri-OTIR.

'He--is not.' ' You never lived with him in New York as his wife? 'I did not.'

'You are not married to him and never will be.' 'I am not, and never will be.'

'Swear it!' cries the sick woman, frenzied with excitement. 'Your word will not suffice. I must have your oath.' She flings open the Bible at the Gospels. 'Lay your hand on this book and say after me! I swear that Frederic Carew is not my husband, and

never will be, so help me God! She lays her hand on the book blindly, for she cannot see. A red mist fills the room and blots out every face except one, the one across the bed, that looks like the face of an avenging angel-the face of the husband she loves and is foretwearing.

'Speak the words,' cried Miss Dormer: 'I swear that Frederic Carew is not my husband !'-begin!

Oh! the terrible, ghastly silence. The two women have arisen, and stand pale and breatbless.

'I swear-that Frederic Carew-is-Her face, the livid hue of death a second before, turns of a deep dull red, the cord around her throat, strangling her, all at once loosens, and she falls headlong across her anut's bed.

'She has been saved from perjury,' says the sombre voice of Miss Jones. Fred Carew is by her side as she falls. He

room. Old Joanna is without in the passage, She sees them from her bedroom window, but she has betrayed him. She has no intention Dame street.

stony face and the burden he bears.
'Take her up to her room,' she says, and

It | fainted? She tries to open her eyes; the eyelids only flutter, but he sees it. His face touches hers for a second.

Good-bye-good-bye!' he says.
Then, still in that dulled, far-off-way she knows that he has left her; she hears the house door open and shut, and feels, through all her torpor, that for the first and last time in his life Fred Carew has crossed Miss Dor-

mer's threshold. CHAPTER XXVI.

"OH THE LEES 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 curtainless windows, as she lies, her hands clasped over her head. She can see the myrlad city roofs, 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 quiver- laugh and crack jokes about Fred Carew and ing opal air. It is a convent, and the bell is the bell of the evening Angelus. How odd to think that there are people about her, deadly sins to stand between them and the holy and awful face of God.

How still the house is. Are they buth 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 ofter to get up. It is a failure-there is something the matter with her head; she talls heavily back.

'Lie still, miss. You look ghastly. I'll stay with her to-night. Have a sleep, miss.' and on, like the endless torture of a lost And old Joanna takes her tray and untouched soul. toast, and goes.

So she lies. Presently the high bright stars and the twinkling city lights fade away in darkness. There is a long blank-then all at once, without sound of any kind, she awakes and sits up in bed, her heart beating tast. Some one is in her room, and a light is burning. It is old Joanna, standing at her bedside, shading a lamp with her hand.
'She's gone, miss,' says Joanna.

'Gone!' Cyrilla repeats vaguely; 'who?

Gone where?' 'Yes-where?-I'd like to know,' says Joanna, staring blankly for information at the papered wall. 'The Lord knows I don't. But she's gone. Went half-an-hour ago. Four o'clock to a minute. The cocks began to crow, and she riz right up with a screech, and went.'

The girl sits staring at her-her great black eyes looking wild and spectral in her white face.

'All night long, she talked,' pursued Jo-'Tell the in' to listen. About England and the time when she was young, I reckon and Frederic Carew and Donald McKelpin, and her wild brother Jack. That's what she called him. And she talked it out crazy and loud like, else I wouldn't a heerd her. It was awful wearin.' Then she was quiet. Kind o' dozin.' I was dozin' myself. For it was rery wearin'. Then the cocks crowed for mornin'. Then she riz right up with that screech, and went. Will you come, miss?

It's wearin' there alone.' Cyrilla rises and goes. The house is so still-so deathly still that their footsteps echo loudly as they walk. The shaded lamp still burns in Miss Dormer's room, and on the bed, stark and rigid, with wide-open, glassy eyes and ghastly fallen jaw, Miss Dormer lies-the rich Miss Dormer.' Lonely, loveless and unholy has been her lifelonely, loveless and unholy has been her death. Even old Joanna, not easily moved. turns away with a creeping teeling of repul-

sion from this grisly sight. 'She won't make a handsome corpso, poor thing,' remarks Joanna, holding up the lemp, and eyeing her critically, as if she had been waxwork; but I suppose we must lay her out. We must shut her eyes and put pennies en 'em. And wash her. And make a shroud, and straight her out. And-

'I cannot!' the girl cries out, turning way, deathly sick, 'it would kill me to touch You must go for some one or else wait until some one comes.'

But Joanna does neither. Dead or alive, she is not afraid of Miss Dormer. She goes phlegmatically to work and does all herself, while Cyrilla sits or rather crouches in a corner, her folded arms resting on the windowsill, her face lying upon them. She has stood face to face with death before, calmly and unmoved, but never, oh! never with death like this. So-when morning, lovely, sunlit. heaven-sent, shines down upon the world again, it finds them. The sun floods the chamber with its glad light, until old Joanna impatiently jerks down the blinds in its face. On her bed Miss Dormer lies, her ghastly eveballs crowned with coin of the realm, her skeleton arms stretched stiffly out by her sides, but the mouth is still open, the jaw still fallen, in spite of the white bandage.

'I knowed it, Joanna observes, with a depressed shake of her ancient head, stepping back to eye her work. 'You can't make a handsome corpse of her, let you do ever so.' Then her eye wanders from the dead aunt

to the living niece. 'You ain't no use here, miss,' she says, with asperlty. 'You'd better come down with me to the kitchen, and I'll make you a cup of strong tea. It's been a wearin'

night.' They descend, and the strong tea is made and drank, and does Cyrilla good. Joanna bustles about her morning duties. At nine o'clock Doctor Foster knocks, is admitted, hears what he expects to hear, that his work is finished, and his patient has taken a journey, in the darkness of the early dawn, from this world to the next.

After that, many people, it seems to Cyrilla, come and go-come and look at the rich Miss Dormer in death, who would never have

It is given. Miss Dormer opens it, and and recoils at the sight of the young man's she is conscious of no feeling of anger or reakes out a folded paper.

(Niese Cyrilla, look she says, and holds)

(Take her up to her room, she says, and gone—gone forever with hope, and love, takes out a folded paper.

'Niece Cyrilla, look!' she says, and holds it up; 'it is my will! Last night while you leads the way. 'Poor dear, has she last only a day or two ago—a day or two ago 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 tes or coffee on which she lives. No one sees her, though dezens 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 boudoir, 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, athamed of herself, very pro-perly; 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.

The day of the funeral comes, and Miss Dormer, in her coffin, goes out, for the first time in years, through her own front gates. It is quite a lengthy and eminently respectable army of carrriages that follow the wealthy lady to her grave.

'I am the Resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth and believeth in Me, shall not die forever!' says the reverend gentleman in the white bands who officiates, and they lower Miss Dormer into her last narrow home, and the clay goes rattling down on the coffin lid. It is a wet and windy day; the cemetery looks desolation itself-a damp and uncomfortable place in which to take up one's abode. The sexton flings in the clods, and no tears are shed, and no sorrow is felt. They are glad to get back to the shelter of their carriages, and men the dead woman's niece all the way home.

The dead woman's niece has not gone to the funeral. Old Joanna alone represents scores and scores of people, who can kneel the household. The doctor is there, and the before consecrated alters, with no black and lawyer is there, for they expect ample fees for their pains presently; but the dead woman's niece expects nothing. She sits in her lonely And now it is night. All the little pink room; a lost feeling that something has gone clouds have faded in pallid gray, and the clustering stare shine down upon Montreal. snapped around her throat and she tell snapped around her throat and she tell across her aunt's bed-her p-incipal feeling. She puts her hand to it in a forlorn, weary way, wondering why it feels so oddly hollow, as if the thinking machine inside had run down and the key was lost. She suffers no acute pain, either mental or physical, only she seems to have lost the power both to sleep or eat, and does not feel the need of either. There is a tiresome, ceaseless sense of aching at her heart, too; a blunted sense of misery and loss, that never for a moment leaves her. She plucks at it sometimes, as if to pluck away the intolerable gnawing; but it goes on

Mr. Pomfret the lawyer has come to look after bonds and mortgages, receipts, bank accounts and papers of value, to remove them to his own sate, until the arrival of Mr. Mc-Kelpin. He is engaged in this work when the door of the room opens, and a figure comes gliding toward him-a figure with a fair face so white, eyes so black, and weird, and large; that, albeit not a nervous man, Mr. Pomiret drops the deed he holds and starts up with a stifled ejaculation. It is the dead woman's niece.

'Don't let me disturb you.' The weird, dark eyes look at him—the faint, tired voice speaks. I will only remain a moment. You are the lawyer who made Miss Dormer's

will? 'Yes miss-I mean Mrs. -- Here Mr. Pomfret comes to a dead lock. He had heard so much about Miss Hendrick being Mrs. Carew, that he is at a loss how to address

'I am Miss Dormer's niece. Will you tell me how she has left her money?" He looked at her compassionately-how wretchedly ill the poor girl is looking, he thinks. A handsome girl, too, in spite of her pallor and wild-looking eyes—Lieutenant Carew bas had taste. 'Has Mr. McKelpin got it all? Don't be afraid to tell me, or-am I remembered?

'Except a small bequest of one hundred dollars to her servant Joanna, Mr. McKelpin has it all,'answers the lawyer.

'I am not even mentioned in her will?'
Again Mr. Pomfret is silent—again he looks embarrassed and compassionate, Please answer, she says, wearily.

would rather know.' 'You are mentioned then, but only to say she has disinherited you by your falsehood and deceit, and to warn Mr. McKelpin in no

case to aid or help you.' She bends her head with the old graceful motion.

'Thank you,' she says. and goes. So it is over, and she knows the worsts only what she has known all along, the laywer has made but assurance doubly sure. In striving to keep love and fortune she has lost both. She has lostall, good name, lover. home, wealth, everything she has held most dear. And her own falsehood has done it all. If she had been honest and dealt fairly by her aunt, she would at least, as Donald McKelpin's wife, have been a rich woman. If she had been honest and dealt fairly by Fred Carew. she would have had his love and presence to comfort her. But she has lost both. Truly, even for the children of this world, honesty is the best policy-truly, also, the way of the transgressor is hard, and the wages of sin is death.

Another night falls upon the lonesome. dark old house, another ghostly, hushed sleepless night. She lies through the long, black, dragging hours, and listens to the rain pattering on the glass, and the wind blowing about the gables, blessed is the corpse that the rain rains on,' says the children's rhyme. The rain is beating on Aunt Dormer's grave —is Aunt Dormer blessed? she wonders.

Again it is morning-another gray, wet morning. In the early dawn, sleep reluctantly comes to her, and with sleep dreams. The sleeping is more cruel than the waking, for she dreams of her husband. She is back with him in New York, living over again that one bright honeymoon week-that week that will stand out from all the other weeks of her life. With a smile on her lips she awakens, and then a moment after there is a desolate cry. For the truth has come back to her with a pain sharper than the pain of death. She has heard nothing of him or from him since their parting she never will again—that she knows. That whispered 'Goodbye' was for all time. Why should she expect otherwise? In the face of all she denied him-foreswore him. What could he have felt but scorn and contempt for her. It never occurs to her to think of seeing or hearing from him again. Her sentence is passed—its justice she does not dispute.

That forenoon brings a telegram from Mr. respite is at an end-she must be up and

of allowing him to find her here-by to-morrow morning's early train she will go. She will go—but 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 ahe will get rid of this gnawing, misers ble 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 yiler than them all.' People die every day, every hour; why should not she?

To-morrow morning comes. She has packed her trunk and her little hand-bag. Old Joanna fetches her a back, and she puts on her hat, and holds out her hand and says good-bye to the old creature mechanically, and tells her (when asked) that she is going to New York. She never once lifts her eyes to take a last look at the gloomy red brick house as the hack bears her away.

She has some money-not much, but enough. Since their marriage Fred has made her his banker. It will take her to New York -after that, it doesn't matter what happens.

She is in the cars. She lays her head with a tired-out feeling against the window, and closed her eyes. They are flying along in the warm June morning, and thoughts of the last time she made this journey, not yet a month ago, drift vaguely through her mind. She never looks up or out. Her forehead is resting against the cool glass—it feels to her like a friendly hand; and so, dead to all about her, dead to herself, to everything that makes life dear, Cyrilla drifts out of the old life-whither, she neither knows nor cares.

(To be Continued.)

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 Donahue 10, Wm Bird 10, O Mc-Nally 10, M McCann, sen, 6, Wm Fitzgerald 5.50, Mrs Neicey, 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 Kelly 4, John Madden 4, D Hartington 5, Terrence Nefcey 4, Walter McNicholls 4, Owen Murphy 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 Parkar 5, Wm Foley 2, Patrick McCue 2, Thomas Martin 2, Terrance Scanlon 3, Patrick Murphy, NP 2, James H Martin 2, Owen Walsh 2.50, Patrick Egsn 2, Michael O Neil 2, John Garvan 3.50, Mrs Cutting 2, James Coulter 2.50, John B McCoy 2, James Golden, Sen, 3, Mrs Thos Egan 2, Michael O Neil 2, John Garvan 3.50, Mrs Cutting 2, James Coulter 2.50, John B McCoy 2, James Tobin 2, Patrick Jourdan 2, Edward Grennan 2, W E Whelan 2, A McCabe 2, John McCue 2.60, John Egan 1.50, Thos Hastings 1.50, Patrick Murphy, 1.50, Michael Daley 1.35, Miss Hopkins 1.25, J Hazelton I, Henry Bennet 1, M Bennett 1.50, Patrick McKeon 1, Peter Kennedy 5, John Hamilton 5, Henry Kelly 5, Peter Brennan 1.59, Louis Badoerr 1.50, Patrick Murphy, 1.50, Michael Daley 1.35, Miss Hopkins 1.25, J Hazelton 1, Henry Bennet 1, M Bennett 1.50, Patrick McKeon 1, Peter Bradey 2, Patrick Carle 2, Mrs Fahey 1, James Burns 1, Mrs Hogan (Chicago) 1, Michael Grant 1.50, John McCoy 1, James Mulvahill, Bedford, 1, A McAllister 1, Mrs Ponohue, sen., 2, P O'Hora 1.50, P Donnelly 1, Mrs Ellen McCarthy 1, John Martin 1, M McCarthy 1, Wm Mangan 1, Thos McKee 1, John Kalaher 2, Patrick Cawley 2.25, Mrs B Smith 2, M Gradey, 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 Jas Lappin 2, O Martin 1, Thos Quinn 1, Mrs John Mrs Peter Kelly 1 Wm Carty 1, Patk 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, July Hagan 1, Mrs Bryans 1, T Garvan, sen 1, P McDonald, 1, James Dynne 1, Patrick Conners 1, O Kelly 1, Thomas Hickey 1, P Kiley 1.50, Feter Carey 1.25, Patrick Judge 1, P Kennedy 1, M C'Conner 1, J Badour 1, James Barrett 1, J McAllister 1, James Kiley, sen 1, John Noonan 1, J Hastings 1, M Frawley 1, M THE EMPEROR OF Allattan 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'Neil 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 Provid-

ence, R.I.

Probably no one article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as the most nourishing and strengthening beverage, and is strongly recommended to all as an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Rock Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has passed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Government analyist, and is certified by him to be pure, and to contain no starch, farnia, arrowroot, or any of the deliterious ingreidents com. monly used to adulterate Cocoa. When buy ing be particular and secure "Rowntree's." Other kinds are often substituted for the sake of larger profits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Pianos manufactured by Weber & Co. of Kingston, Ont., are acknowledged to rival the best Imported Instruments in durability and Parnell, McKelpin. He has landed at Quebec-by to and elegance of finish, while in delicate evenmorrow he will be in Montreal. Her brief | ness of touch and purity of tone they are unsurpassed by any other. They are also much crossed that doorway in her life. Mrs. doing now. She has no right in Donald Mc- lower in price than any Imported Instru-Nice Cyrills, there is a Bible yonder on lifts her in his arms and carries her out of the Fogarty and Miss Jones come with the rest. Kelpin's house. He is an honest man, and ments. Montreal Ware-rooms: 419 Notre that a man is puzzled to know when he gets 44-tf

AN INVITATION TO OUR LADY OF LOURDIS.

For some time past the good people of Montreal have been looking forward to the happy moment when the doors of this pious and boy sanctuary would be thrown open for their the spection. Many years have now passed away since the Rev. Father Landt, to whose turnlenting seal and assiduous labors we owe this monument of Catholic piety, underlook to raise up his beautiful edines in home of Our Bicosed Lady the Mother of God. The underlook to raise up his beautiful edines in home point of view almost impossible, on account of the expenses it would evidently inour and the numerous obstacles which were thrown in its way and, had not Almighty God hissed the work, Moutreal to-day could not boast of this beautiful little-curch, which is not only a glory for Moutreal to-day could not boast of this beautiful little-curch, which is not only a glory for Moutreal to-day could not boast of this beautiful little-curch, which is not only a glory for Moutreal to-day could not boast of this beautiful little-curch, which is not only a glory for Moutreal to-day could not boast of this beautiful little-curch, which is not only a glory for Moutreal to-day of the god of the work proceeds alowly, the fatthful b. came warmly interested in the enterprise, and when an appear was made to their gazerosity, numbers eagerly solved the opportunity of manifesting their fore and devotion to Mary by giving an aime to said its advancement and erection. True, the rith have laviande their donations most productly, but the poportunity of manifesting their fore and devotion to Mary by giving an aime to said its advancement and erection. True the rith have laviande their donations may be contributed they are developed to the pop have voluntarily and willingly imposed upon themselves that they might likewise linrow in their mile.

The exertior of this church is most striking and willingly imposed upon themselves that they might likewise linrow in their mile.

The exertior of this church is most striking and times of architecture it finds so many beautiful

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is one of the most amisble 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 ruers 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 Schonbrund; and it always pleased him when such persons, mistaking him, from 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 lead 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

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 admision:-Messrs. Blake, Brooks, Colthurst, Daly, Dawson, Errington, Findlater, Foley, Lalor, Lea, Leamy, Lever, Litton, Lyons, M'Carthy, M'Coan, Martin, Marum, Meldon, Molloy, O'Beirne, A. O'Connor, O'Donnell, O'Donoghue, O'Shea, O Sullivan, R. Power, Redmond Richardson, Smithwick, Stuart, Sullivan (2), Synan. The Irish members who voted for Mr. Bradlaugh were-Mesers. Barry, Biggar, Commins, Fay, Finigan, Johnson, Law, Noian, T. P. O'Connor, O'Gorman, Mahon, O'Kelly,

The New Orleans Picayune says that the puzzle blocks originated in Philadelphia, where the blocks of houses are so much alike

home.