"All right, Maggie ; I'm rising. You can go now, honour bright !" and the speaker wound the clothes tightly round him, and rolled over, preparatory to taking another

"But you must rise at once, Master

"But you must rise at once, Master Mickie; this is your last morning, and Miss Mavis is waiting for you in the schoolroom." As she spoke the maid advanced and shook him heartily, by way of enforcing her words. "Oh, confound it ! so it is," and with one bound Mickie was in the middle of the floor, causing Maggie to beat a hasty retreat. After making fully more noise than a young walrus over his ablutions, he hastily drew a comb through his fiery hair and hurried down stairs, wriggling into his jacket as he went. A tall girlish form, in a pretty sailor cos-

A tall girlish form, in a pretty sailor cos-tume, was leaning out of the schoolroom window, and when Mickie entered she did not turn her head.

"Good morning, Mavis ; what's up? Are u angry because I'm late? I'm really

When she did turn her head she was wip-

When she did turn her head she was wip-ing her blue eyes and blowing her litle red nose very hard; but it was only dew off the roses, she assured Mickie, for Mickie thought it spooney to cry. But, somehow, Mickie wasn't nearly so scornful and unsympathetic as usual this morning; he let the explana-tion pass—in fact, he got hold of a rose and smelled it very hard himself. And when Mavis cuddled up to him, and laid her brown curly head on his shoulder, he only said, "Don't bother, Mavis," and blew his nose. "Oh, Mickie," said Mavis presently, "must you really go away?"

"must you really go away "" "Yes," answered Mickie stoutly ; "why, "Yes," answered Mickie stoutly ; "why, I'm eighteen, Mavis ! If I don't go away now I'll never be able to marry you. But it won't be long, I'll only be a year or two at college, then I'll do something wonderful and he wode a clock of the store work with the store of the store o

his military career. Breakfast was begun when Mavis entered the dining-room, and a perfect chorus of polite greetings from her brothers assailed her.

"The bloom from your cheeks has gone to your nose, Lbestero "Have you risen of your wrong side,

lovey ?" "My daughter, don't make faces ; you've

"My daughter, ton that the first second seco emptorily.

"Mickie and Mavis were up early study-ing, as usual," said Agnes, the gentle elder sister; and her blue spectacles prevented her observing the broad wink which Tom bestowed upon Mickie, who seemed sudden-ly smitten with a violent irritation of the larynx. But it die not escape Mr. Douglas's watchful eye, and he demanded severely— "Thomas was not at all clear on the sub-ject, but not caring to confess as much, grumbled something away down in his boots, rather doubtful of Charlie's whispered hint, "Is a knowing blade, and so am I."

"Is a knowing blade, and so am I." "Remind me, and we will inquire into the matter together on Sabbath, my son." The turn the conversation had takenseem-ed to revite Maying wood full.

"I'Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot ?" CHAPTER I. "All right, Maggie ; I'm rising. You can go now, honour bright!" and the speaker

flashed through her mind and her face flamed scarlet.
Just at that moment a 'tiny pink note dropped from her bouquet at Mickie's feet. He lifted it and offered it to her coldly; as s she took it from his hand her fingers trembled, and noting her confusion and the deep blush on her lovely face, he turned from her in despair, his dread deepened into conviction that her love for him was gone.
In the evening Tom, now a highly polished, promising young barrister, horought Mr. Foote, a gentleman farmer, home to dinner. They had been High School chums and though there was now little affinity in the natures, Tom good naturedly endured Mr. Foote's society, that their friendship i might give the poor fellow some excuse for in his frequent visits to the Manse.
When Mickie and Mr. Foote were introduced Mavis could not help noting how ill the Mr. Foote's black hair, bright complexion, and boisterous greeting contrasted with Mic-visit's the is handsome." She thought the is handsome."

awfully sorry. "No, I'm not angry; I'm—I'm smelling the roses, Mickie." kie's fair fine features and cold though "But what if he is handsome," she thought

time her fair finger to wind. And every time her fair finger touched his, as she un-ravelled some knot his clumsiness had occa-sioned, a fierce stab of jealousy pierced Mickie's heart.

at college, then I'll do something wonderful and be made a colonel; of course, we'll be married immediately, and have yachts and horses, and everything awful jolly." "But I don't want to be married, Mickie, —indeed I don't, if you would only stay at home; unless, of course—with a pang—you wanted to marry some one else !! "Oh, but you don't understand, Mavis; girls never do," he replied, with calm super-iority. "A fellow must remember his posi-tion. Papa meant me to be a soldier, and I wild be. But, "he added, consolingly, "you can write to me if you like." "Of course I will, every day," cried Mavis impulsively."

"Of course I will, every day," cried Mavis impulsively. Even in that hour of parting the thought flashed through Mickie's mind, "What will fashed through Mickie's mind, "What will the fellows think ?" but he only said sooth-ingly, "All right, Lobster" — a nickname deemed appropriate from poor Mavis's ten-deency to blush. Just then the breakfast bell rang, and thrusting a rose into Mickie's hand, Mavis darted upstairs to wash from her face the traces of the dew. Mickie was the only son of a distinguished colonel. Early deprived of his parents, he had been brought up in the family of his guardian, a Free Kirk minister placed near Edinburgh; and now, in accordance with his father's earnest wishes, was about to begin his military career.

ings so quickly, and turned gaily as she did to Mr. Foote? No, it was mere caprice, an inexplicable act of an inexplicable creature— woman ; and Mickie crushed back the con-flicting emotions that were rising in his heart and thanked her briefly, as courtesy required. "Indeed, Miss Mavis," said Mr. Foote, looking at his watch, "I must leave you now, loth as I am to go; I see it is getting late. But be sure your exquisite rendering of that lovely song will echo in my dreams." "Why, Mr. Foote," said Agnes, laughing "is usually something disagreeable that haunts one's dreams."

one's dreams."

one's dreams." But Mavis gave him her hand in silence, for once unable to reply. A single candle still burned at the piano, and in its dim light Mavis bent alone ar-ranging her music folio. A firm step on the carpet caused her to turn round, and Mickie was at her side.

couragement a man could wish. Perhaps I have said it too suddenly. Don't be dis-tressed, dear Mavis, I can wait," and he ap-proached her and began gently arranging the shawl about her shoulders. But Mavis pushed him from her in breathless eagemess. "No, no, Mr. Foote; you must understand it can never be. It is no use to wait. I do not love you, and I never can." He gazed at her intently, all the lines of his face hardening, as he said, "Are you in earnest?" Perhaps I

"Yes," she sobbed, "Oh. I am

Mr. Foote, I-

Area, and sorbett. On, I am so sorry,
Mr. Foote, I — " But he cut her short. "I leave you to judge if you have acted as a true woman," he said sternly. "All the love of my life is yours, but till you send for me you shall never see my face again." And with a mag-nificently scornful bow he left her. One morning towards the end of August Mavis found the *Times* on her plate at break-fast addressed in agentleman's hand that sent a strange thrill to her heart. "Open quick, Mavis !" cried Charlie. "I think it's from Mickie. See if he's been made General or Commander-in-Chief, or what !"

The inward sheet was folded outward, and red ink dashes directed Mavis's glance to the following item in the marriage col-

umn: "At 42 Eaton Square, on the 22nd inst., Colonel Michael Baliour of the 97d High-landers, to Alice Mary, only daughter of Graham Eastwood, Esq., of Rayleigh, Es-

"" Come on," cried Charlie impatiently, "what is it ?" then catching sight of her white, drawn face, he started to his feet just in time to catch her as she fell. "Here, Agnes, quick ; she has fainted !"

CHAPTER IV.

Four years had passed with many changes. Mr. Douglas was gathered to his fathers, but Mavis and Agnes and the boys lived on

in their old home. It was a dull, grey November day. No light from without enlivened the gloom within. But Mavis would not ring for candles, for she felt that the gloom would help her in the trial that was to come. They sat together in the fire-light, Mavis's head on Agnes's knee, and ever and anon the elder sister smoothed with a gentle hand the lines of pain that gathered on the younger's brow

At last Mavis spoke with an effort-"Will the table do ?"

"Will the table do ?" "It is beautiful, dear," Agnes answered. "They should be here immediately now." Even as she spoke a bell sounded, and with a stifled "O Agnes.!" Mavis started to here foot to her feet. "Colonel and Mrs. Balfour," announced

"Colonel and Mrs. Balfour," announced the servant, and Agnes went forward with gracious words of welcome, while Mavis stood trembling in the shadow, striving vainly to regain her self-control. "And where's the Mavis I've heard so much of?" cried Mrs. Balfour peering into the gloom. "Why, hefe she is !" and Mavis was clasped in a warm embrace. Glad to be released Mavis hastily shook hands with Colonel Balfour, and then bent over the child, a frail little girl of two, with great mournful black eyes, and began

over the child, a frail little girl of two, with great mournful black eyes, and began taking off her hat and cape. "Don't undress her here, please, Mavis," said Mrs. Balfour. "I had rather go straight to my room; I feel tired and dusty, and Netta wants to be put to bed." Taking the child in her arms Mavis led the way, glad to escape from the train of

the way, glad to escape from the strain of Mickie's presence. "Why, child," exclaimed Mrs. Balfour, sharply, as Mavis turned up the bedroom gas and turned to go, "how pale and thin you are ! What is wrong?" she answered, with a

gas and turned to go, "now pale and thin you are ! What is wrong ?" "Heart disease," she answercd, with a strange, wan smile. Then, with a sudden hard sarcasm in her tone, "Don't be alarmed, dear Mrs. Balfour; it is not likely to kill me for many a year to come." And closing the door softly she was gone. When Mavis re-entered the drawing-room Colonel Balfour was. alone. "Mavis," he said, hoarsely, "come here a moment. There is something I must say to you." "Well," she uttered, pausing, pale, and trembling, in the doorway. "Why did not you marry Mr. Foote ?" "I never loved him." "Never ; not even at the first ?"

"I'm glad to hear it," Agnes answered,

"I'm glad to hear it," Agnes answered, laughing, "that relieves my mind about the shortbread, I mean to devote myself to it." "Agreed," said Mavis. "I hope that damsel hurries with these letters." "I must investigate this, now my ap-petite is appeased," she remarked, present-ly, taking up the paper. "Why," in sur-prise, "it is to me, in Mrs. Balfour's writ-ing. Oh, how nice, listen, Agnes," and she began in a tone of triumph—".'Distin-guished throughout the action for a courage and self-possession that have seldom been surpassed, Colonel Balfour fell—" fell !" —her voice rose into a wild, beseeching cry ""Oh, Agnes, is he dead?" "The mid-day post on Christmas brought a lovely card to Mavis from Mr. Foot, bearing the words, "Certainly not. I will be down

lovely card to Mavis from Mr. Foot, bearing the words, "Certainly not. I will be down with the evening express. Till then kindest regards and greetings.—J. A. Foote." But Mavis, lying pale and miserable on the sofa, pushed it from her with a moan. Years of comfort and inaction had changed Mr. Foote. Thomas a faithful lower and

Mr. Foote. Though a faithful lover, and glad from the heart to receive his recall, he glad from the heart to receive his recall, he had not pined in his banishment; and though his black hair was thickly streaked with grey, his complexion was ruddier than ever, and he had grown fat—nothing coarse or corpulent, but decidedly fat. Struggling under her new sorrow Mavis tried to receive him kindly and stiffe the sense of loathing that args whenever he ap

tried to recieve him kindly and stiffe the sense of loathing that arose whenever he ap-proached. But all her efforts were fruitless, and Mr. Foote, conscious that she shrank from him on all occasions, determined to have an explanation. As she was passing upstairs for the night he drew her into the dining-room. dining room. "Listen, Miss Mavis. I asked you onc

"Listen, Miss Mavis. I asked you once before to be my wife. My love has never changed, and I ask you once again." "I cannot," sobbed Mavis in helpless misery, her face hidden in her hands. "Then," he answered, towering over her in indignation, "why did you recall me? You have neither heart, soul nor conscience; you play with the deepest feelings of a man's nature. You are not worth an honest man's regret."

regret." He threw her hand from him as if it burnt him, and strode out into the night. The grey dawn of the morning was beginning to streak the east. The sound of a chamberdoor softly opened and closed echoed through the silent house. A figure in an old faded sailor costume stole into the schoolroom, and laying her brown curly head on the hard window-seat—for there was no manly breast to support it now—sobbed with a lo ing cry, "O, Mickie ! Mickie !"

Stanley and Salisbury.

H. M. Stanley and Salisbury. H. M. Stanley's criticism of England's African policy has provoked Lord Salisbury to make reply. The Premier claimed that nothing had been surrendered to Germany, because no agreement had been arrived at as yet; and that it was impossible that Eng-land could make a settlement not acceptable to those principally concerned—the trading companies, missions, etc. Moreover he con-tended that in a matter involving issues so vast it was wise to "make haste slowly." Said he: "The acquisition of this magnif-cent territory which Stanley has revealed must be viewed from the point of prudence as well as from that of boldness. After our experience at Khartoum, grave reflection and the full assent of Parliament and the country are necessary before committing country are necessary before committing ourselves to the defence of a territory that ourselves to the defence of a territory that is only accessible to the sea after three months' travel." To this Stanley replies in a long and caustic letter, in which he says: "If the German colonial demands be granted it would be more economical to make Ger-many a gift of the whole British sphere in Africa. Then British investors might obmany a gift of the whole British sphere in Africa. Then British investors might ob-tain so many shillings for the pounds they so credulously have been victimized out of. He declares the German sphere is the finest in Africa and adds: "Still their cry is, give! wait patiently for Him

and the same light may is bent alone arrent caused her to turn round, and Mickie
arpet caused her to turn round, and Mickie
"Good night and good bye, Miss Mavis,"
"Good might and good bye, Miss Mavis,"
"Well," she uttered, pausing, pale, and
"Why did not you marry Mr. Foote ?"
"Never ; not even at the first ?"
"No, never."
"Never ; not even at the first ?"
"No, never."
"You were so cold," sobbed Mavis, 'I nevel our do sold, worde Mavis, 'I nevel subset out do sold, worde Mavis, 'I nevel sub

The Life to Come.

en, unheard, undreamed ! "But as bases, unneard, undreamed! "But as it is written. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath pre-pared for them that love Him."— I Corin-

thians ii, 9. The Apostle Paul is here quoting a pas-sage from the prophecies of Isaiah. The phraseology is not quite identical, but as is the case so often in the Scriptures, the one

e phraseology is not quite identical, but as is the case so often in the Scriptures, the one passage helps to expound and make clear what may seem indefinite and perplexing in the other. It may be laid down as a rule, that the Bible is its own best expositor. The passage from Isaiah is a little different from the quotation in Corinthians. Isaiah says: "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what he had prepared for his that waiteth for Him." It is hardly needful to remark that this passage as ex-pressed by Paul has been frequently made to apply almost exclusively to the unim-agined glories of the heavenly state. Such a use of these words is perfectly natural and reasonable. The deep-laid longings for a life to come, the inborn yearnest question-ings concerning that eternal state. We are not, and perhaps could not well be content with only broad outlines and general prom-ises. We long to pierce through the thick folds of that veil that hides from us the shekinah of the universe of God. In our earnest longings we forget our limitations.

earnest longings we forget our limitations. Wonderful as is this gift of mortal vision we can not see on a level prairie or at sea a hundred miles! How can we see into eter-nity? If a man should lift up his voice like hindred miles: How can we see into eter-nity? If a man should lift up his voice like a trumpet, or a choir should sing in loudest strains ten miles away, we should neither hear sermon or anthem, so limited is this wonderful gift of hearing. How then can we hear the music of the cherubim and seraphim who day and night without ceasing continually do cry. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth." All that the eye has seen is as nothing to the splendors that remain unseen ! all that the ear has heard is as nothing to the music that shall break upon the ear attuned to heavenly song. Nay more ; all that the heart has yearned for of thing; high and holy, all that the mind has dreamed of in its loftiest flights will be more than realized—and the cry of Sheba's queen will break forth from the lips of the redeemed. They, too, with grateful wonder will exclaim: Whibreak forth from the lips of the redeemed. They, too, with grateful wonder will exclaim: "The half was never told." But while, as we have said, it is reasonable to apply these words to the undreamed of glories of the life to come, it is almost certain that the words were not intended either by Isaiah of Paul to come, it is almost certain that the words were not intended either by Isaiah of Paul to have this exclusive meaning and application. It is as true of the life that is, of the life to come, that God has in store for those who love thim, for the church and for all who wait hopefully and trustingly on Him, stores of grace and blessings of which we have no dream. Isaiah never dreamed of a Apostle Paul, and Paul never dreamed of a Luther and Luther never dreamed of the Wesleys, either John the greatest preacher and evan-gelist, or Samuel the greatest singer of the eighteenth century. We may take these words and bind them about the history of our personal lives. And if they are thus bound about our lives and graven on ourhearts they will inspire us with courage and with hope. Hasnot all our life that is past been a continu-tal history of God's ways? Let uslook out glad-ly and hopefully to coming days. What doors of usefulness He will open before us we can not tell. We go forth at a peradven-ture. A hand divine is leading us, leading us through more wonderful ways than the desert of old was to God's chosen people. God's reserve stores of benedictions are infin-ite. His grace will be rucher than our lofti-est dreams. All that we long for, hoped for, dream of, yearn for, will God be to us, and much more abundantly if we love Him and wait patiently for Him.

A Defender of Russia.

much more abundantly if we love Him and

Mr. Dunster, American vice-consul gen-eral at St. Petersburg, is at present on a visit to his native land. He is not particularly pleased with the manner in which Mr. Geo. Kennan is showing up the barbarous cruel-ties connected with the Russian exile system. He complains that Mr. Kannan where her He complains that Mr. Kennan, whom he calls "asensationalist given to exaggeration," suppresses important facts concerning the character of certain females referred to in his lectures of whom, had he told the whole

The turn the conversation had taken seem-ed to revive Mavis wonderfully, and she asked briskly, with a triumphant smile, at Tom— "Are you going to take Neddy to the

"Are you going to take Neddy to the station with Mickie's box ?"

"Yes, but you ain't coming," said Tom,

grufy. "Why ?" she asked in injured tones." "One cuddy's enough," replied her am-iable brother.

the top spar of the garden gate, waving a tiny damp handkerchief, till the fair face with its crown of brightred curls vanishedfor how long ?-from her sight.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright May morning when, with a conscious carmine in her cheeks and a bouquet of fragrant spring flowers in her hand, Mavis frisked into the dining room,

Look, Nan, that silly Mr. Foote has—" Suddenly she paused, for a great military looking man had risen from the window and was coming toward her. "I beg your pardon," she murmured in confusion and was about to retreat when Agnes's voice, from the doorway behind her, exclaimed— "Mavis, is it possible you don't know Michia?"

Mickie?

Mickie?" "Nonsense !" she cried, running forward with outstretched hands and a glad smile of welcome. "Why, Mickie, how you'vegrown!" "So have you," answered Mickie, taking her outstretched hands a little constrainedly, and not kissing her as she had somehow hoped he would: you have quite comet to woman's estate—balls and bouquets, &c." The last words were spoken rather bitter-ly, and Mavis, feeling chilled and indignant, turned away with a great lump in her throat,

ly, and Mavis, feeling chilled and indignant, turned away with a great lump in her throat, thinking passionately, "How horrid he has grown " while Mickie, anathematising the grown !" while Mickie, anathematising the whole fair fickle sex, sat down to torment his soul with the inward question, "Who is for The ward question, "Who is to anot "" "Miss Mavis !" he exclaimed, coming closer in his dimensional to anot ""

"Mickie has brought us glorious news,

afterwards a jaunty figure in a light suit of a large and pleasing check, with a drab hat inclined rakishly over the left ear and a large hot-house bouquet in its coat, issued from the porch of a hotel in the neigh bour-hood, and took its way towards the Manse. Mavis was in the garden gathering lilies in a delicate cream dress, and a soft blue wrap thrown over her head and shoulders. Not less fair than the fragrant flowers among which she was bending, and scarcely less

the pink in her checks, though very vely, was far too bright and transient for ealth. "Good morning, Miss Mavis. Your cos-ume is very charming; but is it entirely "Well, I think so. It is very mild, is it ?t?" "Yes; but we have an old Scotch proverb "" tume is very charming; but is it entirely prudent

not

"Oh, I know it," laughed Mavis; 'Never cast a cloot till May's weel out." "That's it. Miss Mavis, I want to ask a

favor.

'Say on "

yourself." "Mr. Foste!" the wrap dropped from her shoulders, and her great eyes dilated with surprise. "I never dreamt of that. I hope you do not mean it; for I am very sorry, but

worse. It can from the room.

CHAPTER V.

It was Christmas Eve. The dining-room was brilliantly lighted, and a tempting tea laid on a snowy cloth. Agnes sat in an easy-chair gazing into the fire, her hands unwontedly

the back. "Capital !" cried Agnes. "But, Mavis, if you recall him, you will have to marry him." "I know," said Mavis, thoughtfully ; "but I think I could now, Nan." "I am very glad, dear; it will be a great joy for him, and really, he deserves it, for

"Survey 10 and 1

"Only a paper, Miss Mav s. "Thank you. Will you post these at nec; please?" "Yes, Miss."

"Only a paper" repeated Mavis; "some of Charlie's horrid football. Let's have tea

was frightened to show you I loved you; but I did, Mickie, all the time." "Don't !" she cried, sharply, as Mickie would have touched her. "Don't make it worse. It can't be helped now," and she fled It is more than likely that he is laying his plans for action more in keeping with the demands of the hour. It would be a great pity if any false sentiment regarding inter-national comity, or excessive caution should prevent England from taking her rightful part in the work of civilizing the many mil-ions of the Dark Continent.

Aphorisms.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world ; he may have a preas a cluzen of the world; he may have a pre-ference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generons feeling for the wel-fare of the whole.—[Clarendon.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive. knowledge de-lightful and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; con-vert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itsel agreeable. -[Ad-dison. will

Conceit and confidence are both of them cheats ; the first always imposes on itself, the second frequently deceives others toc. -[Zimmerman.

Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever; and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.—[Aris-totle.

totle. A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—[Saville.

No one sees the wallet on his own back, though every one carries two packs, one be-fore, stuffed with the faults of his neighbors ; the other behind, filled with his own. -[Old

Such is the destiny of great men that their in his dismay, "you cannot mean it; until first, Agnes. I feel equal to any amount of but of the envenomed darts of calumny and this morning you have given me every enenvy.-[Voltaire.

his fectures of whom, had not that they were plotters against the government and anar-chists. Mr. Dunster claims that the Russian prisons stand on an equal plane with any in this country. "Prisoners," he says, "are well treated and well fed, while the prison system is in many respects better than the American." The unfortunate thing about this testimony is, that it is not above the suspicion of being influenced by the re-relation the witness sustains to the authoritrelation the witness sustains to the authorit-ies at St. Petersburg, whose favor it can be conceived he would naturally desire to retain. Moreover it has the misfortune of standing alone, while Mr. Kennan's story is fully corroborated by Mr. Felix Brant, who, after twenty years in Siberia, escaped to America and is at present lecturing in Ontario. Mr. Brant's account is no less discreditable and is at present lecturing in Ontario. Mr Brant's account is no less discreditable to Russia than the story of Mr. Kennan. Those who are capable of putting two and two to-gether are not likely to be deceived by the apologies of Mr. Dunster, however much they might wish his presentation was cor-rect.

A Well Deserved Punishment.

It is to be presumed that the half dozen Turks who the other day engaged in an os-culatory exercise in which the fair ones con-cerned were not willing partners were under the spell of Burns' ballad :

"If a body meet a body Comin' through the rye, If a body kiss a body Need a body cry?"

It is likely, however, that they will now change their opinion concerning the harm-lessness of kissing a woman against her will. Six months' imprisonment and banishi for life, is a price which few would care to pay for the momentary pleasure. Such is the sentence imposed by the Turkish authorthe sentence imposed by the Turkish author-ities upon the officer and five students who assaulted and forcibly kissed the wife and daughter of the chief dragoman of the Rus-sian Ambassy while walking in the public garden at Constantinople. The Sultan has done well in so sternly condemning the out-rage, and in making such an exhibition of its unprincipled perpetrators. "Them that sin rebuke that others may fear."