

"inward eye" comes to look for it, how dull and blurred it lies there, like a forgotten photograph which has grown faded and stained in some seldom-visited cabinet!

Jean Merle travelled, as a man of his class would travel, in a third-class waggon and a slow train; but he kept on, stopping nowhere for rest, and advancing as rapidly as he could, until on the third day, in the grey of the evening, he saw the chalk-line of the English coast rising against the faint yellow light of the sunset; and as night fell his feet once more trod upon his native soil.

So far he had been simply yielding to his blind and irresistible longing to get back to England, and nearer to his unknown children. He had heard so little of them from Alice Pascal, that he could no longer rest without knowing more. How to carry out his intentions he did not know, and he had hardly given it a thought. But now, as he strolled slowly along the flat and sandy shore for an hour or two, with the darkness hiding both sea and land from him, except the spot on which he stood, he began to consider what steps he must take to learn what he wanted to know, and to see their happiness afar off without in any way endangering it. He had purchased it at too heavy a price to be willing to place it in any peril now.

That Felicia had left Riversborough he had heard from her own lips, but there was no other place where he was sure of discovering her present abode, for London was too wide a city, even if she had carried out her intention of living there, for him to ascertain where she dwelt. Phebe Marlowe would certainly know where he could find them, for the English girl at Roland Seston's grave had spoken of Phebe as familiarly as of Felix and Hilda—spoken of her, in fact, as if she were one of the family. There would be no danger in seeking out Phebe Marlowe. If his own mother could not have recognized her son in the rugged peasant he had become, there was no chance of a young girl such as Phebe had been ever thinking of Roland Seston in connection with him; and he could learn all he wished to know from her.

He was careful to take the precaution of exchanging his foreign garb of a Swiss peasant for the dress of an English mechanic. The change did not make him look any more like his old self, for there was no longer any incongruity in his appearance. No soul on earth knew that he had not died many years ago, except Felicia. He might saunter down the streets of his native town in broad daylight on a market-day, and not a suspicion would cross any brain that here was their old townsman, Roland Seston, the fraudulent banker.

Yet he timed his journey so as not to reach Riversborough before the evening of the next day; and it was growing dusk when he paced once more the familiar streets, slowly and at every step gathering up some sharp reminiscence of the past. How little were they changed! The old Grammar-school, with its gray walls and mullioned windows, looked exactly as it had done when he was yet a boy wearing his college cap, and carrying his satchel of school-books. His name, he knew, was painted in gold on a black tablet on the walls inside as a scholar who had gained a scholarship. Most of the shops on each side of the streets bore the same names and looked but little altered. In the churchyard the same grave-stones were standing as they stood when he, as a child, spelt out their inscriptions through the open railings which separated them from the causeway. There was a zigzag crack in one of the flag-stones, which was one of his earliest recollections; he stood and put his clumsy boot upon it as he had often placed his little foot in those childish years, and leaning his head against the railings of the churchyard, where all his English forefathers for many a generation were buried, he waited as if for some voice to speak to him.

Suddenly the bells in the dark tower above him rang out a peal, clanging and clashing noisily together as if to give him a welcome. They had rung so the day he brought Felicia home after their long wedding journey. It was Friday night, the night when the ringers had always been used to practise, in the days when he was churchwarden. The pain of hearing them was intolerable; he could bear no more that night. Not daring to go on and look at the house where he was born, and where his children had been born, but which he could never more enter, he sought out a quiet inn, and shut himself up in a garret there to think, and at last to sleep.

(To be continued.)

HITCHES AT THE ALTAR.

A recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled in one of the churches, there to witness the nuptials of the niece of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered at the last moment that the registrar, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed for a short time, while one of the party went in search of the errant registrar. His office was the first place visited; but he had gone out, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Then the messenger repaired in hot haste to his residence, which happened to be some distance out of town, and meanwhile, the party at the chapel becoming impatient, other scouts were despatched in various directions. At length it was ascertained that the worthy registrar had left town by an early train, and as it was impossible that he could return in time, the wedding had to be postponed till the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had occurred through the registrar having received no intimation of the day and hour of the intended marriage.

Fickleness on the part of both grooms and brides has been a fruitful source of hitches at the altar. There is a story told of a rustic swain, who, when asked whether he would take his partner to be his wedded wife, replied, with shameful indecision, "Yes, I'm willing; but I'd a much sight rather have her sister." An equally remarkable instance, which must be authentic, is narrated by a Bathgate minister. In this case a hitch had occurred at the outset, through the absence of witnesses, and the bride herself had surmounted the difficulty by going for two friends, one of

them being her cousin, a blooming lass, somewhat younger than herself. When, at length, the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?" "Oh, what is it now?" asked the exasperated clergyman. "Weel," replied the vacillating groom, "I was just gawn to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane"—pointing to the bride-maid. "A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage. I'm afraid it's too late to talk of such a thing now." "Is it?" returned the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, sir, ye maun just gang on."

The gentleman who so inopportunistically declared his preference for the sister of his bride, is only one of many who have made similarly eccentric replies to the all-important question. One hasty individual, on being asked if he would take the lady by his side to be his wife, testily responded: "I course I will; that's what I came here for."

On a recent occasion an eccentric bridegroom, when interrogated in the usual fashion as to the acceptance of his bride, persisted in responding, to the confusion and bewilderment of the officiating clergyman: "Yes, for a fortnight;" a declaration which was the occasion of no little trouble and perplexity, though the difficulty was ultimately overcome.

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent flash of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town one evening, there were so many marriages, that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed; and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell, it was approaching midnight. A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window upstairs, demanding to know who was there. The situation was briefly explained; but the voice—that of the Rev. Mr. W—, minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church—proved inexorable. "I can't help it," was the ultimatum received; "you must just go home and come back to-morrow." "Oh, Mr. W—, ye ken we canna gang hame without bein' married," struck in a female voice. "But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?" "Could you no dae't ower the window, sir?" "Nonsense; it is impossible." "Oh, you micht, sir; ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr. B—'s." This final stroke of policy proved irresistible, for between Mr. W— and Mr. B—, minister of the second charge of the same church, there subsisted a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnized.

WHAT MAKES YOU PALE?

Probably a lack of fresh air and exercise out of doors. Housework is exercise, of course, but it has not the invigorating quality that a brisk walk in the open air has. Try for a month the effect of a walk every day, in the morning, which is the vital, exhilarating, delightful part of the day.

But walking without an object is very stupid, you urge. That is true enough. Have an object. Do the marketing. Undertake some of the family errands. Go to see the poor and the sick, and people who are in trouble and weighed down with some infirmity. Carry the papers that you have read to Aunt Brown, who never sees a paper unless some one lends it to her. Ask to be included in the visiting committee of the Sunday-school, and look after absentees; or become a member of the Dorcas Society, and call on some poor family. That will give you an object.

Still, all the out-door exercise you can take will not make you bright and blooming, if you do not eat the right sort of food. Tea and toast, coffee and warm biscuit, rich cake and pastry—above all, the constant nibbling of sweets and candies, will keep you pallid. You must eat wholesome porridge, made of nutritious cereals; you must eat rare roast-beef and steak, and mutton chops, and plenty of fruit. And if you go to bed early, bathe in cold water once a day, keep your mind busy, and your heart at rest, by leaving life and its orderings submissively with God—you will have what every woman needs if she would be useful and happy—good health and good looks.

A friend says, "Do tell the girls to rest and not to wear themselves out by too much pleasuring, too much studying, or, indeed, too much of anything."

And this is good advice, too. But the mothers need it quite as urgently as the daughters—possibly a great deal more.

COFFEE DRINKERS.

The Hollanders are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about eighteen pounds per head of the whole population. The principal cause is the fact that Amsterdam has long been one of the great coffee marts in the world, and, being admitted free of duty, coffee is very cheap. Next comes Belgium and Denmark, in which the consumption per capita is about half that of Holland. Next comes the United States, in which the consumption per capita in 1880 was 8.8 lbs., in 1881 somewhat less, being 8.4 lbs. per head. By a calculation founded on the data furnished in Mr. Thurber's book, the present consumption of tea in the United States may be stated at a little over one pound per week for each family in the nation. In the use of tea and coffee the people of England and the United States present a most remarkable contrast. The annual consumption of the people of England is just about a pound of coffee per head, or about one-eighth of that of the people of the United States. Comparing the consumption of tea with that of coffee, it will be found that while the people of the United States use about five pounds of coffee to one pound of tea, the people of England use five pounds of tea to one pound of coffee.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

AUSTRALIAN harvest reports are very satisfactory.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is recovering from his recent illness. COMMUNISTIC disturbances are reported in Ravenna, Italy.

The Sultan of Turkey contemplates paying a visit to the Czar of Russia.

THE French have decided for a forty days' campaign in Southern Tunis.

EXTENSIVE labour strikes are reported in the manufacturing districts of New England.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH has received the degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen University.

THE bill to establish capital punishment was defeated in the Wisconsin Assembly by a close vote.

THE New York Legislature have passed a resolution asking executive clemency for Sergeant Mason.

MR. MULLER, of Bristol, on the occasion of his recent visit to Jerusalem, addressed two companies of lepers.

THE *Nuova Antologia*, of Rome, urges an alliance of Italy, Germany and Austria against a Franco-Russian alliance.

AN association called the Nation League, for the separation of the churches from the State, has been founded in Paris.

FIVE Irish suspects have been released from Limerick gaol. A rate collector has been shot near Clonmellon, Westmeath.

THE House of Commons has voted an additional annuity of \$10,000 to Prince Leopold. In case of his death, £6,000 to his widow.

THE Welsh bishops have now altered their minds, and will not proceed for the present with the revision of the Welsh New Testament.

THE Irish temperance party are agitating for local option, and adopting resolutions urging the renewal of the Sunday Closing (Ireland) Act, which expires next autumn.

A LADIES' committee has been formed, with Viscountess Strangford as president, to raise a fund to assist the persecuted Jews in Russia to emigrate to Asiatic Turkey or elsewhere.

A DETACHMENT of the Salvation Army from Airdrie has been driven out of Kirkintilloch before they could hold their indoor service. The mob greeted them with jeers, yells, and stones.

THE Emperor William of Germany celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on the 22nd ult., amid great rejoicing in Berlin. State dinners were given in his honour at St. Petersburg and Vienna.

LORD DUFFERIN has intimated to his Clandeboyne and Killyleagh tenantry that an abatement of fifteen per cent. will be made on their half-year's rents payable in April and May next.

THE floods in the South are abating, but the distress of the people continues. Secretary of War Lincoln has given orders for a distribution of rations, and relief measures are being taken all over the country.

PETITIONERS are addressing the President of the United States by the hundred thousand, asking him to remit the penalty of eight years' imprisonment to which the court-martial has consigned Sergeant Mason.

THE Czar of Russia has refused to confirm the recommendations of the commission on the Jewish question because of their vindictive spirit. All the Jewish chemists of St. Petersburg have been ordered to discontinue business.

THE Maori Christians of New Zealand are very active in supplying churches for themselves. Six new churches, all built at their own expense, were opened in different districts last year, and three or four others are in progress.

QUEEN VICTORIA has gone for a three weeks' visit to Mentone. Her selection and Mr. Spurgeon's annual visit will make the place a favourite resort for Englishmen. The "Countess of Balmoral" is the title assumed by the Queen at Mentone.

MR. W. B. BRADLAUGH, the brother of the member for Northampton, is at present conducting an evangelistic mission at Jedburgh with marked success. He is aided in his religious services by a young lady who sings hymns and solos very prettily.

THE Beer Bill of Colonel Barne will make it obligatory upon publicans and beer-sellers to put up a placard in their bars, stating of what ingredients besides malt and hops their beer is composed, under a penalty of £20 for the first offence and £50 for the second.

INSTEAD of sprinkling the place in the Indian Zenanas with Ganges water, where the missionary ladies had sat when they came to teach the inmates, their pupils now laugh at the idea of being defiled by their presence, and fearlessly sit side by side with their teachers.

THE Y. M. C. A. of Rome recently held a meeting for the better observance of the Lord's Day, which was presided over by Sir Wm. McArthur, late Lord Mayor of London. A report of the meeting was largely circulated. A copy was sent to King Humbert, who acknowledged it with thanks.

A DAILY journal in Paris, that is publishing a *feuilleton* written by a noted novelist, frequently fails to issue the regular instalment. The reason is that the police require the author to keep within the bounds of decency, and he so frequently and persistently transgresses these bounds that the publication of his story is necessarily delayed.

A UNIQUE and elegant tomb has been discovered in the Catacombs of Domitilla, at Rome, which with its architectural paintings, friezes and frescoes is more like a room in a Pompeian house than like a Christian burial-place. The name "Ampliat" is engraved upon it, suggesting that it may have been the family tomb of the early Christian to whom Paul sent the message, "Greet Amplia, my beloved in the Lord."