

QUAM DILECTA.

How sweet, O Lord, Thy house to those Who from-borned, plant all hope in Thee!
Which of our souls find true repose Upon life's troubled sea?
Speak not to me of mansions proud, Of brilliant throngs and pageants gay; Vain show! beneath its glittering shroud Work heartache and decay.
Far dearer be to us the soft, Deep silence of the house of God, Than Fashion's halls, whose floors too oft Our feet, perchance, have trod.
More beautiful the flickering light That spends itself 'fore Jesus' throne, Than myriad lamps, surpassing bright, That burn for man alone.
More welcome far a lifelong lease Of meagrest nook, if near to Thee, Than Art's superbest masterpiece In sinners' company.
One day at home with Thee, O Lord,— One little while upon Thy breast, Is joy the world can not award 'E'en everlasting quest!

O blest indeed are they that dwell Amid Thy presence, sweetening pure! Nought else our fevered pulse can quell, Our sin-sick souls can cure.

For Thee, the True, the Good, the Strong, We thirst in all earth's darkened ways; Celestial Zion's courts we long To tread beneath Thy gaze.

Our hearts are fainting for Thy face, As Holy David's did of yore; When shall we feel Thy fond embrace On heaven's tranquil shore?

*Ps., lxxxiii. REV. ANDREW DOOLEY, in Ave Maria.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROWS."

PROLOGUE. "I never connected these circumstances with his present depression. Dr. Merimee, you knew M. Antoine—you saw him a few days before his death—what is your own opinion about it?"

"M. Antoine de Vaux was insane; his death by his own hand the irresponsible act of a madman."

"You must tell me the truth now," she said, her breath coming quickly, her tongue parched and dry with excitement. "Is there any other member of my husband's family you have ever attended whom you have suspected of being of unsound mind?"

"Yes, madame."

She stood for a moment with her hand pressed tightly against her heart, gathering strength before she should dare to ask the next question.

"Dr. Merimee," she said at last, standing before him cold and rigid as a corpse, but with her voice still clear and firm, "is my husband mad?"

"No, madame; not yet."

"But he will be?"

"I cannot say. Care may save him. He must not hope; he must not get excited. Above all, he must not fear. His sister has escaped, and one of his brothers—"

"And the other?"

"The other is in a private asylum in Brazil."

"And my son?—Oh, my God!" broke from the mother's lips, as she wrung her hands in dry-eyed agony.

It seemed to her, in those first moments of concentrated horror, that she would never again be able to look into her son's eyes without realising there some shadowing of his ghastly inheritance.

Her life so far, though full of change and movement, had been extremely happy. Married young to a man she passionately loved, for eleven years she had never known a wish unfulfilled, and at his death she had been perfectly ready to retire into perpetual widowhood with her daughter. Gaston de Vaux's vehement pleading induced her to break this resolve, and now, at thirty-nine, after twenty brilliant years of life at its best and brightest, with her youthful daughter recently married, an indigent husband devoted to her, and a son she adored, she had seemed until today to see before her a middle age of such sunny contentment and peace, such a field for her affections and her energies, as should make youth a thing to look back upon with pleasure, but without regret.

Now a black veil of doubt and terror seemed to shroud the smiling prospect; for all her life of luxurious ease, she was as full of courage, endurance, and resource, as though she had been trained in the rough school of poverty and neglect. Against any evil to those she loved which prudence or devotion might avert, she would have been ready and eager to fight; but before this stealthy foe, this insidious malady of tainted blood and hereditary disease, she felt absolutely powerless. A sensation of bitter anger for a moment swept over her heart, at the thought of the deception which had been practised on her, soon to be replaced by tender and more compassionate thoughts for the father of her son. It was not for her husband, indeed, that she was suffering, but for her child. When, after the first paralyzing effect of the doctor's words had worn off, she could collect her ideas sufficiently to think and to recollect clearly, a dozen little incidents, trivial in themselves, but full of terrible import now, flashed into her mind.

That Gaston had not entirely escaped from the family curse was terribly evident to her now; but the question which burnt into her mind was not connected with him, but with her boy.

From Dr. Merimee she learnt that Gaston's father had lived and died in the full enjoyment of unclouded reason, not being remarkable even for any eccentricity of conduct. Gaston's sister and one of his brothers, moreover, were perfectly sane, although two generations farther back, a De Vaux of Normandy had cut his throat at the gaming-table while he had risked and lost his fortune.

All this Madame de Vaux heard for the first time. With a morbid dread lest his wife should learn the terrible secret, Gaston de Vaux had never taken her to the Norman estate, which he

shared with his brothers and sister; nor would he ever allow her to pay more than a passing visit of a few days to Paris, and it was only by accident she had learnt that he was in the habit of consulting M. Merimee.

All the doctor could do now was to beg her again to use the utmost care with her husband, and to furthermore advise her, most seriously, never to let her son know of his family's misfortune.

"Put him to school in England. Bring him up as a healthy English boy. Half the danger in these cases springs from the morbid fear of it. And, meanwhile, let me know from time to time exact particulars concerning M. Gaston's state of health, mental and physical."

There was nothing more that he could say or do for her; but he saw his confidence in her justified by the manner in which she took leave of him, and, talking sweetly, and even brightly, to her son, returned to her carriage; her face a little paler, the lines about her mouth a little harder than before; but with firm step, clear voice, and the same dignified grace she had shown on entering the house an hour before.

He watched her from behind the half-drawn curtains at the window.

"How brave these women are!" he said. "Very few men I know would have borne it so well. It was better she should know. With her care, he may work off this dangerous melancholy. But what a life for such a woman! And with Gaston de Vaux I fear it is only delaying the end."

Two months after Madame de Vaux's interview with M. Merimee, the fashionable idlers in the best hotel of a popular Swiss valley assembled in the courtyard, on the balconies, and at the windows, to watch the arrival of a carriage containing two very beautiful women, a little boy, and a handsome, distinguished-looking man.

The party, with madame's maid and monsieur's man following, with the luggage in another vehicle, had come over from a mountain resort not many miles distant, the elder lady having written previously to secure rooms for herself, her niece, Miss Montague; her husband, M. de Vaux; her little boy; and their servants.

Aunt and niece were almost equally handsome, so the critics decided. Both being fair-skinned, dark-haired, and petite in figure, there was a good deal of resemblance between them; but in the eyes of the former there shone at times a curiously harassed and troubled expression unreflected in the glad young face of the niece, Alice Montague, and begging his advice. In four days his answer came, not from Paris, but from Geneva. Not content with writing, the doctor had stashed a rare holiday and hastened to the spot where he considered his help was so sorely needed.

"Do not on any account let your husband know I am coming," he said in his letter; "but arrange to meet me sometime to-morrow at the principal hotel of the nearest town."

After fixing the exact spot, the doctor went on to say that he intended to bring with him one of the best authorities on mental diseases, whom he would introduce to Madame de Vaux, and who would follow her back as one of the visitors at the hotel where her husband was staying. Dr. Merimee's face being too well known to Gaston for him to risk alarming him further by seeing him in person.

Madame de Vaux, alert and resolute as ever in all cases of emergency, telegraphed back her readiness to be at the place of rendezvous on the appointed day. For this end a little innocent deception was necessary, and she therefore informed her niece that she intended attending a business interview in the adjoining town on the afternoon of the following day, but that, as she did not want M. de Vaux to be worried, she thought it better he should not know of her visit.

"I will tell him I am tired and do not wish to be disturbed," Madame de Vaux said. "Then he will think I am lying down in my room, and if you will kindly stay with him and read to him a little I will hasten back as speedily as possible. I hope to return within three hours."

The next day was terribly hot, with a glaring, scorching heat untempered by any wind. All such of the hotel visitors as had any enterprise, resolved to climb to cooler levels; the rest, and among them Madame de Vaux and her niece, retired to their rooms at about noon. On Gaston's troubled brain the heavy, thunderous air seemed to have the worst possible effect; he was restless and excited, and, just as Madame de Vaux entered her room in order to prepare for her journey, he followed her to the door and requested her to read to him.

For the first time in her life she refused him, pleading fatigue, and asked if Alice might take her place. For all her self-possession, there was a touch of embarrassment in her manner as she stood by the door of her room with his great eyes burning fiercely down into hers.

As she finished speaking, he turned abruptly away, and without a word left the shelter of the hotel for the glaring sunshine outside. He could hear her voice calling to him from the balcony, but, like some evil spirit driven out, he wandered aimlessly on under the scorching sun, which in his miserable excitement he seemed to scarcely feel.

At last after pacing over a mile of the white, parched road, he turned and struck into a little copse of birches, where, among the long grass, he cast himself down on his face and folded arms in a sort of stupor.

For months past he had been grappling with this unseen foe, now stealthily but surely gaining the victory over him. So long as his wife did not know, so long as she believed in him and loved him, he felt that he could still believe in himself, still hope to escape the hereditary curse for the least trace of which in his mind or in his actions he was always morbidly watching.

But now she had grown cold to him; she had discovered his secret; she thought him mad, and though she had been clever enough to hide it that night on the mountain-path, she was afraid of him. Why else should she put him off with what was evidently an excuse, when he had asked her to read to him?

He was so absorbed in his miserable, self-tormenting reflections, that the sound of voices not far from him did not at first disturb him. They came from a party of girls escaped from the heat to

lie here on the moss in the shade. A granite boulder hid him from their view, and he would have risen and sought the solitude his morbid spirit longed for, when the mention of his own name suddenly arrested his attention, and held him still, crouched in the grass, and listening with fierce intentness to the bright-voiced chatter near him.

"If I'd known he was M. Gaston de Vaux, I should not have been surprised at his sinister expression," he heard in a clear girl's voice. "We had a servant who was in his uncle's service once, and he told us the Normandy De Vauxes are all mad, without one exception. I wonder how that pretty woman could have married such a man, or that she isn't afraid of being murdered. You have only to look at his face to see he's out of his mind. I declare it makes me nervous to be in the same house! He ought to be shut up, for fear he should grow violent."

Very slowly and stealthily Gaston edged himself farther away from the stone, and amidst the hum of the girl's talk rose and crept away.

He was mad, then; there was no doubt of that; and other people knew it, and thought—great Heaven!—that he might kill his wife! And yet, after all, would it be such a very mad act? She was beginning to dislike him, that was certain; would it not be better to put it out of her power to hate him more?

That speech about shutting him up rang in his ears, too. He must put it out of everyone's power to do that. And if she went on living and hating him, would not the suggestion be made to her, too?

Quick death was painless; it would be better to kiss her dead face once than see it turn coldly from him. Perhaps, too, in another life she would grow to love him again, and she would certainly be happier than now, as by his side she watched that shadow creeping ever nearer and nearer to him.

Yes; he would kill her now, before he went mad; before anyone could truly say he was mad. And he would kill the boy. She would never be happy anywhere without him, and, if there was another life, hand-in-hand they would all pass it together.

The hotel was wonderfully quiet as Gaston came back to it. Green blinds and white awnings shone in the sun, but there was scarcely any sign of life about the place as he stole softly upstairs, first to his own room and then across the sitting-room to his wife's apartment.

Pushing the door softly open without knocking, he saw, in the dim light of shaded blinds and drawn curtains, the outline of his wife's figure as she lay on the bed, in a creamy lace dressing-gown he knew well, with one arm thrown round her head and gleaming white amid the disordered masses of her dark hair. She was breathing softly, sleeping, though she did not know it, her last sleep on earth.

And as he saw her, so they found her, two hours later, almost in the same position, her black hair and the delicate face at her neck stained red with blood, dead before she could utter a cry, before the wet, cold man, lying wounded and senseless on the floor at her feet, could discover the hideous mistake by which he had killed, not his wife, but her niece, Alice Montague.

So the curtain fell on that terrible drama in Madame de Vaux's life, never to be lifted without a sick heave, a paralyzing conviction of her own impotence against the decrees of fate, the awful and inscrutable will of Heaven.

Then every thought and feeling, every hope and energy, centred in her son, as by the dead body of Gaston de Vaux's innocent victim, she registered a vow that her whole life henceforward should be a hand-to-hand fight with fate, a struggle of heart and nerve and brain to propitiate Heaven, and to ward off, if it were possible, that deadly hereditary evil from her son.

(To be Continued.)

THE FARM.

ONE CAUSE FOR LAME HORSES.

A curious mistake, common among blacksmiths, was pointed out to me recently by a practicing veterinary surgeon to whom I took a horse that had become lame gradually, with considerable heat in the feet. He drew attention to the fact that most farriers, being right-handed, unintentionally lower the left side of the foot more than the right side. As a result the pastern does not set quite evenly on the coffin bone, or the bone suspended inside the wall of the hoof, and in time the concussion of the foot on the street produces soreness in the joint which could not exist if the foot were level. A trifle out of joint, so to speak, the foot at night cannot repair the injury received or the fatigue of the day; it gradually gets feverish and then tender, and the horse is suddenly seen to limp. I have noticed this in hundreds of cases. The lameness disappears in a few days if the cause be removed by leveling up the foot carefully. A person will experience the same difficulty in his ankle if he wear for a few days a boot that is run over at the heel. The soreness will not be pronounced, for two reasons: the foot is not worn nor stood upon night, and leather turnshoes more of a cushion than iron when brought in contact with the pavement.

Neither man nor horse is permanently injured unless the faulty conditions continue. How such an error, almost unnoticeable, should be so frequently committed is easily understood when it is seen how much faster the knife removes the horn while being drawn than pushed. The shoer lifts the foot and draws the knife towards himself on the bottom of what is then the right side, but which is really the left of the hoof as his back is toward the horse's head. To pare the left (right) side of the hoof is more difficult or unhandy, and it is, as a consequence, left thicker. The horse's forefeet are so constructed that if they must turn over, to turn out is less hurtful than to turn in; hence, the first indication of lameness from this cause is usually noticeable in the right foot, the left side of that foot being the lower, thus inclining to roll in. The lesson is, incompetent farriers and be sure to keep the horse's feet level from side to side as well as front and rear.—H. Soper, in American Agriculturist.

HINTS FOR CELERY-GROWERS.

A Correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes:—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to answer a few questions propounded to me by celery-growers, or those who would be:

1. Do not try to bleach celery with earth during the hot weather of July, August or September, as it will surely rust or rot. Earth was good for that

purpose after cool weather comes on in the fall, but for warm weather bleaching, use boards, tile or paper. Boards are, however, the most practical, and celery will show up from under them like wax-work.

2. There is no danger of over-production; the last government report shows 15,000 acres of celery grown in the States and Territories, which, if used in the same ratio as here in Southern Michigan, would supply two millions out of our sixty millions of people only. There is not a speck even appearing upon the horizon which denotes over-production, or even enough for a full supply to go around.

3. It is a very profitable crop to raise, one of the very best, as it will pay for \$300 to \$600 per acre each year right along if not overtaken by too disastrous a drought, which is about the only thing that stands in the way of making it a sure crop every year. It is well to be prepared to irrigate, where water can be had. There is a large demand for it in the markets, and you can get your own price for a fine article.

4. As for the labor required to care for an acre, my experience is that one man will care for about three acres. I grow 34 acres each year, and employ 12 hands for eight months per year upon the average.

Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Winter Wheat.

GUELPH, Ont., Aug. 6.—A deputation from the Dominion Millers' Association visited the Experimental Farm yesterday to get information from the samples of winter wheat grown at the farm. Its different varieties were examined, which averaged from 40 to 65 bushels per acre, and which weighed from 60 to 64 lb. per bushel. The visitors expressed themselves as greatly surprised with the result as a whole, which they characterized as magnificent. They recommended farmers to sow "Surprise," John Winter Fife, Canadian Velvet, Chaff and Hybrid Mediterranean. The oats will turn out about 100 bushels to the acre.

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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

Drawings in August, 1891:—Aug. 5th and 19th.

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