ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1884. NO. 27.

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Weekly Monitor

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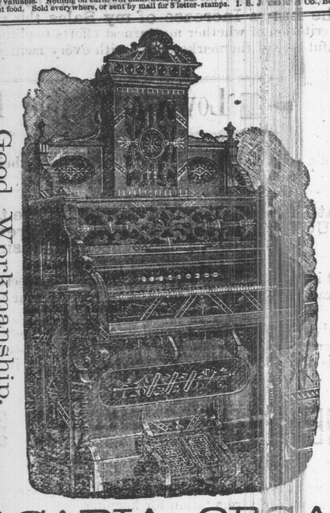

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Of Liverpool and London.
Full information as to rates, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application.
Parties waited upon at their homes if desired
OFFICE—LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.
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Dr. J. R. McLean,
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The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.
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A good, reliable live man wanted to canvas Digby County. Address

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200 Cords
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I would call attention to my stock of
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GOLDPLATE,
SILVER,
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which I will sell low for cash or approved credit. Also in stock a large assortment of
Harness Leather and Furniture,
for the trade.
Harness Leather, Wax, Grain, Buff, Calf Skins, Splits, Leathers always in stock, at wholesale or retail rates.
English, Balmoral, French, and Shoe Uppers, Shoe Findings for the trade,
300 BUS. PLASTERER'S HAIR
at low rates.
George Murdoch.

Celebrated Rubber Bucket CHAIN PUMPS!
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
or in parts to suit.
FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.
LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO
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JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

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Connecting Halifax, Annapolis and Digby with Eastport, Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Bangor, Augusta, Portland; Boston and Montreal, and all stations and branches of the Maine Central and Eastern Railway.
The splendid Iron side-wheel sea-going
Steamship
CITY OF RICHMOND
will leave Annapolis on arrival of the Windsor & Annapolis express train from Halifax, calling at Digby every Tuesday, P. M., for Eastport and Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, connecting with the Maine Central Railway for PORTLAND and BOSTON and the Grand Trunk Railway at Danville Junction for Montreal. Fare from Bridgetown to Boston, $6.00 and $5.00.
Through passenger tickets and Bills of Lading to BOSTON, PORTLAND, MONTREAL and all stations on the Maine Central and Eastern Railways or their branches. Baggage checked through. Apply to station agents W. & A. R. Freight at lowest rates.
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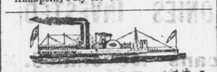
THOS. S. WHITMAN, Gen'l Agent New England and Acadia S. S. Co., for Nova Scotia.
Annapolis, July 1st '84. 3m.



SUMMER OF 1884.
THE POPULAR
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COMPRISING THE
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VIA
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One of the steamers of this Company will leave Annapolis for Boston via Digby every Tuesday at 1.30 p. m.
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The steamers of the Boston Lines of this company arrive at and depart from Lewis Wharf.
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Gen'l Man., Yarmouth, N. S.
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BANANAS,
ORANGES,
LEMONS.
Just arrived at
Mrs. Reynolds.
Bridgetown, June 24th '84.

WANTED.
A GOOD wide awake Salesman to travel and sell the celebrated Acadia Organ. Must understand music, and one who will be able to devote his whole time to the Business. Can furnish team or not. Good commissions will be paid to the right man. Apply at once to the
ACADIA ORGAN CO.
Bridgetown.
Bridgetown, July, 21 '84. tf.

ATTENTION
THIS WAY!
If you want to buy CHEAP call at
S. L. FREEMAN & CO.'S
MIDDLETON CORNER,
Where you will find a full stock of
DRY GOODS
VERY LOW.
Grey Cottons from 5 cts.
CARPETS! CARPETS!
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BOOTS AND SHOES
at prices that will defy competition.
CROCKERYWARE, CLASSWARE, Cheap.
10 per cent discount. Cash.
A fine line of
GROCERIES.
Halifax Refined Sugar 12 lbs. for $1.00, cash.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods. Eggs equal to Cash.
S. L. FREEMAN & CO.
Middleton, June 2nd, 1884.

AGENTS wanted for the Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free, Hallett Book Co., Portland Maine.

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Poetry.

A Theosophic Marriage.

BY HENRY J. W. DAM.

She was theosophic miss
Who sighed for sweet Nirvana;
She talked of esoteric this
And that, in mystic manner.
She wore a wide and psychic smile,
Used diction transcedental,
Two suitors her besieged meanwhile—
Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,
Who wore a lofty collar;
He knew not things were hollow, and
He chased the nimble dollar.
The other was a soulful youth,
Who talked of things symbolic;
Enamoured quite of inner truth—
And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love,
In tones that made her shudder;
The other soared with her above
To misty realms of Buddah.
She sent the first upon his way
With snub unmitigated—
Upon the other smiled, and they
By Hymen were united.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat
She's found her sweet Nirvana;
She does not think of this and that
As marshy zephys fan her;
She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose
And spanketh Zoroaster,
And mends their transcendental clothes
Torn by occult disaster.

The adept husband still can solve
The mysteries eternal,
But for some reason can't evolve
A salary diurnal.
He still floats on to cycles new,
But fills his astral body
With—not the Cheelah's milky brew,—
But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life
And objurgates her Latin,
To daily see the drummer's wife
Drive by her clad in satin.
She has has been heard in fact, to say
When somewhat discontented,
'Though 'osophies' hold social sway,
Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,
I think, in love, the good old way
By far the best invented."

Select Literature.

The Witch's Ring.

A very curious, straggling, sleepy old village in Adlingtune. Half a century behind the rest of the world, it still sits between the green hills of an Eastern State, with its elbows on its knees, and its chin in its hands, musing on bygone days, when old King George held the land under his sway, and when, as its old folks stagely remark, things were not as they are now. There are a great many old people in Adlingtune; in fact, very few die young there.

The atmosphere is so dreamy and peaceful that excitement cannot exist, and the wear and tear of the busy world are unknown, or at most only hums faintly over the hills, like the buzzing of a fly on a sunny pane on a summer day. And so they sit still in their chimney corners from year to year, and muse and doze and dream, until they dream their lives away, and take their final sleep. It was to an old crone of this description that I was indebted for my adventure.

In the course of my rambles about the village, I chanced one day to peer over a crumbling wall, and discovered an old disused burial ground. The brown slabs were broken, prostrated and scattered, with only here and there a forlorn, unsteady stone, standing wearily, and waiting for the time to come when it, too, might fall down and rest with the sleepers beneath. Scrambling over the low wall I stooped about among the grass, pushing away the tangled masses of vines and leaves from the faces of the slabs, that I might read the inscriptions there. But the suns and storms of over one hundred years had obliterated nearly all the letters, so that only portions of the names and dates remained. Finally, down in a deep corner of the enclosure, where the weeds grew denser, and the shade was darker, I found an old stone which, leaning forward, had protected its face from the storms, and on the stone I read the words:

BARBARA CORNWAIM,
BORN 1670, DIED 1730. AGED 60 YEARS.

Having been lawfully executed for the practice of witchcraft.

My curiosity was at once aroused. I inquired of several persons as to the history of this woman, but without success for a time. Finally, however, I found an old woman who told me the history of Barbara Cornwaim; as it had been handed down to her by her ancesters.

Living in an old stone house at the edge of the village, she was very rarely seen—for no one ever crossed her threshold—save when she was occasionally met by a frightened party of children idling away a summer afternoon holiday in the woods, when she would scowl and pass away, stooping along over the fields, gathering herbs with which to brew her nightly potions. No one ever interfered with her, however, until a sad year came to Adlingtune.

An epidemic broke out, and raged with fury that nothing could withstand. People began to mutter that Barbara the witch was the cause of it. Passing the road she was stoned by a party of boys, at whom she shook her bony hand, and shrieked that the curse was upon them.

Two of the lads sickened and died in a few days, and though scores were carried away in like manner, an especial import was attached to their death. Barbara began to be watched. They looked through her windows at midnight and found her bending over a seething cauldron, throwing in herbs, muttering cabalistic words, and stirring the mixture with what they reported to be a human bone. Old Barbara was working her charms.

So when, one morning, a man came into town bruised and covered with mud, and testified that as he rode past Old Barbara's house, at twelve o'clock the night before, he saw the arch fiend and the witch in conversation upon the horsetop, surpunded by flames, and laughing fiendishly in the hurid glare, as they shook their fists at the plague-stricken village below, his tale found ready credence.

The fact that he was an habitual drunkard, and had on more than one occasion rolled from his horse in a drunken stupor, and passed the night in the ditch, dreaming wild dreams, did not in the least detract from the belief of the villagers in his account of the scene. And when he related how this pair of old demons had pounced upon him, and had first tortured and then thrown him senseless into a ditch, their indignation became uncontrollable.

Old Barbara was tried, condemned, and hanged, though she protested her innocence to the last.

The little sum of money found in her possession was used to buy that gravestone—as no one would dare appropriate it—and to this day, if any one were bold enough to go to her grave at midnight on the same day of the year on she was hanged, and say, 'Barbara, I believe you were innocent,' at the same time stretching out his hand over the grave she would appear to him and place in his hand a talisman.

This talisman would bring good fortune as long as he retained it, but at some time in his life the witch would return to claim her own.

The old woman ended her story in a low, impressive monotone, which, with her earnestness and sincere belief in all what she said, almost carried conviction to me, in spite of reason. As I sauntered away, ridiculing these ignorant and superstitious village folk, I found myself almost unconsciously wandering back through the old burial ground to the witch's grave. Carelessly glancing at the inscription, I was surprised to find that very day was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her death, and still more surprised when the thought occured to me of watching the grave that night. I ridiculed and scoffed at the idea. Where was my boasted common sense and incredulity? But, still, returning ever, came that wayward thing called fancy—and it conquered.

The wood was wild and wierd that night, when I stole forth from the village. The wind was moaning through the trees, and sobbing piteously; the black clouds were driven in broken patches across the sky, now letting down the moonshine, and again shrouding all in the blackest night, making the shadows chase each other about, and steal around corners upon one in a manner that made me wince in spite of myself. Climbing the low stone wall—rather nervously, I confess—I stole away through the old down-trodden graves, pushing though the weeds and briers as silently as possible, and making my way towards that dark, dreary corner where the old witch reposed.

A graveyard at noon is a very different spot from a graveyard at midnight, especially if one is there to seek an interview with a spirit.

I reached the place and stood by the tomb. It still lacked a few minutes of twelve, and, as I stood there, watching the moonlight flitting over the graves, I longed for a little ray to creep in with me. But no—approaching and receding and wavering all about me, it never touched this grave, but fled away as often as it approached, as though frightened at the black shadow forever lurking there.

By and by the village clock tolled twelve. As the slow, tremulous tones stole out on the night, the wind ceased moaning, the clouds covered the face of the moon, the insects stopped chirping, and when the last stroke was finished the almost unbearable silence was broken only by my own breathing, which I strove to suppress. The darkness was intense, and I could see nothing. A terrible feeling of guilt and terror seized me, that I, a mortal, should be intruding there at such an hour. Mechanically I strove to speak the words I had been told, but my lips refused to form a sound.

Still I stood in that awful black silence, chilled with fear, until with a mighty effort I reached out my arm over the grave and grasped—a hand.

It was only for an instant—not that, for it was jerked away in a twinkling—but long enough to feel how warm and velvety it was and how very small. Not that I lingered there to reflect upon these novel qualities in the hands of a ghost, and an old witch at that, for you altogether mistake my bravery in supposing it; but it was after I had cleared the old wall at a bound and was out on the moonlit road, walking at a rattling good pace toward town, that I recalled it.

From a state of intense cold I had changed to one of burning heat. The touch of those soft fingers thrilled me through and through as with an electric shock, and I walked faster still in my excitement. Gradually the consciousness forced itself upon me that I held something in my clinched hands. There first was a glitter and then a sparkle, as the moonlight fell into the hollow of my upraised hand, and I saw there a glistening ring set with flashing stones. The icicles began slipping up and down my back again, and I hurried on again.

Some persons may be inclined to deride my nervousness on this occasion, but I assure such that I am not naturally a nervous man. I have a medal hanging in my room at home which asserts that I am not a timid man, and above all, I had always been particularly void of superstitious fear; but truth compels me to say that I not only lighted all the lights on reaching my room at the little inn that night, but turned them very high into the bargain; and that I made a systematic search of all the closets, and removed from its peg a long cloak that was hanging in a very suggestive position on the wall. This done, I sat down—with my back against the wall—and examined the ring.

It was a quaint old ring, curiously carved and massive. The setting was composed of several colored stones set in a circle about a large diamond. My financial circumstances had rendered it unnecessary for me to acquaint myself with precious stones and their values, so that I could only surmise that the ring was somewhat valuable. Considering the excited condition of my nerves by this time, it was not strange that I should start when my eye fell upon the name that was inscribed inside the ring—'Barbara.'

I sat and mused upon the whole adventure, that the crone had told me; the grave-yard, the ring and (this was what returned to me the oftenest) the thrilling touch of that soft hand in the darkness.

Perhaps I should say right here that I am an old bachelor, and had never been in love—that is, with any mortal. I did not think I was devoid of sentiment or feeling, for I dreamed of love and worshiped beautiful things of my own fancy, but my life had been thrown among boys and men, and woman was far away and a mystery. A motherless home, a stern father, and a hard-working student's life at college, a stranger struggling for bread and reputation in a great city—one can perceive how it could be that I made so few acquaintances among women. In reality I was only twenty five, but much experience and a busy life made me feel much older; so, as I said, I called myself a bachelor.

I have given this brief history of myself in order to prepare the way for another confession. I was falling in love with the owner of that soft warm hand.

It is preposterous, but it true. I began to doubt my reason. In vain I tried to remember that Barbara the witch was an old, ugly woman. The only picture I could call up was that of a beautiful girl with—but words fail me; only she was far from ghostly; but was as warm and substantial and full of life as that hand had seemed to be.

The fire-irons fell with an uncarthly clatter and startled me out of my dreams; I went to bed to soothe my nerves with sleep, and lay awake most of the night with the lamps burning.

Fortune smiled upon me from that night. Two years of busy city life had passed, and old Barbara's talisman was still unclaimed, when one day—do you believe in love at first sight? Well, if the first appearance of Walter Wyman's sister had not conquered me as she stood under the parlor lamps, a revelation of beauty and youth, the touch of her hand when she welcomed her brother's friend would have enslaved me forever. Never had a touch so thrilled me since—since I held the witch's hand in the graveyard. The same peculiar shock passed through me, and the memory of that spectral night came over me like a flash.

But I did not start to tell a love story. Let me briefly say that I fell in love, hopelessly and ridiculously in love and that I acted just as all lovers have done since the world began. It doesn't matter much about a man's age. At twenty-seven he will conduct himself pretty much as he would have done at seventeen, and so I wrote verses and sighed, and tormented myself lwith a thousand hopes and fears, and grew hot and cold by turns, and wonderfully timid, and prided myself upon concealing it all, when as a matter of fact, the state of my feelings was perfectly apparent to all of my acquaintances.

Matters were in this interesting state, when one day an opportunity occurred of which I availed myself with a degree of skill and presence of mind that I am proud of to this day. It all came about through asking the young lady if she believed in ghosts.

'I suppose I should,' said she, laughing, considering my experience.'

Leave a woman alone to make an evasive answer. Of course I implored an explanation, and she related to me the following story:

'It was about two years ago when a party of girls, just home from school, were visiting a friend down in the country. One of the girls had heard a foolish old story about a witch's grave, and some nonsense about her annual appearance and a talisman, they braved me to put it to the test. What is the matter? The place? A little town called Adlingtune.

'Foolishly I accepted the challenge and received a terrible fright. I carried out their instructions and stretched my arm over her grave. It was so dark I could see nothing but something seized my hand. I was so benumbed with fear that I could not cry out, but could only fly through the lonely graveyard to where my trembling companions were awaiting me in the field. It was a foolish adventure, for I fell ill, and it cost me a valuable ring, which was left me by my, poor Aunt Barbara. 'For her namesake,' she said when she sent it across the sea to me. You see the ring was a little large for my finger and was pulled off by—by—'

'By me,' I interrupted, taking the lost ring from my pocket.

It was time for Barbara (I forgot to say that was her name) to be startled now. I hope I may say that I came out strong on that occasion. I told my story in a very impressive way lingered over the effect of the witch's hand on my heart, spoke of the good fortune the talisman had brought me, made a very pretty allusion to Barbara the witch, reclaiming her own—for was she not a witch after all, as I could testify, having felt her charms—and finally not only offered to return the ring, but to give myself into the bargain.

She took both.

Locomotion of Bears.

An old hunter expresses through the columns of the Lewiston Journal his views concerning the location of bears, as follows: I have several times during my hunting life come suddenly across bears in the woods and almost always they rise upon their hind feet. It seems to be natural to them and puts them in a proper position to defend themselves, either by striking with their paw or by hugging their enemy.

This hugging propensity of the bear is natural and gives a great advantage. It is not out of affection, like that of some birds, but out of pure cussedness. Well this hugging is done from an upright position and being the natural way of defense, the bear, when disturbed, springs instantly upon his hind feet and is then already for an emergancy. When disturbed by any noise or while listening at any time, the bear rises in that position and in the spring time, when making his rounds through his old paths, where he inhabited in former years, he often rises on his feet to measure his height beside a fir tree, and and make his mark there by biting and stripping the bark at just the place where his paws reached, possibly to let other bears know his size and prowess.

But I think that walking regular steps like a man, is seldom done. I have seen cubs or young bears walk a few steps regularly, one foot after another; but seldom. When a bear rises on his hind feet and starts toward you, he jumps both feet at once, holding up his fore arms and letting his forepaws hang down, at the same time making a mumbling noise with his mouth and champing his teeth as if he meant business, which he generally does. At such a time he jumps several feet at a time, say a yard or more, according to the size of the bear; and at such a time, if you are there and have not suitable weapons handy, you had better be jumping too.

I once met a bear in the thick woods, face to face, within twenty feet of each other. The bear stopped as suddenly as I did, and we seemed to be mutually surprised. He rose up instantly on his hind feet and loomed up immensely and growled fearfully, but stood still, I stood still too, and looked him steadily in the eye, for I had no gun with me. In a few minutes—it seemed to be a long time—he stopped growling and edged down slowly, sidewise, on all fours and ran quickly off out of sight. In this instance, had I continued to walk toward him he would doubtless have jumped in his upright position toward me, and hugged me without ceremony.

In such a case, if the person could throw up his arms and give the bear the under hold, you then have your hands free to feel in your pocket for your knife, and to give him a thrust with it or to turn your hand down his throat and seize his tongue. It is almost useless to climb a tree to escape from a bear, unless a small tree that is limber enough to bend easily, so that you might shake him off as he approached you.

A Story of Parepa Rosa.

It was many years ago that a poor widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called on to part with one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had always been weakly. Under the broken-hearted mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan lips failed to answer with a smile the anxious, tear blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young creature was dead.

For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I became acquainted with Mrs. C. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful height of an East Side tenement, where they lived, by a few books and some comforting words, I won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of the funeral and ask me to attend.

That summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not rain, and a rain that was not snow, came pelting from all points of the compass. I piled the glowing grates; I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon; I turned on the gas and sat down, devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather, when an installment of it burst in upon me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa at that time, and the operatic idol of the city.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together, here came the summons for me to go to the funeral of the sewing woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned.

'This is terrible!' said I. 'It's just the one errand that could take me out today, but I must go.'

And then I told Parepa the circumstances, and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

'But I shall go with you,' said the great-hearted creature.

So she rewound her throat with the long, white comforter pulled on her worsted gloves and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse, peculiar to the twenty-five dollar funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry stained box, with its ruffle of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the centre of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief beside that box, a group of hard-working kindly-hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end; it was cold comfort to speak to her of her daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness was thinking of herself and the awful future, of the approaching moment when that box and its previous burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to 'attend the funeral.'

Then the minister came in—a dry, self-sufficient man, with nothing of the tenderness of his holy calling about him. Icier than the day, colder than the storm, he rattled on through some selected sentences from the Bible, and offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother, telling her of her sin of rebelling against the decrees of Providence, and assuring her that nothing could bring back the dead. Then he hurriedly departed, while a hush fell on everybody gathered in the room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember. Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside the miserable cherry-stained box. She laid her soft white hand on the forehead of the dear girl and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody—

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, Oh take her to thy care."

The noble voice swelled towards heaven and if ever the choirs of heaven paused to listen to earth's music it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor, dead girl. No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and with streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No Queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremonial. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings in my memory as the most impressive service I ever heard.—*Ex.*