...ER OF MERCY.

BY REV. P. MURRAY.

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And the warning chime of the convent bells
Tells our silent life away;
The loud world's busy hum,
Murmuring evermore,
Breaks on our dim old walls
As waves break on the shore
Like the voices we used to hear
Long ago in childhood's prime,
Are the ties of a long dead world,
The thoughts of a long-past time.

They tell of life's sparkling sea,
Of its dancing billows white
The voyager's laugh rings merrily
From a heart as light as air.
But they tell not of the storms
That swell its angry waves,
The sunken rocks, the hidden forms
That lie in the ocean caves;
The wrecks that toss in the gale,
The lost that are buried beneath,
The struggle, the gasp, the drowning wail,
That follow so oft the sunbright sail
O'er the pitiless realms of death!

They number us with the dead,
With our hearts so cold and dry;
For as the sky is a roof of lead,
And earth is like the sky.
But the sinless soul hath wings to soar
Above these prison bars
To a glorious home of its own,
Beyond the golden stars.
The light of this seeming dying life,
Faded out from the eye of clay,
Glows in the franchised spirit,
Never to feel or fear decay.

They speak of a mother's delight,
They tell of wedded bliss,
They paint a world so warm and bright,
And say that world is this.
But the true world we see sometimes see
Life in its house of wailing tones,
Life on its couch of agony,
As it heaves and weeps and groans;
The father's breaking heart,
The mother's about to break,
The crushing blow, the stinging smart,
O, wedded love, we've seen what thou art,
And not what dreamers make!

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And sweet as the chime of the convent bells
Guides our life with God away.
In the roar of a maddened world,
In letting passions' thrall,
Martha's work and Mary's part
Our endless portion still
Could you but a moment share
In a bliss, like that above,
Of a life of silent prayer,
A life of working love;

The glory of earth would seem
Black as the trodden lees.
False as the dream of a dream,
As the flash of the lightning brief.
A I must pass away,
And wither and die and rot,
But the love of God abides and burns
In the heart that deserts Him not.
Then leave us here to pray,
Then leave us here to love,
Our prayers will be that you may rise
With us to God above!

BARBARA.

BY MISS L. BATES.

CHAPTER II.

(Concluded.)

As I had never taught, it was not without a degree of pride that I watched Claire's improvement, and listened from time to time to the appreciative remarks of Mrs. Raymond and her son. It was not all study. With a constantly increasing practice the doctor gave us errands; sometimes it was to read to a patient, sometimes it was to carry a favorite dish to a convalescent. Whatever it was we took delight in doing it; a delight that was shared by the doctor, and thus repeated like images in a mirror, gladdening and making bright our daily life, and forging unseen the fetters that were to bind us in stronger than links of steel.

For a week company had been expected; everything was in perfect order; the best chamber was set aside for the guest; and every day Claire and I cut roses, and sitting down on the step we filled the pretty antique vases, and held them up for Mrs Raymond to admire.

"I trust you will like this friend of ours," Mrs. Raymond said to me one morning. "Hugh had a letter yesterday. It seems she was sent out of her way, leaving the train at Colgate, instead of coming on to Hopworth. In this case Hugh will have to go for her, and Claire and I will perhaps ride down to Mrs. Maples'; it is quite on the way. You won't mind staying by yourself, dear?"

"Not in the least; and I shall be glad to know you have the drive Everything is in readiness, and I can take a good long practice; my fingers are just right for it," I said, laughingly.

"If it were not for coming home I should not allow you to remain, anxious as your fingers may be for a good run over the keys. But four will be as many as can conveniently be seated, and Florence will be sure to have wraps and satchels."

Claire was wild with excitement. It was ten miles to Colegate, and such wonders they were sure to see on the way!

"If you were only going," she said, as I walked with her to the carriage, and then stood a moment with her foot on the steps to bid her good-by. "Will you be very lonely?" holding up her lips for a kiss.

"I am to practise my hardest pieces, and I shall sing to the top of my voice," I answered merrily.

"But I want you to miss us; I want you to be just a little lonesome—don't you, Uncle Hugh?" to the doctor, as he came down the steps.

"What is that, Claire?" tossing a look at the little, flushed face. "Cannot you part with your teacher for a few hours without feeling badly?"

"It is not quite that, Uncle Hugh; I that want she should miss us just a little bit."

"That is a little bit selfish, is it not, Claire?" the gray eyes looking serious, while the voice was playful. "Uncle Hugh would like Miss Barbara to be as happy as possible this afternoon To one who lives rightly happiness is as natural as bloom to the flower. But, like Claire should be disappointed, you must not forget to tell us how you spent the time, and if, indeed, you missed us," looking with his clear eyes into my face.

Claire strained her eyes for another look. The carriage was going through the gate; the sun-rays caught in the bright buckles and polished panels made a glittering picture; while shining above them [illegible] the massive head and rough-lined [illegible] man whose sole business it was [illegible] comfortable.

[illegible] to the village and the [illegible] spreading elm [illegible] that he [illegible] Street.

[illegible] on the veranda I could plainly see him. The blighted tree stood like a bleached skeleton, with long, black arms, where but a week before it was green and beautiful. A faint, sickly sensation crept over me. I turned to the parlor; the sunshine sifted through the meshes of delicate lace and nestled in the heart of the roses. Still I see nothing but the shattered tree, struck down in its pride and beauty, and uprooted and cast away.

Hannah came to say that if I did not mind she would go out for a little. The woman's voice aroused me; besides, I was to have a good long practice. Operas, waltzes, and long, dreamy etudes followed; but I was in no mood, the skeleton once called up could not be thurst aside; there was a shadow, a nameless fear. Perhaps I was not quite well; certainly my head ached. a walk in the fresh air would do me good. In the door I stopped to listen for some sound, but it all was quiet. The vine-covered out-houses sent long shadows across the grass plot, and the trees that covered over them seemed to blend and be one with them. In the honeysucle over the window bees were gathering honey, and singing drowsily as they journeyed to and fron the hives. The river in the distance shone like a skein of silver.

Following the zigzag path, bordered with little grasses, I stood at length on the white sand; birds sailed low over the glistening water, and tiny waves made music along the shore. A sudden thought seized me; I wrote my name in the sand, the day and date, then laughed as a wave still larger swept grandly over it and washed it out forever.

The sun fell clear and warm on the old mill, giving to the long moss on the broken roof a golden gleam, and leaving the ivy-tangled willows in deep shade. Led on by a strange impulse, I pushed my way through pools of sunshine and purple shade until I reached the useless wheel. A wierd power seized me. How many tales it had to tell! How many scenes enacted there! A lizard started out of the heart of the golden moss and ran away, the tall grass bent with soft sinuous motion, and a snake slid down into the water. A cold, shivering sensation took possession of me. I put my foot upon a slippery spoke and climbed over the broken rim and along the great central beam to the low, overhanging leaves. Swallows had built their nests here, and, startled by my presence, swept out with shrill, frightened cries. The road leading to the village ran along the opposite side of the mill. Through the loose boards I caught a glimpse of two women walking slowly; then a voice. It was Hannah. The words came clear and distinct.

"It is a pity," speaking to her friend, "to have her come just now; everything is so happy with them all since Miss Barbara came. And now there will be a change."

"You say Miss Claire is fond of her teacher?" was asked.

"Certainly she is, and Hugh and his mother, for that matter. But she's an Eastbrook, and the sister of her who was to have been his wife."

How I reached home I do not know; but I was there when Hannah came in—at the piano just where she left me.

"Why, dearie, you haven't been playing all this time?" as she smoothed her white apron, and sent her gaze over the room to see if everything was tidy. "Why, child, you are as tired as tired can be, and your hands are hot and feverish! When I got through I just run down to see May Peirce, and met her there by the mill. You should have seen it; the sunlight on the roof make it look like gold. I thought of you and little Miss Claire."

I tried to speak cheerfully, and did so. Why should Florence Eastbrook's visit make me unhappy? I would not think of it, and with this I began to laugh and sing, until Hannah was persuaded that I was not so very tired after all. But when the carriage came, when I forced myself to go to the porch to welcome them, when I saw him lift her out and give her his arm, leaving me to assist his mother and Claire, it was all plain to me. I saw my heart as I had never before seen it, and my cheeks were crimsoned with shame. Why had I allowed myself to drift on in this manner, giving my love unmasked? it was unwomanly, and I reproached myself as guilty of a grievous offence.

Very pretty and girlish Florence Eastbrook looked as she entered the supper room. Her dress was of some soft, silken sauff, blue and gold, with delicate frills of costly lace. She wore a pearl necklace with a diamond cross, and on the fore-finger of her left hand a ring with a single stone that shone like a star. An abundance of rich auburn hair rippled away from a forehead of ivory whiteness, and her delicately outlined cheeks wore a flush too deep for pink or rose. Ah, me, had I only known! As it was, I hated her from the first, and I hated myself. It was beneath me to feel as I did, still I did feel, and I resolutely set to work to conquer it. Raising my eyes I caught the reflection of my own face in the long mirror—now dark and absolutely ugly, and the red in my cheeks was coarse and rough compared to hers. I had no appetite, and it required all my strength of will to keep from crying outright. Once I saw Mrs. Raymond look at me in a sweet, motherly fashion, while the doctors had eyes and ears only for Florence, careful to secure the choicest bits for her plate, mindful that she was out of the draught, and looking at her with his great, honest eyes, as though he would guard her from some encroaching evil.

After tea he made her lie back in the softest arm-chair. Then he opened the piano and asked me to play and sing. At first I was half inclined to refuse. It was unfeeling in him. Did he not know that I had played and sung sufficient for one day? And now to be called upon to amuse this visitor—this girl who was to him more than everything else in the world. Seeing me hesitate, he brought his chair and so kindly arranged everything. I could not hold out against him, although my heart reproached me for softening as I did at the sight of his face. I never played better, and the doctor was in his happiest mood. At the close Mrs. Raymond thanked me in her good, motherly way, and Florence held out her hand with such sweet satisfaction in her face, I could not toss it in the same spirit; and taking it, I stooped and kissed her, then turned to leave the room. I was not aware Dr. Raymond was standing in the door until I reached him.

"Thank you for that, Barbara; I was sure you would like her, as one will like you."

Without daring to raise my eyes to his face, I [illegible] quick good night, and my [illegible] my own room. How dark [illegible] cheerless it looked. It was darker still in my heart. I did not care to light the gas. Limp and nerveless I settled down in a heap by the window, and hid my face in my hands; heart-broken as I was, I had only myself to blame. It was wrong to have stayed; but it was so pleasant, just such a home as I had all my life longed for, and they were so kind, and the doctor was such a great, good man.

A firm step was on the stairs, and then I heard Mrs. Raymond coming up with Florence. I heard Dr. Raymond ask if she was sure she had everything for her comfort, and then a sweet girlish voice in exclamation of delight over the flowers—I had cut the choicest, matching one against the other, and disposing the vases in such a way as to secure the best effect. I was glad to know that she appreciated them.

"But you must not sleep with so many of them in the room," the doctor said, and he set them one by one into the balcony. "The night air will keep them fresh, and to-morrow you can enjoy their beauty."

How I tried to crush it all out of my heart, but the more I tried the fairer it seemed to me, the beautiful life we had led since that early spring day, when I awoke to consciousness in a new world. There came to my ears the shutting of a door; then steps in the hall and voices just outside my room.

"There is no light; I am afraid Barbara is not well; I never saw her with such a weary look."

It was Mrs. Raymond, and my heart smote me. It was not often she had a pleasure, and my cloudy face made her reproach herself for leaving me alone. This must not be. If I had wronged myself I must not thrust my grief into another's face; the wisest thing would doubtless be to go away. I would write to Professor Gorham immediately.

A month passed; Florence was treated to rides and walks; her delicate beauty and pretty girlish ways winning every heart. Never was a lover more assiduous in his attentions than Doctor Raymond; while I exerted myself to control feelings of which I was thoroughly ashamed. Each day I cut the choicest flowers for her room, picked the ripest berries for her to eat, and was always ready to play and sing. After the first burst of grief I did not feel so acutely. My heart was frozen. I did not even hate; the world was wide and I was young and strong. Besides, I was going to Professor Gorham's. I was to teach. Mrs. Raymond had been so kind I would not leave her until her guest was gone. And thus assisting Hannah all I could, and teaching Claire, I managed to have not a moment of time to go and come with the others. Sometimes I met Dr. Raymond's calm, gray eyes fixed on my face as though he read me like a book, but my armor was proof, and I flattered myself that he could not see how cold and still my heart was.

One morning Florence complained of a headache, the doctor was out, I could not see her suffer, and winning her to the sofa, I bathed her temples until the fever was cooled down and she slept. Never had I seen a human being half as lovely; I did not wonder that he loved her. And she was as good as she was beautiful. There was no sting. I could not think of it now, and I was glad that he was out and I could show that there was no bitterness in my heart.

Cooling the air that rippled over the fair face with my fan, I sat beside her not daring to move, and only anxious to have her sleep. Suddenly I heard a step, and before I could leave the room. Dr. Raymond stood before me. For a moment he bent over Florence with that indescribable look that I had seen him so often wear. Then he took my cold hands in his own and led me away to the window.

"Since Florence has been here we have seen very little of you, Barbara; why have you eluded me? Why have you so often run away, as you were about to do just now?"

I could not escape his eyes, and I stammered out something about his friend.

"My friend and patient." Then raising my face to the level of his own, "You have been watching over Florence this morning. Do you know how really ill she is?"

Had melted lava been poured into my veins, I should not have felt more keenly.

"She complained of headache," I answered.

"And you bathed her temples and sung her to sleep. I thank you for this, Barbara: I have endeavored to give her all the time I could spare, and my patients have sometimes suffered, but it will not save her." And, sitting there, the doctor told me of the family taint, the cruel destroyer, consumption, pulling upon the young life. "Florence is the last, and her parents sent her to me, knowing that I would do all that I could to restore her."

"But I thought she was—I understood that you"—and, trying as I did to conceal my emotion, the doctor saw it all. There was no time then to explain; Florence was awake. And, hearing Hannah's voice, I ran away under the plea of being called, but, in truth, to shed happy tears.

That evening Florence insisted upon my taking her place in the phaeton; her head still ached. When I returned I was happier than I ever dreamed to be in this world. And not the least did it please me to think that, had I known, I could not have been kinder to the sweet girl who leaned upon Dr. Raymond, as one who had loved and cared for her sister, and whose skill she felt, if skill could avail, would save her for a few years to bless her father's house.

A few days later Dennis came in with the mail. It was quite a large package. I trembled, for I thought of Professor Gorham, and most likely he had specified the time. After reading a letter from Mr. Eastbrook, saying that he would come for Florence such a day, the doctor held up two with my name written in a firm, manly hand. There was no alternative; I crossed the room to receive them. As I did so he rose, and drawing my arm within his own, led me to his mother.

"This girl has arranged with Professor Gorham to run away from us, and only yesterday I succeeded in making her understand that I had a better claim to her than anybody else. What do you say to this, mother?"

"My daughter," was the only response, but the clasp of her hand was so warm and tender, the kiss on my lips so expressive of the mother love, it was the Eden of delight to my heart. Florence congratulated me with a pretty fervor all her own. She had suspected it from the beginning. She was glad, heartily glad.

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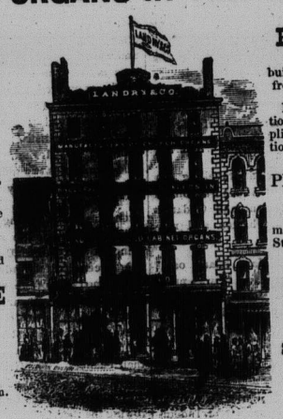
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NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
No. 8 Charlotte Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store nextto the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
M & H. GALLAGHER
une2 8 and 12 Charlotte street

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Plumber & Gas-Fitter,
has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building,
NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET,
where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. may18

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Lagrange Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large Supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 589 St. John, N. B.

New Bowling Alleys
THE Subscriber will open his
New Bowling Alleys,
about the 24th May, in his New Building, Sydney street, adjoining St. Malachi's Hall.
may11 C. COURTENAY.

M. McDONOUGH,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 2, North Market Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.