

shrieked like ordinary women; but, angel that she was, she never scolded Winfred.

"The lad has few companions; if he likes these, they surely can't hurt him," she said, and held her peace. But it was amusing to see how cautiously she investigated his room, adjusting her glasses and peering under the bed before applying her invincible weapon, the broom.

Winfred had only just crept into his little bed, when he heard Mrs. Luscomb ascend the stairs and come along the passage. She paused at his door, asking,—

"Are you asleep, Winn?"

No, he was not asleep; but weary with a long day's play among the rocks. Mrs. Luscomb came in and seated herself beside him.

"Winfred," said she, "our nice little talk was interrupted because I spoke of something in the past. It always makes Mr. Luscomb and me very, very sad when he thinks of that. But I cannot sit still and mourn as long as I used to. Since you came, I think of you and am happier, for I believe you have a blessed future before you."

Some people would have thought it foolish to thus address a child; but the grave eyes that gazed at Mrs. Luscomb from the old-fashioned quilt of many colours, showed that he fully understood her.

"You are growing fast; you will soon be a large boy, then a young man; it is high time you began to plan for your future."

"That's a hard thing to do," said little Winn—and Mrs. Luscomb thought it a very sensible remark, especially when the boy added suddenly, "I've been thinking of myself, lately, Mrs. Luscomb. Often when I sit in the boat and see something floating in on the tide, I think that's like me,—I was carried to the poor-house, and the water brought me here and left me on the shore; perhaps I'll float off somewhere else by and by. How can a boy like me have plans?"

His eyes were startling in their earnestness now. Fortunately for this waif on the sea of life he had been given into the hands of a noble woman who understood the half-expressed longings after better things.

"My dear boy, if you have the desire there will be a way opened. If I did not believe that God's hand was in everything, and that he had helped you so far, I should think it a pity that you had not gone to Boston to the kind lady that your friend recommended you to."

"O, don't send me there!" cried Winfred, sitting up with a distressed face. "I don't know her, and perhaps she wouldn't like me,—she wants an awful good boy, you know! Why couldn't I stay here? I'll do as you bid me, and work ever so hard; perhaps I can get something to do in Moorstown, and earn lots o' money."

Mrs. Luscomb caressed his fair hair, saying in her soothing way,—

"My dear boy, you shall stay if you wish. But this lonely island will not give you the advantages you ought to have. And then it is uncertain how long we shall stay."

This last was accompanied by a dreary sigh.

"And if you go away, couldn't you take me?" queried Winfred. "You'd need somebody to move all your furniture," adding pathetically, "dear, dear, there doesn't seem to be anything for me to depend upon! I'm just like the sea-weed and the sticks that the water carries here and there!"

Despite himself two large tears dropped upon the patch-work quilt. Winn brushed them hastily away, hoping that Mrs. Luscomb did not know it, for the boy thought that tears belonged to women and girls. He was much depressed when his kind friend said,—

"Don't cry, my dear boy."

"Oh, no," said Winfred, choking back the sobs, "I—I never cry, Mrs. Luscomb, since I've grown large!"

"As long as we have a home, you will share it, if you cannot do better. But it all depends upon Mr. Luscomb," she hesitated, then added, "He has failed before; if he fails here, I do not know where we can get another place at our age. May God guide him and keep him in the right way!"

This was uttered with great fervour. Something evidently was disturbing the gentle woman. Winfred wondered why she was thus worrying and ventured to ask respectfully:—

"Isn't Mister Luscomb well, marm?"

Mrs. Luscomb was silent a moment, then she said,—

"My child, if you live here perhaps it will be necessary for you to know what troubles me about Mr. Luscomb. But I am forgetting what brought me here to-night." She then said that if Winfred wished it they would send him to the winter school in Moorstown, which had just opened. Mr. Luscomb would take him across the bay in the boat, and come for him after school.

Winfred was greatly surprised and touched by such kindness from those who could ill afford such an expense. But, boy-like, he did not know how to express his thanks. He choked up again, drew the quilt over his face, and turned towards the wall. He would like to have thrown his arms about the old lady's neck and sobbed out his thanks, but he felt quite too mature for that.

At last, he said:

"I'll study ever so hard, Mrs. Luscomb, and do the chores mornings and nights, and, perhaps, if Mr. Luscomb fails, I can take care of you. But Mr. Luscomb must try and not fail! I'll grow up!"

"Dear boy," murmured the old lady, as the earnest face questioned her, "we'll try to keep Mr. Luscomb from failing; we'll pray, and watch over him. But what you say comforts me. Perhaps you are sent to fill the place that has been desolate since our son left us!"

She seemed deeply moved. She rose and went to the moonlit window, and gazed out upon the restless waters.

"Did your son die?" ventured Winn. He was sorry that he asked, when she wrung her hands, and said,—

"Yes, he is dead, his body lies in the sea, my only child,—but his spirit! where is it?" She began to talk as if to herself, in detached sentences, with an agonized manner: "If I could know that he died a Christian, forgiven for the mistakes of his life, I should be easy. But this uncertainty!"

She wiped the tears away, murmuring and wringing her

hands, still gazing out of the window, and Winfred dared not interrupt the lament.

At last she turned, and tucked the quaint covering about him tenderly, saying:

"You are too young to hear of my sorrows. Indeed you have already borne a weary load. Go to sleep, dear boy, and may we have many happy years together."

(To be continued.)

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

The editorial article entitled "Mob or Magistrate," in the April number of this magazine, was read by the light of the burning court-house in Cincinnati. Articles in *The Century* are often illustrated, but not often by pictures so vivid and impressive as those with which this one was furnished by the Cincinnati mob. Our figures showed the appalling failure of criminal justice; the country beheld, in one of its chief cities, a gaol full of murderers waiting impatiently, but confidently, for their release, assured by their lawyers that they were not in any serious danger, since, although homicides were of almost weekly occurrence, but two capital convictions and one execution had occurred in that city during the past eighteen years. Our argument proved that such a failure of criminal justice was likely to result in mobs and lynchings; and almost before the ink was dry the demonstration was written in blood on the streets of Cincinnati. We showed how utterly futile are all attempts to rectify by mob violence the failure of the laws, since a mob is always a wild beast, without discrimination, with no method in its madness; and the abortive and idiotic savagery of this outbreak gave fearful point to the words. It is a terrible retribution that has fallen upon Cincinnati; the sacrifice of more than fifty lives, many of them valuable lives, and the wounding and maiming of thrice as many more upon her streets, are the natural consequences of the laxity and corruption that have long infested her criminal courts. Out of seventy-one prosecutions for murder and manslaughter in the courts of Hamilton county during the two years ending June 30th, 1883, four resulted in acquittal, two in quashed indictments, six in imprisonment, and fifty-nine were still pending. Of such a paralysis of justice the logical results are, first a carnival of crime, and then anarchy. No wonder that the trade of burking had sprung up in Cincinnati, and still less wonder that a desperate populace trampled under foot the laws that had no longer any claim on their respect. If Cincinnati had convicted and punished half, even, of the homicides prosecuted in her courts during the last two years, this riot would never have happened, a fearful loss of property and of life would have been averted, and she would have escaped a blot upon her good name.

The immediate causes of this failure of the criminal courts in Cincinnati are easy to discover. A preposterous jury law made it simply impossible to secure a capable jury in any murder case. No man could be accepted as juror who had read a newspaper report of the preliminary examination of the accused, and the lawyers for the defence always took pains to furnish the persons summoned for this service with marked copies of newspapers containing such reports. Besides, the defence was allowed twenty-three peremptory challenges, while the State was allowed but six. Under such provisions the impaneling of a jury was an almost impossible task; the lawyers for the prisoner would admit no man whom they did not believe to be either ignorant or corruptible; and the law put it into their power to fill the jury box with such men. Both these anomalies have now been corrected by the Legislature, though too late to affect the cases out of which the riot grew. The reading of newspaper reports of the coroner's inquest no longer disqualifies jurors in Ohio, and the prisoner's peremptory challenges are reduced from twenty-three to six. If these changes in the law had been made a year ago, the riot might not have occurred.

A GENUINE LOVE STORY.

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when during the evening her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world. Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years ago wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion; and of course it had been altered and made over, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil and care and motherhood and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of the cheeks and the lithe spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and pre-occupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart the ten years husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient loving faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand and, placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifices and patient toil for him and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S favourite reading was the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

BISHOP TEMPLE has accepted the presidency of the British National Temperance League.

At a recent Friends' wedding in Gloucester all the company, the bride included, wore the blue ribbon.

THE Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, and canon of Windsor, has accepted the bishopric of Pípon.

FIVE of the six murderers hanged on a recent Friday in the United States declared that rum had led them into crime.

THERE is a rumour in England that the Salvation Army is about to organize a hallelujah bicycle and tricycle corps.

THE Queen is said to be about to purchase the villa Nevada at Cannes to transform it into a chapel in memory of the late duke of Albany.

FROM cork chippings, once thrown away, thousands of yards of linoleum are now made at Delmenhorst, Germany, where the industry is becoming quite important.

ALL Miss Braddon's novels are being translated into Telugu and Canares, under the editorship of Mr. Cadwallader Waddy, who was formerly on the staff of *Bilgrava*.

THE new French ambassadorial abode at Rome is the Rospigliosi Palace. A splendid house-warming entertainment was lately given. Cardinals were thick as blackberries in May.

THE Duke of Rutland has taken so heavily to heart the removal of the Duke of Wellington's statue from Hyde Park that he writes: "If it were possible, I would resign my peerage."

IN order to impart dignity to the town of Maroa, Ill., forty of the merchants have signed a pledge to wear high silk hats, instead of the wide-brimmed slouches that have been in fashion there.

At the annual breakfast of the Scotch United Presbyterian Ministers' Total Abstinence Society, it was reported that out of 103 students attending the theological hall eighty-one were abstainers.

A FAMOUS mollah at Catal, having declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the Ameer has submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country.

PROF. F. A. FOREL, of Morges, who has for many years recorded his observations on the Mer de Glace, reports that the glaciers of Mont Blanc are advancing again, after a long period of decrease.

THREE existing manuscripts of Gray's "Elegy" have recently been examined by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, and they convinced him that the poem was "the first-class work of a third-class poet."

THE division in Newington congregation regarding the election of a successor to Dr. Begg has been referred by Edinburgh Free Presbytery to the Assembly for advice, as they have failed to bring about harmony.

ON May 13th, the German Reichstag passed by acclamation the bill for granting the sum of \$33,750 to Dr. Koch and the other members of the Cholera Commission, as a reward for their brilliant discoveries in Egypt and India.

THREE Indiana highwaymen, fearing that the boy whom they had robbed might reach a neighbouring village to report the crime before they could get to a safe distance in the other direction, deliberately shot a bullet through each of his legs, in order to lame him.

IN Russia, the heir to the throne comes of age at sixteen, and is then usually placed in charge of some distinguished person especially in the confidence of the Czar. It is thought that Count Adlerberg, who held a high position in the late Czar's household, will be selected now.

SOME years since, the militia were prohibited from marching through Dumfries, Scotland, to church on Sabbath with the band playing. As the order only mentions "the band," the pipers played psalm tunes during the march on a recent Sabbath from the barracks to Greyfriars Church.

At the Parisian Industrial Exhibition, which opened June 1st, the French crown jewels and the diamonds of the French Cape of Good Hope Company, valued at \$2,000,000, are shown. Private jewellers exhibit wares worth \$4,000,000. Elaborate precautions for safe guarding have been made.

THREE tramps commanded a woman at Crestline, Ohio, to cook a breakfast for them. She said coolly that she would do it; but she brought in a cocked pistol instead of food, and they fled for their lives. She had more bravery than strength, however, and has since been a raving maniac.

THE Rev. Principal Rainy preached at the opening of a new church at Strathaven lately. The esteemed pastor of the congregation, Mr. Ranken, is now the only Disruption minister connected with Hamilton Presbytery. The church cost \$10,000 and the opening collections sufficed to pay off the balance.

THE Rev. Thos. J. Irving was licensed at Naples lately. Revs. Mr. Macfarlane, colleague of Dr. Stewart of Leghorn, and J. Gordon Gray, of Rome, took part in the services. Mr. Irvine is a native of Scotland, and spent more than half his life with his family near Dunedin, New Zealand. He is a licentiate of the Free Church.

THERE is a negro graduate at Harvard this year—Robert H. Terrell, a Virginian, and the son of slave parents. He went to college as a waiter, and at that time was illiterate; but some of the white students took a fancy to him, and helped him through a preparatory course, after which he supported himself by teaching a Boston class of negro boys.