

retired to rest, after a cold and heartless adieu from the son and brother. The twins were sleeping in the old room, but there was no pleasant, boyish gossip, between them, as they used to be in the old times. So little note did they take of each other's doings, that either might have knelt in prayer unquestioned, had he so been disposed. Edward, as usual, was the last to retire to rest. His thoughts were not pleasant ones. He had once thought with pride of the time when he should be master of Elmsdale: free to act as he pleased; free to spend as he pleased; free to rule all according to his own inclination. He was master of Elmsdale now. He was free—as entirely free as any man could be—but his anticipations had not been realized. He was utterly, hopelessly, wretched—and he saw no prospect of any amelioration in his condition.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!
Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!
Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind;
The man gentle in mien—
Words and temper, I ween—
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!
But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramping,"
In fun and in earnest—be true, boys!

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

A Legend of the Cathedral.

As they were building in Aix-la-chapelle, more than one thousand years ago, the now celebrated and beautiful Cathedral, the fathers of the city having underestimated its cost, found themselves with the church half done and an empty treasury. The prospects were so much the more dubious, as the calls for contribu-

tions made upon the distant faithful brought in only an insignificant sum. There seemed to be no means of obtaining the money which was needed to complete the building. While the magistrates, in full Council assembled, were debating this important matter, and still coming to no conclusion, a foreign lord caused himself to be announced with the message that he had something of importance to lay before the Council. The outlandish costume of this man, the indescribable expression on his face of mingled calculation and mockery, would have made a very disagreeable impression, had not the unknown forthwith in an elegant and courtly manner, introduced himself, saying:—

"Highly respected and very wise lords: It has come to my ears in what a dolorous dilemma the city now finds itself, not being able to procure funds for the completion of the Cathedral. I am the man to supply this want, and I stand before you to negotiate the conditions upon which I am ready to pay down the wanting millions in solid, ringing gold."

Universal astonishment followed the speech of the stranger. Who was the man, who spoke of millions as though they were nutshells? Was he a nabob from India who, converted to the faith, would dedicate his fortune to the building of a church? Was he a King or a mountain spirit in possession of underground treasures, or was he (as his manner would seem to imply) was he hoaxing this highly respectable assembly? Thus queried the lords of the Council one of another, yet none knew what to answer.

The Mayor was the first to recover his self-possession. He raised questions as to the rank and family of the generous stranger, and the latter enlightened him thus:—

"Of what descent or rank I am, may your Excellency guess or not; this much can I say for myself—all the money that is required I offer, not as a loan, but a gift for all time, and I make but one condition, which is this: on the day of the consecration of the church, the first one to enter by the open door shall belong to me—hide and hair, body and soul."

If the astonishment of the wise lords was great before, their fright was