TO M. A.

Hark! I hear the sound of a midnight bell, The knell is the toll of a dying year; And truly ushers in, dear iriend to thee A morn bright and dear—thy one and twentieth

But now it is past, and the sun's bright rays Forever in their sportive glee now shine; And that day of Joy'and of love so dear With its sweets and aroma—all are thine.

Oh, mystic charms that tell the tale, Of a long and sweet, sweet spell; Before thy shrine—this birthday feast Kneel I and say—hall and well!

There it's mine to fondly greet thee, On thy one and twentleth year; May this day to thee be most happy, One of pleasure, love and cheer.

May thy future passing swiftly, Stranger be to grief and pain, And while walking down life's valley Goo's true love may ever gain.

May along life's parting streamlet, Waves of grace thy heart o'erflow, And like sunny dewdrop sparkling Make thy soul more pure than snow.

May thy true heart ever follow, And to God, sweet call respond,
'Midst the temples of thy troubles,
From Him ne'er, oh! ne'er abscond.

May that heart that flows with life blood Ever guide thee on thy way; Till the eternal skies thus brighten Thy first dawn of Heaven's day.

May the Lamb, whom thou shalt follow, Raise thee to thy brightest rest; And, with crown more pure than diamond, Place thee spotless with the blessed.

This is what thy true triend wish thee. This, for this he ever prays, And with loves true path andunion His, oh his, forever strays.

Take, dear friend, this book of friendship, Take, oh, take this Sacred Heart, Blend it with one other only, Which from thine shall never part.

Chatham, N. B., March 5th, 1881.

ST. MARY'S HALL

THE INAUGURATION-A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AND ELOQUENT ADDRESSES.

Long before the appointed hour for the commencement of the inaugural concert, eight p.m. last Tuesday week, the magnificent hall of St. Mary's Church, corner of Panet and Craig streets, was crowded to its fullest capacity. The platform opposite the two main entrances was elegantly adorned with flags and banners. In the centre, below a "Welcome" printed in blazing gas jets, was a large portrait of Father Simon Lonergan, the parish priest. There were present on the platform the Rev. Fathers James and Simon Lonergan, Graham, Lemoyne, Dugas, Dufault, Lacier, Aubry, Picotte, Guilbeault and Cabot, His Honor Mayor Beaudry, Messis. Coursel Ryan and Tailion, M.P.'s, J. J. Curran, Q.C. LL.D., Mr. F. B. McNamee, President St. Patrick's Society; Mr. Mullally, President St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit and then declared the evening's entertain-Society; Mr. J. D. Quinn, President St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. J. Byrne, President St. Patrick's Benevolent Society Mr. M. Sharkey, President St. Patrick's Temperance Society; and Messrs. Coyle, Quinn, Doherty and Kavanagh, advocates.

The Rev. Father James Lonergan opened the concert with a short inaugural speech. He said, though his name was not down on the programme, he felt as if he must have a hand in it, hence his addressing the audience. "On this evening." he proceeded, "there devolves on me a heavy, but nevertheless an unspeakably pleasant duty, the task of welcoming you all to St. Mary's Hall, below St. Mary's Church. My feelings are too great to be expressed. Though not an Irishman by birth, I am one in thought and feeling. Next to my God and my religion, beleved, Ireland, holds ace in my heart. It shall always warm to it in trouble and in sunshine. Though my loyalty to my country may not be shown after the manner could, anyone wish for the freedom and happiness of the brightest spot on earth with more earnestness than I. My heart throbs with sorrow to see throb with pain. My programme is not emigration. It is Ireland for the Irish, with its religion and its freedom restored. It may not be accomplished without suffering and pain, but let all remember that home can never be replaced." In conclusion the rev. gentleman said it was his happy lot to welcome all present to St. Mary's Hall, on the site of a spot which had once been the most God-forsaken place in Montreal. "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, let us thank God that we meet to-night in a thoroughly Irish hall, as it will remain until the walls of the building cave in on it." Throughout his eloquent remarks Father Lonergan was greeted with coninuous bursts of applause. It was evident that he had the hearts of his hearers and had touched them in their tenderest feelings.

Father Lonergan, who acted in the capacity of master of ceremonies, then introduced Professor Perreault, who opened the musical part of the concert by playing a magnificent overture on the piano. He was encored, but as the rule had been established that no encores should be allowed, the audience had to wait until the second part of the programme for a chance to hear the Professor again. Miss Alice Crompton followed, and sang the "Last Bose of Summer." Mr. T. Trudel then favored the audiedce with " Les Rameaux" (Faure) receiving flattering plandits from the listeners. Mr. Trudel was followed by Professor F. Boucher, with a violin solo. Miss Johnson then took possession of the piano, and treated the audience to a solo, "Home Sweet Home." The solo ended, Father Lonergan introduced the Rev. Father Graham, who had been announced to deliver an address.

"This," said the rev. gentleman, "is an age of talking. Now-a-days no one is of any account if he cannot talk. Talking is absolutely necessary. Without it nobody could zun for office from Mayor down to a place as a Custom House officer. As the world progresses it becomes more wicked. For their evil lives the Egyptians were punished by a shower of frogs, and we being better than the Egyptians and a little worse than the Greeks have been condemned to listen to showers of words. I am a great talker, and have spoken many times, but whether I have done any good I must leave it for posterity to decide. I see before me this evening a happy sight. The pleasant Irish faces whom I knew two years ago are all assembled here. I see also the Reverend Pastor who has eccomplished a work greater even than that of Atlas, for the latter only carried a globe on his back, while Father Lonergan has carried two churches and built them too. There is also present the great representative of our brother Osnadian Celts, Mayor Beaudry of Montreal." Father Graham then went on to pay a glowing tribute to the French Canaof the Province of Quebec. "Unity," he said, "is strength, and when our common altars are threatened, as in course of time

and swear that we will die to maintain them." A scathing rebuke of English rule in Ireland followed. The Rev. speaker did not forget to compliment the Parnells and praise them for the zeal they had ever shown in the cause. He concluded with the fervently expressed hope that at no distant day the green flag of Ireland might float proudly from her turrets and towers, and show to the half on their husbands, fathers, brothers and world that Irishmen were free at last. Father Graham's speech moved the audience to its highest pitch of enthusiasm. As he made allusion to Ireland and his hopes of its freedom, the applause was deafening.

The first portion of the programme being then concluded, the second, after a few moments' pause, was proceeded with. It was opened with a song from Mr. James Crompton. Miss Johnson then gave the audience "Erin," a plano solo, followed by Professor Boucher, with a solo on the violin. The next thing in order was an address by J. J. Curran, Q. C., L. L. D. He was introduced by Father Lonergan. He began by paying a high tribute to Father Graham as an orator and true-hearted Irishman. It had been his privilege, he said, to be present during the past week when the young lrish boys of Montreal were being examined in the various branches of study, and proving to the outside world that the talents of their iorefathers, had been but transplanted from the banks of the Shannon to those of the St. Lawrence. There was a great future in store for the Irish and French-Canadians in this country, where they had been cast ashore by the providence of God for his mysterious ends. Both are progressing onward and upward. It is to be seen in the splendid hall in which we now stand, built on a spot on which but a few years ago we could not boast of a Church." "To whom," continued the speaker, "do we owe such signs and tokens of progress? To Fathers Salmon, Hogan, Dowd, and last, but not least, to our Reverend Father James Lonergan. When he looks upon this huge structure he need not close his eyes like the prophet and wait for death, but exclaim: "Now I begin to live, for the dearest wish of my heart has been accomplished." Solid as the pillars of this huge building are, and solid as the masonry of its huge stones, they are not more solid than the Rev. Father in the esteem and love of his

congregation," Miss Alice Crompton favored the audience with the beautiful ballad "Come into the garden, Maude," and followed with the favorite "Killarney," (Balfe). Mr. Trudel sang "La Liberte" in good style, and Professor Perreault concluded the programme with a

piano solo. Mayor Beaudry, at the earnest request of those present, delivered a few congratulatory remarks touching the great work accomplished by Father Lonergan. In conclusion, he heartly thanked the audience for their treatment of him, and the applause with

which they greeted him. Mr. Coursol followed with a few words of like import.

Father Lonergan then thanked the gentlemen on the platform for their presence, and the Nuns for their kindness during the bazaar, ment finished, all departing well satisfied with what they had seen and heard.

Professor Wilson, who presided at the piano, deserves special mention for the manner in which he performed his part of the evening's entertainment.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the of many others, it is as deeply rooted there heart after a few years, while others, though as in the most enthusiastic. Never has, or | the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean mething and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circula tion doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still floquin enlarged and improved during

the coming year. On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TEDE WITNESS for

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements laws which govern the operations of digestion to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to

confine themselves to any particular locality, Homosopathic Chemists, London, England." but can work up their quota from different Also makers of Epps's CHOCOLATE ESSENCE they must, let us join hands like brothers towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send for afternoon use.

all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our besons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow

their example at once.

POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

NO HOSPITAL NEEDED. No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaried talented putfers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home. - New York Independent.

IRISH CENSUS RETURNS. London, July 2 .- The census returns are particularly interesting as regards Ireland. The returns since the Union in 1801 are as follows:—1801, 5,395,000; 1811, 5,937,000; 1821, 6,801,000; 1831, 7,767,000; 1841, 8,175,-000. Then came the famine years, when over 1,500,000 perished of hunger and disease, or fled to escape them. The population in 1851 was 6,552,000; in 1861, 5,798,-000; 1871, 5,411,000, and in 1881. according to the returns just issued 5,160,000, showing a decrease during the last forty years of no less than 3,000,000 souls. In some districts, in Connaught and Munster. whole villages are almost depopulated; in all the population has been terribly thinned out. In West Cork, on the vast estate of the Countess of Kingston, at Mitchelstown, there are two hamlets absolutely deserted. The little village of Knock, County of Mayo, where the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared, contained 600 souls in 1841; to-day, exclusive of the pilgrims, there are not 30 all told. The Limerick returns tell a similar story -- the rooftree fallen in upon the cabin, roofless tenements, the market-cross broken, grass growing in the streets, the silence of desolation. In scores of baronies, in the West and South, nearly all the young men and women have gone to America or England; those left to till the land are old people, who prefer to die where their fathers died. In some parishes, the poorhouse contains almost as many people as there are outside of it. The census returns do not, however, show the full extent of the depopulation. At least 120,000 agricultural laborers cross to England and Scotland every year for the harvest; they live in Ireland, but Ireland does not provide them with their living.

REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF A WOMAN.

SHE PRESENTS HER DELIGHTED HUSRAND WITH SEVEN GIRL BABIES AT ONE TIME-THEY ALL HAVE BLUE EYES AND ALL LOOK VERY MUCH

Louisville, Ky., June 20.-A few days since the Courier-Journal contained a special from its Nashville correspondent to the effect that a woman residing in Jackson County, that State, had given birth to seven children at one time. The correspondent to-night telenains of labour still continued. An examination convinced the physician that there were two instead of one, and the woman was soon delivered of a second-child both girls. The physician gave directions as to the care of both mother and children, and prepared to take his leave. Before reaching his horse at the gate he was recalled, and delivered the life, and here I am. Sing us something." woman of another girl baby. Again the physician took his leave, and was again recalled, was greatly puzzled over the matter, He, however, congratulated the husband on his good fortune and departed for home. He was overtaken by the excited husband of the woman who in breathless haste informed him that there was still another child to be born. Hastening back the physician arrived in time to aid in delivering the woman of her fifth child. The physician was then prevailed on by the husband and father to stay during the remainder of the night. He was not slow to accept the invitation and sat down to wait developments. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes he was again called to the bedside of the woman and very soon the sixth child was breathing the breath of life. Morning dawned and the doctor took his leave, having had no sleep during the night. He threw himself across the bed on his arrival at home, and was soon sound asleep. About 8 o'clock, he was aroused by his wife. who stated that Mr. B-was at the gate and wanted to see him immediately. What is the matter now?" asked the doctor, Mary appears to be going to—you know. replied Mr. B...... "What! another one?" exclaimed the doctor excitedly. "That's it," said Mr. B., with a smile spreading his mouth from ear to ear. The doctor mounted his horse and was soon at the house of Mr. B. He was too late, however, to be of any service, as the seventh child, a girl, was born a few minutes previous to his arrival. The doctor remained about the premises during the rest of the day, but his services were not again needed. The gentleman who made the above statement, and it is almost in his exact words says he has seen the seven babies several times, and while not large, weighing from four to five pounds each, they appear to be healthy, well developed children. The occurrence has created considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and the people for miles around flock to see the woman and her babies. The husband is described as being of small stature, and, in fact, exceedingly thin, while the wife is said to be strong and healthy. Physicians here are considerably excited over the affair, and some are talking of paying the family a visit. A most singular feature of the children is that all of them have blue

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eyes, and so closely resemble each other that

it is hard to tell ' which from t'other.'

with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."-Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled-"JAMES EPPS & Co.,

CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

> PART II. CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED.

"We are going to have an 'At Home 'all to our two selves to night, Auntie," Edith said, kissing her thin cheek; "and I am going to sing you to sleep, by way of beginning."

She was fond of Aunt Chatty-a meek soul, born to be tyrannized over, and tyrannized over, from her very cradle. One of those large women, who obey their small husbands in fear and trembling, who believe everything they are told, who "bless the squire and his relations, and live contented with their stations," who are bullied by their friends, by their children, by their servants and who die reekly some day, and go to Heaven.

Edith opened the piano and began to play. She was looking very handsome to night, in green silk and black lace, one half-shattered rose in her hair. She looked handsome-at least so the young man who entered unobserved, and stood looking at her, evidently thought.

She had not heard him enter, but presently some mesmeric rapport between them told her he was near. She turned her head and saw him. Aunt Chatty caught sight of him, in her semi-sleeping state, at the same mo-

"Dear me, Charlie," his mother said, "you here? I thought you went to Mrs. Featherbrain's ?"

"So I did," replied Charlie. "I wentsaw-I returned-and here I am, if you and Dithy will leave me for the rest of the even-

Edith and I were very well off without you. We had peace, and that is more than we generally have when you and she come together. You shall be allowed to stay only

on one condition, and that is that you don't quarrel." "I quarrel!" Charlie said, lifting his eye brows to the middle of his forehead. "My dear mother, your mental blindness on many points is really deplorable. It's all Edith's fault—all; one of the few fixed principles of

my life is never to quarrel with anybody. It upsets a man's digestion, and is fatiguing in the extreme. Our first meeting," continued Mr. Stuart, stretching himself out leisurely on a sofs, "at which Edith fell in love with me at sight, was a row. Well, if it wasn't a row it was an unpleasantness of some sort. You can't deny, Miss Darrell, there was a coolness between us. Didn't we pass the night in a snow-drift, Since then, every other meeting has been a succession of rows. In justice to myself and the angelic sweetness of my own disposition, I must repeat, the beginning, middle, and ending of each lies with her. She will bully, and I never could stand being bullied: I always knock under. But I warn her a day of retribution is at hand. In self defence I mean to marry her, and then, base miscreant, beware! The trodden worm will turn, and plunge the iron

laughing at, Miss Darrell?" "A slight confusion of metaphor, Charlienothing more. What have you done with

into her own soul. May I ask what you are

"Trix is all right in the matronly charge of Mrs. Featherbrain, and engaged ten deep to the baronet. By-the-bye, the baronet was inquiring for you, with a degree of warmith and solicitude as unwelcome as it was uncalgraphs that after the first child was born the led for. A baronet for a brother-in-law is all very well-a baronet for a rival is not well at all. Now, my dear child, try to overcome the general nastiness of your disposition for once, and make yourself agreeable. I knew you were pining on the stem for me at home, and so I threw over the last crush of the season, made Mrs Featherbrain my enemy for

Miss Darrell turned to the piano with a frown, but her ever were sm bringing to light another girl baby. This secret heart she was well content. Charlie was considered remarkable, and the physician | was beside her. Charlie had given up the ball and Mrs. Featherbrain for her. It was of no use denying it, she was fond of Charlie. Ot late it had dawned dimly and deliciously had not gone more than half a mile before he upon her that Sir Victor Catheron was growing very attentive. If so wildly improbable a thing could occur as Sir Victor's falling in love with her, she was ready at any moment to be his wife; but for the love which alone makes marriage sweet and holy, which neither time, nor trouble, nor absence, can change-that love she felt for her cousin Charlie, and no other mortal man.

It was a very pleasant evening-how pleasant, Edith did not care to own, even to herself. Aunt Chatty dozed sweetly in her armchair, she in her place at the piano, and Charlie taking comfort on his sofa, and calmly and dispassionately finding fault with her music. That those two could spend an evening, an hour together, without disagreeing, was simply an utter impossibility. Edith invariably lost her temper-nothing earthly ever disturbed Charlie's. Presently, in anger and disgust, Miss Darrell jumped up from the pianostool, and protested she would play no more.

"To be told I sing 'Kathleen Mayourneen' flat, and that the way I hold my elbows when I play Thalberg's 'Home,' is frightful to behold, I will not stand it! Like all critics. you find it easier to paint out one's faults, than to do better. It's the very last time, sir, I'll ever play a note for you !"

But, somehow, after a skirmish at euchre at which she was ignobly beaten, and, I must sav. shamefully cheated, she was back at the piano, and it was the clock striking twelve that made her start at last.

"Twelvel Goodness me. I didn't think it was half-past ten!" Mr. Stuart smiled, and stroked his mustache with calm complacency. "Aunt Chatty, wake up! It's midnight-time all good little women were in hed."

You need not hurry yourself on that account, Dithy," Charlie suggests, "if the rule only applies to good little women." Miss Darrell replies with a glance of scorn,

and wakes up Mrs. Stuart, "You were sleeping so nicely I thought it pity to wake you sooner. Come, Auntie dear, we'll go upstairs together. You know we have a hard day's work before us to-

morrow. Good-night, Mr. Stuart." "Good-night, my love," Mr. Stuart responded, making no attempt to stir. Edith linked her strong, young arm in that of her sleepy aunt and led her upstairs. He lay and watched the slim green figure, the beautiful bright face, as it disappeared in a mellow flow of gaslight. The clear, sweet voice came

" And Charlie he's my darling, My darling-my darling, And Charlie he's my darling, The young chevalier!"

floating saucily back :

All that was sauciest and most coquettish n the girl's nature, came out with Charlie. With Sir Victor, as Trixy explained it, she was "goody" and talked sense.

Mr. Stuart went back to the ball, and, I regret to say, made himself obnoxious to old Featherbrain by the marked empressement of his devotion to old Featherbrain's wife. Edith listened to the narration next day from the lips of Trix with surprise and disgust. Tobacco Parliament proken up, that I behold Miss Stuart, on her own account, was full of you here?"

triumph and happiness. Sir Victor had been most devoted, "most devoted," said Trix in italics, " that is, for him. "He danced with me very often, and he spoke several times of you. Dithy dear. He couldn't understand why you absented yourself from the last party of the season—no more can I, for that matter. A person may hate a person like poison-I often do myself-and yet go to that person's parties.'

But this was a society maxim Miss Darrell could by no meens be brought to understand. Where she liked she liked, where she hated she hated there were no half measures for

The last day came. At noon, with a brilliant May sun shining, the ship fired her farewe'll gun, and steamed away for Merrie England. Edith leaned over the bulwark and watched the receding shore, with her heart in her eyes.

"Good-bye to home," she said, "a smile on her lip, a tear in her eye." "Who knows whether I shall ever see it?"

The luncheon bell rang; everybody-a wonderful crowd too-flocked merrily downstairs to the saloon, where two long tables. bright with crystal and flowers, were spread. What a delightful thing was an ocean voyage, and sea-sickness—bah!—merely an illusion of the senses.

After lunch, Charlie selected the sunniest spot on deck, for his resting-place, and the prettlest flirt on board for his companion, spread out his railway rug at her feet, spread out himself thereon, and prepared to be happy and be made love to. Trix, on the arm of the baronet, paraded the deck. Mrs. Stuart and Lady Helena buried themselves in the seclusion of the ladies' cabin in expectation of the wrath to come. Edith got a campstool and a book, and hid herself behind the wheel house for a little of private enjoyment. But she did not read; it was delight enough to sit and watch the old ocean smiling, and smiling like any other coquette, as though it could never be cruel.

The afternoon wore on; the sun dropped low, the wind rose-so did the sea. And presently-staggering blindly on Sir Victor's arm, pale as death, with speechless agony im-printed on every feature—Trixy made her appearance behind the wheel-house.

"O Edith, I feel awfully-awfully! I feel like death—I feel—"

She wienched her arm from the baronet's, rushed wildly from the side, and-Edith's dark, laughing eyes looked up into the blue ones, that no effort of Sir Victor's could quite control. The next moment she was by Trixy's side, leading that limp and pallid heroine to the regions below, whence, for five no:tal days, she emerged not, nor did the eye of man

rest on Miss Beatrix Stuart. The weather was fine, but the wind and sea ran tolerably high, and of course every body mostly was tolerably sick. One day's ordeal sufficed for Edith's tribute to old Neptune; after that, she never felt a qualm. A great deal of her time was spent in waiting upon Aunt Chatty and Trix, both of whom were very far gone indeed. In the case of Miss Stuart, the tortures of jealousy were added to the tortures of sea-sickness. Did Sir Victor walk with the young ladies on deck? Did he walk with her, Edith? Did he ever enquire for herself? Oh, it was shameful-shameful that she should be kept prostrate here, unable to lift her head! At this juncture, generally, in her excitement, Trixy did lift it, and the the thought of that tragedy is as bitter to my consequence was-woe.

It was full moon before they reached midocean. How Edith enjoyed it, no words can tell. Perhaps it was out of merciful compassion to Trix, but she did not tell her of the long brisk twilight, mid-day, and moonlight walks she and the baronet took on deck. How, leaning over the bulwarks, they watched the sun set, round and red, into the sea, and the silver sickle May moon rise, like another Aphrodite, out of the waves. She did not tell her how they sat side by side at dinner; how he lay at her feet, and read aloud for her, in sheltered sunny nocks; how laugh at me, perhaps," he said, smiling ner-uncommonly friendly and confidential they vously; "you will set me down as a dreamer became altogether, in these first half-dozen days out. People grow intimate in two days at sea, as they would not in two years on land. Was it all gentlemanly courtesy and politeness on the baronet's side? the girl sometimes wondered. She could analyze her own feelings pretty well. Of that fitful feverish passion called love, described by the country swain as feeling "hot and dry like-with pain in the side like," she felt no particle. There was one, Mr. Charles Stuart lying about in places, looking serene and sunburnt, who saw it all with Pleepy, half-closed eyes, and kept his conclusions to himself, "Kismet!" he thought; "the will of Allah be done. What is written is written. Seasickness is bad enough without the green. eyed monster. Even Othello, if he had been crossing in a Cunard ship, would have put off the pillow performance until they reached the

other side." One especial afternoon, Edith fell asleep after luncheou, on a sofa in her own and Trixv's cabin, and slept through dinner and dessert, and only woke with the lighting of the lamps. Trix lay, pale and wretched, gazing out of the port-hole, at the glory of moonlight on the heaving sea, as one who

sorrows without hope of consolation. "I hope you enjoyed your forty winks, Edith," she remarked; "what a Rip Van Winkle you are! For my-part, I've never slept at all since I came on board this horrid ship! Now, where are you going?"

"To get something to eat from my friend

the stewardess," Edith answered; "I see I am too late for dinner." Miss Darrell went, and got some tea and

toast. Then wrapping berself in a blanket shawl, and tying a coquettish red wool shawl hood over her hair, she ascended to the deck. It was pretty well deserted by the ladies-

none the worse for that, Edith thought. The full moon shone with untold splendor over the vast expanse of tossing sea, heaving with that majestic swell, that never quite lulls on the mighty Atlantic The gentlemen filled the smoking-room, the "Tabak Parliament" was at its height. She took a camp-stool, and made for her favorite sheltered spot behind the wheel-house. How grand it was—the starry sky, the brilliant white moon, the boundless ocean—that long trail of silvery radiance stretching miles behind. An icy blast swept over the deep, but wrapped in her big hawl, Edith could defy even that. She sat absorbed in the beauty and splendor of that moonlight on the sea. Very softly, very sweetly, half unconsciously, she began sing-ing "The Young May Moon," when a step behind made her turn her head. It was Sir Victor Catheron. She awoke from her dream -came back to earth, and was of the world worldly, once more. The smile that welcomed him was very bright. She would have blushed if she could; but it is a disadvantage of pale brunettes that they don't blush

easily.
"I heard singing, sweet and faint, and I give you my word, Miss Darrell, I thought it might be the Lurline, or a stray mermaid combing her sea-green locks. It is all very beautiful of course, but are you not afraid of

taking cold?" "I never take cold," Miss Darrell answered "influenza is an unknown disease. Has the

"It is half-past eleven-didn't you kno ?-and all the lights are out." "Good Heaven!" Edith cried, starting u aghast; "half-past eleven! What will Trixy say? Really moon gazing must be absorbing work. I had no idea it was after ten." Stay a moment, Miss Darrell," Sir Victo

interposed, there is something I would like to say to you something I have wished to speak of since we came our board.

Edith's heart gave one great jump—into her mouth it seemed. What would such a preface as this portend, save one thing? The speak of since we came on board."

baronet spoke again, and Miss Darrell's heart sank down to the very soles of her buttoned boots.

ones.

"It is concerning those old papers, the Chesholm Courier. You understand, and and the lamentable tragedy they chronicie." "Yes?" said Miss Darrell, shutting her lips ignt.

"It is naturally a deeply painful subject to

me. Twenty-three years have passed; I was but an infant at the time, yet if it had occur. red only a year ago, I think I could hardly feel it more keenly than I do-hardly suffer more, when I speak of it."
"Then why speak of it?" was the young

lady's very sensible question. "I have no claim to hear it, I am sure."

"No," the young man responded, and even in the moonlight she could see his colour rise, " perhaps not, and yet I wanted to speak to you of it ever since. I don't know why, it is something I can scarcely bear to think of even, but yet I feel a sort of relief in speaking of it to you. Perhaps there is 'rapport' be-tween us—that we are affinites—who knows?" Who indeed! Miss Darrell's heart came up from her boots, to its proper place, and

"It was such a terrible thing," the young man went on, "such a mysterious thing. To this day it was wrapped in darkness. She was so young, so fair, so good—it seems too horrible for belief, that any human being could lift his hand against so innocent a life. And vet it was done."

staved there.

"A most terrible thing," Edith said; "but one has only to read the papers, to learn such deeds of horror are done every day. Life is a terribly sensational story. You say it is shrouded in darkness, but the Chesholm Cour. ier did not seem at all in the dark."

"You mean Inez Catheron. She was innocent." " Indeed!"

"She was not guilty, except in this-she knew who was guilty, and concealed it. Of that I have reason to be sure." " Her brother, of course—the Juan Catheron

of the papers." "Who is to tell! Even that is not certain, No," in answer to her look of surprise, "it is not certain. I am sure my aunt believes in his innocence."

"Then who -"Ah-who!', the baronet said mournfully, who was the murderer? It may be that we

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wiil never know." "You will know," Edith said decidedly, I am sure of it. I am a firm believer in the truism that 'murder will out.' Sooner or la-

ter you will know," She spoke with the calm conviction of prophecy. She looked back to shudder at her

own words in the after days. "Three-and-twenty years is a tolerable time to forget even the bitterest sorrow, but aunt to-day, as it was when it was done. She cannot bear to speak of it-I believe she cannot bear to think of it. What I know, therefore, concerning it, I have learned from others. Until I was eighteen, I knew absolutely nothing. Of my mother, of course I have no remembrance, and yet "-his eyes and tone grew dreamy-" as far back as I can recall, there is in my mind the memory of a woman, young and handsome, bending above my bed, kissing and crying over me. My mother was fair. the face I recall is dark. You will think me sentimental—you will of dreamers, and yet it is there."

Her dark, earnest eyes looked up at him, full of womanly sympathy. "Laugh at you! Think better of me, Sir Victor. In these days it is rare enough to see men with either memory or veneration for

their mother-whether dead or alive.' He looked at her; words seemed struggling to his lips. Once he had spoken. Then he checked himself suddenly. When he did speak it was with a total change of tone:

"And I am keeping you selfishly here in the cold. Take my arm, Miss Darrell; you must not stop another instant." She obeyed at once; he led her to her cabin

door-hesitated-took her hand and held it while he spoke: "I don't know why, as I said before, I have talked of this; I could not have done it with

anyone else. let me thank you for your sympathy with all my heart.' Then he was gone; and, very grave and thoughtful, Edith sought Trixy and the upper berth. Miss Stuart lay calmly sleeping the sleep of the just and the sea-sick blissfully unconscious of the traitorous goings on about her. Edith looked at her with a sort of twinge. Was it fair, after all? was it strictly honora-

ble? "Poor Trix," she said, kissing her softly, I don't think it will be you!" Next morning, at breakfast, Miss Darrell noticed that Mr. Stuart, junior, watched her as he sipped his coffee, with a portentous countenance tuat foreboded something. What it foreboded came out presntly. He led her on deck-offered her his arm for a morning constitutional, and opened fire thus wise:

"What were you and the baronet about on deck at abnormal hours of the night! What

was the matter with you both. "Now, now!" cried Edith, "how do you come to know anything about it? What business have small boys like you, spying on the actions of their elders, when they should be safely tucked up, and asleep in their little

"I wasn't spying; I was asleep. I have no restless conscience to keep me prowling about at unholy hours."

" How do you come to know, then?

"A little bird told me." "l'll twist your little bird's neck! Who was it, sir? 1 command you." "How she queens it already! Don't excite yourself, you small Amazon. It was the

officer of the deck ' "The officer of the deck might be much better employed; and you may tell him 80, with my compliments."

"I will; but don't deny it-you were

"I never deny my actions," she says with royal disdain; "yes, I was there."
"With Sir Victor—alone?"

"With Sir Victor-alone?". "What did you talk about, Miss Darrell?"

"More than I care to repeat for your edification, Mr. Stuart. Have you any more questions to ask, pray?" "One or two; did heask you to marry him,

"Ab, no!" Edith answers with a sigh that is genuine; "there is no such luck as that in store for Dithy Darrell. A baronets bride-Lady Catheron! no, no-the cakes and ale of

life are not for me." "Would you marry him, if he did? Will

had d Darrel ation 1 Stuart