#### THE VOICES OF THE FLOWERS.

If you lie with your ear to the soft green earth, When the rain and the sunshine fall.

You can hear the dowers in their gay glad mirth To each other whisper and load.

For hush'd, like an infant in steep they lie In their moist coollegis; below, Aweary of hearing the wind's bleak sigh, And the falling of the snow.

But when Spring comes down to the earth, and Sends a thrill through woodland and plain, And the clouds weep tears that are soft and sweet,
But which we miscall the rain.

Then they waken up with a light in their look, And in low sweet, whispers they cry— Sisters, a murmur is heard in the brook, And sunshine is seen in the sky.

"It is time we should burst through the young green earth,
As the stars through the heavens by night,
That the young and the old may rejoice in our

And we in the calm, sweet light." Then one said, "Sisters, were shall we grow? I shall grow by the side of the stream, And all day long I will blossom and blow, Till the dews fold me up in a dream."

"And I," said another." will bloom by the way
Where the children go in a band;
They will stop for a moment their gladsome play, And touch my lips with their hand."

"I will peep from the long rich grass," said one,
"When the meadows bow to the wind,
And will catch like dewdrops the fairy tone
Of the music it leaves behind."

"And I," said one, "in some garden rare, Where my fairer sisters abide; And it may be that I may be twined in the hair Of the maid as she blooms into bride."

Then a sweeter voice held the rest in thrall—
"O sisters, what things ye have said!
I shall grow in the sweetest spot of all—
On the graves of the calm pure dead.

"They will know that I blossom above their dust,
And will yearn, in their silent abode,
For the grand Resurrection to crown their trust
In the love and the promise of God."

Thus the flowers whisper, and if you lie
When the rain and the sunshine fall,
You will hear them question and make reply
If your heart is at one with all.
—Good Words.

## One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes Fleming.

# PART II.

CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

Thereupon everybody laughs, and the bright hue of the young lady's cheek grows brighter, and altogether it is a feast to be remembered, a symposium of the gods. All the while not a word is dropped that can enlighten the mind of mamma. After tea there is music, and Lewis is the musician, all his heart in the songs he sings, in the rich melody his fingers awake. Sydney sits in a trance, and listens, and knows that if the deep happiness she feels were to end with this night, it might still compensate for a lifetime of sorrow. Presently it is nine, and she starts up, and announces that it is time to go. She kisses Lucy and Lucy's mother, with an ardor only one of them understands; and so, with Lewis following, flits away and disappears.

It is a bright winter night, cold and clear, a night that photographs itself on the memory of both. The streets are full of people, but there are two in solitude—they drift on slowly, silent again, and neither knowing they are silent. But, presently, the gentleman breaks the spell.

'Sydney,' he says, and the troubled look that worries Sydney is back in his eyes, 'after all, this is a leap in the dark for you. What do you know of me in reality?'

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue.
A doublet of the Lincoln green. No more of me you knew. My love, No more of me you knew!"

laughingly says Sydney, out of her radiantly happy heart. But Nolan will not laugh, he looks down at

her with those gray dark eyes of his, Miss Owenson thinks the most beautiful in the world, and reiterates his remark.

'You know nothing of me or my life. may be the greatest villain on earth for all that you can tell.'

'Excuse me, Mr. Nolan, that is your little mistake. Partly from Lucy, partly from your out telling me if I had not chanced to overdeting mamma, partly from Mrs. Graham, partly from Uncle Grif-all your devoted slaves-I have heard the whole biography of Lewis Nolan since he was an interesting cherub in long robes, 'and the best child,' as Mamma Nolan emphatically tells me, that ever lay in a cradle.' Could the most exacting inquirer ask more?'

Mr. Nolan sees fit to laugh at this, but to Sydney's disgust grows grave again directly. I may have secrets in my life that even these good friends do not know. Which of us are known to our nearest and dearest as we are. Sydney there is something that I | and Mrs. Macgregor majestic behind the ought to tell you, that you have a right to coffee-pot, her Roman nose higher in the air, know, and-that may part us.'

'No, no!' Sydney cries out, holding his arm tighter; 'I do not believe it. Oh! Lewis, you have not-you have not-'A hidden wife? supplements Lewis and laughs again. My dear child, no. No woman on earth has the faintest claim upon

me excepting yourself.' She draws a long breath of relief. For a moment the absurd notion that he has put or poison—take your choice!' into words has actually flashed across her

brain. 'Nothing else can matter then, if you love me, and no one else will suffer. For I could not take even you, Lewis, from one stirs her tea. who had the slightest prior claim.'

'No one has a prior claim now. Onceyears ago -I cared for, or fancied I cared for, which amounts to the same thing, a girl who threw me over. I hink of that, Miss Owenson! You honor with your preference a

jilted man ! 'l owe her ten thousand thanks that she did jilt you. But what attroclous taste she must have had! Is that your awful secret, Lewis?

'No, Sydney; I wish to heaven it were. In my past life I---

'Lewis stop!' she cries out again, in affright. 'I don't want to know. I would rather not know. I won't know! No matter what it is-even if a crime-it has been repented of and atoned for, I am sure. With your past life I have nothing to do. I take you as you are, asking no questions. Only be faithful and true to me, loving me with your whole heart always, for with less I will not be content. and I ask no more.'

'No more,' he repeats, strong repressed passion in his tone, fire in his eye. 'Sydney! you mean that?'

I mean that. I ask no more. 'And whatever comes—if in the future what I would tell you now comes to your ears, you will hold me blameless?

'I hold you blameless, so that you are still all mine. 'Thank Heaven!'

ULLLe land? Did he say it or did she only fancy it? He

drew a deep breath of great relief, and looked at the fair and noble face with eyes of almost adoration./// Sydney, you are an angel. No, you are

Oh! no, no, she said, earnestly-'a very faulty and erring woman, wanting a clear head and a loving heart to guide her; want ing some one braver and wiser than herself to help her through life."

And you think me that better and wiser

utterable remorse and pain in his voice. Was he doing wrong in taking this trusting girl at her word, in all the innocence of ignorance, and making her his own, the secret of his life untold?

ney says, shyly. 'I too, was once before engaged. Did you know it, Lewis?'

And the knowledge now gives him a curi-

I did not care for him in-in this way.

Sydney's voice trembles even now, as she recalls that dreadful tmie.

'I wish for no more,' she says, and gives him both her hands. They are at Mrs. Macgregor's door; and

opens, a blaze of light falls upon them, and Mrs. Macgregor, awful as Macbeth, majestic and stern, in full evening dress, stood before Tableau i

Mr. Nolan takes off his hat, Sydney blushes vividly, Mrs. Macgreger stands and glares petrified, middle-aged gorgon. 'Good-evening, Mrs. Macgregor,' says Mr-

His voice breaks the chilling spell. Will you not come in, Lewis?' says Miss Owenson, bravely, 'No? Well, then, goodnight. Tell Lucy I shall see her to-

morrow. 'Good-night,' he says, biting his lip to repress a smile, and tuns down the steps.

is writen so radiantly in Sydney's lovely Will you come into the drawing-room,

Miss Owenson?' she says, in a sharp metallic voice. 'I would like to speak to you before you retire.' 'Not to-night, Aunt Helen,' Miss Owenson

'It is half-past ten,' says Aunt Helen, in an acrid tone, and a glance of the darkest dis-

pleasure.

She runs up lightly, that smile still on her lips. There will he a scene to-morrow, and the truth must come out. The scene will be unpleasant, and Sydney wants nothing un- that.' pleasant to mar the memory of this perfect night. She does what all young women in love do, in books and out of them, sits at the

window and contemplates the moon. young man with gray eyes and not a rap in his pocket, tells her he is in love with her. She looks up at her 'Sintram'-the moonlight is full on the dark, sad, remorseful

I shall make his life so happy that he will cease to resemble poor, tempted, melancholy. Sintram. I never rejoiced in my wealth before, but I do now for his sake. And to think -to think he would have gone away withhear.

> What some have found so sweet: Then let come what come may, No matter if I go mad, I shall have had my day.'

ing with a face from which even the prospect of what is to come cannot dim the sunshine. Mrs. and Miss Macgregor are already seated, Katherine immersed in the morning paper, remembers to have seen it. But Miss Owennot deficient in pluck. She encounters the stony stare of the mistress of the mansion

'Tea, please. Any news this morning, Katie?

'Nothing especial,' answers Katic, rather

voice that makes every nerve in Sydney's bidy wince, 'it is my duty, unpleasant this long ago, and was nearly in despair when though it may be, to speak seriously to you this morning. Your parents are dead, I am your nearest living relative, and you are a member of my family. All these considera- smile. tions compel me to tell you that I was shocked—yes, Sydrey, honestly shocked—by what I saw last night.

Did you see anything very awful, Aunt Helen? inquired Miss Owenson, taking some dry toast.

'I saw what I did not expect to see-Reginald Owenson's daughter lowering herself----'

quite understand Mrs. Macgregor.' Sydney's voice is quite calm, her blue eyes look steadily across the table, but she is growing very pale.

'I repeat it-lowering herself,' says Mrs. Macgregor. 'Is it necessary for me to say that Lewis Nolan is no fit companion for Captain Owenson's daughter?

Your daughter first introduced me to Mr. Nolan. I take it for granted she would not introduce me to any one unfit to be my companion, and I met him next at the house of one of your most intimate friends. He is a gentleman, is he not, Aunt Helen; and as such, a fitting companion for any lady in the

ent on my brother's bounty, a young man your place even I might fall in love with less I hear something more manly of you very well in his way, no doubt, but low—low and marry a poor man. The property was ance at an end.'

Ill news havels apace—perhaps that was ance at an end.' both in bringing up and connections; at no night!

Miss Owenson has thrown back her head, her face is pale, her eyes are shining as only blue eves shine in intense, repressed anger.

'I have long intended,' Mrs. Macgregor's metallic voice goes on, to speak to you of this young man's house; but, knowing you dinary visits to the homes of your pensioners. But last night I heard you-even now I can scarcely credit my ears-I heard you call that Graham, in her foolish way, has taken this young man up; that her equally foolish husband has taken him into partnership. All the same, he is none the less your inferior, and beneath your notice; and when you permit him the freedom I saw with my own eyes last night, you--it is a strong word, but I must use it-you degrade yourself, Sydnev.'

'Mother?' cries Katherine, throwing down her paper. Miss Owenson rises to her feet, and stands

tall, and stately, and pale as death. 'It is a word that has never been used to me before; it is one that shall never be used to me again in this house. All Madison Avenue, all the friends you have, Mrs. Macgregor, might have been standing as you were last night, looking on, and I would have held Lewis Nolan's hand all the closer, and stood by his side, prouder of my right to stand there than of any one else on earth. For I have the right, Sydney says, a flush of exultant joy, triumph and love lighting her face, it is my great happiness this morning to tell you, the right to stand by his side my whole life long!'

'Sydney!' Mrs. Macgregor exclaims. She rises also, blanched with horror. 'You do not mean,-you cannot mean-. That I am to be Lewis Nolan's wife? Yes, Aunt Helen, whenever he sees fit to

claim me.' Aunt Helen drops back into her seat with thud. Katherine sits and gazes at Sydney with glittering cold black eyes.

'I am sorry if I in any way cause you annoyance, Aunt Helen,' Sydney goes on in a gentler tone. She is so infinitely happy that she can afford charity to others. 'You are my nearest relative, as you say, and I am at present under your care. It will afford me pleasure to please you in any way in my power, to yield to you in all proper matters, but here you must not interfere. I am Mr. Nolan's plighted wife; you are free to announce it to every acquaintance you have. and as soon as you please. Any affront offered to him I shall resent, as I would never think of resenting an affront offered to myself.

And then Miss Owenson, still stately and uplifted, bows her head and goes. Mrs. Macgregor sits up paralysed; Miss Macgregor holds her *Herald* up before her face and stares at it, and never sees a word.

Lewis Nolan! the mother faintly gasps, leasure.

at last. 'Sydney Owenson to marry Lewis
'Is it?' retorts Sydney, carelessly. 'All Nolan! Katherine, are you deaf, that you the more reason! should go to my room at sit there and read? Did you hear what she

> 'I heard, mother,' Katherine answers, icily. 'I am not surprised. She is worthy of him —I can praise Sydney no more highly than

'Katherine!' 'And mother, as Miss Owenson is her own mistress, and you have not a shadow of right over her, and as she pays you trebly for her Sunday was dreary, yesterday was dull, to-day had been weary—to-night all that earth household, I would strongly advise you to be held of ectasy was hers, because a sailow civil. An heiress need never want friends; loors will be open to her if you make you house too hot to hold her. She may even marry Mr. Nolan out of hand, and have a home of her own. I would in her

With which Katherine leaves the room, and her mother is alone, to chew the cud of sweet What can his secret be? But it is nothing and bitter fancies. Very bitter she finds that concerns me—he has told me that; and them. To refuse Dick, to refuse Van Cuyler -all for this Lewis Nolan. What does she see in him? Aunt Helen thinks, helplessly. If he were a very handsome man she could understand a romantic girl's fancy and folly. but he is not-he is dark and sallow, and thin, with prominent features, and nothing attractive about him except a voice for singing. a gift that rather detracts from a mar's manliness, in Mrs. Macgregor's eyes. He may be clever in his way, but if Sydney wanted cleverness, why did she not take Ernest Van Cuyler, a gentleman and a scholar, and a man who wrote books, surfounded too, by the aroma of conquest and fame. Why had she fallen in love with this young man, Nolan? What does she see in him? The case is hopeless; the conundrum unsolvable. Iu a stunned way she rises and gives it up at last.

Katherine runs up to Sydney's room and raps at the door. Let me in, Sydney, please,' she says; 'it

is only I .' Sydney obyes. She has been crying, Kutherine can see-the usual ending of feminine

heroics; and Katle takes her in her arms impulsively and kisses her.

Sydney leans her arm on the mantel and her face on her arm, tears welling up in her

eyes again. 'Don't mind mamma,' goes on Katherine. Your conduct is sheer madness in her eyes, nothing less. And who can wonder? Refusing Ernest Van Cuyler last week, and accepting Lewis Nolan this? How pleased Mrs. Graham will be; she set her heart on she heard of his departure. Of course the Sacramento exile is at an end now, says Katie, with a touch of her old satirical

· I hope so. 1 don't know, Sydney and swers, in a stifled voice.

There is silence, and Katherine stands and

looks at her, half curiously, half admiringly. 'And so, my beautiful Cousin Sydney, captor so long, is captive at last! Shall you be married after Lent, Sydney?'

'I don't know.' 'I would!' says Katherine, energetically. Why should you wait? you will be ever so much happier in a home of your own, and where is the object in waiting half-a-dozen years while he struggles upward. One of you has money, and I know in your primitive creed it doesn't matter which, though it would to most people. But then most people would not throw themselves away-don't be angry, Syd-it is throwing yourself away in one sense.

Be kind enough not to say so, Katie. If I were told a kingdom and a crown were awaiting me, they could not give me a tithe of the happiness the knowledge that he loves me does.

It must be nice to be unworldly and freshand?'
'A gentleman! He is a pauper, a depend- but then it is a luxury you can afford. In Good morning to you, Mr. Lewis Nolan. Un- his arm goes up the aisle. Little Monsieur

time the proper associate of a young lady in your position, and notoriously unfit to be her lity with which the stunning fact of Miss solitary [escort home at ten o'clock at Owenson's engagement extraordinary transpired. To Lewis Nolan! Who was this Lewis Nolan? cried out the uninitiated; and the answer came crushingly:

'A young fellow without a penny; his mother an Irishwoman who sews for a living
—son educated for the bar through the char-Esquire-man who plays the organ in a

Can it be wondered at, that the best society of this democratic city held up their hands aghast, shocked, outraged, indignant? One young man Lewis, saw you stand with both of the richest heiresses in New York, the last hands clasped in his! I know that Mrs. of a fine old English family, a young lady who had refused Ernest Vandervelde Van Cuyler only a few weeks ago! There must be something intrinsically wrong, mentally or morally, with this handsome and high-spirited Miss Owenson—insanity latent probably in the family.

Of course very little of all this came to Miss Owenson's ears, but of course also, she could hardly fail to read the wonder, the pity, the curiosity in the faces she met; and, what was much worse, Aunt Helen, afraid of open warfare, had frozen into strong rigidity. Not Lot's wife had ever been stiffer, harder, colder, than was displeased Aunt Helen Macgregor. She had always disliked this fortune hunter, this adventurer, this Bohemian young Nolan. As a boy, the money brother Grif should have spent on Dick had been wasted on this pauper lad. As a boy, at the same school, this augacious mendicant had carried of prize after prize over Dick's devoted head. And now this final and never-to-betorgiven sin of winning Sydney Owenson by his artifices, and for her fortune only, has been committed. He had been taken—Dick left. No wonder Mrs. Macgregor's thoughts were gall and bitterness; no wonder that severe Roman profile grew awful in Miss Owenson's sight: no wonder every word that fell from

her lips were as so many icicles. Mrs. Graham, on the contrary, was transported, and embraced Sydney over and again in an ectasy of gushing match-making joy. 'You were made for each other, my dar-ling! I saw that from the first. I should never have forgiven you, Sydney, if you had

let him go. Mrs. Graham was Sydney's one friend. At her house she and Lewis sometimes met, but

ished. The world should respect, if she to honor. But it was a false position, and the girl,

As the Spring wore on and Easter near, her life at the Macgregors' began to grow intolerable. Katherine was kind, but unsym-pathetic. Katie's mother was simply unendurable. All her life Sydney had been the petted of the household-unkindness, coldness, covert sneers, icy glances, stabbed her like daggers. Without creating infinite gossip and scandal, she could not quit Mrs. Macgregor's house, and gossip and scandal were the nightmares of her life. Her wealth would have opened scores of doors, but not one home. She was happy, infinitely happy in her heart's choice, but that did not prevent very many bitter tears being shed in the solitude of her own room. She grew pale and nervous, lost fiesh and color rapidly in this ordeal, and a troubled startled look was growing habitual to the lovely serene eyes. Mrs. Graham saw with her growing indignation the crange in her young friend, and at last her feelings

'I never thought Lewis, whatever your faults-and their name is legion, very likely -that you were altogether heartless!' cries Mrs. Graham with compressed lips and flash-

My dear madam, expostulates Mr. Nolan. looking up laughingly from a pile of legal cap, for the lady had gone all the way to the Wall street office to rate the delinquent, 'what

What are you not doing, rather? Have you no eyes? Cannot you see that she is growing thin as a shadow and white as a spirit in that house, under the tyranny of that old gorgon? But, of course, you cannot. Men are proverbially as blind as bats. Other people can see how wratchedly the poor child is looking; but you, who ought to be the first, don tor won't see anything at all. Go to!' cries Mrs. Graham, who laid down an Elizabeth novel just before coming out. 'I have

I am powerless to help her or take her from

His dark eyes glow, his lips set sternly

Never has he felt the bitterness of being poor man as he feels it now. He would give girl had money for a dozen, do you think I cantankerous old cat like Helen Macgregor? give her a home of her own, and a husband to take care of her, and never stop to think of it twice.'

But as I am so utterly poor, what would the world say! Would it be honorableIn spite of himself, Nolan laughs-Mrs.

Graham's excitement and indignation are so real. He escorts her to her carriage. "Beggar that I am, I am poor even in thanks, but I thank you, he says, for your more than friendly interest in Sydney and

'Show your gratitude then by acting as you should. Home, Thomas, retorts Mrs. Graham, snappishly.

He returns to his work, but he cannot work. It has been his dream to make a name and a home for his bride, but not such a home as she has been accustomed to just at first, but still one of his making. But what if Mrs. Graham is right? Is Sydney unhappy among the Macgregors, and for his sake? so, is it not his duty to take her from them, to pocket his pride and ambition, defy the world's scoff, and make her his wife at once?

He tries in vain to concentrate his mind on the brief point before him. He throws it aside, puts on his hat and coat, and goes home. It is one of Sydney's days, he has a chance of finding her there yet. He has noticed, with keenest pain, how fragile and changed she has grown of late. He can in-fer pretty well what a kind of enemy Mrs. Macgregor can be.

Sydney is still there; is alone in the little parlor, playing for Lucy in the chamber. She starts up, a flush of surprise and delight making her face bright at sight of him.

'You, Lewis, and before five! How could vou tear yourself away from that enchanting office and those fascinating big books bound

Don't be sarcastic, Sydney.' says Mr. Nolan; 'sarcasm is not the strong point of your sex. I tore myself away because I fancied you might be still here, and I was hungry to see you.'

The bright color stays in her face under his grave eyes and at his words, but in spite of it he can see the change in her. The hands that lie loosely in her lap are thin and transparent. He takes one and slips off without an effort the simple engagement ring he has given her.

'Three weeks ago, Sydney,' he says, that troubled look in his eyes, 'this ring fitted so tightly that it was an effort to get it on. Now see it drop off. My princess, what is the matter?

The rosy light leaves her face; she looks away from him, out into the grimy street, upon which the red flush of an early April sunset lies. 'You are suffering for me,' he goes on;

Mrs. Macgregor is making your life miserable. You are not happy there, Sydney, I can see that. I have seen it from the first. And I-it will be so many years before I have a fitting home to offer you.' She does not look at him, she watches those

ruby gleams of sunlight on the dusty street, her color coming and going. Her heart is full of words, but she is a woman, and her lips may not speak them. He had dropped her hand, and is walking up and down, his brows bent. He stops abruptly before her in his walk, takes both her hands, and gazes down at her, a resolute look in the shady darkness of his eyes.

'Sydney,' he says, 'without a home; with neither fame nor fortune to offer you, will you marry me-at once?'

She lays her face down on the hands that clasp hers, almost with a sob. 'My only home can be where you are,' she answers; that is no home. I am-oh! so miserable there, Lewis; I can never have any

home except as your wite.' So it is settled.

Now that the plunge is taken, Mr. Nolan shows himself a man of energy and decision. The marriage shall take place at once-this very month. Miss Owenson pleads for a little longer respite.

Not this month, Lewis—say next. I can never be ready. 'Ready? What do you call being ready? You do not mean to go in for an expensive

trousseau, I hope. At our wedding such a thing would be a mockery.' Sydney knows that, and hesitates. Then

Mrs. Graham goes over to the enemy, and her side kicks the beam. 'Married in May! Don't you know May is the unluckiest month in the year for mar-

riages? It is not to be thought of. 'They do all their marrying and giving in marriage, in May, in London,' says Miss Owenson. 'They may do in London as they please

you shall do in New York as New Yorkers Does nobody marry in New York in May Mrs. Graham?

'Don't ask ridiculous questions, Miss Owenson. Be guided by the superior wisdom of your elders. May is an unlucky marrying month. Let us call it the last week of April and be happy.

Sydney laughs, blushes, glances shyly at

make her Lewis's wife. As this is the close of the first week, there is very little time for preparation. Sydney screws her courage to the sticking place, and announces the fact at home, and Mrs. Macgregor turns yellow with passion. 'I cannot prevent this madness of yours,

rage; 'but in no way will I countenance it. No one from my house shall be present. Across this threshold that man shall never 'That is understood,' said Sydney Owen-

son, very pale, but quite calm. What I wish to know is, if I have your permission to remain here until my wedding day? I would prefer it myself. An open family feud is de-

'And add insult to injury. That I could never forgive.' 'Then I remain. For that, at least, Aunt

Helen, I thank you.'
But Aunt Helen's answer is a look of exa ceeding bitterness. Katherine says little; long-standing visit to Philadelphia, and flits

away to pay her debt. And now the days go by: one by one they dawn, glide by, and are over, and all at once the wedding day is here.

A lovely day—sunny, serene, cloudless. In Mrs. Graham's carriage, by Mrs. Graham's

Von Ette is dancing about, wild with excitement, and there, grave and gray, is Mr. Graham, and there tearful and trembling Mrs. Nolan. And now she kneels, and he is beside her, and the marriage is begun. Uncle Grif gives her away, blushing all over his bald head; Mrs. Graham snifts audibly behind her pocket-handkerchief, and in Mrs. Nolan's eyes there are quiet tears; but Sydney lifts two eyes of beavenly radiance to the bridegroom's face as he slips the ring on her finger, and knows that the desire of her heart

They are married. For the last time the door of the Macgregor house has closed upon her as home; it is to Mrs. Nolan's they go to breakfast. And there Lucy awaits them, and into Lucy's arms the bride goes and cries for

bless and keep you both."

nor veil, nor wreath, nor trailing whiteness

But it is doubtful if ever more blissful bride stood by her wedded lover's side than Sydney Nolan.

(To be Continued.)

Some two years ago a leading journal in the States complained, that the Ottawa College, to which their young gentlemen were flocking, was a French establishment; certain journals in Canada now tell the world, that it is a downright English College. So it is, "Le meunier, son Fils, et l'Ane"!

which their young gentlemen were nocking was a French establishment; certain journals in Canada now tell the world, that it is a downright English College. Sq it is," Le metrair; son Fils, et l'Ane"?

Of these two charges the second is true; and its truth has been proved to a demonstration by the editor of a Canadian Journal. Taking the trouble to overhaul the programme, he makes it as clear is that three-times-three is nine, that for eix hoursgiven to French, twenty-five are given to English, that the classes are all tangit to the course, ignore the fact, that French is taught to English, that the classes are all tangit bere, and taught with very great care, and by French-speaking masters,—some native Canadians, some native Frenchien.

Welt, the fact is true; that language which is overrunning the globe has established itself in the Ottawa College. But does the fact need an apology? Is it a mystery? We think not.

Whatever the nationality of the heads and professors of the college may be, the great majority of the pupils are English speakers and of the Irish race. It was impossible for the founders of the college to foresee what race vould contribute most to its support. But as time went on, the Irish element prevalled, and that to such a degree, that English became the language of the playground, This issue decided the adoption of that language as the teaching medium, and yearshaye now elassed since the business of the College began to be conducted in the language of the pupils. So far they have but followed the over-ruing guidance of Providence; but, in the revolution of time, with the ever-changing tide of human affairs, it may be, that the Freuch will gain the accendency, or else, that in the other Catholic Colleges in Canada, English will claim its place.

And what reason can be assigned for this attack made on an English-speaking establishment? It is that there is a dearth of colleges in the insection of the kind that the rein numbers equal to the support of three colleges. It is because the Ottawa Colle

### BREVITIES.

-An aged woman died in Philadelphia from fright at seeing her son and a burglar in

-A little Rochester boy said. " Let's play butcher," and carried out the suggestion by chopping off one of his companion's toes. -Salvini will speak Italian during his

will be in English. -A physician in Pierce County, Wisconsin, hived two pugilists to accompany him on a collection tour, and every man who could

-The Rev. Charles Dana Barrows of Lowell, Mass, took some of his friends out on a coaching excursion. He drove very fast, the day was hot, and the exercise killed one of the horses, while the three others barely sur-

IND.GESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

What the Nuns in the United States and the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame in Canada think of the New York

Weber Pianos:--The Lady Superior of Mount St. Vincent Academy, New York, says:

"We have used Mr. A. Weber's Planos in this institution for several years, and feel pleasure in recommending them for their fine tone and durability. They give entire satisfaction in every respect,"

SR. MARY ANGELA HUGHES,
Superioress.

Rev. Sister St. Romouald says:

Rev. Sister St. Romouald says:

New York Plano Co.,—
Gentlemen,—It is with pleasure that I hasten to announce that I am perfectly satisfied with the Weber (New York) Plano, which I bought from you. It gives every satisfiaction, and I would be happy to have it introduced into all our establishments, as well as to all those who wish to buy a fine plano.

Yours respectfully,
SISTER ST. ROMOUALD, Superior.

Congregation de Notre Dame,
Joliette, June, 1879.

These magnificent Pianos are sold to the Nuns at wholesale prices. Wholesale and Retail Agents for the Dominion at New York Piano Co.'s stores, 226 and 228 St. James street, Montreal.

made in Ontario, and sold by unscrupulous Agents as WEBER Pianos.

what is infinitely beffer for me—a perfect

guide? My poor little Sydncy!' There was an unutterable bitterness, un-

'I too, have my confession to make,' Syd-

No, he answers, 'I did not know it.'

ous sort of jealous pain. 'Yes, and was very nearly married, but he died, poor fellow; was killed in fact. I had grown up together, and I was tond of him as a sister. My father desired me to be his wife; I was only seventeen, and knew no other will than my dear father's. But he

died.'

Do not say any more,' Nolan says tenderly I can see it pains you to recall it. Let the dead past be buried, and from this night, I swear my whole life, my every thought shall be open to you. If perfect love, if perfect fidelity, all I have to offer, can in any way repay the sacrifice you make for me, then they are yours.'

as she speaks the words, and he clasps in his those two extended hands, that door suddenly

Nolan, politely, and by no means crushed.

She lingers a moment to watch him, and even Mrs. Macgregor cannot but read what

replies, smiling gayly, at the same time turning to go up-stairs.

once. Good-night, Aunt Heler.'

'I have seen Lewis to-night with just that look,' she thinks, with a sort of trouble.

My life has found

CHAPTER X. " 1 SHALL HAVE HAD MY DAY." Sydney goes down to breakfast next mornand more awfully Roman than Sydney ever son is the daughter of a fighting sailor, and

vith a frankly pleasant smile, although her eart beats a trifle faster than is its wont.

'Coffee or tea?' says Mrs. Macgregor to her think I half expected this from the first.' with a frankly pleasant smile, although her heart beats a trifle faster than is its wont.

young relative, as who should say, · Pistols

coldly, and Sydney receives her tea-cup and 'Sydney!' begins Mrs. Macgregor, in a

'Lowering herself? I do not think I

the impropriety of your frequent visits to ity of Mr. Griffith Glenn and John Graham, were very charitable to the poor, I forced my-self to believe your visits there were as or-

not often, but Mr. Nolan was, as usual, very much occupied, and seemed to have received a new impetus to work. He had even for a brief time no intention of giving up his Cali-fornia project—he could attain the desired end so much more quickly there. Sydney had looked reproachfully and imploring, and Mrs. Graham had scolded him roundly for such 'a tempting of Providence;' Lucy and his mother had pleaded, and finally, not without some reluctance, it was abandoned . He was working hard, as had been said, with thoughts and hopes that made the dry-asdust office work sweet, and at infrequent intervals he and his affianced met chiefly at Mrs. Graham's. Mrs. Macgregor's doors were closed against him. On Sydney's visits to his home he was almost invariably absent, and his partner's house was the only one he visited. When they met in company here, it was good to see Sydney take her place at his side, as one having the right, jealous least any should fancy for a moment that she was either afraid or ashamed of her choice. The reserve that would have been hers had her lover been what the world called her equal, and that would have forbidden any public pronounced attention, she resolutely ban-

could make it, this man whom she delighted

delicate and sensitive. felt it.

grew too many for her, and she lifted up her voice and spoke.

have I done now?'

no patience with you.' Do you mean Sydney?' Lewis says, in a troubled tone. 'My dear Mrs. Graham, what can I do? I have seen the change in her; I know they make her suffer for my sake, and

his life to save her pain, and he must stand by and see her suffer, powerless to help her. What can you do!' retorts Mrs. Graham, with a scornful little snort. 'You can marry her, I suppose.' If I were a man,' cries this stont and excitable matron, and a lovely girl were ridiculous enough to love me, and that would leave her to be made miserable by No, sir, I would marry her out of hand, and

'A fig for the world—that for your honor. What is all the world to you compared with Sydney's health and happiness? Honorable -I like that. Is it more honorable for you to grub along in this office for the next ten years, making a competence while you let her life be tortured out of her, than to marry her

Mr. Nolan, and yields the point; but in her eyes no month will be unlucky that will

Sydney,' she says, in a voice of concentrated

testable. If not, I will go to Mrs. Gra-

but, two days after she discovers she owes a

side, the bride goes to church. She wears a pale gray travelling suit, with a trifle of white lace and blue ribbon at the throat, a gray hat and gray gloves. Not a flower, not a jewel; a shop girl would have thought it plain. She is quite pale with emotion, but in her heart there is not a doubt, not a tremor. That other wedding day, with all its bridal bells and bravery, its bright array of bridesmaids, comes back for a moment, but she banishes the uncanny resemblance. Indeed, Bertie Vaughan is but the palest memory now, and has been ever since she met Lewis. To-day there are neither bells nor bridesmaids, but in the church the bridegroom stands looking as he always looks in Sydney's eyes 'a man of men.

a moment hysterically.
'My own dear sister,' Lucy says, 'Heaven

So she has been married, and the outrage upon society consummated. With neither bridesmaids nor bridal gifts, nor reception,

of wedding-robe, nor anything proper.

OTTAWA COLLEGE CALLED TO

ACCOUNT.

tour next winter in this country, while the subordinate parts in Shakespeare's tragedies

pay, but wouldn't, was soundly whipped. -Gustave Dore is engaged upon a picture painted on a colossal scale like the majority of his Scriptural subjects, and illustrating the text. " Come unto me all ve that laborand are heavy laden."

Beware of the Bogus Weber Pianos