

lative Council, that body was composed of thirty-six members. Of that number, four survive. Two only are members of the Senate, viz: the Hon. John Hamilton of Kingston, and the Hon. James Ferrier of Montreal. The third is the Hon. Mr. Justice Caron of Quebec, and the fourth is the Hon. Mr. Moore of Philippsburgh. It may therefore be assumed that time can exercise a very swift control even over a nominated Senate.

But though Mr. Matheson opposed the principle of an Elective Legislative Council, he very cordially supported the resolutions of 1865 for the confederation of the Provinces, which were all the more acceptable to him because they restored the nominated principle to the Upper House. "There is little advantage," he used to say, "in worrying the country by multiplying elections. Though one elected House is quite enough for the purposes of legislation, it is scarcely sufficient for security. A Legislature with two elected Houses does not resemble the Imperial Parliament, and though we cannot hope to be like it in all respects, let us at least imitate it as closely as we can." Some people said his opinions were prejudices. Perhaps they were, but then the prejudices of some people are as valuable as the opinions of others. Be this as it may, we incline to think that had the Conservative veneer which inclosed his sentiments been scratched, a very fair specimen of an ancient Tory would have been found beneath the covering. Indeed it might have been said of Mr. Matheson as it was said of Lord Eldon, on the anniversary of whose death the former died, that "he never ratted."

In his sense of duty Mr. Matheson belonged to the class of men who gave tone to public thought in the dawn of the present century. The sense seems to grow duller, and the number is multiplying of those who fail to distinguish what ought from what ought not to be done. Mr. Matheson belonged to the ancient order of "duty men" who stay by their post to the last. He must have felt the pressure of years, and possibly the approach of death; and yet he was concerned, by no neglect of his, to forfeit the honour which his Sovereign had bestowed or muster himself one of a body of which he had been deemed worthy to belong. During two of the later sessions of Parliament it was touching to note with what earnest endeavour he exerted himself to arrive at his seat in the Senate Chamber and do his "duty" to the last.

We must bring our sketch to a close. It will be observed, however, that although Mr. Matheson loved a quiet life, it was by no means an uneventful one. Gentle lives are not necessarily colourless ones. "The common round and the daily task," though hid from observation, sometimes include experiences which might serve for examples. Men not unfrequently live two lives, one of which belongs to their family, while the other passes into the possession of their neighbours. Both become blended, however, when we stand beside the grave of a husband, father, friend.

We read that Mr. Matheson died on the 13th and was buried with military honours on the 16th of December, 1872, amidst the general regrets of a large number of friends and neighbours. Doubtless it must have been so, for it was characteristic of him not only to make, but to keep his friends. His was a soldier's funeral. Let us rest in hope that when he awakes to the bugle call that all must hear, he will take rank in the King's army of "the good and faithful servants."

The following is a good story of the average French sportsman.—M. X. set out one morning recently, first promising his wife that he would bring her that very evening a brace of partridges at the very least. Punctually at ten o'clock the same night he returned home greatly fatigued, and covered with dust to the ears. His game-bag, however, appeared to be very full; and Madame X. at once concluded that her husband had had good sport. "How many have you, my dear?" she asked, taking up the game-bag. "Two, as I promised," nonchalantly replied M. X., throwing himself into a chair. "I had no sooner reached my destination than—bang, fire!—I had killed the brace." Reddening with pride, Madame X. opened the game-bag; but—O horror!—in place of the partridges, she drew from it a superb lobster rolled up in paper. Tableau! It was all the fault of the fishmonger. When applied to by the stammering sportsman for a brace of partridges, the tradesman mistook him, and gave him instead a "cardinal of the seas."

Every one has heard of the reply of the butcher to the sentimental lady remonstrating against the killing of innocent lambs, "Lor', ma'am, you wouldn't eat 'em alive, would you?" Apropos of this, there is an anecdote of Goldsmith not commonly known. When he had written that beautiful stanza of the "Hermit"—

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

he submitted it to (the future) Mrs. Goldsmith, who is said to have suggested the following improvement:—

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
The butchers kill the sheep for me,
I buy the meat of them."

Jacob's Rheumatic Liquid Cures Lameless of all kinds.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY ANN DISRAELI.

VISCOUNTESS BRACONSFIELD.

December 15th, 1872.

The light that helped to give him brilliance, gone—
The joy that made his well-earned fame so fair.
From his proud worship and affection, borne
To some diviner life and loftier care.

Her sweetness gave him strength, her fondness zeal
To scale and storm ambition's stony height
And reach by ceaseless effort that ideal
Which dreamy youth had mirrored to his sight.

She fed his hopes with fire of constancy!
She thrilled his thoughts with woman's endless love!
Until his words possessed the witchery
To make the highest in our land approve.

She made his life exalted with a light
Of noble purposes and lofty thought,
And when at last he reached fame's dazzling height,
'Twas clad in grandeur with the truth she wrought.

He toiled to win a nation's busy ear.
The nation watched him—heard him—felt his sway—
But all its wild applause was not so dear
As one responsive voice so still to-day.

The lofty place he won was not so high
As her affection stood within his soul,
And 'mid his works and fame which cannot die,
Her name is traced with his on history's scroll.

His kindly grace perchance was touched with hers!
His courtesy perhaps tempered with her own!
He counted millions as his worshippers,
While his true fealty was her throne!

And when he reaped the glory of success,
The tribute that was his, he nobly set
On her, whose perfect faith and tenderness
To him was brighter than a coronet!

The flowers his lonely hand placed on her tomb
Were not so fair as those which memory weaves—
Her dear remembrance shining thro' the gloom,
In the sad silence where his brave heart grieves.

And through this happy land he loves so well,
A sympathy and sorrow reach his own,
From clamorous cities to the cottaged dell,
From lowly places to the queenly throne.

The strength and majesty of towering mind—
The beauty of ennobled thought and speech—
With fiery purpose striving for his kind,
In aims which only gifted souls can reach—

All sadly glimmer o'er our hearths to-day,
Since one, the nearest to his thought has gone,
Yet we may grieve the parting of that ray,
Which crowned those aims and beautified their dawn.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER

In the Sunday Times.

LILTRANK, DACRES ROAD, FOREST HILL.

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

His eyes, his voice, his manner, all told her that those words came from the heart. She contrasted his generous confidence in her (the confidence of which she was unworthy) with her ungracious distrust of him. Not only had she wronged Grace Roseberry—she had wronged Julian Gray. Could she deceive him as she had deceived the others? Could she meanly accept that implicit trust, that devoted belief? Never had she felt the base submissions which her own imposture condemned her to undergo with a loathing of them so overwhelming as the loathing that she felt now. In horror of herself, she turned her head aside in silence, and shrank from meeting his eye. He noticed the movement, placing his own interpretation on it. Advancing closer, he asked anxiously if he had offended her?

"You don't know how your confidence touches me," she said, without looking up. "You little think how keenly I feel your kindness."

She checked herself abruptly. Her fine tact warned her that she was speaking too warmly—that the expression of her gratitude might strike him as being strangely exaggerated. She handed him her work-basket, before he could speak again.

"Will you put it away for me?" she asked in her quieter tones. "I don't feel able to work just now."

His back turned on her for a moment, while he placed the basket on a side table. In that moment, her mind advanced at a bound from present to future. Accident might one day put the true Grace in possession of the proofs that she needed, and might reveal the false Grace to him in the identity that was her own. What would he think of her then? Could she make him tell her, without betraying herself? She determined to try.

"Children are notoriously insatiable if you once answer their questions, and women are nearly as bad," she said, when Julian returned to her. "Will your patience hold out if I go back for the third time to the person whom we have been speaking of?"

"Try me," he answered, with a smile. "Suppose you had not taken your merciful view of her?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you believed that she was wickedly bent on deceiving others for a purpose of her own—would you not shrink from such a woman in horror and disgust?"

"God forbid that I should shrink from any human creature!" he answered earnestly. "Who among us has a right to do that?"

She hardly dared trust herself to believe him. "You would still pity her?" she persisted, "and still feel for her?"

"With all my heart."

"Oh, how good you are!"

He held up his hand in warning. The tones of his voice deepened; the lustre of his eyes brightened. She had stirred in the depths of that great heart the faith in which the man lived—the steady principle which guided his modest and noble life.

"No!" he cried. "Don't say that! Say that I try to love my neighbour as myself. Who but a Pharisee can believe he is better than another? The best among us to-day may, but for the mercy of God, be the worst among us to-morrow. The true Christian virtue is the virtue which never despairs of a fellow-creature. The true Christian faith believes in Man as well as in God. Frail and fallen as we are, we can rise on the wings of repentance from earth to heaven. Humanity is sacred. Humanity has its immortal destiny. Who shall dare say to man or woman, 'There is no hope in you?' Who shall dare say the work is all vile, when that work bears on it the stamp of the Creator's hand?"

He turned away for a moment, struggling with the emotion which she had roused in him.

Her eyes, as they followed him, lighted with a momentary enthusiasm—then sank wearily in the rain regret which comes too late. Ah! if he could have been her friend and her adviser on the fatal day when she first turned her steps towards Mablethorpe House! She sighed bitterly as the hopeless aspiration wrung her heart. He heard the sigh; and, turning again, looked at her with a new interest in his face.

"Miss Roseberry," he said.

She was still absorbed in the bitter memories of the past; she failed to hear him.

"Miss Roseberry," he repeated, approaching her.

She looked up at him with a start.

"May I venture to ask you something?" he said gently.

She shrank at the question.

"Don't suppose I am speaking out of mere curiosity," he went on. "And pray don't answer me, unless you can answer without betraying any confidence which may have been placed in you."

"Confidence?" she repeated. "What confidence do you mean?"

"It has just struck me that you might have felt more than a common interest in the questions which you put to me a moment since," he answered. "Were you by any chance speaking of some unhappy woman—not the person who frightened you, of course—but of some other woman whom you know?"

Her head sank slowly on her bosom. He had plainly no suspicion that she had been speaking of herself: his tone and manner both answered for it that his belief in her was as strong as ever. Still those last words made her tremble; she could not trust herself to reply to them.

He accepted the bending of her head as a reply.

"Are you interested in her?" he asked next. She faintly answered this time. "Yes."

"Have you encouraged her?"

"I have not dared to encourage her."

His face lit up suddenly with enthusiasm. "Go to her," he said, "and let me go with you and help you."

The answer came faintly and mournfully. "She has sunk too low for that!"

He interrupted her with a gesture of impatience.

"What has she done?" he asked.

"She has deceived—basely deceived—innocent people who trusted her. She has wronged—cruelly wronged—another woman."

For the first time, Julian seated himself at her side. The interest that was now roused in him was an interest above reproach; he could speak to Mercy without restraint; he could look at Mercy with a pure heart.

"You judge her very harshly," he said. "Do you know how she may have been tried and tempted?"

There was no answer.

"Tell me," he went on, "is the person whom she has injured still living?"

"Yes."

"If the person is still living, she may atone for the wrong. The time may come when this sinner, too, may win our pardon and deserve our respect."

"Could you respect her?" Mercy asked sadly. "Can such a mind as yours understand what she has gone through?"

A smile, kind and momentary, brightened his attentive face.

"You forget my melancholy experience," he answered. "Young as I am, I have seen more than most men of women who have sinned and suffered. Even after the little that you have told me, I think I can put myself in her place. I can well understand, for instance, that she may have been tempted beyond human resistance. Am I right?"

"You are right."

"She may have had nobody near at the time to advise her, to warn her, to save her. Is that true?"

"It is true."

"Tempted and friendless, self-abandoned to the evil impulse of the moment, this woman may have committed herself headlong to the act which she now vainly repents. She may long to make atonement, and may not know how to begin. All her energies may be crushed under the despair and horror of herself, out of which the truest repentance grows. Is such a woman as this all wicked, all vile? I deny it! She may have a noble nature; and she may show it nobly yet. Give her the opportunity she needs—and our poor fallen fellow-creature may take her place again among the best of us; honoured, blameless, happy once more!"

Mercy's eyes, resting eagerly on him while he was speaking, dropped again despondingly when he had done.

"There is no such future as that," she answered, "for the woman whom I am thinking of. She has lost her opportunity. She has done with hope."

Julian gravely considered with himself for a moment.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "She has committed an act of deception to the injury of another woman. Was that what you told me?"

"Yes."

"And she has gained something to her own advantage by the act?"

"Yes."

"Is she threatened with discovery?"

"She is safe from discovery—for the present, at least."

"Safe as long as she closes her lips?"

"As long as she closes her lips."

"There is her opportunity!" cried Julian. "Her future is before her. She has not done with hope!"

With clasped hands, in breathless suspense, Mercy looked at that inspiring face, and listened to those golden words.

"Explain yourself," she said. "Tell her, through me, what she must do."

"Let her own the truth," answered Julian, "without the base fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice everything that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that—for conscience sake and for pity's sake—to her own prejudice, to her own shame, to her own loss—then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved! If I saw the Pharisees and Fanatics of this lower earth passing her by in contempt, I would hold out my hand to her before them all. I would say to her in her solitude and affliction, 'Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!'"

In those last sentences, he unconsciously repeated the language in which he had spoken, years since, to his congregation in the Chapel of the Refuge. With tenfold power and tenfold persuasion, they now found their way again to Mercy's heart. Softly, suddenly, mysteriously, a change passed over her. Her troubled face grew beautifully still. The shifting light of terror and suspense vanished from her grand grey eyes, and left in them the steady inner glow of a high and pure resolve.

There was a moment of silence between them. They both had need of silence. Julian was the first to speak again.

"Have I satisfied you that her opportunity is still before her?" he asked. "Do you feel as I feel, that she has not done with hope?"

"You have satisfied me that the world holds no truer friend to her than you," Mercy answered gently and gratefully. "She shall prove herself worthy of your generous confidence in her. She shall show you yet, that you have not spoken in vain."

Still inevitably failing to understand her, he led the way to the door.

"Don't waste the precious time," he said. "Don't leave her cruelly to herself. If you can't go to her, let me go as your messenger, in your place."

She stopped him by a gesture. He took a step back into the room, and paused; observing with surprise that she made no attempt to move from the chair that she occupied.

"Stay here," she said to him in suddenly-altered tones.

"Pardon me," he rejoined, "I don't understand you."

"You will understand me directly. Give me a little time."

He still lingered near the door, with his eyes fixed inquiringly on her. A man of a lower nature than his, or a man believing in Mercy less devotedly than he believed, would now have felt his first suspicion of her. Julian was as far as ever from suspecting her, even yet.

"Do you wish to be alone?" he asked considerately. "Shall I leave you for a while and return again?"

She looked up with a start of terror. "Leave me?" she repeated, and suddenly checked her