## CANADA'S POSITION.

To he Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS: SIR,-Can you tell me what benefit w derive from our connection with Great

Britain? We are said to have the advantage of her consular system; to enjoy the prestige of forming a part of her empire; to have the power of her arms for our defence and to receive the assistance of her capital in the development of our industries. In regard to those assertions we may consider :-

4. The bulk of our exports go to Great Britain and the United States. The consular system certainly does not aid us in either of those countries. Neither have we received British help to open a trade with South America, France or Spain. Were we independent of the Colonial Office, within six months we could negotiate satisfactory treatics with every civilized power.

The only argument which can be sustained in favor of our reliance on the help of British representatives abroad, is, that a Canadian in a foreign land, who thinks himself oppressed or injured, may claim the protection of the Union Jack by appealing to the consul.

How many Cana lians have fund it neces sary to do this? Can you name ten in fifty

Admit this one argument, it is not worth tebating.

2. The prestige of forming part of the Empire sounds very magnificent, but I do not think we share that prestige. Throughout the world we are known as a colony. Great Britain enjoys the glary of possessing some dizens of colonies, among them Canada; but no one thinks that Canada is covered with glery because it is dependent on Great Britain. Rather the reverse, I should imagine.

3. So far as the defence of this country against a toreign foe is concerned, it may be distinctly denied that we derive any benefit from the arms of ireat Britain. For the past is is sufficient to road history. There is no room for discussion. The men of Causan have defended her soil. British help was pairry and unavailing. For the future we must consider with whom we may quarrel. The United States is the only country with which there is any reasonable possibility of serious dispute. Suppose the States and serious dispute. Suppose the States and Britain waged war and a serious invasion were resolved upon by the former, what te sistance could any British army make against auch a force as was placed on foot by the North only during the civil war.

Against the United States it would practically be of no importance whether or not we nave the assistance of Great Britain. Oa the other hand, Britain may quarrel with Russia, France or some other power, and we, with no actual interest in the matter, are exposed to the danger of visitation by Lostile fleots. Distant danger, maybe, but perhaps not, and none less actual if distant.

4 Capital is universally admitted to be strictly non-sentimental. If we ofter a field will be invested, though we were more loyal than these mistaken enthulasts known as U. E. Lovalists.

Our banks complain of a surplus for which they cannot readily find investment. This would seem to indicate that we are not in urgent need of foreign funds.

5. Those who were born on the other side of the ocean may be excused for entertaining an indefinable feeling of attachment to pre sent arrangements, but they must not forget that the young men have no old world ties of crave.

We who have this for our native land cannot discern the honor of being supercillious-ly alluded to in the British press as coland arm considered as achievements of "our parted, each to carry out his self-imposed colonists," noticeable only as redounding to | task of iniquity. the greater glory of Great Britain.

Rand the English papers and note with not be disregarded. "Our colony." Pohaw! It is disgusting. But we can't complain. We belong to Great Butain, and our owners are, of course, justitied in considering us as a chattel. So long as we are dependent we may expect our dependency to be rewarded with insolence. This may appear quite right to some minds, but to the young men of Canada, who actually cannot comprehend what is meant literally by the expression, "loyalty to a sovereign," it is utterly insupportable.

I remark in the declaration to be made by to the letter. new voters a paragraph in which the budding freeman solemnly asserts himself to be a British subject. To entitle a man to vote for a representative in the Canadian Parliament, it is necessary for him to humbly declare himself a subject of the Sovereign of Great Britain, and therefore that the British Sove reign is his ruler, lord and master. Loyalty to Canada is not considered essential in a city. Carriages and horses fit for a king Canadian elector. No solemn declaration is required about that trifling matter.

There may be some who prefer to forfeit their rights rather than acknowledge with their tongues a servitude which is scorned by

the nursery. Her stature is no longer that is often allowed to do. of a child, but her spirit remains in swaddling

How long shall it be thus, and when shall our country arise to claim her place? A nation, free and equal, among the nations.

Montreal, 8th February, 1886.

LANDLORD OPPRESSION IN IRELAND.

LONDON, Feb. 10.-New instances of landlord oppression in Ireland, discretionary as well as legal, accumulate daily. Two have just transpired. Lord Meath, whose estate at Bray, County Wicklow, has one boundary on the Irish ees, prevents the fishermen from fishing within seven niles, and refuses them permission to pull up their nets on shore. Mr. Smyth is his neighbor. His land touches the sea, and he prevents the fishermen from taking or selling seaweed in the winter time, as had been the custom before he purchased the land. The fishermen used to sell seaweed to the farmers until Mr. Smyth came a few years ago. He now himself sells it. On many estates where free faggot gathering had been permitted it is now forbidden. The revengeful agents of the estates grow daily more malicious.

## NEW ALLIES FOR PARNELL.

LONDON, Feb. 10 .- A meeting of Englishmen and Scotchmen in favor of Irish home rule was held in London this evening, Lord Ashluraham presided. Mesers, Joseph Cowen. and Justin McCarthy, M.P.'s, made addresses. The meeting adopted a resolution to form an association for the purpose of advocating granting a Parliament to Ireland. Subscriptions to the association's fund were received to the amount of £400.

## PARNELL'S FIRMNESS.

GALWAY, Feb. 10 .- Mr. Parnell, in his address to the Parliamentary electors yesterday, in response to appeals to have his candidate withdrawn in favor of Mr. Lynch, the Nationalist candidate, used the following language: " Having agreed to support Capt. O'Shea, we will not deviate a hair's breadth from the course decided on. Capt. O'Shea will vote with the Irish party. If he be defeated it will weaken my hands,"

## WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An America Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE. ....

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

friends, if she has any, will advise her to keep quiet, because they will find out from her that he never acknowledged her. They will think that Courtney went through a sham marriage; at all events, any lawyer will tell her

that she has no chance in court."
"Well, then, I can't see," said Blunt,
"why we need pay one hundred thousand
dollars to you! Why not give the woman half that sum -- settle with her, not you, ba !

"As you please," snawered Ralf, with mack indifference. "But you forget, Mr. Rat, that your nose is already in my trap. Would you have me disclose the fact that you conten-plated giving me peace money ?"

"Haug the fellow !" thought Riggs. "He has as ! What a fool I was to lie so easily erught!" "You made a blunder, Riggs," said Blunt.

"There is no getting out of it -ha! ha! Mr. Ralf, you shall have the agreement, but, by Jove, if you play folse, your neek, that is your life, will not be worth the price of rope to hang your murderer, ha! ha!" "I'll deserve it if I do. P.haw! Do you

think I am a fool! I want these payments to be made quarterly. You will never hear of this woman making any claim on you. I shan't kill her either, or then you might back out if I did, and swear me into limbo!

"We must stand by one another, said

Rings A neavy lord was at this moment laid upon his heart that would carry him with shame and surrow to his grave, even 'hough he could hide from the world what he would suffer, for Higgs had not, like Blunt, lost all sense of an hereatter, in which the acts of men in this life decided if that hereafter should he happy or miserable. Riggs had a good mother- and he had not altogether lost the impressions her early lessons of right and wrong had made upon his heart, and on this occasion he sighed under the stings of conscience that warned him to give up this diabolical plot, and live in the open day of right-doing. Blunt had no such scruples, though much weaker then Riggs. He (Bount) was bold and outspoken in his Voltarian principles, that might makes right, that he must live while he lived, that he was but a mite, a part of the great, ever changing dust of earth, that like the grass he lived but a day, and was cut down to wither and return to dust again. Why should be trouble himself about the future. or a Creator, or a Master of a vineyard, as for British cash it will be at hand, but it we fanatics called God, who would come and cannot hold out inducements not one cent reward his laborers! What folly! It was well enough for women to dream of such things and believe in them. But it was beneath men to listen to such folly. Did he not know that the grave was the end of manand why need he fear anything beyond what man could do against him? It was no pain to Blunt to deceive and rob the widow or orphan, or take the life, if need be, of an enemy. And one could read this spirit of bold infidelity in Blunt's face. He laughed at Higgs, and led him on step by step by ridicule during their companionship in the a character to bind them to the British office of Daniel Courtney, to the precipice of evil on which they now stood, facing a deep gulf beneath, that was terrible to contem

The three friends (!) decided to stand firm onists, of having our best works of mind to their vows of fidelity to one another, and We shall see; for this history is one of real life, and its lessons must

> The ensuing three months after the death of D miel Courtney, out of respect to the memory of the departed, no changes were made in the offices nor on the plantations; but after that time had expired, and the world around them had nearly ceased talking on the subject, Riggs and Blunt enlarged their offices, changed many of their clerks : placed new overseers on the plantations, with orders to be like most other slave owners in their neighborhood-that is, to be severe in their laws, and to carry them out

> They did not like to continue to occupy the Hall. The memory of their benefactor was impressed on everything in and about it Pleading a sentimental objection to cherish too deep a grief for his loss, they announced that the Hall and furniture would be sold.

New and magnificent residences were built for Riggs and Blunt in the suburbs of the were in their stables.

The following season they were married on the same evening to two of the reigning belles of Natchez. The weddings were cele brated with great pomp. The world looked on and applanded! The tide of prosperity The years pass, and Canada still tarries in rolled on, as the tide of iniquity for a time

> Augelius awoke from a refreshing sleep that had followed the unconscious state in which we left her on the sofa in Mrs. Hart's

> care. The doctor remained until she recovered. When he left he had ordered her to be carried to her own room, and advised the patient and Mrs. Hart to avoid conversation on the subject of the letter from Raif.

"My dear child," he said, in a fatherly tone, to Angelina, "you must try to live for your child. The hope that she will be brought to you by Divine Providence must not leave you. Let me have your promise that you will try to be calm, and leave yourself like a helpless infant in God's hange. We are all helpless children when in deep trouble, and we must look to Him to help us. Is it not so ?"

I would like to have your trust and taith in a Divine Providence," replied the invalid, scarcely able to speak from prostration. "You will in time. Now, Mrs. Hart,

cheer the patient; give her the benefit of your motherly nursing, and she'll soon be out in the open air, which is the best tonic I can prescribe. Good-bye."

Doctor Fleury was naturally a good man. and the experience in his profession had confirmed the faith his Christian education had given him when a child. He had been fortuate in associating with men high toned and well principled. He seen the misery and agony of despair in which unbelievers in a which Christians met death as a deliverer from a life of trouble. With some of his patients, the soul was in such a state of faith and peace with God, that it told those around their dying bed they saw the new vision of the heavenly home, and that angels were around them awaiting their departure from the body. He had seen the impatience with which they longed to be united to God, ann he had heard the warning to their weeping friends to believe and prepare, and not to mourn for their loss. How could a good man doubt of the resurrection of the body or the immortality of the soul, with such lessons daily before him?

He had stood also by the dying bed of the unbeliever and the wicked man and woman, and had heard their groans and curses, re-

departing in dreadful agony with oaths on heir lips! He had seen men of this kind so aldrous in their expression of countenance after death, that even their relatives could not look on them without horror, and begged that they should be hidden in their coffins at

Let us turn from this terrible picture to the sweet room prepared by the motherly hand of good Mcs. Hart for the weary wanderer, Angelias, who was in need of so much tender and loving sympathy.

The shock of Daniel's death had been almost a death blow to her. The only desire of the body was rest and sleep. The heart had no cravings. It was as if dead, utterly dead for a few days.

" Please, Mrs. Hart, let me sleep and forget," was all she said when she was brought to consciousness, after that the news had reached her that the apportunity to be reconciled to Daniel was for ever lost. A week afterwards, awakening from a long eleep, she found Mrs. Hart patiently sitting by her side. Reaching out to take the good woman's hand, she said :

"How very good and kind you have been to me. Who will repay you now that I cannot? I am so glad that my mother did not live to are her only child a wanderer and so berett of every earthly comfort. It was wicked for me grieve, when she died to be spared so much that was hard to bear."

Mrs. Hart had noticed that Augelina had not wept since the blow fell upon her, and she encouraged her to talk, hoping it would open a fountain of relief in tears.

"Was it not a mercy that my mother died, dear Mrs. Hart?" Angelina asked, wondering that her good nurse did not reply to what sh : had said. Arranging the pillows around the invalid.

Mrs. Hart advised her to sit up a little and take some refreshment. Kissing her forehead, the good lady replied to the question : Yes, darling, it was a mercy, and when he took her, what a sweet daughter he gave to me. His ways are not understood by us till time shows us the blessings we have gained from them."

"Trey say that in heaven the weary are at rest. Mrs. Hart. I never knew till row how much that meant. The weary are at rest. And is Daniel now at rest?'

"We must not disobey the orders of Dr. Fleury, dear; we must not talk or think of him just now. You say you mother from grieve when God took your mother from in leaving this paradite. "Its walks trouble, and now try to make yourself conin leaving this paradite. "Its walks and shades" she had leaved to love and shades" she had leaved to her as him just now. You say you did wrong to You will learn to say, by and by, "God's will

"I was so ready to go back and make him happy !" sighed Augenna. Perhaps that charity and good resolution pleased God so much that he called him to greater happiness, my dear, than you could give him. Let us hope so."
"Oh, what a sweet belief that would be if

I could have it. I will try to do so." " Now, dear, don't you think you must try to sleep ?" asked Mrs. Hart.

"I wish I could fall naleep believing that I made Daniel happy before he died.' Mrs. Hart dared not allow the aufferer to continue the conversation; darkened the room a little more, and sat near the window with a book in her hand, which she seemed to read; but her mind was dwelling on the strange destiny of this innocent woman, still so young and beautiful. What was to be the end of this

CHAPTER XV. For a time let us glance at the friends we left in Florence. Mr. Beanvais was satisfied that he had given the only advice to Ange-

tragic drama?

lips that a good man under the circumstances could have given. He was greatly affected by the revelation made to him, respecting her being a married woman. On looking back over the period of two years during the could only recall the most rigid prudence | not the judges; but to us it seems to be true her repeated assertions that she had no heart to give to anyone, and no hand to bestow, Therefore, he blemed himself for the love that he had cherished for her, and the idle hope of a return of that love in her heart. He would not now sully the purity of his affec-tion for her by a regret that she had gone. It sence as young girls do those they devotedly

day after she left : " Papa, dear, was it not cruel to let dear Angelius go away ! I loved her so much and you and everyone loved her"

"You dear, this is true, but when she wished to leave us, it would have been more cruel to keep her,"

" Papa, she did not wish to leave us. She told me so. She cried all that night, and said how good you were and how much I must love you.'

"Yes, dear Isabelle, I believe she did not leave us, because she did not like us, but there were reasons that made her believe it was better for her that she should not remain: and I thought so too. So, my child, do not child. feel so badly about it. We will meet her that the again, I hope, when she is happy.'

"She can never be happy, papa, if she has no home and no one to love. I could not be happy if I did not love you."

Mr. Beauvais was deeply sensible that the position of poor Angelina was one most un-fortunate. He could not imagine that her husband would repel her overtures to make peace between them, but he could not foretell how she would be received. He only knew that it was, in his opinion, her place to return to his protection if not to his love, and that to himself it was a dangerous temptation to take an undue interest in her if she remained in his house; therefore, there was but one right course for both to pursue, to part without delay. She had promised him to write to him when she had been restored to her lawful home, and was shielded by a husband's protecting arm from danger. The conduct of Mr. Beauvais had given Angelina another proof of his admirable character, and it had exalted him to the highest place held by adyone in her estimation. And so matters stood when Angelina left them that sad, sad day to go forth to what—she little dreamed

of then. Bella's gay life in Florence, so varied daily and so enchanting, dispelled the first bitter gloom of her young heart in a few weeks, and she was enjoying the sunshine and the beauties of the paradise to which her good father had taken her. He was developing his hercafter died, and the calm resignation with | daughter's love for the beautiful, and was teaching her how those old-time masters in art arrived at finding the highest types of beauty in the moral world as in nature. He explained to her how they portrayed in the countenances of the followers of Christ the sublimest thoughts and feelings of the soul when it is under the juffuence of Divine grace; and compared such souls to the beauty of the rose, the lily, and the violet, when under the influence of the light and heat of the sun, or to the luxuriant foliage around them, so exquisite and varied in form and different shades of green. And when evening came, they sat upon the balcony and saw the glories of the setting Italian sun and the coming forth of the Queen of night with her glittering train of stars, shedding her silvery

viling themselves and their companions, and | all nature to enjoy repose. How levely the valley and mountains around locked in this silver light, and how delightfully peaceful: These were fit moments for thought of God, and His myriads of guardian angels, such as the shepherds saw filling the skies above them, when they watched their flocks on the night of our Saviour's nativity.
Who that has felt the sweet influence of

being in such guardianship, would exchange It for anything the world can give of its profi-ered joys? Mr. Beauvais taught Isabelle to believe in the mysteries of Christianity, and assured her that without true religion there was no foundation upon which to build her earthly happ'ness. Angelina was scrupulously careful to hide from Isabelle the mischief that her experience in the company of De Grasse, an avowed infidel, had done to her faith in religion, and she noped, with all her soul, that the light she had lost would jet be restored to her; she always read religious books to Isabelle, and talked in the language of those who believed in them, but she knew, to her sorrow, that here was only lip faith. Poor child. Will the gold tried in the furnace come cut rid of its dross? Let us hope Was one tell!

Mr. Beauvais surrounded his daughter with men and women, so far as he could judge of them, of the highest moral tone and educa-tion. The titled class of nobles received the father and daughter hospitably for many years. But Mr. Beauvais had a fear that there was much to regret in their ideas of the laws of morality, and he was careful, there-fore, to make choice of those who were known to be exceptionally pure minded and religious. That the number was small need not be mentioned to those knowing the dangers and temptations that beset the paths of the powerful and wealthy in all countries. To these few exceptional Florentines admitted intimutely to the Beauvais Villa, hospitality was liberally extended. To well-known travellers, artists, and authors, the door was onened wide, and they loved to return again and again to the charming circle always found there.

Is it a wonder then that Angelina, in he decision to leave her adopted home, found it a painful struggle to carry it out? Though she was reserved, and did not allow herself to associate freely with the guests, yet at all times the influence of the society and the atmosphere of Beauvais Villa was as health ful and pleasant as any place could ever be to one so wounded as she had been. and the dear child who clung to her as if she were her mother was dear to her. Of Mr. Beauvais, she never allowed herself to think seriously. There was at all times a pleasure to her in the society of so intelligent and refused a man, but she knew that even this lawful indulgence must be sparingly enjoyed; she though that her cold reserve had kept his thoughts tur removed from any other feeling than gratitude towards her, that it was more than likely that he found her a tiresome and disagreeable person in his household where every one else was so happy, bright and cheerful. And she was not unwilling to be so considered by him so long as she was necessary to Isabelle's happiness; for she knew it was the only chance she had of remaining a member of his family.

Her regret and surprise at his declaration of love for her and his offer of marriage were indescribable. They shattered to pieces this castle she was building—finding a home outside her lawful one; and so she listened to the advice to go back to it.

Ah! the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable! No sooner had the erring wife turned her face and her desire homeward than death was sent to call to his account the suffering husband, who had long since ceased to find peace on earth. May he not to the full measure have expiated the sin that bad time that she was Isabelle's companion, he parted husband and wife? Of that we are

Angelina awoke, oh, so desolate in heart. She only remembered now the virtues of her lost husband. Her young heart's love in all its strength returned for him, and she thought the could not live without him.

Her penniless condition and Daniel's forgetfulness of her in the will were the conse was best. Poor leabelle mourned her ab- quences of her own shortsighted, impulsive folly, she said, and they were not now a part of her sorrow. She only felt the loss she had love at her age, and could not understand of her sorrow. She only felt the loss she had why her papa did not urge her dear Angelina sustained, and she dwelt upon what might have been, had she been a little longer a to remain. She said, weeping bitterly, the patient, trustful wife. No one could comfort her, and we must leave the veil drawn over her griof till the God, in whose hand we are in life and death, comforts the stricken one. Even the good Captain and Mrs. Hart re frained from offering consolation, except by loving attention to her personal wants.

"There is no chance now," said the Captain, "that Angelina can ever establish the fact of her marriage to Mr. Courtney. No one would believe that a man like him would be guilty of such a cowardly act towards a woman like her; she must never speak of it. In my opinion, it was the blessing of God that Mr. Courtney gave away the It would ruin the mother, now that the tather has died, without owning it, if she put in a claim as his wife. Bess, dear, we must try to made it comfortable to the dear creature with us, ch?"

"Yes, John, it we can. But you know her nature as well as I do; as soon as she is well she will be off again to be independent. as she calls it. That is my fear, and now that the mystery is cleared up, I don't know but it will give her a better chance of marrying well than she can have with us.'

"You are right, Beas, dear; but it will be a long time before anyone dures talk to her of that," answered the Captain.

"Leave it to Providence," said Mrs. Hart. " He does not forget His promise to provide for the widow and orphan, John; and what is our faith good for if we do not depend on Him."

'' Yes, that is true, but if we don't use the

means He puts in our way?" "I will let her have her own way here for

a time, John, and then I'll see if we can coax her to stay with us. If she is inclined to go, there is no use for us to put a bar across the door-way."

"I'm sailing again, to morrow, Bess, dear; she must not go anyway till I come again. I I shall not tell her what I hear on landing there, unless it is something good for her to hear. Those clerks, Riggs and Blunt, will hold on to everything. All that part of Angelina's life in America must be blotted out, Bess, and a new one must begin here, God help her, and all like her!"

"What a mistake she made, John, leaving

a man of such a fortune!" "I don't know-I somehow admire the spirit the woman showed, because it was pure self-respect that made her leave him. There was no love for anyone else mixed up in it, as there is too often in such cases. She thought he was always going to feel sorry he had married her, and the young thing was wounded and hated him for it, and without counting the consequences-young people do not often look ahead-she left him.

"She has counted the consequences since, poor child!" said Mrs. Hart.
"Why, under heaven, didn't the man who brought her to me advise her to go back? the gang way. He was a mistrable, sucking looking dog, and that letter has the mark of he'll come when I go back. If he does it will be im no good purpose, and I'll see that he taster salt water! The large drops of perspiration steed out upon John Hart's forehead, and his face was

road with anger.
46 Oh, John, John in Mrs. Hart oried,

suppose you drowned him !" "He's no better to live than a wharf rat, answered John; under the influence of violent

indignation. "Pray do not harm him," said Mrs. Hart. laying her hand on his arm gently. That touch acted like magic to quell for a time the violence of the just anger to which the good

man had given way. "Bess, dear, I may wrong the low creature, but I didn't like the way he acted when he left Angelina. He told me in a few words and a look that she was in trouble, and that her friends, if she had any, did not care to ese her again. I watched her closely, and the stewardess told me she was an innocent young thing going to her mother in Havre. What I know now convinces me that the fellow is intending to have her in some way. and if he comes to me to know where she is -he'll not come again-that's all !'

"Could any man be so bad, John! Surely you would not!'

" Bess, dear, I know more of what some villians do than you must, and it takes us strong men to keep them in their places. I won't allow that man to annoy Angelina, if I have to break his neck to prevent it, depend

on it. Beas!' Poor Mrs. Hart raised her hands in horror at the idea of what might occur if these men met, and she looked imploringly into her husband's face to beg of him to be calm.

"Don't be afraid, Bess dear, I will do nothing wrong, but if I make up my mind that the rascal is plotting any injury to our dear Angelina, I'll give him something to cemember !"

"Oh, dear! I hope he will not come to your ship, John. Do you think he will?"
"The more I think of it, Bess, dear, the

more I hope that he wili." Poor Mrs. Hart was sorely troubled, but she saw that expostulation was in vain, so long as this excited state of mind lasted. She was glad that Josephine called them to dinner. It would break up the conversation on this subject.

"If you are an anvil, be patient; if a hammer, strike," thought the Captain. The next day Captain Hart set sail again for New Orleans, and left Mrs. Hart and Angelina in his comfortable and pleasant

home. Dr. Fleury was a daily visitor at Mrs. Hart's house, so long as the nervous prostration of Angelina required his watchful care. He made no allusion to the letter which had solved the mystery of her life, and had left her free from its secret burden, but he talked of pleasant things and public topics of interest. He recommended that a companion should be eugaged for the sick one, who could read to her cocupy the mind of Angelina in other thoughts than her own destiny, for now that with Daniel's death she had made up her mind, so far as possible, to bury her past life. the future was a dreaded, unknown tomorrow.

"Leave the past in the grave of your husband, dear child," said the Captain. "It has nothing for you but bitter memories, The future is a new hope. Are you not lighter-hearted with that ugly secret off your mind ?"

"Yes, Captain, I am-at least I would be. if I could get rid of a deep regret that I could not hear Daniel say that he forgave me. If I could have gone back and been with him even one hour in his last moments !" Angelina burst into tea s.

" Do not look back when it can do no good to do so. It is natural, but what is past and done cannot be remedied. Nor you nor I can understand why one is taken and another left; but the Great Being who gives and takes away the breath of life has His own great purpose in what lie does. He only knows why He left you. It must be to fulfi the duty assigned to you to do when He created you. And, my dear child, try to do the will of the Master, whatever it may be, only from day to day. I'm not as good as I might be, but I find I'm better when I keep these savings I learned from my mother in my heart, and when I try to follow them. She used to say, 'John, when you are older, you'll know how to understand that it is better to keep in the right way all along, and trust in God, come what may.

Angelina could not help feeling that there was truth in this plain man's advice, and she knew that his life was in accordance with what he said : so, after he had left, she pondered over this last conversation with him.

She looked around her at the comforts of this unpretending home, which were as much for her use as if she had earned them, as Captain Hart had done by his own hard, sacrificing and honest toil. She looked at Mrs. Hart as a loving mother for the poor, penniless widow and orphan, and then she thought of the when she was told that her mother was dead! What did the world offer her hen? What did she hope to find in that desolate hour, standing, as she thought, friendless and alone? Who opened the hearts and home of these good people to her, and made her go in and find a sure refuge with them? "Surely I did not of myself find this resting-place and these friends? Then who directed me and led me to them? It must be that Providence, that God, in whom these good people trust and believe. The God in whom, when a child, I believed; and what has taken that hope and faith from me? Was it the good? Oh, no, it was the wicked jeers I heard from De Grasse, who told me to fling away such childish nonsense, and be a woman. led me to the new life of effort with lashe le? Who gave me warm friends there, when I so little deserved their kindness, for I was dis agreeable and heart-broken? And now, what am I to do?" Angelina was impelled with all her soul to cry out: "Oh, God, lead me still—do not leave me to myself—Thy will be done!

Each day brought a little more strength and a little more cheerfulness to the poor invalid. At all events she could seem terested in Mrs. Hart's life, that was full of activity and usefulness. She admitted some of the friends of Mrs. Hart to her room, and talked with them of their families and their various pursuits. It was soon spread abroad in this circle that a lovely young lady had come from America to visit Mrs. Hart, and that she was taken sick soon after she arrived. The doctor encouraged a moderate share of vis iting from these kind people, to distract the mind of Angelina. He knew that the effort she made to receive them was beneficial, Miss Crawford had so far recovered, the doctor said, that she would sail for America soon with her father. In a few months her marriage with an English nobleman would take place at her father's house. Angelina could not hide her emotion when she heard this. The memory of all that occurred the first winter Daniel spent in Where did you find those beautiful red roses? Washington, was too deeply impressed on her | Ch, the perfume brings back my old home mind to be forgotten, but it was a time when garden. I stand again in it as a child, and as He was no friend! If he comes to me again she loved and trusted her husband, and there light upon the landscape, and calling upon to ask about her, I believe I'll pitch him over was only sympathy and pity in her heart for dew in the sweet briar roses. Oh, how sweet

Miss Crawford, who was so wronged by Daniel's fatal weakness at the time. "Does Miss Crawford look happy!" inquired Angelina, anxious following that she

had recovered from the disappointment she had suffered.
"I can't say she looks quite happy," answered the doctor. It may be that her illness gives her an expressionof sadness. I

know her father is very much pleased with the prospect of her marriage." "She is very handsome and accomplished.

I was told," said Angelina.
"Yes, Miss Crawford is both handsome and accomplished, and fit to be a queen any. where." · I am glad she will marry a man who will

be proud to call her his wife," said Angelina, thoughtfully. "You will find Miss Crawford a pleasant companion. She will not leave for a couple of weeks. If you will permit me, I will ask her to come and sea you," said the doctor,

anxious to divert Angelina's mind. "Oh, dear, no!" said Angelina. "Pray, do not speak of me to her. There are reasons, Doctor Fleury, why I would find it quite unpleasant to see her !" " Have you ever met !"

" Never; but Mr. Courtney wrote to me about her. As Mr. Courtney's wife she heard of me, and ---.

The doctor guessed the rest.
"Angelina," said the doctor, "I am at a loss to know by what name to address you.
Do you wish it understood that you have been all this time a widow ?"

"Oh, no, no! Let me now be free from false appearances. I hate them ! Oh, I do hate mystery, and above all, its false hoods ?'

"You do not intend to claim your rights as the widow of Daniel Courtney, I suppose ! It is so unfortunate that he left no acknow. ledgment of you and your child. It would be difficult now, it not impossible, to persuade a judge or jury that you are his lawful wife.

Angelina was weeping and could not peak.

"Pardon me! I am pained to be obliged to distress you, my dear lady, but this difficulty in your present position strikes me as one that must, if possible, be judiciously removed by us in accordance with your wishes. No one feels more deeply anxious than I do, Angelina, to preserve your good name as unblemished as it is at this moment. We ought not to allow another day to pure with. out placing you in the right position before the world."

"There is but one way," said Angelina, "and that is to tell the truth Any other course will lead to difficulties and daugers. I am the widow of Daniel Courtney, and as such I wish to be known."

"In this country some may question you about the relationship between you and this man of wealth, Daniel Courtney, who has recently died. An account of his death has already appeared in several English papers."

"I will not be likely to meet such persons," replied Angelina. "My life will be one of retirement. But if I do, there will be no longer any mystery attached to my position. It has too long brought me bitter W06.

"I agree with you, Mrs. Courtney, and I admire your judgment and resolution. It was the first time that Angelina had been called Mrs. Courtney before anyone since her marriage. It was so new to her, it sent a thrill of pain to her heart. To hear it after her husband's death for the first time, and from the doctor who had always known her as Miss Raymond, gave her a feeling of humiliation that was seen in the deep color of her face at the moment, and in the tears that

suffused her eyes. "Mrs. Hart has introduced you to her friends as Miss Raymond—a little explanation can be made," suggested the doctor. "No, dostor; none can be made that will not reflect dishonor upon me and my hus-band," said Angeline, in a trembling voice.

"There is only one thing for me to do. I must leave Havre at once, and begin life elsewhere." "What a victim you have been," said the doctor much agitated. He was walking up and down the room scarcely able to conceal his indignation at the wrong done this inno-

cent young woman not twenty-two years of age and vet old in sorrow. Had he dared to do so, he would have declared to her a second time the unquenchable love that was in his heart for her. He longed to take her in his arms as his wife shield her forever from further trouble. But he knew that to make such an offer to ner now, he would be sure to have a refusal and to wound her sensitive nature. Angelina was in vain trying to conceal her feelings. The dark future that lay in a strange land, the new faces and unsympathizing hearts that loomed up before her vision terrified her and her poor tried soul

"Oh, I am not strong enough yet," she said thinking aloud. "Where is the God 1 called upon this morning to help me!"

Startled by her own voice she looked up s

shrank from the ordeal in prospect.

the doctor to see if he had heard her. "He is nearest in the darkest hour," said Dr. Fleury. "Do not be alarmed. We will find out some way in which you can be consoled. I ought not to have talked to you, Mrs. Courtney, to-day. You are not strong enough yet."

Angelina confidently asked,
"Can you not call me Angelina as you have done? Strangers can give me that other name. I do not like the name yet."

"I do not think it best for you that I should do so. Under present circumstances it might be too familiar. If you ever give me a right to call you Angelina, I shall do во----'

"Call me Mrs. Courtney," said Angelias, hastily withdrawing the request. "But it is a name given me by the grave, and I shudder when I hear it. I will become used to it in time, I hope. It is a thorn which will ever pierce my heart."
"Poor child!" said Doctor Fleury, "yet are indeed afflicted. Would that I could

give you relief!" The tone of his voice more than his words expressed how deeply he sympathized with

Mrs. Hart came into the room and interrupted the conversation. She saw at once that it had been more than a professional visit from the doctor, and that they were both sad. Her good sense made Mrs. Hart avoid remarks on the subject or question, so she began to describe an amusing scene that had

occurred in the streets where she had been. The doctor advised Angelina to put out of her mind the execution of all plans for the future till the return of Captain Hart. He rose to leave the house, whispering when he

said good-bye. "You must not lose hope in a brighter time to come, Angelina."

"While you are attending to your domestic happy as the humming birds I see sipping the