

"I down't know," replied the parson. "He was part of the creation that St. Paul says is growning and waiting for the redemption of the body from pain and disease and death. It used to be said that man ownly is naturally and necessarily immortal, but that is rubbish, built up on a pantheistic idea of Platow. If God continues the life of man beyond this world, I see no reason why He should not continue that of a dawg which has shared man's fight here below. There are some such good dawgs, don't you know, moral, kind, faithful dawgs!"

"Is it not the poor Indian who thinks his faithful dog shall bear him company in another world?" asked Miss Carmichael.

"Yes, it is Low; but really, in the great Sanscrit epic of the Bharatan war, King Yoodistheer is represented as refusing immortality, unless the god Indra will let him take his dawg to heaven along with him."

"And left his wife behind, did he not? He did not even hold her something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

"Ow, now, I think Draupadee died before him. Still, it is a strange fact though that some people do love animals better than human beings."

"D'ye ken why?" asked the Squire, with a glance at his niece. "It's because they're no as exacting and fashious as beass."

"Well, there's a lesson for you, Fanny. Good-night, I must go to my sermon and the hymns." So Mr. Perrowne departed, and the mourners returned to the house.

On Sunday it rained; nevertheless all went to their respective churches, except the Carruthers children, whom Tryphena kept in order, and the colonel, who sat with Wilkinson. Both clergymen preached impressively with reference to the events of the past week, and, at the close of the services, they both repaired to Bridesdale for dinner. In the afternoon they rode to their respective stations, but the Squire stayed at home to teach the children and read to them, while they devoured the contents of the lawyer's elaborate boxes. Tryphosa and Timotheus had to do their singing in the kitchen, in which they were joined by Tryphena and Maguffin. The latter had a very soft rich voice, and made a great addition to the musical performance. The colonel smoked an after dinner cigar, and Mr. Terry a pipe, on a dry part of the verandah. The young ladies overhauled the entire collection of literature sent to Miss Carmichael and to Wilkinson, and read a good many things that were not for Sunday. As to the three matrons, it is nobody's business what they did with their afternoon. Mr. Perrowne came back to his Fanny in the evening, and Mr. Errol, to have "a crack" with Mrs. Carmichael. Monday was fair enough to permit of a game of golf between the parsons, with the colonel and the veteran for spectators. Miss Halbert went home in the evening, and so, except for the wounded dominie upstairs and the colonel, things went on in the usual jog-trot way, for Miss Du Plessis had been at Bridesdale before. Letters and papers came from Coristine to the bedridden dominie, and another package for Marjorie, before Saturday night, but none for anybody else, for the reason that Miss Du Plessis had written him simply at Wilkinson's dictation, and Mrs. Carruthers and Miss Carmichael had not written at all. In her round of household duties and the care of a young family, the former had forgotten all about her letter, and the latter did not know what to say for herself, and did not feel disposed to humiliate her sense of self-respect by reminding her aunt of her promise. Another Sunday passed without other incident than Mr. Errol's visit. Mr. Perrowne spent most of his spare time at the Halbert's. But, Monday night's post brought an official envelope, type-written, from the offices of Tylor, Woodruff and White for Miss M. Carmichael. She opened it, with a feeling of irritation against somebody, and read the wretched type-writing:—

Dear Madam,—I have the honour to inform you that I have received a cable message from Mr. P. R. Mac Smail, W.S., of Edinburgh, to the effect, that, as very large interests are involved in the case which I had the honour to claim on your behalf as next of kin, his nephew, Mr. Douglas, sailed to-day (Saturday) for Montreal, vested with full powers to act in concert with your solicitors. As my firm has no written instructions from you to act in the matter, I am prepared to hand over the documents and information in my possession to the solicitors whom you and your guardians may be pleased to appoint to deal with Mr. Douglas on his arrival. Awaiting your instructions, I have the honour to remain,

Dear madam,
Your obedient servant,
EUGENE CORISTINE.

Nothing but the signature was in his writing; this was terrible, the worst blow of all.

She took the letter to uncle John in the office, and laid it down before him. He read it gravely, and then bestowed a kiss of congratulation on his niece. "I aye kennt your fayther was weel connectit, Marjorie, but lairge interests in the een o' writers to the signet like Mac Smail means a graun' fortune, a muckle tocher, lassie. We maun caa' your mither doon to talk it owre." So Mrs. Carmichael came to join the party. Her daughter wished to appoint some other firm of lawyers in Toronto, or else to leave all in the hands of Mac Smail, but the Squire and Mrs. Carruthers would not hear of either alternative. They knew Coristine, and could trust him to work in the matter like one of themselves; so the young lady's scruples were outwardly silenced, and the Squire was duly authorized to conduct the correspondence with the lawyer. This he did in twofold fashion. First he wrote:—

EUGENE CORISTINE, Esq.,
Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff and White,

Dear Sir,—Although my niece, Marjorie Carmichael, is of legal age, it is her desire and that of her mother that I, in the capacity of

guardian, should authorize you or your firm, as I hereby do in her name, to prosecute her claim as the heir of the late Dr. James Douglas Carmichael, M. P., to the fortune advertised by P. R. Mac Smail, W.S., of Edinburgh, as falling to her late father, and to conduct all necessary negotiations with Mr. Mac Smail and his clients in the case. Kindly notify me at once of your acceptance of the trust, and make any necessary demands for funds and documents as they may be required.

Yours,

JOHN CARRUTHERS, J. P.

The other letter was:—

My Dear Coristine,—What do you mean, you scamp, by frightening the wits out of my poor lassie with that typewritten bit of legal formality? I have a great mind to issue a warrant for your arrest, and send Rigby down with it, to bring you before me and Halbert and Walker. Man, we would put you through better than Osgoode Hall! But, seriously, we all want you to stick to this next of kin case. Spare no expense travelling about, especially if your travel is in this direction. I think you are not judging Marjorie fairly, not that I would throw my bonnie niece at the head of a prince of the blood, but I have taken a great liking to you, and I know that you have more than a great liking for her. So, no more nonsense. Honoria and Marjorie (Mrs. Carmichael), and all the rest of Bridesdale, send kind love and say "come back soon."

Yours affectionately,

JOHN CARRUTHERS.

Mrs. Carruthers also wrote a note that will explain itself:—

Dear Mr. Coristine,—Please to overlook my long delay in replying to your kind letter, and in thanking you for your goodness to the children, who miss you very much. I intended to get Marjorie or her mother to write for me, but in the bustle of house-work, preserving, and so on, forgot, which was not kind of me. Father desires me to remember him to you, and says he longs for another smoke and talk. The others have a delicacy in writing, so I am compelled to do it myself, though a very poor correspondent. John has told me about Mr. Douglas coming out to see about Marjorie's fortune. As I suppose he will want to see her and her mother, will you please bring him up yourself, and arrange to give us a long visit. Marjorie Thomas says there are many new flowers out, and that she and my little ones have hardly touched the creek since you left us.

With kind regards,

Your very sincere friend,

HONORIA CARRUTHERS.

Coristine came home jaded on Wednesday evening. The day had been hot, and in the absence of all the other principals, the work had been heavy. He had interested himself, also, in lady typewriters since his return, and had compelled some to take a much-needed holiday. Four unopened letters from Bridesdale were in his pocket, which he had saved for after dinner. At that meal, the young men of Mrs. Marsh's grown-up family rallied him on his lack of appetite and general depression. He had not made a pun for four days running, a thing unprecedented. Dinner over, he slipped away to his rooms, lit a pipe, and read the letters, the contents of two of which, three including the Squire's formal one, are already known. Another, in a fine clerkly hand, was from Mr. Errol.

My Dear Mr. Coristine,—A thousand thanks for the bonny pipe, which I fear you must have missed. I shall take great care of it as a memorial of pleasant, though exciting, days. I wish you were here to help Perrowne and me at our cricket and golf, and to have a little chat now and then on practical theology. My ministerial friend is that infatuated with Miss Halbert (they are engaged, you know) I can get very little out of him. Mrs. Carmichael sends her kind regards. Her daughter Marjorie is looking pale and lifeless. I do trust the dear lassie is not going like her poor father. We all love to hear her sing, but she has got that Garden of Gethsemane poem of his set to music. It is very beautiful but far too sad for her young life. I have been visiting your friend Mr. Wilkinson, pastorally, and am just delighted with him. He is a man of a very fine mind and most devout spirit. Miss Cecile and he will suit one another admirably. Colonel Morton is wearying for your society, and so is the good old grandfather. If it will not be putting you to too much trouble, will you ask your bookseller to get me a cheap Leipzig edition of Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," as I wish to polish up my patristic Latin, in spite of the trash written in it, that still defiles our theological-teaching. I have been visiting Matilda Nagle, and even that old reprobate, Newcome, who got a terrible shaking in his last nefarious adventure. Matilda is doing remarkably well, and her boy is quite bright and intelligent. Half a dozen cases of sickness in my two charges have kept me from writing, especially as one was a case of infection. Haste ye back to all your warm friends here.

Yours very faithfully,

HUGH ERROL.

The last was a stuffy envelope addressed correctly to Mister Eugene Coristine, in the hand of a domestic, Tryphosa probably, and contained some half dried flowers, among which a blue Lobelia and a Pentstemon were recognizable, along with a scrap of a letter in large irregular characters.

Dearest Eugene—Wat makes you stay sew long a way This is meter as Pol sed to Petre put on the gridel and take of the heter A lot more flours are out in bloome like the ones I send with my love no bear fete have been in the creke sints you went a way I think that pig is sory she made you go now the children granpa sed to me to rite you to come back for a smok Dere mister Bigls has gone too and no nice one is left give my love to Tyler and say he must let you go for the house is sew quite their is no more fun in it Feena got a funny lter from old Sil with moste orfle speling the pusy is well but pore Mug is ded It was very good of you to send me candes but I like to have you better

Your litel love

MARJORIE.

The lawyer put this letter reverently away in a special drawer which contained his peculiar treasures, but registered a vow to reprove his little love for applying the word pig to a young lady. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Miss Carmichael's case was left in his hands. Of course he could not refuse it. If this man Douglas had to go up to Bridesdale, he supposed he would have to introduce him, and watch him on behalf of his client. A great heiress, perhaps with a title for all he knew, would be very unlikely to take more than a passing interest in her solicitor. Still, it cut him to the heart that the girl was as Mr. Errol represented her. Doubtless she was quite right in not acknowledging his business note in person. Then he laid down his pipe, put his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, exclaiming bitterly, "O Marjorie, Marjorie."

(To be continued.)

HE is the truly courageous man who never desponds.—Confucius.

AT SEA.

The sails hang lifeless to the trembling mast,
Unstirred by any breath of swelling wind;
The warm sun streams with steady light and kind;
No more we dread the wild tempestuous blast;
The calm is here, storms seem forever past.
And yet the vessel rolls with impulse blind;
Rest on the restless sea she cannot find,
But strains and groans till in the harbour fast.

The tempest's rage may go, but we can trace
Its ruthless strength long after it has fled,
In myriad marks at sea and on the shore.
The mighty ocean has no hidden place,
No deep recess along its wreck-strewn floor,
Where the storm's power is for one moment dead.
Stratford, Ont. T. G. MARQUIS.

PARIS LETTER.

SAVOY is rich in historical souvenirs, and President Carnot's visit thereto is a timely occasion for refreshing the memory as well as for making time in the progress of manners. It was in the epoch of the Crusades, nearly seven centuries ago, a branch home for the sect of the Vaudois or Albigenses, when the Abbot Amaury counselled Count de Montfort to slaughter alike orthodox and heretics, "for the Lord knew how to protect his own." Francis I., the "Father of Letters," nearly three and a-half centuries later, when labouring under his mortal disease, tried to exterminate the heretics; but in 1657, when the Duke of Savoy essayed to imitate the persecution, Cromwell's "Hands Off" received immediate attention. England was then feared and revered on the continent. Then came the French Revolution and the demand in 1792 from the Savoyards to be married to the French Republic. Restored after the peace to the house of Savoy, they so remained till March, 1860, when they were given to Napoleon III. as payment for aiding to expel the Austrians from Italy. It is true that in July, 1859, the French Foreign Minister gave the English Ambassador, Earl Cowley, the assurance that Napoleon had "abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy;" just as another French Foreign Minister assured Lord Lyons that France had no idea of protecting Tunisia, but not the less proclaimed her protectorate over that State three days later. A diplomatist's assurance ought ever to be taken in the Pickwickian sense.

The fête just celebrated by the Savoyards was to commemorate their 1792 marriage with France, not their taking over with Nice in 1860. Whatever the Irredentists may claim respecting Nice, there can be no question that the Savoyards prefer to remain French. In contrast with the pomp and circumstance that M. Carnot and the authorities have assisted at the centenary of the first union of Savoy to France, this is how the convention in 1792 accepted the bride; the Abbé Gregoire was delegated to marry her as proxy. When he came back from Chambéry, he presented, tied up in a corner of his pocket-handkerchief, the money he saved in his travelling expenses for the benefit of the State. At Nice he supped on two oranges, and avowed he felt supremely happy that that supper only cost the Republic two sous. He was a Catholic priest, rose to be a bishop, and, even under the Reign of Terror, sat in the convention, on the mountain, in his violet Episcopal costume. He wished to Christianize the Revolution and International Rights; he had "the fanaticism of toleration," like the Abbé Patureau to-day, who in Belleville church lectures on Socialism, declaring from the pulpit last Sunday that Jews, Protestants, free-thinkers and theosophists were in his eyes brothers like his co-religionists. The age of heretics is then past.

Some of the rich ranchmen of Texas ought to invest in President Carnot when he sets out on an official voyage; he is sure to be accompanied by rain. In Savoy it has not rained for four months, but when he arrived in its capital, Chambéry, a forty days' and a forty nights' deluge commenced, and the heavens only ceased telling when he left. The gala locomotive was garlanded with flowers on entering the station, and the red cross of Savoy, festooning the chimney, was of red roses. Seven pretty girls, each wearing the costume of a province, awaited to welcome M. Carnot with bouquets; had he received a caudle lecture, as he hesitated to embrace at least one? How bestow a single kiss when not three but seven graces expect their reward? A family umbrella is a common place in Savoy; father, mother and children are conveniently sheltered under it, whether from rain or sunshine. But the streets are wide in Chambéry. The Vice-President of the County Council had to be decorated with the Legion of Honour; M. Carnot could not do so without the sanction of the Chancellor, who sent the permission by telegraph. M. Bel was led to receive the morsel of red ribbon, and, overcome with the really unexpected honour, he fainted on regaining his seat. During a review of 9,000 soldiers in the torrential showers, M. Carnot proved "the bravest of the brave;" he sat in an open carriage, without top coat or umbrella, while the vehicle drove at walking pace in front of the troops; the latter then defiled before a stand, having a chair only for M. Carnot, that a valet "sponged," not dusted, before the President sat in it.