

man. When Phebe found her, she was quietly studying the crown and its various features, that she might describe a throng from memory whenever a need should arise for it.

Felicitia had regained her luxurious little study, and sat down before her desk, on which the new volumes lay, with more outward calm than her face and movements had manifested before she left it. The transient glow of triumph had died away from her face, and the happy tears from her eyes. She closed the casement to shut out the bright, clear sunlight, and the merry voices of her children before she sat down to think.

For a little while she had been burning incense to herself; but the treacherous fire had gone out, and the sweet, bewildering, intoxicating vapours were scattered to the winds. The recollection of her short-lived folly made her shiver as if a cold breath had passed over her.

Not for a moment did she doubt Roland's guilt. There was such a certainty of it lying behind Phebe's sorrowful eyes as she whispered "I know it," that Felicitia had not cared to ask how she knew it. She did not trouble herself with details. The one fact was there: her husband had absconded. A dreamy panorama of their past life flitted across her brain—his passionate love for her, which had never cooled, though it had failed to meet with a response from her; his insatiable desire to make her life more full of pomp, and luxury, and display than that of her cousins at Riversdale; his constant thralldom to her, which had ministered only to her pride and coldness. His queen he had called her. It was all over now. His extraordinary absence was against any hope that he could clear himself. Her husband had brought fatal and indelible disgrace upon his name the name he had given to her and their children.

Her name! This morning, and for many days to come, it would be advertised as the author of the new book, which was to have been one of her stepping-stones to fame. She had grasped at fame, and her hand had closed upon infamy. There was no fear now that she would remain among the crowd of the unknown. As the wife of a fraudulent banker, she would be only too well and too widely talked of.

Why had she let her own full name be published? She had yielded, though with some reluctance, to the business-like policy of her publisher, who had sought to catch the public eye by it; for her father, Lord Riversdale, was hardly yet forgotten as an author. A vague sentiment of loyalty to her husband had caused her to add her married name. She hated to see the two blazoned together on the title-page.

Sick at heart, she sat for hours brooding over what would happen if Roland was arrested. The assizes held twice a year at Riversborough had been to her, as to many people of her position, an occasion of pleasurable excitement. The judges' lodgings were in the next house to the Old Bank, and for the few days the judges were Roland Seldon's neighbours there had been a friendly interchange of civilities. An assize ball was still held, though it was falling into some neglect and disrepute. Whenever any cause of special local interest took place, she had commanded the best seat in the court, and had obsequious attention paid to her. She had learned well the aspect of the place, and the mode of procedure. But hitherto her recollections of a court of justice were all agreeable, and her impressions those of a superior being looking down from above on the miseries and crimes of another race.

How different was the vision that branded itself on her brain this morning! She saw her husband standing at the dock, instead of some coarse, ignorant, brutish criminal, the stern gravity of the judge; the sly, curious curiosity of the barristers not connected with the case, and the cruel eagerness of his fellow-townsmen to get good places to hear and see him. It would make a holiday for all who could get within the walls.

She could have written almost word for word the report of the trial as it would appear in the two papers published at Riversborough. She could foretell how lavish would be the use of the words "felon" and "convict;" and she would be that felon and convict's wife.

Oh, this intolerable burden of disgrace! To be borne through the long, long years of life; and not by herself alone, but by her children. They had come into a miserable heritage. What became of the families of notorious criminals? She could believe that the poor did not suffer from so cruel a notoriety, being quickly lost in the oblivious waters of poverty and distress, amid refuges and work-houses. But what would become of her? She must go away into endless exile, with her two little children, and live where there was no chance of being recognized. This was what her husband's sin had done for her.

"God help me! God deliver me!" she moaned with white lips. But she did not pray for him. In the first moments of anguish the spirit flies to that which lies at the very core. While Roland's mother and Phebe were weeping together and praying for him, Felicitia was crying for help and deliverance for herself.

(To be continued.)

A DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover; and I live miles and miles away, upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbours, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle,—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly. She never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me "Buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine, and tea and

sugar, put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning; but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so eagerly expecting.

I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and I settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well; and it was almost that, when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or maybe six miles from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as I got down and felt about in the grass, called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I am not superstitious, not very, but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half-inclined to run away, but once more I heard that piteous cry, and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here to die." I searched again. At last, I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me; and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour, when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the yard, I saw that something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes, before I could lift the latch. At last, I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me, she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him!" she cried. "It will kill him."

"What is it, neighbours?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arm?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling and no other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbours; but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road,—the little baby-cry hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Ah, friends, the blessings of our work often come nearer to our homes than we ever dare to hope.—*Selected.*

A HUSBAND AND FATHER.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Annie, I will not; you may trust me."

And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they proceeded.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! She was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. But his love for his wife and babe, whom they both idolized, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in the bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time for departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through the trusting heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man would break into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely on her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Millie, I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream, which they had to ford.

After some hesitation, she resigned her first-born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket, to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink forever.

What a spectacle! The idol of his heart gone—gone forever! and that, too, by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and the remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

PROFESSOR FLINT has been ordered by his physicians to abstain from any public appearances this winter, with the exception of his ordinary class lectures.

THE GOVERNOR of Alsace and Lorraine has announced that a policy of conciliation will be pursued. Germany intends to retain the provinces and Germanize them.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MORE journalists have been fined and imprisoned in Germany for indiscreet articles.

LARGE European contributions are expected for the Garfield Memorial Hospital.

ITALY's relations with Austria are now excellent. One reason for this is the recent visit of King Humbert to Vienna.

THE national memorial statue to Daniel O'Connell has been completed. It will be erected in Sackville street, Dublin.

INTELLIGENCE from New Zealand states that Te Whiti and two other Maori chiefs have been arrested without offering resistance.

IT is a shameful fact that since Bosnia was annexed to Austria it has had far less religious liberty than it had under Mohammedan rule.

AT the sale of the Duke of Marlborough's Sunderland library, a Latin Bible, being the first Bible printed, with the date 1462, sold for \$1,600.

THE Rev. Mr. Green is making a sad martyr of himself. All his furniture has been sold, and, if he were released to-day, he would be penniless.

THE Australian Missionary Society reported the receipts of the year aggregating \$73,386. Of this sum, nearly one-half came from New Zealand and the Fiji Islands.

As Mr. Gladstone drove through Chester the other day, a group of Irish cattle-dealers cheered him enthusiastically, one of them inquiring, "Is that the man who gave us the Land Bill?"

The Book of Joshua in Ponape, the Scriptures in the Tamil tongue, and the New Testament in Zulu were among the polyglot treasures which have been issued by the American Bible Society lately.

STEPS are being taken to open an institution for the theological training of native missionaries in India, to be supported by the whole of the Presbyterian Churches represented in the Indian mission field.

THE London "Echo" states that the vicar of Epsom has been advertising for a curate, and takes occasion to inform the public that no "blasphemous hymns" are sung in his church which is "free from Ritualistic follies."

MRS. GARFIELD has sent through the State Department, to Queen Victoria, a photograph of the late President, for which Her Majesty asked after his death. It is suitably framed, and was forwarded last week. It is a cabinet-size picture.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH has been on a short visit to Balmoral by a special invitation from the Queen, but it is said her Majesty would not allow him to preach before her, fearing that the effort might injuriously affect his health, which is still delicate.

A RELIGIOUS census of the attendance at church is at present being taken in a number of English towns. At Ipswich, out of a population of 50,000, 5,113 attended Church of England service, and 4,905 the services of other denominations.

C. RENNICK, Esq., of Carrickmacross, Ireland, visited his Tyrone estate recently, and most agreeably surprised his tenants by reducing their rents thirty, forty and fifty per cent. The tenants gave expression to their gratification by bonfires lighted on their respective farms.

THE body of the late Earl of Crawford was stolen from the mortuary chapel at his country seat in Aberdeenshire, and has not yet been recovered. It is thought that the deed was committed by the same persons who stole the body of the late A. T. Stewart, in New York, three years ago.

THE threatening attitude of Mexico towards Guatemala creates great excitement in Central America. All the states, even Costa Rica, support Guatemala. The secretary of the French legation in Guatemala has been arrested, and the Minister has written a strong letter of complaint to Paris.

AN advertisement has appeared in a London paper in the following words: "A gentleman (R.C.) of very respectable family, and holding a good business appointment, is anxious to acquire a loan for a short time to enable him to settle his mind in religious matters. Kind offers in strict confidence," etc., etc.

EARL FITZWILLIAM has returned to his English and Irish tenants the whole of the last half-year's rent. The Earl has also spent the following sums on his Irish tenants: From 1833 to 1856 he spent in emigration alone—in sending out whole families in chartered ships—no less than £23,586; from 1844 to 1856 he expended in feeding and clothing the poorer classes of his tenantry £8,000; from 1849 to 1879 he spent for the same good object £7,700; in converting bogs into profitable gardens he had spent £40,000; during thirty-six years his lordship has given £303,000 in improving his Irish estates.

THE tenants on the estate of Clyth, near Wick, Scotland, met to receive a reply from the proprietor, Mr. Sharp, to their petition for a revaluation of their holdings. Over 200 were present. It was announced that Mr. Sharp refuses a revaluation, but promises to take individual cases into consideration. Several speakers gave examples of what they considered excessive rents, and it was agreed to ask the proprietor for a reduction. In the event of this not being given, Government is to be memorialized for compulsory valuation. A petition was adopted in favour of land courts in Scotland, fixity of tenure, and compensation for improvements. It was stipulated that this petition should not be sent to Parliament through Sir Toilemache Sinclair, the member for the county, in consequence of his opposition to the Irish Land Bill. Some strong language was used, and it was put to the meeting whether any rent should be paid if no reduction was granted. The chairman answered decidedly in the affirmative, and said that each tenant must do the best he could for himself.