

taining a set of very fine emeralds and pearls. "Oh, these are pretty!" she exclaimed; "I remember Bertrand always said that emeralds would suit my complexion."

"Diamonds would suit you better," said Mr. Brant; "these are poor stones," he added contemptuously.

"I will do myself the honour of waiting upon you very shortly," he said, rising; "and I will not intrude upon you longer at present."

"Tell me, is it possible to communicate with Mr. Lisle?" she asked.

"I can hardly tell," he answered; "it will at least be very difficult; but I could try to get a letter conveyed to him if it is a matter of importance."

"I do not know that it is," said Lurline; "for I shall act quite independently of him now, whether he hears from me or not; but I should like just to write and tell him I have done with him for ever. I will never be a poor man's wife."

"It would indeed be a thousand pities if you were," said Mr. Brant. "I will let you know when I see you again if a letter can be sent."

And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

A TRUE STORY.

One cold day in winter a lad stood at the outer door of a cottage in Scotland. The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked very cold and hungry.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'm?" he said to the woman who had opened the door. "I'll work, cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

"You may come in, at any rate, until my husband comes home," the woman said. "There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with the cold;" and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, wearied with his day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He had looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; he nevertheless made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "until to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, who often traded at the cottage, called, and, after disposing of some of his goods, was preparing to go, when he said to the woman:

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird;" and then the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced, 'Ten months.' You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so dreadful in the word "jail." The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the peddler; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the boy hung down his head. His cheeks seemed burst-

ing with the hot blood, and his lips quivered.

"Well," he muttered, his frame shaking, "there's no use in me trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go, so young, to that dreadful place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold—"oh I hadn't no mother! I hadn't no mother ever since I was a baby! If I only had a mother," he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and horsewhipped. I wouldn't have been saucy and got knocked down, and ran away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! If I'd only had a mother!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sunk on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and told him to look up, and said from that time he should find in her a mother. Yes, even put her arms around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child. She poured from her mother's heart, sweet, kind words, words of counsel and of tenderness. Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft her pillow! She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His foster-father is dead, his foster-mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want.

The "poor outcast" is her support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him.

"When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."—*The Standard Bearer.*

CAMERON'S MARCH.

The letters of Lieut. Cameron, which were read before the Royal Geographical Society on Jan. 10th, are not so clear as could be wished, but they are of great interest. As is well known, it was Cameron's original intention to descend the Lualaba to the coast. When, however, he arrived at Nyangwe, the most northerly point reached by Livingstone, he was unable to procure canoes, and was forced to abandon his intended route. He thereupon proceeded, first, in a southerly direction, and for a part of the way through the valley of the Lomame, until he reached the head-waters of the Zambeze, in longitude 23°, latitude 11°, and from thence he marched to the west coast at Benguela, by way of Bihe, following the general direction of Magyar's route, as it was suggested in these columns that he would probably do. The entire distance travelled by Cameron on foot is estimated at 2953 miles, and the number and accuracy of his astronomical observations, taken, as they were, in the most difficult circumstances, have amazed his scientific countrymen.

The geographical discoveries made in the course of this unequalled march are of very great importance. Cameron found that the Lualaba at Nyangwe flowed in a westerly instead of a northerly direction, as reported by Livingstone, and that its height above the sea is only 1400 feet. As this is 923 feet below the level of the Albert Lake, and 500 feet below the level of the Nile at Gondokro, there is no longer any possibility that the Lualaba flows into the Albert Lake, or has any connection

whatever with the Nile. Its identity with the Congo has therefore been proved by Cameron's surveying instruments as conclusively as it could have been had he descended the river to its mouth—a journey which would really have been of less value to geographers than that which he actually made.

Cameron's explorations west of Livingstone's Lualaba have rendered it probable that the Lomame flows from Livingstone's conjectural Lake Lincoln, but have overthrown the theory that it is the West Lualaba, discovered by the Pombeiros. Cameron found the river of the Pombeiros precisely where they asserted that they crossed it, and he moreover ascertained that it is larger and more important than Livingstone's Lualaba. The latter's imaginative map must, therefore, be again revised. The Lualaba of the Pombeiros must no longer be confounded with the Lomame, and it must be regarded as the true Lualaba or Upper Congo, of which Livingstone's smaller Lualaba is a tributary. Of course this is not very intelligible, except to those who have Livingstone's map before them; but it is important not only as a contribution to African geography, but also as a new confirmation of the early Portuguese explorations, which have been so arbitrarily discredited and unjustly ridiculed by English geographers.

Another discovery of remarkable interest made by Cameron, is that of Lake Mohrya, on which he found lake villages such as those which existed in Switzerland prior to historic times. Hitherto our knowledge of the ancient lake-dwellers has been to a great extent conjectural. It has been imagined that ages had passed away since the last lake-dwelling sank out of sight and memory. But here in the heart of Africa is suddenly found a people whose habits are, no doubt, identical with those of the Swiss lake-dwellers. It is the discovery of a lost page of human history, and its value to anthropologists cannot be overestimated.

The fact that the sources of the Congo and Zambeze are so near to one another that their waters mingle in the rainy season, is made the occasion of a rather visionary project by Lieut. Cameron. He asserts that a canal twenty miles long, cut through a level plain, would connect the two great rivers, and open a highway for commerce through the centre of Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. He intimates that a company with a capital of from one to two million pounds could cut this canal and "have Africa open" in about three years. It is quite possible that it would not be a difficult matter to connect the two rivers in the manner proposed. It would still, however, be necessary to make the cataracts of the Congo and the Zambeze passable by vessels—a task which the present generation would hardly venture to undertake.

Much as Cameron has accomplished, he has still left something for Stanley and other explorers to do. He does not appear to have personally verified his assertion that Tanganyika discharges itself through the Lukuga into the Lualaba. The vexed problem of the outlet of this lake is therefore still to be finally solved. It is also evident from his description of the Central African plateau, that it contains many more lakes than have yet been discovered; while his discovery of villages of lake-dwellers renders it possible that still more marvellous things await the patient explorer of African valleys to which the slave-trader has not yet found his way.—*New York Times.*