

THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TYPES AND ANTI-TYPES.

Lord Charleton, having seated himself at a further window, became absorbed by the manuscript, while the duchess unrolled silver-paper and cotton-wool, and laid rows of brilliants on the table to the gaze of her humble friends. To her surprise no injury seemed to have dimmed their lustre. The setting of some, especially the diamonds, was very antique, but in perfectly good preservation.

"So, my lady duchess," said Turner, "it's with these here things we's to be rewarded up in heaven for doing our duty all our lives on earth. They are pretty things, Tom."

"My good friends," said the duchess, "you see before you the most precious of minerals and metals—jewels and gold; and because they are such, God, who condescends to our notions and to our language, speaks of them as types of the spiritual blessings and shining graces he will bestow on those who love Him."

"But we shall have the real things—the jewels, marm, I hope, in our crowns—real crown? 'Twill be all make-believe and moon shine up above I hopes and trusts?" cried Jenkins.

"You see, my lady duchess," interposed Turner, "Jim and me we be accustomed to touch and handle the things we sees. He's been knocking into hard wood all his life and I striking into the ground with my spade; so, when we hears and reads of nothing but clouds and music we gets a little downcast to think that the reward we's to have for serving God and turning our backs to the devil is to be in a life we can't no how comprehend."

"There's the banquets," interposed Jenkins.

"Ha! yes, there's the banquets," responded Turner. "Perhaps there's nothing the poor man understands better than that blessedness of sitting down at the table of the King of Heaven. But if that blessed rest and refreshment, and all the beautiful saintly ladies, and the rich garments, and the wine and delicious food, and crowns, and jewels, are all to be types, which to us two, marm, means moonshine, why we prefers, Jenkins and me, to live on here at Woolton Court, with the earl and you, my lady duchess, and the blessed babe, Philip Henry, and the prayers in the chapel, and the actual real jewels too, here right before us."

"My good friends," said the duchess, "you have, in your own way, expressed the sentiment of a wordly nobleman, who declared he could fancy no joy in eternally sitting on a wet cloud singing Alleluia. Even a Catholic—one of the grand dukes of Florence—being, during his last illness, exhorted by his confessor to turn his thoughts to the joys of heaven, replied; 'Ah, dear friend, I am contented with the joys of my own ducal palace!' Literally—'Caro amico, sou contento del pallazzo pitto!' Yet, both to these personages and to yourselves have been given these precious words: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath the heart of man been given to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love Him.' You may, therefore, safely trust this Heavenly Father, who loves you, Turner, and you, Jenkins, far beyond what you have ever felt for Him; you may trust Him that you will not be put off with what you call 'moonshine,' but will have, in reward for your long life of fidelity, all that you now so well comprehend of the repose and refreshment, as well as the honor of being seated at the banquet-table of the King of kings; the delicious viands, the beauty of the heavenly company, the graceful garments, the dazzling jewels; I fully believe all these will be real, although but types, and, therefore, inferior to

the anti-types, which are spiritual. You are aware, my friends, that the Old Testament is pronounced to be both historical and typical; that is, the events recorded did actually take place, the personages represented did really exist, and their good or bad actions are noted as historical facts. Still, these events, these personages, are types of something superior. In the same way, you, Turner, and you, Jenkins, will, I hope, be seated at a real banquet, where you will truly feel the repose of being seated, will taste and enjoy the viands and beverage, will really hear the exquisite music, will behold the beauty of the saints and the glory of the Divine Royalty; while, at the same time, you will receive the anti-types, which are spiritual; that is, an increase, by every sense, of the knowledge and love of God. Let us now take the example of these very jewels and of a crown: how seldom, in these modern times, does a king wear his jewelled crown? He is a king by his coronation, whether he afterwards wears his crown or not; whether it be on his head or in the treasury of the regalia, he is equally king; still the crown is the type of his royalty, and is a thing that can be seen and handled. A crown, Jenkins, is a substantial object: it is not 'moonshine.' Tell me whether you now understand, that if a king be greater than his crown, which he decidedly is, and yet admires and values his type, which he can see and touch, and all the spectators can perceive to be a tangible object, it will be the same in heaven? The eye will really see, the ear hear, the mouth taste, the whole body repose, or delight in movement; and yet these rewards to the senses that have been mortified on earth will be but types of the greater spiritual joys bestowed."

"I understand and I like your sermon, my lady duchess, better than all the sermons ever I heard; because it goes right with my own mind."

"I quite agree with you, my good friend," said the earl, returning from his solitary window, where he had heard the explanation on types; "you have heard a very good sermon, and, as a remembrance of it, you must each select a jewel, which you can wear on state occasions, and leave to your heirs, when you go to receive the jewels of heaven. Are there not some single ones?" continued he to the duchess.

"There are brooches and pins," replied she, turning over and arranging the single stones.

"Go, then, Turner and Jenkins, round to the side of the table, and choose just what you please," said Lord Charleton.

"We humbly thanks you, my lord," said Turner; "it will be very encouraging to wear the type, and feel it to be a real thing. If we might be so bold, we would like to have exactly the same size and color, to prevent coveting, jealousy, and disputes."

While the two friends were absorbed by their unexpected acquisition, Lord Charleton seated himself by the duchess, saying, in a low tone:

"I, too, have had a good and deeply interesting sermon, which I will impart when alone together."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MANUSCRIPT IN THE JEWEL CASSET.

"I think, Emma, I can ensure a couple of hours now, without interruption," said Lord Charleton, on the following day. "I therefore request you to give orders to be left in the same peaceful retirement, that I may read you this paper, found yesterday in the recovered box of jewels. The last date is forty-two years ago.

The duchess gave the required orders, and listened with the deepest interest to the manuscript of the unfortunate captive, Tristram Woolton.

"I write these lines in the spirit with which I now offer everything to Thee, Oh, my God! I know not whether they will ever be read by own

flesh and blood, but I know, and I accept, that I am taken for a suicidal, for a lost soul, for a bad ghost. This is not my fault—this does not touch the conscience. But to have helped to lose the halls of my ancestors; to have the place of my birth and happy youth bought over my head; to be prisoner in a small space, contrived by the ingenuity of humble friends, whence I dare not show myself for fear of creditors: this is painful to the sensitive part of the soul—this demands prayer for grace.

"I thank thee, Oh! Lord, for many alleviations to my sufferings. First, in having inspired these young workmen with such feelings of devotion for me, that I have become the one object of their respectful service. I thank Thee, also, that a separate sale of the family library and pictures has not been necessary. They are included in the purchase of the estate. I have hitherto gone into the library at night, to exchange the books I required, and twice in passing have I heard screams of terror. This belief in my supernatural appearance saves me from the creditors; but at how heavy a tax on health and spirits, Thou alone knowest, Oh! Lord God. I am but thirty-four, with an impatient love of freedom, of the charms of cultivated society, conversation, music, delicate food, choice wines. In the indulgence of these tastes and habits, my brother Gilbert and I helped to ruin our house. It is well he should expiate by exile, and I by imprisonment, this careless and selfish career. Should my young nephew ever read these lines, I entreat his pardon. He is driven into exile; but not by his own fault. He has a strong mind; and, as God helps those who help themselves, he may return a rich man."

"[At another date.] 'My only solace, when wearied of reading, has been the flute, and this only at night. My humble friends now inform me that the sounds being so stifled, and in the dead of night, are taken to be my wailing soul, and that the new proprietors are resolved to sell the place and depart. This has given me an extraordinary feeling of hope that, perhaps, my brother Gilbert, or my nephew Charleton, may repurchase the place.'

"[At another date.] 'My hopes have proved fallacious, and my own life seems wasting away. O Lord! I accept all this in expiation of my dissipated youth, and for the wrong done to my nephew.'

"Jim Turner and Tom Jenkins have brought me a medical practitioner from Kendal. He forbids the flute, and commands air and exercise. As the new possessors of Woolton do not reside here at present, my life may be prolonged by passing through the upper rooms, with the windows open. Last year I could get into the pleasure-grounds at night; but I have no longer the strength."

"[At another date.] 'I have invented a substitute for the flute. It is even superior. I have written a description of this instrument. Tom has placed this, my invention, in the ceiling, that no one may deprive me of it, should my hiding-place be discovered. I can pull the cord of the bellows, as I lie on my bed.'

"[Another date.] 'The confidential doctor has, at my desire, sent me a priest. These visits are always contrived by Jim Turner, the gardener, who conducts the visitor from the roof of the conservatory to the flat leads hidden by the roof of the chapel, and through a window, to my retreat. Both this ecclesiastic and the doctor assure me that, at all events, they believe all the debts are paid; and that, at all events, they will ensure me as perfect a retreat elsewhere. But I no longer desire movement and variety, and I cannot leave my musical instrument for any other advantage.'

"[Another date.] 'I am, at length, happier here than I could be anywhere

else on earth. I love to die here, where I was born. I am near, very near to the portals of eternity. I have no longer strength to pull the cord of the bellows, which is a great privation. I have to wait the leisure of my two friends. They tell me that the terror in the neighborhood, since my instrument has been played, is so increased that the new owners are not expected to remain. Again some vague hopes of the return of the exiled lords of Woolton."

"[Another date.] 'Jim and Tom have brought me, to-day, the casket of family jewels, separated from its ribbed iron case, which I perfectly remember was placed in the hall to be taken by the guard of the mail coach to London, and placed in the hands of the family lawyer, Mr. Oldham. They tell me the iron case was conveyed to London, as directed, but the jewel casket has just been discovered in the powdered bark of the pine-apple bed, in the hot-house. Who has thus defrauded the creditors? and how has Mr. Oldham satisfied all demands without these jewels?'

"[Another date.] 'Tom Jenkins has just related to me the whole history. Gilbert had the casket beneath his cloak when departing at night from the saw-pit of Tom's daily work; but that he gave it to the young man to carry for him to the turn of the road, where a friend was to meet him. This friend was accompanied by another gentleman of, perhaps, sterner moral principle; for on recognizing him Gilbert turned to Tom, saying: 'Oh! that casket will ruin me. God bless you, Tom; good bye. Hide it—take it back. Do not come a step farther with me. Accept this guinea.' But Tom would not deprive the poor fugitive nobleman of his guinea. He kissed his hand, and then ran back, hiding the casket by tying his handkerchief round it. Not knowing the nature of the contents, but concluding they belonged to the family, he took it next morning privately to his friend, Jim Turner, and they agreed to bury it in the dry bark of the pine-apple bed, where they both forgot it, till yesterday, talking over the past, they recalled the casket and the hiding. I have now informed them both of the real nature of the contents of this casket, and have desired them, at my death, to open it, and lay this explanation inside; together with my regret that I have not strength left of mind, or body, or social position, to communicate in any other way with the heir, my nephew.'

"May Almighty God have compassion on Gilbert, my brother, and teach him that without moral rectitude, the finest abilities and endowments of grace and beauty will avail naught, but to increase the danger of the soul's damnation.

"I have received the last rites of the Church. I offer this imprisoned life, thus shortened, the undeserved stigma of my death by suicide, and my actual death here, alone, in expiation of my brother's and my own guilty career.

"Lord Jesus, have mercy. Sweet lady, smile on me.

"HENRY PHILIP TRISTAM WOOLTON,

"Aged forty-one.

"February 18th, 1814."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The crop bulletin for August, issued by the department of Agriculture, reports favorable indications throughout the province, the only deterrent feature being the long absence of rain. The bulletin is accompanied by a valuable report on experiments in cheese-making and a comparison of the varying properties of milk used in cheese-making in the different months.

A hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to chronic bronchitis. No prompter remedy can be found than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effect is immediate and the result permanent.