

and next to Felix and Hilda you have stood nearest to me. Love me always, and in spite of all, my dear."

She lifted up her bowed head and kissed her lips with a long and lingering kiss. Then Phebe knew that she was bent upon going alone, and immediately, to Engelberg.

The icy air of the morning, blowing down from the mountains where the winter's snow was but partially melted, made Felicitia shiver, though her mind was too busy to notice why. Phebe had seen that she was warmly clad, and had come down to the boat with her to start her on this last day's journey; but Felicitia had scarcely opened her pale lips to say good by. She stood on the quay, watching the boat as long as the white steam from the funnel was in sight, and then she turned away, blind to all the scenery about her, in the heaviness of heart she felt for the sorrowful soul going out on so sad and vain a quest. There had been no time for Jean Merle to overtake them, and now Felicitia was gone when a few words from her would have stopped her. But Phebe had not dared to utter them.

Felicitia too had not seen either the sunlit hills lying about her, or Phebe watching her departure. She had no thought for anything but what there might be lying before her, in that lonely mountain village, to which, after fourteen years, her reluctant feet were turned. Possibly she might find no trace of the man who had been so long dead to her, and to all the world, and thus be baffled and deflated, yet relieved, at the first stage of her search. For she did not desire to find him. Her heart would be lightened of its miserable load if she should discover that Jean Merle was dead, and buried in the same quiet cemetery where the granite cross marked the grave of Roland Sefton. That was a thing to be hoped for. If Jean Merle was living still, and living there, what should she say to him? Wild hopes and desires would be awakened within him if he found her seeking after him. Nay, it might possibly be that he would insist upon making their mutual sin known to the world, by claiming to return to her and her children. It seemed a desperate thing to have done; and for the first time since she left London she repented of having done it. Was she not sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind? There was still time for her to retrace her steps and go back home, the home she owed altogether to herself, yet one which this man, whom she had not seen for so long a time, had a right to enter as the master of it. What fatal impulse had driven her to leave it on so wild and fruitless an errand?

Yet she felt she could no longer live without knowing the fate of Jean Merle. Her heart had been gnawing itself ever since they parted with vague remorse and self-accusations, slumbering often, but now aroused into an activity that could not be laid to rest. This morning, for the first time, beneath all her perplexity and fear and hope to find him dead, there came to her a strange, undefined, scarcely conscious tenderness towards the miserable man, whom she had last seen standing in her presence, an uncouth, ragged, weather-beaten peasant. The man had been her husband, the father of her children, and a deep, keen pain was stirring in her soul, partly of the old love, for she had once loved him, and partly of the pity she felt for him, as she began to realize the difference there had existed between her lot and his.

She scarcely felt how worn out she was, how dangerously fatigued with this rapid travelling and the resistless current of agitation which had possessed her. As she journeyed onwards she was altogether unconscious of the roads she traversed, only arousing herself when any change of conveyance made it necessary. Her brain was busy over the opinion, more than once expressed by Phebe, that every man could live down the evil consequences of his sin, if he had courage and faith enough. "If God forgives us, man will forgive us," said Phebe. But Felicitia pondered over the possibility of Roland having paid the penalty of his crime, and going back again to take up his life, walking more humbly in it evermore, with no claim to pre-eminence save that of most diligently serving his fellow-men. She endeavoured to picture herself receiving him back again from the convict prison, with all its shameful memories branded on him, and looking upon him again as her husband and the father of her children; and she found herself crying out to her own heart that it would have been impossible to her. Phebe might have done it, but she—never!

The journey, though not more than fourteen miles from Stans to Engelberg, occupied several hours, so broken up the narrow road was by the winter's rains and the melting snow. The steep ascent between Grafenort and Engelberg was dangerous, the more so as a heavy thunder-storm broke over it; but Felicitia remained insensible to any peril. At length the long, narrow valley lay before her, stretching upwards to the feet of the rocky hills. The thunder-storm that had met them on the road had been raging fiercely in this mountain caldron, and was but just passing away in long, low mutterings, echoed and prolonged amid the precipitous walls of rock. Tall, trailing, spectre-like clouds slowly followed each other in solemn and stately procession up the valley, as though amid their light yet impenetrable folds of vapour they wore the invisible form of some mysterious being; whether in triumph or in sorrow it was impossible to tell. The sun caught their gray crests and tinged them with rainbow colours; and as they floated unheavily along, the valley behind them seemed to spring into a new life of sunshine and mirth.

(To be continued.)

LOOK TO YOUR CELLARS.

One of the most fruitful sources of disease in the household is a dirty cellar. We have had occasion, within the last few years, to record many instances in which desolating sickness has entered families through this cause, carrying off one after another, by diphtheria or some other deadly disease. The cause was not suspected until it was too late to avoid the consequences. An apparently slight exhalation from standing water or from a damp cellar, where water cannot be found, especially if there should happen to be any decaying vegetable matter in it, may affect a whole family. There have been blocks of splendid new brown-stone houses

in this city that have become uninhabitable owing to the closing of the general sewer, perhaps at the end of the block, thus preventing the free passing away of the natural dampness of the soil or the accumulation of water, and compelling it by a law of nature to pass upward through the house. The presence of this malarial atmosphere in the house is not detected until fever or some other disease breaks out. Even those who are aware of the existence of dampness and of their exposure to malarial influences do not always take immediate measures to correct the evil, but live on in security or in hope until sickness awakens them to their danger. In the country there is often as great, if not greater, indifference to the prolific causes of disease. Many a farmer occupied with spring work leaves his cellar to take care of itself, and his family to take care of themselves, when the remnants of the vegetables that were stored up in the fall begin to decay and breed a pestilence in the house. One of the first duties of the farmer in the spring is to make a thorough overhauling and cleansing of his cellar, removing everything that has a tendency to decay, and using disinfectants where there is the least danger from decaying matter. A single leaf of cabbage left until spring may infect a cellar. A few roots that have been stored up during the winter may produce an offensive odour, or, still more dangerous, because unsuspected, bane to health. Now as the time for this work to be done, and it ought to be thoroughly done.—*New York Paper.*

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp.
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of our coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet may win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay;
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "For ever more."
—*Chambers's Journal.*

KISSES ON INTEREST.

A father talking to his careless daughter said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it would brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little chubby bands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you some of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

A MISSIONARY at Tokio, Japan, says that it is quite common to hear the children in the street singing, "Ah Iyusu di su," Jesus loves me.

THE call from the second charge of the United Churches of Inverness and Bona, Scotland, to Rev. Gavin Lang, of Montreal, received 1,202 signatures. Mr. Lang is a native of Glassford, in Lanarkshire, of which parish his father was minister for more than forty years. He had a distinguished university career, and in 1864, on being licensed to preach, was at once appointed assistant to Dr. Duff, of Sandysford Church, Glasgow. The following year he was ordained minister of Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire. In 1870 he was called from Fyvie to succeed his father in Glassford, but towards the end of that year he became minister of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, where he has since remained.

THE seed which is surest to come, and will yield the heaviest harvest irrespective of country, climate, or soil, is oats—wild oats, there is only one way to lose a harvest, and that is by dying before the harvest comes.

TEMPTATION is far better shunned than grappled with. We may get strength by a victorious encounter, and so gain the beatitude, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." But we may be worsted in the trial, and so get the spoils of the conquered—wounds and bruises and dishonour. South says, truly: "To grapple with temptation is a venture; to fly from it is a victory."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE poorer Jews of Roumania are forming large and numerous companies for colonizing in Palestine.

THE commission in Germany to revise Luther's Bible has held its last sitting, and brought its work to a close.

THE Sustentation Fund of the Irish Presbyterian Church yielded about two thousand dollars less than last year.

DR. SCHLIMMANN has no free scope to search the whole Troas. He intends to investigate closely the environs of Balli-Dagh.

THE Welsh Presbyterians in the city of Manchester in 1840 had one chapel; now they have three, valued at \$100,000.

THE Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, vicar of Kensington, is about to marry Lady Mary Campbell, one of the daughters of the Duke of Argyll.

THE exodus of Jews from Russia is creating confusion in the corn trade. Seven thousand Jewish families are anxious to emigrate to Palestine.

A CHURCH is to be erected on the site of the disaster at Isandula, in memory of the soldiers of the 24th regiment who fell there during the Zulu war.

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has taken steps to secure a new charter. Its old foundation consisted of a charter granted by William III. in 1700.

ANOTHER Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Frederick Cruciani, has joined the Methodist Mission in Rome, Italy. Much service is expected of Signor Cruciani.

PLOTS are said to have been discovered for blowing up the Kremlin at the Czar's coronation, and peasants' caps were found, in the crowns of which were explosive materials.

MICROSCOPIC insects are preying upon the violet in Europe, so that the sweet flower is threatened with extinction. In the provinces of the Rhone it is already destroyed.

THE London "Christian" says that of twenty infidel lecturers and writers, who have been prominent in the last thirty years, sixteen have abandoned infidelity and openly professed faith in Christianity.

A COLOURED medical man has been appointed assistant physician at the Central Lunatic Asylum, Richmond, Virginia. This is the first time a man of negro blood has received a public office in Virginia State.

MERCHANT steamers laden with Chinese continue to leave Hong Kong for American ports on the Pacific coast. Rumours are revived of impending trouble between China and Japan on account of the Loo Choo Islands.

THE aborigines of Australia are dying off very rapidly. The annual report of the Ramahyuck Mission of the Moravians states that the census returns of the colony show that the natives have decreased in ten years from 1,330 to 768.

IN the Canton of Basle, Switzerland, baptismal and marriage fees have been abolished by a decree of the Great Council. The Council state that "the churches, the clergy, and the sacristans of the Canton stand at the gratuitous service of the public."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON laughs at the fears about the Channel tunnel. He would be willing to ensure the safety of the country, so far as the tunnel was concerned, if he was able to take six able-bodied old women from Wigton, armed with broomsticks, to the mouth of the tunnel.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER (City Temple, London) has adopted the plan of administering the Lord's Supper on a week night, to meet the convenience of worshippers who are unable to stay to the ordinance on Sunday evenings, and do not like the custom of holding it in the morning.

FATHER CURCI prophesies the return of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church to the study of the Scriptures; and, to assist them, he is engaged with Professor Scapattini, of the Propaganda, in translating the Bible from Hebrew into Latin—a worthy finale to such a stormy life as Curci's has been.

THE new English Church in Rome, the foundation stone of which was recently laid, is going to prove a very costly affair. Upon the foundation alone £60,000 have been spent; the site cost about £6,000, and the committee have £5,000 in hand. About £70,000 more is wanted to complete the building.

A LARGE new church has been erected in Somers Town, London, in connection with the Presbyterians. Earl Shaftesbury presided at the opening. An English Church clergyman came to bid the new congregation God-speed. The large congregation has been gathered from among the poor and outcast.

FATHER MONSABRE, the preacher at Notre Dame, challenged by his predecessor, Father Hyacinthe, to a public discussion on the Papal infallibility and the legitimacy of the Inquisition, has declined discretion the better part of valor, and declined on the ground that the truth could gain nothing by the debate.

AT Elsdon, England, great indignation is expressed by the parishioners at the action of the rector, Rev. T. J. Baillie, in preventing the interment of a dissenter in his family burying ground, beside the grave of his deceased wife. A vote of censure at the rector's heartless conduct was carried at the vestry meeting on Easter Tuesday without opposition. It was the first funeral of a Nonconformist in the churchyard under the new Burials Act.

MR. BOEHM's recumbent figure of Dean Stanley, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, will be submitted to the committee presently. It will cost 2,000 guineas. The British subscription amounts to £4,000, the American to £1,064, and about £1,500 more will be required to pay for two of the four stained glass windows which will remain to be provided after those given by the Queen, by the late Dean himself, and by the American contributors. The latter number 300, and include the late Mr. Longfellow, as well as Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Whittier.