

wants came in to prayer as they had been used to do forty years ago when he was a child. An old-world tranquillity and peacefulness was in the familiar scene which breathed a deep calm over his tempest-tossed spirit.

"Phebe has been telling me all," said Mr. Clifford, when breakfast was over; "tell me what can be done to save Felicitia and the children."

"I am Jean Merle," he answered with a melancholy smile, "Jean Merle, and no one else. I came back with no claims, and they must never know me. Why should I cross their path and blight it? I cannot atone for the past in any way, except by keeping away forever from them. I shall injure no one by continuing to be Jean Merle."

"No," said Phebe, "it is too late now, and it would kill Felicitia."

"This morning a thought struck me," he continued, "a project for my future life, which you can help me to put into execution, Phebe. I have an intolerable dread of losing sight of you all again; let me be at least somewhere in England, when you can now and then give me tidings of my children and Felicitia."

"I will do anything in the world to help you," cried Phebe eagerly.

"Then let me go to your little farm," he answered, "and take up your father's life, at least for a time, until I can see how to make myself of greater use to my fellow-men. I will till the fields as he did, and finish the carvings he has left undone, and live his simple, silent life. It will be good for me, and I shall not be banished from my own country. I shall be a happier man than I have any right to be."

"Have you no fear of being recognized?" she asked.

"None," he replied. "Look at me, Phebe. Should you have known me again if I had not betrayed myself to you?"

"I should have known you again anywhere," she exclaimed. But it was her heart that cried out that no change could have concealed him from her; there was a dread lying deep down in her conscience that she might have passed him by with no suspicion. He shook his head in answer to her assertion.

"I will go out into the town," he continued, "and speak to half-a-dozen men who knew me best, and there will be no gleam of recognition in their eyes. Recollect Roland Seston is dead, and has been dead so long that there will be no clear memory left of him as he was then to compare with me. And any dim resemblance to him will be fully accounted for by my relationship to Madame Seston. No, I am not afraid of the keenest eyes."

He went out as he had said, and met his old townsmen, many of whom were themselves so changed that he could barely recognize them. The memory of Roland Seston was blotted out; he was utterly forgotten as a dead man out of mind.

As Jean Merle strayed through the streets crowded with market-people come in from the country, his new scheme grew stronger and brighter to him. It would keep him in England, within the reach of all he had loved and had lost. The little place was dear to him, and the laborious, secluded peasant life had a charm for him who had so long lived as a Swiss peasant. By-and-by, he thought, the chance resemblance in the names would merge that of Merle into the more familiar name of Marlowe; and the identity of his pursuits with those of the deaf and dumb old man would hasten such a change. So the years to come would pass by in labour and obscurity; and an obscure grave in the little churchyard, where all the Marlowes lay, would shelter him at last. A quiet haven after many storms; but oh! what a shipwreck had he made of his life!

All the morning Mr. Clifford sat in his arm-chair lost in thought, only looking up sometimes to ply Phebe with questions. When Jean Merle returned, his gray, meditative face grew bright with a pleasant smile shining through his dim eyes.

"You are no phantom then!" he said. "I've been so used to your company as a ghost, that when you are out of sight I fancy myself dreaming. I could not let Phebe go away lest I should feel that all this is not real. Did any one know you again?"

"Not a soul," he answered; "how could they? Mrs. Nixey herself has no remembrance of me. There is no fear of my being known."

"Then I want you to stay with me," said old Mr. Clifford eagerly; "I'm a lonely man, seventy-seven years old, with neither kith nor kin, and it seems a long and dreary road to the grave. I want one to sit beside me in these long evenings, and to take care of me as a son takes care of his old father. Could you do it, Jean Merle? I beseech you, if it is possible, give me your services in my old age."

"It will be hard for you," pleaded Phebe in a low voice, harder than going out alone to my little home. But you would do more good here; you could save us from anxiety, for we are often very anxious and sorrowful about Mr. Clifford. I can take care that you should always know before Felix and Hilda come down. Felicitia never comes."

How much harder it would be for him Phebe could not guess. To dwell within reach of his old home was altogether different from living in it, with its countless memories, and the unremitting stings of conscience. To have about him all that he had lost and made desolate; the empty home, from which all the familiar faces and beloved voices had vanished; this lot surely was harder than the humble, laborious life of old Marlowe on the hills. Yet if any one living had a claim upon him for such self-sacrifice, it was this feeble, tottering old man, who was gazing up into his face with urgent and imploring eyes.

"I will stay here and be your servant," he answered, "if there appears no reason against it when we have given it more thought."

(To be continued.)

A Sikh gentleman in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, Northern India, has offered \$12,500 to Rev Wm. Harper, of the Church of Scotland Mission, towards founding a Christian college in that province. A few years ago he could not have done it safely.

### MY OWN.

Brown heads and gold around my knee  
Dispute in eager play,  
Sweet, childish voices in my ear  
Are sounding all the day;  
Yet, sometimes, in a sudden hush,  
I seem to hear a tone  
Such as my little boy's had been  
If I had kept my own

And when, oftentimes, they come to me,  
As evening hours grow long,  
And beg me winningly to give  
A story or a song,  
I see a pair of star-bright eyes  
Among the others shine—  
The eyes of him who ne'er has heard  
Story or song of mine.

At night I go my rounds, and pause  
Each white-draped cot beside,  
And note how flushed is this one's cheek,  
How that one's curls lie wide;  
And to a corner tenantless  
My swift thoughts fly apace—  
That would have been, if he had lived,  
My other darling's place.

The years go fast; my children soon  
Within the world of men  
Will find their work and venture forth,  
Not to return again,  
But there is one who cannot go—  
I shall not be alone,  
The little boy who never lived  
Will always be my own.

Mary W. Plummer, in the Century.

### "A SCREW LOOSE."

I have written so many articles about the importance of attending to matters on the farm "in the nick of time," when "one stitch will save nine," if taken at the proper moment, that I am half afraid to write again on a subject which so many of our agricultural writers have rung the changes on, for fear some one will say it is a hobby of mine, and that so much talk about keeping everything in "apple-pie order" is quite likely to prove "too much of a good thing." But I have just seen so pertinent an illustration of the folly of neglecting what ought to be done now, until some time when there was nothing else to do, that I want to make use of it for the benefit of those who can profit more by a narration of actual experience than they can by abstract ideas.

One of my neighbours has a drag-saw. During the winter he goes about, from house to house, sawing wood.

Last week I had him engaged to saw wood for me. The logs were well skidded. Everything was conveniently arranged.

When he came he looked over the woodpile, and his face was expressive of satisfaction.

"I can put in a good week's work here," I heard him tell his boy. "They've got everything handy. There won't be anything to bother us. We can saw at least twice as much here as we did at the last place. We'll make a good thing out of it, if we don't have any bad luck."

The machine was set, and by noon on Monday everything was in readiness for operation. I went out to the wood-lot directly after dinner to see the machine started up.

Just before they began to saw, the boy came to his father and said:

"There's a screw loose on the lower part of the saw-frame. It ought to be fixed now; hadn't it?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose it had," was the reply. "But we won't bother with it now, I guess. I'll fall at it and tighten 'em all up after we get through to-day."

Now, it would not have taken ten minutes to have examined the entire machine and tightened every bolt that was loose. But no—by-and-by he would attend to it; there was more important business on hand now.

Behold the result! About an hour after they began to saw there was a grand crash, and matters came to a sudden standstill.

On investigation it was found that the "loose screw" had caused the mischief. The frame was broken, and the saw also.

"What does the damage amount to?" I asked.

"Well," was the reply, as the owner looked the machine over, "it'll take just about twenty-five dollars to get a new saw and frame. There's that much in cash that's got to go before we can do anything more, and it'll take about four days for the saw to come; so there's the loss of four days' work of myself and team. Figuring them in at three dollars a day, and that's putting it low, there's twelve dollars more, making thirty-seven. You can safely reckon on the accident costing about forty or forty-five dollars. That's the way the profits go. But if I'd seen to that loose screw it wouldn't have happened. That's what always comes of letting things go when you know they ought to be attended to."

I draw no morals. I leave that for the reader to do.—  
Eben E. Rexford, in N. Y. Christian Union.

Infernal machines were sent through the mail, on the 29th ult., to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and to Mr. Cyrus W. Field; but their existence was discovered before they were delivered.

GUTHRIE's sister, Mrs. Scoville, has a notion that she can save him from hanging and secure a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life by obtaining a sufficient number of petitions, and a lecture tour, upon which she is about to start, has for one of its objects the securing of these petitions.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Pope is said to be seriously ill, and his physicians urge a change of air.

It is estimated that about \$30,000,000 are due to Irish landlords in arrears of rent that they cannot recover.

THE Jesuits are to attempt the conversion of Wales. They will find there a free, open, and much-studied Bible.

It is stated by a London journal that, after the present season, the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Canada.

LARGE numbers of the emigrant Jews are marrying, in order to qualify themselves for land-grants in Palestine and America.

SIR HORATIO HENRY WRAXALL, an English baronet, died in a workhouse, recently, and his heir was a pawn-broker's apprentice.

THERE is a fair prospect of brighter days for Ireland in the solution by the British Ministry and Parliament of the vexatious land question.

FORTY-THREE of the Egyptians concerned in the conspiracy against Arabi Bey have been sentenced to exile. Several others will be hanged.

THE Socialists in New York attempted to parade in a body through the streets, on Sunday, the 30th ult., but were prevented by the police.

THE Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary last week rejected the nomination of Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth as professor of Theology.

ALBERT YOUNG, a railway employee at Doncaster, England, has been arrested for threatening the life of Queen Victoria, and will be taken to London.

THE centennial anniversary of the birth of Frederick Fröbel, the founder of the Kindergarten school, was celebrated in Boston and other places last week.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the poet and philosopher, died at his home in Concord, Mass., on the 27th ult., in the seventy-ninth year of his age. The funeral took place on the 30th.

THE marriage of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, to Princess Helena of Waldeck, took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 27th ult.

LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER and several of the crew of the "Jeannette" have arrived at Orenburg, Siberia. No further intelligence has been received from the crew of the burned "Rodgers."

DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, of Springfield, Mass., makes the commendable announcement that probably three-fourths of the business men in that city are actively engaged in Christian work.

THERE is a project for settling, in New Jersey, 500 families of Hungarian immigrants of the better class of intelligent, honest, well-to-do farmers, who will locate in villages of from 50 to 100 farms.

EARL COWPER has resigned the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, and Earl Spencer has been appointed in his stead; but, at the request of the Ministry, the resignation will not take effect for some time.

THE two sons of the Prince of Wales were in Jerusalem at Easter, and were present during the Passover service at the house of a rabbi, who at the close pronounced a benediction on the Queen and her children.

THE London "Christian" of April 13th has a list of 154 meetings of ninety-three religious and benevolent institutions to be held between April 18th and June 21st in that city. Anniversaries are not extinct in London.

THE portrait of Queen Victoria, which is to appear on the new gold coinage of the British Mint, represents her at her present age, wearing an imperial crown. The new die, which has been just completed, is only the second taken during her reign.

CUBAN sugar-planters are looking with expectation to the draining of the Okeechobee lands in Florida, with the idea of removing their business thither, making Florida the great sugar-producing State. They will thus avoid the enormous Cuban taxes, as well as the duties now laid on it.

SENATOR GEORGE, of Mississippi, stated last week that the area recently flooded by the Mississippi was as great as the State of Maine, or as Delaware, Maryland and Western Virginia, and that the country afflicted is so extensive that bananas are produced in one section of it and ice at the other.

A RUMOR prevails in England that Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, will be married to the Earl of Life, a young, handsome, and clever member of the peerage. He is said to be a lineal descendant of the Macbeth who figures in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth."

THE Moravian Church, the pioneer of the Protestant churches in the great work of foreign missions, sent its first missionaries to St. Thomas, in the West Indies, in 1732. It is proposed to celebrate the 150th anniversary of this great event, August 21st, and to raise a Jubilee Fund in its commemoration.

THE Boston "Journal" publishes a letter of great interest from Henry M. Stanley to Edward King, its Paris correspondent, dated on the Upper Congo, January 16th. It gives an account of his recovery from a fearful sickness, and of his overcoming great obstacles to the success of his expedition, which he thinks is now assured.

THE English Channel tunnel is to be twenty-two miles long, eighteen by twenty feet wide, and have two railroad tracks. From each end there will be a down grade of one to eighty for four miles and then a rise of one to 2,460 to the centre. The rock and earth to be taken out would make a pyramid as large as the great one in Egypt. It is estimated that the yearly receipts will be £550,000 from passengers, £300,000 from freight and £50,000 from mail. If expenses take forty per cent. of this, there will be £732,000 left for interest on the capital.