

He would, after such excitement, return to his calculations touching his own picture. Sometimes depressed at its inferiority when compared with what he had just seen; at other times full of hope, calculating on the probable result—repeating the difficulties he had encountered—recalling the tears which stood trembling in his mother's eyes when some simple villager would express such natural wonder as to "how he learned it all!" Then he would picture the rich tyrant acknowledging his injustice, and confessing shame; calculate as to the probability of his picture, the first-born of his brain, being extolled by the critics: portray his mother, her thin fingers trembling, and her emaciated form bent over the column where her son's name was marked with praise; hear her read his commendation, and then fall upon her knees in gratitude to God, remembering in the hour of triumph, as well as in the hour of sorrow, that it is He who gives or taketh away as seemeth best. Then, poor fellow, in the fullness of his heart he would describe such pictures as he was to paint; he did not care for poverty—not he! he knew it well! he never could be as poor as he had been. He felt his power, like the infant Hercules strangling his foes without an effort—his fortune in his hand—his patent to immortality made out! He and his mother could live in a garret—ay, and die there! But he would make a name that would defy eternity—he would! Poor—poor fellow! repeated my old friend mournfully; "and yet there was nothing boastful in this; it was pure enthusiasm."

"Those who had seen the picture here were delighted and astonished, and more than one assured me the placing would be cared for. I felt so convinced that the composition would stand upon its own merits, that I did not desire to lessen the dignity of my new favorite, by requesting as a favor that I thought he had reason to demand as a right. A foolish thought! said the old lady, taking a fierce pinch of snuff—"a foolish thought for those who get on in the world, but a wise one for those who prefer the jewel of existence—self-respect—to aught else."

"The first Sunday in May arrived, to be followed, of course, by the first Monday. He sat with me till late, not here, but at Richmond, where I reside occasionally. He was looking out over the river, floating in the glory of the setting sun, speculating as usual about his picture, and the chance that by that time next night it would have been seen, and its merit acknowledged by its unconscious author, to whom he wished to show the moral of a picture. He was literally wild with hope and excitement, speaking of his mother, wishing for her, and then saying what glory it would be to see some of those mighty masters of his art who had lived and moved among us. Like a young eagle, he panted for the rising sun, towards which he longed to soar. Poor, poor fellow!"

There was a pause, and I longed to hear what was to follow, yet feared to inquire.

"The next morning," she continued, "I ordered the carriage so early as to drive under the gateway at Somerset House about a minute before the hour at which the doors were to open. There was the usual crowd—the earnest, intense-looking students, some more pale than usual, others flushed by anxiety—mixed up with critics, and poets, and persons wishing to be the first to see the national exhibition, whose quantity, quality, and arrangement indicated the nature, and progress, and power of British art. But few of the academicians were there, though one or two were recognized; and notwithstanding the density of the crowd, room was made for them, and a murmur ran, "Do you see Stothard?" or, "There is Westall," or, "That's the young artist, Wilkie," intimating the current of the people's thoughts. My young friend recognized me, bowed, and then the doors were opened. I saw him rush forward with the rest; and, just as he was about to enter, he turned his face toward me; it was lit with a light which disappointment would quench in death. He waved his hat, and disappeared. I waited until the crush had entered, and proceeded to obtain a catalogue. It is rarefactions how quickly a crowd disperses; all had passed up stairs. Suddenly my way was pressed; I turned round; there stood the young painter, his face flushed by its beams, his whole aspect changed from that of a living man to an almost breathless corpse. He for a moment roared to the spot, while in a tone, the character of which I cannot describe, he muttered, "My name is not in the

catalogue." There were doubtless many others that day doomed to the same disappointment—many who, perhaps, deserved the annual oblivion which overwhelmed the industry and hopes of the past year; but, unhappily, there were also many others who were condemned to the same suffering, merely because there was not space in wealthy England to display the treasures of that genius which confers honour upon the land that calls forth its existence. Many worn and anxious faces—many whose hearts were crushed—passed beneath that portal; yet I heeded but the one. I knew the boy could not survive it long. He had never anticipated its rejection, nor indeed had I. I insinuated there might be some mistake; but, easily depressed as excited, he only clenched between his hands the doom-book of so many, and shook his head. I ordered the carriage to be recalled, and taking his arm, led him toward it. As we descended the steps, I felt him start and shudder. I looked up—the unjust judgment before me! The coincidence was strange. On the instant I invited him to dine with me the next day in town; the invitation was accepted. My footman assisted the lad into the carriage as if he had been a child; he shrunk into the corner, his noble spirit totally prostrated by his disappointment, while he turned his face away to conceal the agony he had not deserved. "I think," said the good old lady, "I suffered almost as much. After many efforts I succeeded in turning the current of his thoughts; I assured him the picture should be seen the next day, and that he should witness the effect it produced. I insisted on his remaining entirely at my house; but he had been lessened in his own esteem, and suddenly his manners had become lofty and severe. I let them remain so for a little; but, assured that nothing would so much relieve his overcharged heart as tears, when we were quite alone on the morning of the next day, I spoke to him of his mother, of the sorrows of his youth, of her piety, her tenderness, her love; the boy conquered the Stoic—I left him weeping. I had undertaken a most painful task, but it was my duty to complete it."

"As the dinner hour advanced, I placed the picture, which I had reclaimed, in the best possible light, but drew a curtain, so as to shade it from observation till the time of trial arrived; the artist was in the room, and at last my guest came. After a few minutes had elapsed, I arose, as I do now, and stood there, the painter remaining in the embrasured window. Suddenly I displayed the picture, and asked him what he thought of the story? "Do you read the story clearly, sir," I said; "perhaps, as it is mine, you will help me to a name for it? A widow, sir, a poor widow, believed in her landlord's honor, and trusted to him a promissory letter for the renewal of the lease which expired with the breath of her dead husband. You see her there; beauty and sorrow are mingled in her features. He has taken the letters; and behold you how men, ay, and rich men too, value their honour; its fragments are on the carpet—the weighty purse of the rich farmer has outweighed the woman's righteous cause. Can you name my picture, sir? Her child, her boy feels though he does not understand the scene; he has dropped his mother's shawl; his hands are clenched; if God spares him to be a man, he will devise some great revenge for that injustice." I thought the gentleman turned pale, and I knew that my young friend was crouching in his lair. "Look you, sir," I continued, "out of the pictured window; is not the landscape pleasant? The tree is remarkable; a famous tree in Northumberland; the—the—something elm. And within, as you observed, the accessories are well made out: the fierce cat pouncing on the little dog; the elk's horns stand out from the panelling; and the emblazoning of the shield and arms upon the wall—the arms are distinct—"

"Madam!" he exclaimed, in a voice hardly audible from agitation, and then paused.

"The scene took place," I continued without heeding the interruption, "some ten or twelve years past. It is not so, Edward Gresham?" I added, appealing to the youth.

He came forward, pale, but erect in the comeliness of his own rectitude, and satisfied that the great object of his existence was attained.

Although I was much agitated, I saw the eagle eye of the artist look down the hurried glance which the unjust judge cast towards him, and I almost pitied him, hum-

bled as he was by the conscious shame that overwhelmed him. He was stricken suddenly by a poisoned arrow; the transcript of the unhappy story was so faithful, the presence of the youth so completely fastened the whole upon him, and there was no mode of escape; and his nature was too stolid, whatever his disposition might be, to have any of the subtle movement of the serpent about him.

"And you," he said, turning away while he spoke; "you whom I have known for twenty years have subjected me to this!"

"Do you acknowledge its truth, its justice?" demanded the young painter; "do you acknowledge the fidelity of my pencil? I have toiled, labored, suffered, to show you your injustice in its true colors: but I see you, the proud landlord, turn from the orphan-boy whom, in open defiance of every righteous feeling, you sent homeless, homeless, fatherless, friendless, upon the world. I see you cannot meet my eye for shame. Ay, ay, proud gentleman, that will live when you, ay, and I too, are in our narrow graves."

"I offered you reparation," said the landlord, overpowered by the energy of the painter, and the truth of his picture; "I offered you reparation."

"You offered me patronage!" retorted the indignant boy; "insult with injury." The landlord turned to me; he was greatly agitated. "Has the patronage I have extended to many, madam, even within your knowledge, been injury?" he inquired.

I could not but acknowledge that he had purchased many pictures; and replied his collection would prove that he highly appreciated art.

"I will," he added, "even now give him any sum he chooses to name for that picture."

"It is sold," replied the artist.

The old gentleman's countenance changed; he walked up and down the room; once or twice he paused and looked at the sad history, which he would then have given much to obliterate.

"I confess," he said, "the faithfulness of the portraiture; but there were palliating circumstances. Still, I confess I acted wrong—I confess it! I will make retribution; we cannot tell what our acts may produce." "Injustice," said the youth calmly, "is the parent of misery to the injured and the injurer; it was a cruel act, God can judge between thee and me! My mother, a delicate fragile woman, myself almost an infant; and your father's promise, your own father's promise, that you scorned; oh, sir, how could you sleep with the consciousness of such injustice haunting your pillow?"

"You have your revenge, young man, your revenge," murmured the gentleman; "I acknowledge my injustice; I will make reparation."

"You cannot cancel the past, my mother's years of suffering, my own of labor; but enough. I see you feel I have conquered; my feeble hand has sent conviction to your heart; and I—!" He staggered to a chair, and became more pale than usual. I thought he was dying, but it was not so; the heart does not often give way in the moment of triumph—for it was triumph. I must do the landlord justice: he repeated his regret, he even entered into the young man's feeling, and commended his art; he did all this, and the next morning remitted me a large sum "as a debt due by him to those he had injured."

"How apt are the rich to think that money can heal all wounds. My poor young friend only survived sufficiently long to see his mother, though but for half an hour. It was almost in vain that, kneeling by his bedside, she implored him to think of the world to come. He believed he was too young to die."

"I triumphed, mother, I triumphed," he repeated, his eyes glittering with unnatural brightness; "I triumphed: I made his heart quail and his cheek blanch, and he begged my forgiveness, but it was altogether too much for me; first the disappointment, and then the triumph; it tormented my brain, though I found another mother who taught me that the just and the unjust are mingled together; but now that the turmoil is past, you are with me—really, really with me. I will sleep on your bosom, my own mother, as I used when a little child, and to-morrow I will tell you all I mean to do."

"Then all is peace," she murmured.

"Ay, mother, all is triumph, and peace, and love," he replied. "I wonder how I could have hated him so long." He layed his head down with the tranquillity of a

sleepy infant, and it was in vain she tried to repress the tears that fell upon the rich luxuriance of his hair—he felt them not.

"He has slept more than an hour," she whispered me. I saw he would never wake. I could not tell her so, but she read it in my face. It was indeed a corpse she strained in her arms, and long, long it was ere she was comforted. I never saw my old acquaintance afterwards; but he requested, as I would not yield him up the picture, that I would never suffer it to pass from my possession, or mention his name in connexion with it. He died many years ago, and proved his repentance by providing, in a worldly point of view, for her who had been so long the victim of his injustice."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO XVI.

1. The son of Abraham.
2. The country whose queen came to see Solomon.
3. The oldest son of Jacob.
4. A king of Judah who had a disease on his foot.
5. The servant of Elijah.
6. The father of Rachel.
7. One of David's mighty men, who was of the children of Benjamin.
8. The dwelling place of Abraham.
9. The mother of Cain and Abel.
10. What did Moses tell the children of Israel to offer to God?

The initials give the people whom God brought out of Egypt, and the Finals give the people whom God drove out before them.

ANSWER TO NO. XIII.

RAVENS AND LILIES.—LUKE XXII, 24-27

1. Rache Gen. xxix, 17.
2. A Josh. viii, 19.
3. Val Ex. xxxiv, 33.
4. E-l 1 Sam. iv, 17.
5. N-azarit Judges xvi, 18.
6. S on g s Psal. cxxxvii, 3.

The following have answered No. XIII, correctly:—A. E. Livingstone, Portland, St. John, who is awarded the prize; M. E. Service, Mrs. D. Caldwell, Mrs. F. Wright, Wm. Stafford, E. A. Heming, Dolly Downey, Jas. Waddell, Walter McMullen, Lily Young, Samuel Coyne, Janet Smith, Wm. Ramsay, Jennie McDonald, E. Graves, Chas. H. Wilson, Jas. McGregor, Alice Falls, M. MacLennan, J. H. Henderson, Bart Carruthers, J. McKroher, Mrs. D. W. Page, M. E. Wilson, Maggie Rogers, D. O. C. Madden, J. S. McCaul, W. A. Garnet, Mrs. J. A. Downey, Mrs. F. Buttrum, Mrs. O. Hinch, Mrs. L. Johnston, Lucy McOlland, Jennie H. Fraser, L. Anderson, S. Acheson, E. M. Wiley, H. R. Atkins, Mrs. D. P. Bogart.

A prize, a beautiful volume of the choicest poetry, is given each week to the party first correctly answering the enigma. The book is forwarded to the winner immediately on receipt of 12 cents postage for same.

Celestials in British Columbia.

The Victorians have a very sharp way of dealing with the cheap labor difficulty. No vessel is allowed to bring to port more than one John Chinaman for every hundred tons of its size. Consequently a ship of four thousand tons would only be allowed to carry fourteen of the heathen ones. We have just seen in a file of Victorian papers that a vessel of that size was found to have fifty Chinamen on board, and the captain was mulcted in a penalty of \$500. Every Chinaman coming to Victoria has to take out papers of naturalization and pay a poll tax. But the cute Celestials port their naturalization papers to their friends in China, who come over with them, and escape the tax.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, take the Express and 33 Carriage Hire, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central, 100 elegant rooms fitted up at 1 million dollars, \$1 and upwards per plan. Elevators. Restaurant supply flowers, stage and elevated rail cars. Families can live better for less at Grand Union Hotel than at any other in the city.