

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

## THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

A LEXAND.

Parvus Dominus et annibis nymis.  
S. FRANCISCO D'AMMIRI.

Within the chapel of the cloister old—  
Monte Cassino is its name so fair—  
A curious tapestry on the wall unrolled,  
Related in devices quaint and rare,  
How that the Saviour in a manger lay,  
Naked and lorn upon wicks of hay.

Mary, the Mother, kneeling upon the right,  
Upon the left knelt Joseph with rapt eye,  
And hither twain, and russet and one white,  
Poured warmth from their pink nostrils, stand-  
(ling by;

While through the open roof, upon a cloud,  
Were troops of Angels seen that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on our Christmas night,  
St. Francis and his monks had come to pray,  
When sudden quickened by an inner light,  
The holy man called on each one to say  
What was the burden of the Angels' song  
Sounding the dex and fox-grapes among.

Singing, the choir of bearded Cordeliers  
In full accord intoned the Canticle,  
Which now for nearly two thousand years,  
The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well—  
Glory to God unto the highest and  
Peace to good men upon the sea and land."

Francisco's eyes with holy light were fired,  
An angel beamed above, as sainted I heard,  
And pointing to the crib, as one inspired,  
In sweetest accents to the monks he said:  
"Not so, to me 'tis this the Angels tell—  
"O little Lord, exceeding lovable!"

Live oft, be thought me, musing on this scene—  
As even sinners will in happy mood—  
"Tis best to pass the glory and the sheen,  
And fix our hearts upon the simple good,  
Believing that St. Francis found the key  
To all the grace of the Nativity."

So on this Christmas Eve, when thou above  
Strange loads of care are pressing on my soul,  
Served from mine and seeking for a love  
First shall endure throughout these days of dole,  
I bow my head and murmur only this:  
"Parvus Dominus et annibis nymis!"

JOHN LESPERANCE.

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## THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Julian stopped her there with one plain question, which threw a doubt on the whole story.

"The consul tells me you asked him to search for Mercy Merrick," he said. "Is it not true that he caused inquiries to be made, and that no trace of any such person was to be heard of?"

"The consul took no pains to find her," Grace answered angrily. "He was, like everybody else, in a conspiracy to neglect and misjudge me."

Lady Janet and Horace exchanged looks. This time it was impossible for Julian to blame them. The farther the stranger's narrative advanced, the less worthy of serious attention he felt it to be. The longer she spoke, the more disadvantageously she challenged comparison with the absent woman, whose name she so obstinately and so audaciously persisted in assuming as her own.

"Granting all that you have said," Julian resumed, with a last effort of patience, "what use could Mercy Merrick make of your letters and your clothes?"

"What use?" repeated Grace, amazed at his not seeing the position as she saw it. "My clothes were marked with my name. One of my papers was a letter from my father, introducing me to Lady Janet. A woman out of a refuge would be quite capable of presenting herself here in my place."

Spoken entirely at random, spoken without so much as a fragment of evidence to support them, those last words still had their effect. They cast a reflection on Lady Janet's adopted daughter which was too outrageous to be borne. Lady Janet rose instantly. "Give me your arm, Horace," she said, turning to leave the room. "I have heard enough."

Horace respectfully offered his arm. "Your ladyship is quite right," he answered. "A more monstrous story never was invented."

He spoke in the warmth of his indignation, loud enough for Grace to hear him. "What is there monstrous in it?" she asked, advancing a step towards him defiantly.

Julian checked her. He too—though he had only once seen Mercy—felt an angry sense of the insult offered to the beautiful creature who had interested him at his first sight of her. "Silence!" he said, speaking sternly to Grace for the first time. "You are offending—justly offending—Lady Janet. You are talking worse than absurdly—you are talking offensively—when you speak of another woman presenting herself here in your place."

Grace's blood was up. Stung by Julian's reproof, she turned on him a look which was almost a look of fury.

"Are you a clergyman? Are you an educated man?" she asked. "Have you never read of cases of false personation, in newspa-

pers and books? I blindly confided in Mercy Merrick before I found out what her character really was. She left the cottage—I know it, from the surgeon who brought me to life again—firmly persuaded that the shell had killed me. My papers and my clothes disappeared at the same time. Is there nothing suspicious in these circumstances? There were people at the hospital who thought them highly suspicious—people who warned me that I might find an impostor in my place." She suddenly paused. The rustling sound of a silk dress had caught her ear. Lady Janet was leaving the room, with Horace, by way of the conservatory. With a last desperate effort of resolution, Grace sprang forward and placed herself in front of them.

"One word, Lady Janet, before you turn your back on me," she said, firmly. "One word, and I will be content. Has Colonel Roseberry's letter found its way to this house or not? If it has, did a woman bring it to you?" Lady Janet looked—as only a great lady can look, when a person of inferior rank has presumed to fail in respect towards her.

"You are surely not aware," she said with icy composure, "that these questions are an insult to me?"

"And worse than an insult," Horace added warmly, "to Grace!"

The little resolute black figure (still barring the way to the conservatory) was suddenly shaken from head to foot. The woman's eyes travelled backwards and forwards between Lady Janet and Horace with the light of a new suspicion in them.

"Grace!" she exclaimed. "What Grace? That's my name. Lady Janet, you have got the letter! The woman is here!"

Lady Janet dropped Horace's arm, and retraced her step to the place at which her nephew was standing.

"Julian," she said, "you force me for the first time in my life to remind you of the respect that is due to me in my own house. Send that woman away."

Without waiting to be answered, she turned back again, and once more took Horace's arm.

"Stand back, if you please," she said quietly to Grace.

Grace held her ground.

"The woman is here!" she repeated. "Confront me with her—and then send me away, if you like."

Julian advanced and firmly took her by the arm. "You forget what is due to Lady Janet," he said, drawing her aside. "You forget what is due to yourself."

With a desperate effort, Grace broke away from him, and stopped Lady Janet on the threshold of the conservatory door.

"Justice!" she cried, shaking her clenched hand with hysterical frenzy in the air. "I claim my right to meet that woman face to face! Where is she? Confront me with her! Confront me with her!"

While those wild words were pouring from her lips, the rumbling of carriage wheels became audible on the drive in front of the house. In the all-absorbing agitation of the moment, the sound of the wheels (followed by the opening of the house door) passed unnoticed by the persons in the dining-room. Horace's voice was still raised in angry protest against the insult offered to Lady Janet; Lady Janet herself pleading him for the second time) was vehemently ringing the bell to summon the servants; Julian had once more taken the infuriated woman by the arm, and was trying vainly to compose her—when the library door was opened quietly by a young lady wearing a mantle and a bonnet. Mercy Merrick (true to the appointment which she had made with Horace) entered the room.

The first eyes that discovered her presence on the scene were the eyes of Grace Roseberry. Starting violently in Julian's grasp, she pointed towards the library door. "Ah!" she cried, with a shriek of vindictive delight. "There she is!"

Mercy turned as the sound of the scream rang through the room, and met—resting on her in savage triumph—the living gaze of the woman whose identity she had stolen, whose body she had left laid out for dead. On the instant of that terrible discovery—with her eyes fixed helplessly on the fierce eyes that had found her—she dropped senseless on the floor.

## CHAPTER XII.

Exit JULIAN.

Julian happened to be standing nearest to Mercy. He was the first at her side when she fell.

In the cry of alarm which burst from him, as he raised her for a moment in his arms, in the expression of his eyes when he looked at her death-like face, there escaped the plain—too plain—confession of the interest which he felt in her, of the admiration which she had aroused in him. Horace detected it. There was the quick suspicion of jealousy in the movement by which he joined Julian; there was the ready resentment of jealousy in the tone in which he pronounced the words, "I have heard enough." Julian resented her in silence. A faint flush appeared on her pale face as he drew back while Horace carried her

to the sofa. His eyes sank to the ground; he seemed to be meditating self-reproachfully on the tone in which his friend had spoken to him. After having been the first to take an active part in meeting the calamity that had happened, he was now to all appearance insensible to everything that was passing in the room.

A touch on his shoulder roused him.

He turned and looked round. The woman who had done the mischief—the stranger in the poor black garments—was standing behind him. She pointed to the prostrate figure on the sofa, with a merciless smile.

"You wanted a proof just now," she said. "There it is!"

Horace heard her. He suddenly left the sofa and joined Julian. His face, naturally ruddy, was pale with suppressed fury.

"Take that wretch away!" he said. "Instantly! or I won't answer for what I may do."

Those words recalled Julian to himself. He looked round the room. Lady Janet and the house-keeper were together, in attendance on the swooning woman. The startled servants were congregated in the library doorway. One of them offered to run to the nearest doctor; another asked if he should fetch the police. Julian silenced them by a gesture, and turned to Horace. "Compose yourself," he said.

"Leave me to remove her quietly from the house," he took Grace by the hand as he spoke. She hesitated and tried to release herself. Julian pointed to the group at the sofa and to the servants looking on. "You have made an enemy of every one in this room," he said, "and me?" Her head drooped; she made no reply; she waited, dumbly obedient to the firmer will than her own. Julian ordered the servants crowding together in the doorway to withdraw. He followed them into the library, leaving Grace after him by the hand. Before closing the door he paused, and looked back into the dining-room.

"Is she recovering?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

Lady Janet's voice answered him. "Not yet."

"Shall I send for the nearest doctor?"

Horace interposed. He declined to let Julian associate himself, even in that indirect manner, with Mercy's recovery.

"If the doctor is wanted," he said, "I will go for him myself."

Julian closed the library door. He absently released Grace; he mechanically pointed to a chair. She sat down in silent surprise, following him with her eyes as he walked slowly to and fro in the room.

For the moment his mind was far away from her, and from all that had happened since her appearance in the house. It was impossible that a man of his fineness of perception could mistake the meaning of Horace's conduct towards him. He was questioning his own heart, on the subject of Mercy, sternly and unreservedly as it was his habit to do. "After only once seeing her," he thought, "has she produced such an impression on me that Horace can discover it, before I have even suspected it myself? Can the time have come already, when I owe it to my friend to see her no more?" He stopped irritably in his walk. As a man devoted to a serious calling in life, there was something that wounded his self-respect in the bare suspicion that he could be guilty of the purely sentimental extravagance called "love at first sight."

He had paused exactly opposite to the chair in which Grace was seated. Weary of the silence, she seized the opportunity of speaking to him.

"I have come here with you as you wished," she said. "Are you going to help me? Am I to count on you as my friend?"

He looked at her vacantly. It cost him an effort before he could give her the attention that she had claimed.

"You have been hard on me," Grace went on. "But you showed me some kindness at first, you tried to make them give me a fair hearing. I ask you, as a just man, do you doubt now that the woman on the sofa, in the next room is an impostor who has taken my place? Can there be any plainer confession than that she is Mercy Merrick than the confession she has made? You saw it; they saw it. She fainted at the sight of me."

Julian crossed the room—still without answering her—and rang the bell. When the servant appeared, he told the man to fetch a cab.

(To be continued.)

WE SAY THEY ARE GOOD.—The Shoshonees Pills are manufactured with the utmost care, scrutiny, and exactness, from the very active principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choicest remedial agents of the vegetable kingdom as to possess them of properties that only meet in harmony the exigencies of every ingredient entering into the composition of the Shoshonees Remedy, and also that give the Pills themselves more desirable qualities for general use than any family pill before the public. On account of the extreme mildness and yet great certainty in action of the Pills, as well as their strengthening and healing effects on the stomach and bowels, and in fact the whole system; along with their permeating and restorative action on the liver, kidneys, skin, &c., &c., we say on account of their superior qualities the Pills are placed on sale as a Family Medicine.

6-23 d

## Varieties.

A law of Pennsylvania makes the taking of money at the door of a theatre on Sunday illegal, whereof it is invariably taken at the window.

A woman in Rutherfordton, N. C., has been fined by the Mayor of that ilk, for the dreadful offence of calling the marshal "Old pewter buttons."

"Happy is the country that has no history," as the school-boy said on being flogged the third time for not knowing who was Henry the Sixth's wife.

At old Susquehanna Seminary there was a student (quite a veritable young man) who had a better knowledge of hymns than of some of his studies. One morning, when asked to spell and define *prone*, he created a sensation in the class by replying, in a solemn tone, "P-r-o-n-e, to wander."

JOSEPH BILLINGS' RESOLUTIONS.—"That I won't borrow nor lend—especially lend. That I won't swear at any, unless I am put under oath. That I will stick to my tailor as long as he will stick to me." Josh's critic writes:—"Your description of yourself as an old adhesive plaster is incorrect, for by this confession you would stick at nothing."

A GLASS TOO MUCH.—The latest verdict recorded was upon a gentleman who expired in a fit of merriment. The jury returned, "Death by hanging—round a rum shop." This was savage, and devoid of regard for the gentleman's family. In a similar case in California the verdict was more gracefully and considerably put: "Accidental death while unpacking glass."

"WE AIN'T GOOD FRIENDS GENERALLY."—North Carolina, since the close of the war, seems to be acquiring an unenviable reputation for lawlessness and crime. As a specimen of the way in which the peaceable advocates of life are carried on in the "Old State" we give the following incident as we find it reported: "Do you wish to sell that cow?" asked one neighbour of another, as the latter was driving home one of his stray kine. "No, not by a good deal," was the reply. "Well, I guess I'll take her, then." "That means one of us, I take it," said the owner of the cow, drawing a pistol. "Well, it does," coolly replied the other, also drawing a revolver.

Shots were instantly exchanged, and the firing was kept up until the pistol chambers were exhausted. Each man was slightly wounded, and one went into his house and the other drove his cow home. The traveller who witnessed the unprovoked affray had the curiosity to ask the cow-driver what occasioned it. "Oh, nothing 'ticular," was the reply; "we ain't good friends generally, and so we jes let drive whenever we gets an excuse."

Max Adler says they tell a story about a man who put the saddle blind part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness, superinduced by drink-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How in thunder do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

Physicians have their eccentricities, and not infrequently they appear in the old manner in which they collect their fees. A well-known medical man once sent in his annual bill for services rendered in the family of a particular friend, when, in point of fact, he had not been in the house professionally during the entire year. The bill was paid as usual, but when the head of the family met the doctor he remarked, "Doctor, I got your bill the other day, but I don't remember that any of us have been sick this year."

"Very likely not," answered the bluff man of science; "but I stopped several times at the area gate, and inquired of the servants how you all were."

Another physician, who was for many years one of the prominent medical men in New York, is said to have once sent in a bill for three hundred and forty-two dollars and ninety-two cents, or some similarly odd sum. This curious bill was also paid, but when the patient met his physician he inquired, "How, doctor, did you ever get that odd ninety-two cents in my bill?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "that is easily explained. My grocer's bill was just for that amount, and I knew of no one who would so cheerfully pay it as yourself, and so I made one pay the other."

WOVEN FABRICS FROM RABBITS' HAIR.—The *Austrian Exhibition Gazette* calls attention to a new and important industry, viz., the incorporation of rabbit's hair with wool and cotton in weaving textile fabrics. The shorter hairs which are incapable of being woven, are readily purchased by felt hat manufacturers at \$3 a pound. When properly prepared, the hair affords a good strong yarn, which is said to be in no way inferior to wool. If all that the *Austrian* journal says on the subject be true, the raising of rabbits will soon become an important business. No animal is better adapted to raising on a large scale than the rabbit; they multiply almost as rapidly as white mice, and are not confined to any particular climate. It is rather remarkable that this use of the hair has not been thought of before, particularly when we consider how many hundred million rabbits are annually destroyed. The meat of the rabbit is agreeable and nourishing, and the skins have long been prized. The *Austrian Gazette* anticipates that an important industry will grow out of the successful introduction of rabbit hair weaving in all countries.