

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY LORD LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feel the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the vireous air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May day.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead!"

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose pious tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the throne of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to the world of light
To dwell in paradise.

Born to that undying life,
They leave us but to come again:
With joy we welcomed them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread:
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death!

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

BY LOOP REVILL.

CONCLUSION.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Chillingworth and daughter were discussing the departure of Mr. Deighton, which had just been announced by one of the servants.

"Most ungentlemanly conduct, and certainly what I should not have expected from Mr. Deighton. Surely, he could have made his appointments with some regard to old, and, I presume, valued clients. Although I must say, my dear, your father's conduct is equally blameable."

"Papa's business was urgent."

"Yes, but it was not unforeseen, and Mr. Deighton's visit could have been delayed. However, I suppose he has left plenty to do for that young man. What name did your father say, Emily?"

"I think it was Sparks or Sparkler. Let us invite him up here, mamma? I'm quite longing to see him, and besides, he must be very lonely down there, don't you think so?"

"Perhaps he may be, my dear. He must be very bashful to keep himself so completely hidden from us all. I really should like to see him myself. A quiet reserved young man is quite a novelty now-a-days."

"Shall I go and bring him up, mamma? It looks so dreadfully formal to send a message."

"Well, my dear, you can certainly please yourself," said Mrs. Chillingworth laughing, "but I'm afraid the effect of your visit will be anything but reassuring to a timid young man."

"Now, mamma, I'm not so formidable as all that. You'll see we shall be quite at home with him directly." And the young lady hastened away upon her errand.

Meantime, Mr. Wortherespoon in the "office," having successfully despatched Mr. Caleb upon his journey of filial devotion, was busily engaged in rendering himself as much like that young gentleman as circumstances and an exchange of clothes combined with a slight physical resemblance would permit. Certainly his trouser legs might have been an inch longer, his coat sleeves another inch and have looked none the worse. But, upon the whole, the "make up" was very clever.

"Now that is really first-rate. I don't believe my most enthusiastic dun would know me, not to mention any admirers of my unworthy self, and, as for my own dear Emily,—well I don't think Mr. Sparks ever came so near being fallen in love with—by deputy."

Mr. Wortherespoon then proceeded to gather up all the evidence of his lately made toilet, a rather difficult process owing to a certain tightness in that portion of Mr. Sparks garments much worn by his usually sedentary occupation.

"There, everything's in perfect order at last, exactly as a careful conscientious article clerk should have them."

And placing a pen behind each ear and a pair of compasses in each vest pocket, he gently opened the door and stole out.

Of course Mr. Wortherespoon was not to blame that someone ran directly into his arms as he opened the door, neither could he be otherwise than complimented upon the highly effective measures adopted by him to check a tendency to scream on the part of someone. And should anyone at any time

doubt this young gentleman's thorough qualifications to fulfil the duties of article clerk to an eminent architect, doing a first class city business (see advertisement), let them not apply to Erastus Deighton, Esq.

"My dear Ellis!" exclaimed Emily a little fluttered and uncertain whether to scream. "What a capital make-up, why if I had not expected you were in the room, I declare I should have screamed; what with pencils, rules and compasses you look quite an architect."

"I am one, every inch of one," laughed Ellis. "If Mr. Deighton has his plans, I have mine; if he has designs, I have too. But let us to the drawing-room, or Mrs. Chillingworth will think 'Mr. Sparks' has persuaded you to sign articles too,"—saying which Mr. Wortherespoon closed the door after him and followed Miss Emily into the maternal presence.

"So you have really taken compassion upon us," said Mrs. Chillingworth, rising and extending her hand graciously to "Mr. Sparks."

"We began to fear you sacrificed too much to etiquette. We are delighted to see you. Pray be seated."

"You overwhelm me, Madam, I assure you. A most charming residence indeed!"

The accomplished deputy of Mr. Sparks having so replied, subsided into a most admirable assumption of shyness, to relieve which Mrs. Chillingworth exerted all her powers. The photographic albums were displayed, and the various objects of virtu scattered about the room were all placed under contribution.

"Mr. Sparks was a lover of music?" and Miss Emily sang her choicest and most pathetic ballads. "Would 'Mr. Sparks' kindly look over some sketches and give his opinion?" "Certainly," and the young "architect" bent over them with appreciative diffidence, and even ventured to add a few suggestions and corrections.

"Perhaps 'Mr. Sparks' would like to view the conservatory?" "With pleasure," and the young people passed out together, Mrs. Chillingworth declining to accompany them, probably thinking the language of flowers sufficiently comprehensible without an interpreter.

In this agreeable manner the day wore on. After luncheon "Mr. Sparks" begged to be excused as he wished "to prepare several plans ready for Mr. Deighton's inspection upon his return," and accordingly bade farewell to the ladies and retired, no doubt to make up by extra diligence for time so very pleasantly lost.

In the evening the two gentlemen returned together, having, as might be expected, met in the train.

Mr. Deighton expressed the regret he felt in being obliged to leave so suddenly, but rather overlooked stating the precise reason why he left at all. Mr. Chillingworth, however, not being quite in a position to take exception, received his friend's excuses with good humour.

"And now, Sir," said he, as they approached the house, "We shall see how our young friend has improved the time during our absence. It makes me feel quite guilty."

It being quite contrary to Mr. Deighton's intentions, however, to allow his patron to enter the "office" at once, he answered that he would go forward himself first and surprise Caleb, the better to ascertain if the youth had used diligence and to receive technical details with which he would not think of troubling Mr. Chillingworth.

Accordingly, the latter gentleman passed on, merely asking Mr. Deighton to join him shortly at the tea-table with Mr. Sparks.

Arrived at the "office" door Mr. Deighton paused for a moment then suddenly entered and found Mr. Caleb seated at the desk.

"So, so, here I am again. And here we are hard at work. That's capital, my dear boy. I shall tell your mother how well you have conducted yourself. And who knows if this business turns out well, but what I might be induced to remember you at Christmas or some other suitable season. Careful improvement of opportunity is the golden rule. And now show me exactly what you've been doing. The old gentleman will want a full report after tea. Just give me an idea and then we'll go up stairs."

Mr. Caleb's reply to this address was of a most extraordinary character, and his whole appearance, as he turned round to face his employer for the first time since his entrance, struck that gentleman with amazement, if not with absolute terror.

With a face streaming with perspiration and eyes fast filling with tears which he tried in vain to conceal with the sleeve of his coat, and catching his breath, partly with agitation and partly as if from hard running, this miserable object suddenly and violently fell upon his knees.

"Forgive me," he cried, "let me work all night and I will make it up."

"How, what the deuce is all this! More of your confounded blunders, I suppose. Didn't I tell you not to hurry yourself. You young donkey, what made you touch them at all. Get up, and don't make a fool of yourself, and show me what's the matter."

Probably not feeling desirous of making a fool of himself Mr. Sparks rose to his feet and pointed to the plans, now piled evenly together and burnt through exactly in the centre apparently by a lighted cigar being left upon them.

Mr. Deighton gazed upon the sight for some moments in silence.

"You wretched boy," he said at length, "tell me the truth about this. You've been entertaining company."

Thus pressed, Caleb confessed all. The visit of Mr. Wortherespoon, his journey to his mother's and his return and discovery of the burnt plans. He denied all knowledge of Mr. Wortherespoon's intention or subsequent movements and had no idea what his designs meant. The burning he explained by saying that Mr. Wortherespoon must have been smoking and, in going away, had unconsciously left his cigar upon the plans.

"Humph," said Mr. Deighton when he had heard all. "A pretty piece of business truly. Did robbery and burglary enter your head?"

"Good Heaven," cried Caleb, "I never thought of that!"

"Oh no, of course you didn't, your poor little innocent; why should you? But the mischief's done now, I dare say, and when they make the discovery the next thing we shall see you walked off a prisoner in the hands of the law. That's a pretty story for your mother. Don't look to me for protection." And Mr. Deighton buttoned up his coat as if he were buttoning up that protection.

"For the present," he continued, "stay here. I am going to tea. You will probably be sent for soon. Don't disturb anything, and don't make a fool of yourself."

In his passage up-stairs Mr. Deighton settled his waistcoat, ran his fingers through his hair, chafed his cheeks with his pocket-handkerchief, and assuming a jaunty and careless demeanour, passed into the sitting-room.

"Good evening, my dear madam, I owe you a thousand apologies for my abrupt departure this morning."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Deighton, I beg. My husband has told me how unavoidable it was."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Chillingworth, "my dear, let us have tea, if you please. It's no use waiting for the young people. Deighton, by the by, Mr. Sparks has not been idle, I assure you. Quite the beau. Emily was perfectly enchanted with him, so mamma says, and they spent quite a delightful morning together. Well, well, we mustn't be too hard upon the young folks. The young man doesn't have too many holidays, I'll be bound, and those chambers of yours, in the city, are frightfully gloomy."

"You take cream, Mr. Deighton."

"No thank you, madam," he replied absently. "What on earth is the meaning of it all," thought he. "That young rascal must have told me a parcel of lies."

Mr. Chillingworth, meantime, pleased at his own rillery and the evident discomfort of his friend, continued gaily in the same strain.

"But bless me, why isn't he here. Somebody go for him. And, my dear, send for Emily, perhaps she is not aware that tea is ready."

The servant, who was sent upon this errand, presently returned with a note in her hand, which she presented to Mrs. Chillingworth.

That lady, having read it, pushed her chair a little from the table, wiped and adjusted her spectacles and proceeded to read it again. Then turning, and darting a look of mingled contempt and anger at Mr. Deighton, said:

"Perhaps you, sir, can better explain the meaning of this. My daughter has gone!—deliberately eloped with your clerk, Mr. Caleb Sparks. Chillingworth, do you hear me—our daughter, Emily,—Sparks, oh you villain!"

"My dear lady, pray calm yourself. There must be some terrible mistake. But one half hour ago I left Mr. Sparks down stairs. Nay, he is here," he continued, as the door at that instant opened, and Caleb with tolerable composure entered.

Mr. Chillingworth bounded from his seat, and seizing Caleb by the arm considerably accelerated his pace; Mr. Deighton grasping him, as soon as circumstances would permit, upon the other side.

Mrs. Chillingworth rose to her feet, and stretching out her arm towards the trembling and miserable Caleb, cried—"That is the man," and fell back pale and motionless.

The utmost confusion ensued. Caleb, who found himself free, sank into a chair. Mr. Chillingworth seized the bell and rang violently. The domestics gathered around, some running hither and thither in search of restoratives; others, hardly comprehending the situation, stared with vacant stupidity and wonder, while the footman, having just entered, and forming his own opinion upon the subject, seeing Mr. Deighton standing alone, proceeded at once to grasp that individual by the collar, treatment which the virtuous indignation of the architect resented by thrusting the man of buttons violently into Caleb's lap. It is highly probable that hostilities would have been immediately resumed had it not so happened that Caleb, whose grief found

vent in 'oft repeated sobs,' discharged one in the footman's ear. On the receipt of which that party turned round, and seeing the miserable condition of Mr. Sparks, and his inferior muscular development, conceived the idea of at once pouncing upon him as the culprit.

Mr. Deighton, meantime, stood alone, an apparently unmoved spectator.

At length Mrs. Chillingworth became sufficiently composed to permit an enquiry into the strange affair. The servants were ordered all to remain, and Mr. Chillingworth taking a seat at the head of the table, the investigation began.

"Silence," said the footman, evidently enjoying himself, and giving his prisoner an admonitory shake.

"Caleb Sparks," began Mr. Chillingworth, "as you have returned, probably to make reparation and restitution, you shall not be prevented by any remark of mine from doing so with full and most perfect confidence in my forbearance and clemency. Let me remind you, however, that this can only be obtained by a full and ample confession of what I firmly believe may prove but a foolish and boyish escapade. A childish game of hide and seek—a little plan made up between you to relieve the dullness of the hour. Something to surprise us—to surprise us now for instance. Come forward, Mr. Sparks, and let us hear what you have to say."

Thus adjured Caleb bounded forward, and throwing up his arms, ejaculated wildly:

"For goodness sake tell me what it is you've missed. Mr. Deighton knows I told him all. I don't know anything else. He said it might be a bad job, and so it is. Oh dear, oh dear."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Deighton advancing, "I think I see through the whole matter. Mr. Sparks has evidently been imposed upon, and the circumstance of our presence here, and the consequent disarrangement of the usually peaceful nature of this house, has been taken advantage of, and a skillfully contrived elopement the result. I will not further intrude upon family matters, but briefly state what Mr. Sparks informed me took place during our absence."

Which he accordingly prepared to do, taking especial care to dwell upon his own ignorance of the conspiracy, and to impress upon those present the scrupulous efforts he used to maintain a character of spotless integrity.

Mr. Caleb's expressions of grief during this recital were oft and varied, and created such an intense desire on the part of the footman to demand silence, that that worthy was several times on the eve of requesting permission to shake him.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Chillingworth at its conclusion, "we have lost much valuable time. We cannot decide now who is or is not the most to blame. I apologise for the inconvenience to which you may have been subjected, and will now, if you please, wish you good evening. If Mr. Deighton will forward me his account it shall be settled without delay. And the alterations will be postponed for some time."

NOTE BY MISS WEST.—In obedience to a telegram received, I started immediately for "Rosedale" to assist in preparations for a ball in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wortherespoon.

It was a very grand affair, and passed off most successfully. Among those present I noticed Mr. Caleb Sparks, who enjoyed himself thoroughly. At supper his health was proposed and drunk most enthusiastically; indeed, I think some little story concerning him was in circulation among the guests, and rendered him popular. Mr. Deighton was not there.

THE END.

A clever Scotch witticism is narrated of an old Scotchman, who took a lot of people to task for mobbing a Turk in Edinburgh. The Turk turned savagely round at last, and exclaimed, "Giaour! giaour!" (infidel). The old Scotchman said, "Don't fash the pair body so; do as he bids ye, gie ower, gie ower" (give over), as he in reality thought the Turk was exclaiming. It was witty, but he didn't quite know it.

A Scranton (Pa.) paper says:—Quite an amusing incident occurred at the Wyoming billiard room last evening. A rather egotistical billiardist who is a frequenter of that popular place of amusement, was spoiling for a game, and in his anxiety for a match stumped a stranger, who was a quiet spectator of the scene. The stranger accepted the challenge, and the game progressed, until the score stood 2 to 40, our friend leading the stranger. But alas! how uncertain are billiards. The stranger took the ball and run the game out, leaving his antagonist in utter astonishment at the result, after having coming so near a victory. Another game and a worse beat than before, and then followed an offer by the stranger of a double discount. Our friend discovered that he had caught a tartar, and was the laughing stock of the entire company, beat a hasty retreat. The stranger was Mr. Joseph Dion, one of the champion billiardists of the country.