

back my oath, the secret should have found its grave in the heart of Gulio, the Oath-Keeper!"

While all this had been passing, Mrs. Bruce, wondering what had become of her companions, had got as far as the Pavilion of the Shrine, where she spied Honor and Michael. Hastily embracing her friend, Mrs. Bruce declared her anxiety because Judith had disappeared with the priest. "They must have gone into the vineyard," said Michael, "that is the only gateway near here. I will fly and look for them."

Flushed with eagerness, he bounded along the road, darted into the open gate of the vineyard, and came within sight of the group there just as Judith demanded of the perfidious "Oath-Keeper,"

"Where, where is my son?"

"Here, here!" bellowed Gulio, leaping into the air, and then pouncing upon Michael and dragging him forward; "Signora, embrace your son! Padre, the boy is found!" His eye caught that of the Marchese, until now unseen behind the others. "Marchese, receive the heir of Forano!" he shouted, inexpressibly glad that now the worst was over, and that he had not to confess hereafter to the Marchese personally.

"My son?" said Judith, taking the boy's hand in doubt. She remembered a fair little infant; and here was a rollicking brunette boy of nearly thirteen!

"My heir?" said the Marchese; "this is Miss Maxwell's adopted son."

"And with Miss Maxwell I left him, because of Assunta, through whom I had heard that she was rich and gracious," said Gulio.

"Stop!" cried the Padre. "If this is the true child, he has a mole on his arm, inside the elbow joint;" and he hastily stripped the lad's arm.

"Behold the mole!" cried Gulio, as if it were something which he himself had arranged for the present crisis.

"My Nicole had such a mark," said Judith, clasping the boy to her bosom and kissing him passionately.

"It is a true Forano mark," said the Marchese, striving to share possession of the lad. "My old age is not childless!"

"Here is the true boy," said Gulio. "I, Gulio Ravi, swear it—I, who have seen him every year of his life; I, Gulio, the Oath-Keeper!"

Gulio had been hastily considering whether he should appear as a penitent for his lies, or carry it bravely as the master of ceremonies on this auspicious occasion. He quickly chose the latter role, and prepared to conduct himself as a hero of virtue and a benefactor. He therefore darted to the house for the Marchesa, and very nearly threw the good lady into a fit by suddenly announcing to her that Ser. Nicole's boy had been found by him, Gulio Ravi! and that the boy, his mother, and his former enemy, Padre Innocenza, were now in the vineyard.

He next ran toward the Villa Anteta, but on his way found Mrs. Bruce and Honor Maxwell in great perplexity at the loss of Judith, and to them he cried out to come to Madame Forano, who had obtained from her faithful old servant her son, safe and sound; while both mother and child were receiving the blessings of the Marchese. As the ladies hurried with him to the vineyard, he stunned Honor by casually remarking that the lost and found son was no other than her own boy, Michael!

The sun has set behind the vineyards of Villa Forano, but all the estate seems glowing with the light of joy that floods the hearts of its owners. The mother has received her long-lost child. Padre Innocenza finds the great wrong remedied; Forano has an heir, and the benign old Marchese and Marchesa rejoice over Michael and his mother. Even Gulio's offences are overlooked, and, although they have caused so much bitter sorrow, it is all obliterated by the present happiness. Gulio himself fully resolves to walk uprightly and eschew guile; for he sees that if he had spoken truth but once any time during the last seven years, all these troubles might have been ended long ago.

Padre Innocenza went back to Santa Maggiore of the hills without delay, and was so enthusiastically welcomed by his former people that he could not again leave them: the people claimed the church and would have it—and the result was that Padre Innocenza remained among them, preaching the gospel, he being more than beloved by his flock.

Judith made her home at Villa Forano, with her son. The joy of seeing the long-distressed widow happy, softened to Honor the grief occasioned by the loss of her boy; besides, she could see him often; and perhaps the fact that she was about to be married to a famous sculptor, who would set up his studio in the Palazzo Borgosora, along with Uncle Francini, had something to do with her resignation.

In 1870 Judith Forano's brother in India died; and as he had always resented the manner in which Samuel Lyons had treated their unprotected sister, he left her his whole property, which, wisely applied, was quite sufficient to restore the falling fortunes of Forano.

The Marchese built a little evangelical chapel beside the Pavilion, and employed Uncle Francini to paint on the Virgin's picture at the shrine, and put in its place a picture of the Italian Liberties, wherein the face of Italia was a portrait of Honor Maxwell.

In 1870 the world was wide-awake; the gates of the city of Rome shut, and the troops of Vittorio Emanuele were sweeping across the Campagna, to conquer for the land its rightful capital. This is the cause of religious liberty, of political freedom, of education, of great future good for Italy, so long unhappy. In this army march Joseph, Forano, Marchese, the sons of the martyr Jacopo. Nanni Conti hears where his nephews have gone, and he lays by his pack of books, shoulders a musket and marches over the hills to join the army, and stand by these boys, and with them to do his part for Italy.

The army lies before the city, little harmed by the fire from the papal garrison, whose guns do not share the infallibility of *il papa*.

And here in the rear of the army, in a little cart laden with delicacies for the sick, whom do we see but those two indomitable refugees from the Tuscan Hills, the hoary patriarch and his wife, Monna Marie! As he said, the patriarch shall preach the Gospel in Rome.

The Italian army entered the capital in triumph. With them entered a Free Gospel and free education. The reign of the Evangel had fairly begun in Italy.

The wounded of both parties were gathered into hospitals, and there the kind hearts and tender hands of the Evangelicals went to minister and to pray.

So went Joseph, son of Jacopo.

It was evening; the lamp-light fell dimly on a bed where lay a wounded priest. Joseph stood looking sadly at him. "He is not dangerously wounded," said a surgeon passing by. The words awoke the injured man from his uneasy slumber; he looked at Joseph, dashed his hands across his eyes; looked again, with an awful horror rising in his face; bounded up, with a shriek, and fell back; he had ruptured an artery dangerously near his wound, and the life-blood poured forth.

Joseph sprang up to help him. "Save me!" cried the priest in his dying agony; "save me from that spectre; it is Jacopo, whom we burned at Barletta!"

Joseph staggered back; his singular likeness to his father had sealed the death-warrant of Padre Trentadue.

THE END.

#### MARTHA.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must serve!  
Not all with tranquil heart,  
Even at Thy dear feet,  
Wrapped in devotion sweet,  
May sit apart!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear  
The burden of the day,  
Its labour and its heat,  
While others at Thy feet  
May muse and pray!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do  
Life's daily task-work; some  
Who fain would sing must toil  
Amid earth's dust and moil,  
While lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord!—Yet man must earn,  
And woman bake the bread;  
And some must watch and wake  
Early, for others' sake,  
Who pray instead.

Yea, Lord!—Yet even Thou  
Hast need of earthly care.  
I bring the bread and wine  
To Thee, a guest divine—  
By this my prayer!

#### KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is underground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it till it was over."—*Christian Register*.

#### HOW TO KILL THE BLUES.

Generally speaking, if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be certain that it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on a sofa and courting painful ideas, if you are a desponding lover, a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow, creeping sluggishly through his veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your merry, chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as a newly broached champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. To effect this, don't go to guzzling down brandy-smashes, gin-cocktails, or any of the other juggling compounds in which alcohol is disguised; for every artificial stimulant will drag you down two degrees for every one it lifts you up. The devil always beats us at barter. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you; set your pegs in motion on rough, rocky ground, or hurry them up a steep, craggy hill; build a stone wall; swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock-maple; turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practise "ground and lofty tumbling;" pour water into sieves with the Danaides, or with Sisyphus "up the high hill heave a huge round stone;" in short, do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper did, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, crowned with the ooze and mud of melancholy."—*Literary Style*.

THIS man who revenges every wrong that is done him has no time for anything else. If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

OUR of the seven hundred policemen of Birmingham, England, nearly three hundred are total abstainers.

IT is said that in a single week in October ult., England lost no less than \$80,000,000 through the wreck of vessels at sea.

REV. HENRY WARD BECHER has resigned his connection with the "Christian Union." Dr. Abbott is now sole editor.

THE first complete railway train, carrying 100 passengers, passed through the St. Gothard tunnel on Tuesday, 1st inst., in fifty minutes.

LONDON has a population of 4,500,000, and yet only 200,000 are church-goers, and not more than 600,000 are regular communicants.

MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER will succeed the late Dr. Holland in the editorial control of the "Century Magazine," the successor of "Scribner's Monthly."

FROM \$250,000 to \$300,000 are still needed to tide over the Michigan sufferers to next harvest. This information comes from the Port Huron Committee.

COCOANUT-GROWING is becoming an important industry in Florida. Several different persons have plantations of thousands of trees, and more are in prospect.

EACH successive President of the English Wesleyan Conference has, during his year of office, the pocket Bible used by John Wesley when engaged in field-preaching.

EVEN Zululand has been brought within the sweep of the temperance movement. Gospel temperance meetings are held there, under the patronage of King Cetewayo, by an Episcopal missionary.

THE Garfield Fund subscription has been closed, the amount reached being the large sum of \$370,345.74. A very large proportion of this amount has been contributed by citizens of New York.

THE original sum of £500,000 given by George Peabody in 1862 as a fund for improved houses for the poor of London, has accumulated till now it amounts to £720,000, an increase of \$1,100,000.

SOME time ago a commission was appointed in Russia to consider the best means of diminishing drunkenness. The commission has reported in favour of a great reduction in the number of liquor dealers.

SIR EDWARD BAINES, when presiding at the banquet recently given at Leeds, England, to Mr. Gladstone, in proposing the toast of the evening, drank to the health of Mr. Gladstone in a glass of water.

LONDON will before long lose two of its prominent and historical landmarks—Newgate, which for over two hundred years has been used for the city prison, and Billingsgate fish market, which is to be removed.

AN Educational Commission is to meet at Calcutta next winter to consider, among other things, the question of the education of the masses in India, and the encouragement of higher education by private enterprise.

QUEEN VICTORIA's reign equalled that of Queen Elizabeth on October 27th, being forty-four years and 127 days. Her reign now has only been exceeded in length by those of Henry III., Edward III., and George III.

EARL CAIRNS, the ex-Chancellor of England, has been holding religious meetings in the hall and on the lawn of the Danira House, Perthshire, where he has been visiting, and has stirred up a great deal of interest.

IT is reported by the Religious Tract Society of London that more copies of the Scriptures have been purchased by the Spaniards during the past twelve years, in proportion to population, than by the French or Italians.

SOME of Boston's philanthropists, among whom may be mentioned James Freeman Clarke, Bishop Paddock, Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale, are going to establish a "coffee-house" that will outshine any grog shop in Boston.

THE committee are calling for prompt increase of the subscriptions in aid of the Michigan sufferers by fire. Only about \$465,000 has been raised, and all are agreed that this is not half enough for the helpless 15,000 burned-out people.

REV. MR. DE FOREST, missionary of the American Board at Osaka, Japan, in speaking of the religious awakening in that country, says: "No other topic now will draw the multitudes together in Japan like discussions on Christianity."

THE famous forest of cedars of Lebanon has been so reduced by the vandalism of travellers, that there are now only 400 trees left. The Governor-General has issued an order forbidding tents or places of shelter to be erected within the district, also prohibiting the lighting of fires or the breaking of twigs from the trees.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the "Albert Medal of the Second Class" on William Henry Burt for having, on the afternoon of the 15th July last, when a fire broke out on the premises of an Italian warehouseman, volunteered to enter the burning premises and remove a case containing ten or twelve pounds of gunpowder.

THE Scottish National Sabbath School Convention was held in Dunfermline recently. In the course of a discussion regarding attention shown to strangers in church, it was stated that in one Glasgow church there was a "hand-shaking committee," whose duty it was to watch for and welcome strangers, and to invite them back when leaving.

THE "Christian World" recently drew attention to the fees levied by the clergy of the Church of England in connection with interments in Brompton Cemetery. A correspondent of the "Daily News" has since stated that the Vicar of Croydon levies a fee of £1 1s. for every headstone erected in the consecrated part of the cemetery. It is believed that the Vicar now derives from the cemetery an income of from £2,000 to £3,000 a year. Consecration, it appears, enhances the cost of interment, and the erection of headstones, iron rails, etc., by from 50 to 100 per cent.