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To Whom She Said "Yes."

"Kiss me, ma cherie," cried Mrs. Aubrey, excitedly, when the door closed behind her visitor. "This moment recompenses me for years of sorrow and penury. I may confess to you now that I dreaded with unspeakable dread this second trial of your voice, lest you should not impress the maestro favorably. When he came upon me so unexpectedly, I could scarcely command myself sufficiently to speak to him; but the ordeal is over; he enrolls you among his pupils, and he has generously interested himself for me. I am to give lessons at a large finishing school in the north of London on terms much higher than I could have made for myself. He arranges everything, and we must leave here for town as quickly as we can. In ten days or a fortnight at the furthest it may surely be managed. There is a music master at Aldenby who will, I fancy, be glad to take my Eastham pupils off my hands."

"But, mamma, you are taking away my breath," remonstrated Eden. "I was not prepared for such tidings as these."

"No; and they have flushed and agitated you," said her mother kissing her again. "Ah, child, I do not wonder that your pleasure seems too great to be realized. To be able to leave this detestable Eastham, and enter upon such a glorious career, may well unsettle that little head of yours. But no more now, for here comes Miss Tibbets, and I do not choose that she should be the first to speak of our speedy removal. She is a chatterbox whom I dislike much."

Miss Tibbets had come to Mrs. Aubrey to teach her a complicated lachet; and she stayed so long that her mother, seeing Eden so strangely quiet and abstracted, sent her to her room, reminding her with smiling significance that she must take care of her health, and not indulge in late hours.

Eden went, but not to rest. She began to see clouds looming in the horizon of her felicity. Mamma, who knew nothing of Captain Lyssendon, might be disappointed when she heard that, while she was planning her child's future, love was secretly undermining all she had done.

"Will she be glad or sorry?" the young girl thoughtfully queried. "Ah, not sorry, when she has learned to see him with my eyes; but I do not think I can bring myself to tell her what he has said, till I have seen him again, and confided to him all my difficulties. He will advise me how to act; he will come with me to mamma, and our happiness in each other will reconcile her to my renouncing all the successes on which she has been dwelling. She is too good and wise not to say directly that she would rather see Eden the happy wife of a gallant soldier than gaining her livelihood as a singer."

It was not till she arose on the morning that Eden recollected how Captain Lyssendon had failed to say where he intended to see her; but as he must have heard Flip ask her to come to the Beeches, it was, doubtless, at Mr. Streby's they would meet; and making her toilet with more than usual care, she obtained leave from her mother—who had been too busy writing letters to notice her much, and walked there with H and P, who had resumed their lessons this day.

The Strebys were now rarely without visitors, for their acquaintances at Aldenby, with Venetia in attendance, connected with the troop quartered there, and the drawing-room or the rink at the Beeches offered an agreeable change from the routine of camp life. Mrs. Streby, still a victim to her cold, was being wheeled up and down the sunlit walks of the garden by Rifles, with Venetia in attendance; but the rest of the party were at the rink, and thither her pupils insisted on leading the not very reluctant Eden.

Flip, none the worse for her wetting, skated up to her immediately, and with her came Major Halliss and Ensign Whiting, both eager to be permitted the honor of helping pretty Miss Aubrey. But their civilities were blithely declined. What would Frank—as she was beginning to shyly call him to herself, say if he came and found himself forestalled?

So Eden protested that she preferred to be a looker-on, and was inclined to feel vexed with Major Halliss because he would persist in stopping to chat with her. Yet she was glad, too, for it protected her from the bold looks of a certain Lieut. Dacy, a reckless, ne'er-do-well, whom Mr. Streby only tolerated because he had been on intimate terms with the young fellow's parents, and whom Venetia and her sisters made no secret of disliking.

But time went on; guest after guest departed, and still the tall, manly figure of Eden looked for never came. She began to feel restless and uneasy; perhaps she would encounter him on her way home. He might even then be waiting for her coming in the path across the copse, or by the stile.

Thinking thus, she became anxious to depart, and would not be detained even by Flip. She was shaking hands with Mr. Streby when she heard Lind, who was at her elbow, ask Major Halliss what he had done with his friend.

"He has gone to Mrs. Merstham's," was the reply; and a chill crept over poor Eden.

Gone to Mrs. Merstham's when he knew that he had led her to expect him here. What did it mean?

CHAPTER XVII.

His thoughts still dwelling on Eden, Captain Lyssendon turned his horse's head towards the house of his kinswoman; but ere he arrived there the pleasant look had faded from his face and left him sad and stern. Just as charming, and apparently as pure-minded and loyal in her devotion, had Venetia seemed when she won his boyish heart; she, too, had permitted him to linger by her side, to whisper his passionate adoration, and had professed to reciprocate it; yet she left him to marry a wealthy man. Would Eden Aubrey do the same? Was it only because his attentions flattered her that her eyes had looked so lovingly into

his? Was any woman, no matter how fair or innocent she might seem, to be trusted? Once already his happiness had been shipwrecked, would it not be madness to let himself be fooled a second time?

Verna, coming to meet him, perceived his moodiness, but forbore to notice it.

"Have you not set me down as a regular bore," she gaily demanded, for dragging you here today?" Yet, when you know what a pleasant surprise I have in store for you, I am sure you will forgive me. Will you try and guess what it is?"

"Excuse me, I am too thick-headed to be clever at guessing," he answered, rather ungraciously.

"Then I will not tease you. Raise that curtain, and you will find yourself in my boudoir, where some one you know and love is waiting."

"Mother! you here!" burst from his lips, as, obeying the injunction, he stepped forward, and found himself enfolded in the arms of Mrs. Lyssendon; the gentle little lady whom he revered as much as he loved, smiling through happy tears at his astonishment.

"Are you as pleased to see me as I was to come, my dear, dear boy?" she fondly murmured. "Assure you I haven't left off marveling at myself for attempting such an enterprise as traveling to London, and then here."

"Alone, mother—did you come alone? Why did you not telegraph to me, that I might meet you? What is the object of this sudden journey?"

(To be Continued.)

Brilliant Bitterness

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Star Wormwood
—"Scatter Kindness in Place of Bitterness."

He Says.

Washington, March 13.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the text, Revelation viii, 11, "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood." He said:

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood was a text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he bit everything he touched. A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than the man Attila, the King of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back farther and farther until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut.

The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him "the Scourge of God."

At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept every thing from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes. The first class, those who could bear arms, must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax. It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the writers of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought battles since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field.

The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource. After three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, when his army was given up the siege, the flight of a stork and the flight of a dove from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three

coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave-diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being "the Scourge of God" he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bitterness the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you will remember the text is "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you sow and grow from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet and to the laughter that occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from the silent voice or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it.

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit? What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to ramble it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all repartecists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood, and Charles Dickens, and Sydney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. The time of the Moselle beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervescent and bubbly. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They say follies and absurdities which all can hold it no longer. Do not all the pulpits of wit? It is besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are you all the pulpits of wit? It is besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible?

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are you all the pulpits of wit? It is besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible?

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose you are a miser, and he has a sick child and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages of this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose, by your manner, you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you were selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your name ought to be Attila. You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity, the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic or social or political fountains, or are we, with a branch of the tree of life, sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can?

All around us are embittered lives—bittered by persecution, hypercriticism, by poverty, by pain, by injustice, by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smiles, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized benevolence? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitterer. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient to sweeten life; it sweetens mysterious providence; it sweetens death; it sweetens everything.

In the doorway of my brother John, once missionary in Amoy, China, there

was a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree planted beside a rosebush, it grows a little higher than the rosebush, and spreads out above it a crown. It is planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higher than that tree, and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives! Are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over your crown? Are you high in talent and position, putting over your crown? Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood!

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of nations that have perished; that our cup of blessing turn not to wormwood, and we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennium era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land and break his Sabbath, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and belittled the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a bye-word in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets; if the expectation of the millennium, reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitals will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down the pillars of his temple; and the ruins of our nation, and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities; it forgot God; it hated justice; it hugged its crimes; it halted on its high march; it reeled under the blow of calamity; it fell, and as it was going down all the despots of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Aha! so would we have it!" while struggling

You say you are not "well." Of course—how can you be well if you are not healthy? ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT will invigorate your system and keep you in perfect health. It has done it for others—it will do it for you. Wherever Abbey's Effervescent Salt has been introduced it has received unbiased recommendation.

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and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these, uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

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