dream, I know not when, a thought, I know not whence a divise the thoughts of men, o can say where dreams comm

s were singing everywhere rushing songs without a name; ght the songs that filled the al vers' hearts were all the same.

We plucked the flowers, you and I, Admired their beauty, so complete; and thought, while all else flitted by, That love and flowers both were sweet

We made some garlands for our brows, And wore them gally, king and queen, And made new plans and pledged new yows, And never dreamed of clouds between.

las! there came at noon of day A twilight followed quick by night; o dark it hid our every way, So dark it shut each other's sight,

Ve clasped our hands while ghostly the Pressed close around with baneful br Ve heard them dance to demon songs Like some wild carnival of death. through the shades a shadow-hand.

A dernal in its dark design,

Came like the curse on Egypt's land,

And took the first-born love of mine.

hought you passed into the light Vhile all seemed trembling underneat th you was day, with me was night, Vith you was life, with me was death.

hus was my dream; I tell you now, I tell you now because 'twas true; ne demon's finger on my brow lade fancy real for me and you.

That larkened day has come and gone, That ghostly hand has rent in twain-

The Curse of Carne's Hold, A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

G. A. HENTY, author of "Under Drake"

he consequence of this conversation was Mary Armstrong went very frequently in to the mill and induced Ruth Pow-sometimes, to come up and sit with

"I am very glad, Mr. Armstrong," Hiram bowlett said, one evening, when they hap-ened to be the first two to arrive in the suggery, "that my Kuth seems to take to our daughter. It's a real comfort to Hesba and me. You would have thought that she rould have taken to some of the girls she had to school with, but she hasn't. I supplied to equiet for them, and they are Anyhow, until now, she read, I think, it will all for a girl with the seems of the girls and the grant of the girls and girls and

Mr

have been

or months, work, and

out of the room every two or three minutes."

"I quite agree with you, Ruth, and if you don't mind my saying so, I would very much rather have you all to myself."

The two girls accordingly went back to the cottage. Mary, who was rather ar industrious needlewoman, brought out a basket of work. Ruth, who for a long time had scarcely taken up her needle; sat with her hands before her.

When two people intend to bave a serious conversation with each other, they generally steer wide of the subject at first, and the present was no exception.

"I think it would be better for you, Ruth, to occupy yourself with work a little as I do."

work and maturally show that of the moral maturally show that the matural part of him to the mill to inquire after Ruth. Show what is stoot, and and who she aparding all shifts, and how what is soon may be thinking of, Ruth of many moral to doing werl, well, she said, doing who have come in, miss Armstrong, with the crime of murder, think to do the mill to inquire after Ruth. She fing doing very well, she said, doing who have good morning the matural part of the down to the mill to inquire after Ruth. She fing doing very well, she said, doing who she go thack from your place, and who she she what she what part of the down to the mill to inquire after Ruth. She fing doing very well, she said, doing who she go to keep from your place, and who she she was been she was a way and that and how he had a faint yestering to think it would be better for you, Ruth, water one that we shall get work in the control of the morning in the strenger well when the she was been she for a known at any moment that he may fing to the control of the

the way to church; his passionate anger against herself; the threats he had uttered degainst Miss Carne for her interference, and the way in which he had assaulted her.

"Tirmly believe," Ruth said, "he would have murdered me had he not heard people coming along the road." Then she told how she found the open knife etained with blood at Margaret Carne's bedside, and how she had hidden it. "I did not do it because I loved him stifl, Mary," she said. "My love seemed to have been killed. I had given him up before, and the attack that he made upon me had shown me elserly how violent he was, and what an escape I had bad; but I had loved him as a boy, and it was the remainbrance of my girlish love, and not any love I then had, that sealed my lips; but even this would not have silenced me, I think, had it not been for the sake of his father. The old man had always been very, very kind to me, and the disgrace of his sou being found guilty of this crime would have killed him. I can say, honestly, that it was this that chiefly made me determined to shield him. As to Captain Mervyn, I was, as I told you, determined that though I would save him if he were found guilty. I never thought for a moment that acquitted, I would save him if he were found guilty. I never thought for a moment that acquitted, would not clear him. It seemed to me that the trouble that had fallen to him was thoroughly deserved for the way in which he had spoken to Miss Carne; but I thought when he was acquitted he would take his place in his regiment again, and be none the worse for what had happened. It was only when I found that he had left the regiment, and when Mrs. Mervyn and her daughters shu up the house and went to live far away that I began to trouble much. Then when two or three months lafer the news came that Mrs. Mervyn was very ill, I fretted more and more. I saw now how wicked I had been, though I would never quite own it even to myself. I would have told then, but I did not know who to tell it to, or what good it could do if told. Mr. Fo

three days hence. By the way, I have got a letter in my pocket for you from him. The Cape mail touched at Plymouth yesterday,"

"Why did you not tell me of it before, father?" the girl said, repreachfully.

"Well, my dear, your news is so infinitely more important, that I own I forgot all about the letter. Besides, as this is the fourth that you have had since you have been here; it is not of such extreme importance."

But Mary was reading the letter and paid no attention to what her father was saying. Presently she gave a sudden exclamation.

"What is it, my dear; has he changed his mind and married a Kaffir wonfan? If so, we need not trouble any more about the affair."

"No, paps, it is serious—quite serious."

"Well, my dear, that would be serious, at least I should have thought that you would consider it so."

"No, father, but really this is extraordinary. What do you think he says?"

"It is no use my thinking about it, Mary," Mr. Armstrong said, resignedly, "especially as I suppose you are going to tell me. I have one suggestion, and it seems that it is incorrect."

"This is what he says, father: You know that I told you a trooper in my company recognized me. I fancied I knew the man's face, but could not recall where I had seen it. The other day it suddenly flashed upon me, he is the son of a little farmer on my cousin's estate, a man by the name of Forrester. I often saw him when he was a young fellow, for I was fond of fishing, and I can remember him as a boy who was generally fishing down in the mill stream. I fancy he rather went to grief afterwards, and have some idea he was mixed up in a poaching business in the Carne woods. So I think he must have left the country about that time. Curious, isn't it, his running against me here? However, it cannot be helped. I suppose it will all come out, sooner or later, for he has been in the guard room several times for drunkenness, and one of these times he will be sure to blutt it out."

"If is certainly an extraordinary coincidence, Mary, that those two men —

And it of a real of the control of t the troops were so hardly pressed by the enemy that they could scarcely tlaim a victory, and a large number of officers and men fell. The Cape Mounted Rafles formed part of every expedition into the Amatolas, and had their fell share of fighting. Ronald had several times distinguished hinself, especially in the fight in the Water Kloof Valley, when Colonel Fordyce, of the 74th, and Carey and Gordon, two officers of the same regiment, were killed together with several of their men, while attacking the semeny in the bush. He was aware now that his secret was known to the men. He had fancied that searching and inquisitive glances were directed towards him, and that there was a change in the demeanor of certain men of his troop, these being without exception the idlest and worst soldiers. It was Sergeant Menzies who first spoke to him on the subject. It was after a hard day's march when, having picketed their horses and eaten their hastily-cooked rations, the two non-commissioned officers lit their pipes and sat down together at a short distance from the fire.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, lad, for the last day of two. There is a story gaining ground through the troop that, whether it is true or whether it is false; you ought to know."

"I guessed as much, Menzies," Ronald said: "I think I know what the story is, and who is the man that has spread it. It is that I bore another name in England." "Yes, that's partly it, lad,"

"What name?"

It is that I bore another name in England."
"Yes, that's partly it, lad."
"What name?"
"I hear that you are rightly Captain
Mervyn."
"Yes, that's.it, Menzies, and that I was
tried and acquitted for murder in England."
(To be Continued.)

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market. Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2.30 a.m)—Susie, what time is it? Susie (with a second look at Reginald, who loosens his grip)—A few minutes past 1b papa. Old Man—Don't forget to start the clock again before you go to bed.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SALMAGUNDI.

Bu mhor am beud gu'm basaloh A'chanain is fear buaidh, 'S I's treis thoirt greis air abhae B a h-uil ait 'n teid a laudh; 'S I's fear gu aobhar-ghaire, 'S I's binne, blaithe fuaim;

8 f b fearr gu togail intinn
Le binn—ghuth combradh tiath,
g i 's sgaitiche gu mi-mholadh
A5 's mine noobdas gradh;
'N' am oruinusednadh ann militea
Le plob gu lomairt lann;
's i dhuisgeadh coig air oigridh
'Waair thoist

"I'm in a pickle," remarked a your employe at the store.
"I've been expecting for some time the you'd get into a pickle," was the rather fo bidding reply.
"Why, sir,"

"Because you are so confoundedly fresh _Mrs. Gabble—What an awful worried anxious, despairing look Mrs. Goodsou

has.

Mrs. Dabble—Yes, I guess she's stopped doing her own work and gone to keeping girl."—[New York Weekly.

-"John Henry, you come right into the house this instant!" shouted the irat mother as she hung herself half way out of an upper story window.
"Ma-am?"

"You come right here to me."
"What d'jou sa-ay ?"
"Come in the b ase; I'll be out there my gelf after you in a minute."

right away."
"What d'jou sa ey ?"
The window went down with a slam; and by the time a feminine form was half way out of the door, Johnny was serenely engaged in a game of mumblety peg severa blecks distant.

SELECTIONS FOR SUNDAY

WAIT AND SEE. WAIT AND ske.

"I never let bairns or fools see my ple
tures until they are doite," said a Scote
artist to me once, quoting a familiar pre
verb of his countrymen: We are all bu
bairns in God's sight, and we sadly play th
fool in regard to his providential dealings
As no artist is willing to have judgmen
pronounced upon pointing or status untithe work is completed, so our heaven!
Teacher bids in possess our souls i
patience. "What I do thou knowest no
now, but thou shalt know bereafter." W
must wait and see. This world is but th
preparatory school, in which character i
on the casel or under the chisc; exhibition
day will come in another world. God' on the cased or under the onset; exhibited day will come in another world. Go hand lays on dark colors very often; the chisel cuts deep. No trial of our faith joyons, but grisvous; nevertheless, afteward, it may work out the cternal weight class.

SUFFERING FOR CHRIST.

Suffering for the right is noble. Suffer ing for Josus is most noble. When a may stands up single-handed for the truth, with all the world against him, he gives evidence that he places a high value on the truth Said Bunyan: "I have determined—the Almighty God being my helper and shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long even my!! the yet to suffer, if frail life might continue siding, even until the mose shall grow over my eyebrows, rather shan violate my fairly and my principles." A little of such Christian courage would greatly bless the work and give us some examples of what wa common in the days of the fathers. They believed themselves called to save souls. They believed their message was from God and they believed that they would be protected in its deftery. Their courage waispired, and their record tells that they counted all things loss, so that they migh finish their course with joy:—[Christlas Witness.

PORESTRUE.

A little foresighb is of more value that much aftereight. Foresighb is the deads. Wha painful scenes, embarrasments, regrets disappointments, self accusations, the habit of looking ahead and planning to meet an to arrange the future will evoid. Time and money speat in designing a building per feetly, in definitely predetermining principles and rules of action, and marking of limits before embarking in any new project in mapping out work, in arranging suggements, in avoiding conflicts of duty and the impossible demand to be in two place at one time, are well spent. But the forethought is more difficult that the afterthought. The one requirements in application to recommend assistant. the afterthought. The one require intense application to systematic consideration and search in the field of the possible the other suggests itself instantly and naturally. Abybody can see that the doo is in the wrong plack after the house is built, or can say that the speech was a min take after it had been delivered and its effect noticed. It is easier to criticise we than to construct well; but it is more use it to construct a plan perfectly beforehand than to criticise it afterwards. No doub the traitor, the criminal under condemnation, the hopeless outcast, seek his misrak more clearly now than is did beforehand but it would have been better for him to have realized it in time. Sunday School Times.

have realized it in time. [Sunday School Times.]

A WHULE MAN.

The old Romans had nore than one tavorite provert which expressed their regard for the complete well-rounded man had many people there are to whom neach phrase would-apply. They have their trong points, but they are not complete symmetrical men. The whole man is not there, the summetrical men. The whole man is not there.

There, for instance, is a man of keen mind; his intellect is like a Damascus blade, but his moral sense is not keenly developed. He is only part of a man. Here is another eith a splendid physique! He can walk more miles around a sawdust track than any man in the country. But he has no metal earnestness or intellectual vigor. He is only a fraction of a man. Here is still another who has had a splendid education. As far as money can furnish him for his life-work he is furnished. All that books can teach and the brain can hold is his; but now that he has it fie knows not what to do with his mental furnishing. He becomes a dilettance, a trifler, a cynical critic of others; he has no lionest, earnest purpose in life. He is not a whole man.

But there is still another man, of moderate which is still another man, of moderate which the still wealth, of few school days; but there is something about the very stmosphere in which he lives that indicates that we are in the presence of a whole man. The warm grasp of the hand shows that he is in earnest in his friendships. We cannot be with him ten minutes without having some remark which tells us that he has a great and controlling purpose in life, an object to gain that is worthy of a whole man. The moral carnestness makes the man whole; the whole man earnies out the carnispurpose. No man without a large, controlling overmatering purpose can be treat. The greater the ournors of his life.