

of the thought that had come into her heart that afternoon—a longing that she were something to him—that she had a right to lay her hand caressingly upon the brow lined with thought and pain—to press her lips on those violet hollows beneath the dark-fringed lids. As day by day she became better acquainted with the gentle-heartedness of the sufferer, experienced his tender gratefulness, and witnessed his thoughtful consideration for those around him, all she did for him became more and more completely a service of love.

One day when it rained, softly but without intermission, the whole day through, Margaret found herself on the way to the Great Farm all the same; she had not even asked herself should she go or stay: to stay would have been to make a dreary blank in her own day, and she had reason to believe, in Mr. Whityear's also.

The sweet soft wind gave a slight bloom to her cheek, which deepened to a blush, when Mrs. Hale met her with an exclamation of well-affected, if not genuine wonder: 'I didn't look for you today, ma'am. Mr. Whityear has said many times that the weather would prevent your coming. However, he told me that some one was at the gate before I heard any noise, and begged me, if it was you, to be sure you didn't keep on anything damp.'

'I rather enjoy a walk in the rain, now and then. This rain is very welcome,' Margaret replied, as Mrs. Hale relieved her of her wet cloak and hood.

They went up stairs; the look that welcomed Margaret would have repaid her for a walk in far worse weather.—Just as her hand was in the invalid's, Mrs. Hale said: 'It was her, you see, sir, and don't she look like the garden, all the better for a shower?'

The weak, slight fingers detained Margaret's in a close clasp. Her downcast glance met a far more than his words gave from Mrs. Whityear's eyes. She blushed again, turned away, sat down near the window, played with the pages of a book, and felt as if she had lost her own identity: happy, bewildered, ashamed, and proud.

That evening, Mrs. Hale was called away, just as she was about to give the invalid his tea. 'May I trouble you, ma'am?' she said to Margaret, and bustled off.

Margaret went to the table: she was pouring the thick yellow cream into the cup, when—

'Margaret!' a voice behind her cried—a low voice, deep, yet tremulous. A feeling of the unreality of all around came over her. She was young again; she stood by the brook in her father's garden at evening, inhaled the fragrance of new-mown hay, and was startled by James Grant's voice pronouncing her name. She set down the cup she held, and leaned upon the table, faint and bewildered.

'Margaret!' the voice was weaker, more tremulous; she waited to hear it a third time; it was sad and plaintive then. She turned: it was Mr. Whityear who spoke; he had half risen from his couch; his eyes sought hers; his hand was extended. She was drawn towards him by the longing in his face, by her own heart. As she put her hand in his, she said simply, and yet so perplexedly: 'Who are you?'

When he answered, 'James Grant,' she knelt down beside his couch, and let herself be enfolded closely by his arms.

Mrs. Hale returned; the tea was cold and untasted. Margaret sat in Mrs. Hale's chair, close to the couch; the patient clasped Margaret's hand with both his, and his face was turned towards her. Margaret disengaged herself and rose; smiling tremulously, she said: 'I have found an old friend with a new name. The tea is cold—you must let me make fresh.' She kissed Mrs.

Hale's cheek and escaped; when she returned, it was easy to see that she had been weeping; such tears as are only shed once in a life-time—overflowings from a deep cup of blessedness.

'To-morrow afternoon is a long way off,' James Grant said, as Margaret bade him good-night.

'May I come in the morning Mrs. Hale? or will it be too tiring for your patient?' Margaret asked humbly. She received permission to come at eleven.

Margaret walked home. The rain was still falling; the meadows were sodden; the air was chilly; heavy mists rose from the river and spread over the whole landscape. It was nothing to Margaret; she had a summer in her heart—she knew that she was loved, that she had been loved, first, last, and best, most faithfully, for years; for her everything had a new aspect; not one thought or feeling of to-night had been hers a month ago! Life, death, time, eternity, religion, and love, were words with other significations than they had had for her a month ago. Yet she was not joyous. Mrs. Hale's words of sad foreboding, spoken to indifferent ears some weeks since, were recalled now: they tempered her happiness, but they did not trouble her peace; out of gratitude so new and deep arose a new and deep faith.

She went to the churchyard; the gentle rain had not penetrated the thick foliage of the great yew; and she knelt beneath it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SUMMARY.

Our Parliamentary summary for the week will be short, not because the M. P. Ps. have been idle, but their doings have this week taken the form of the practical. Having tried the strength of their lungs and proved their adherence to party, (for we fancy that principle has often little to do in the matter, over the debate on the address,) they seem to have set to work. A large number of notices of bills, of enquiries of Ministers, and motions of all kinds, have been placed on the Book, so a busy Session is in prospect.

As the Intercolonial railway and the opening up of the Northwest, are subjects of deep importance to the country, and likely to occupy the attention of both Houses, explanations were given by M. Sicotte, one of the delegates to the Imperial authorities.

His statement shows plainly that the feelings of all the delegates, after the whole subject was fully discussed, in presence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were unanimous against the requirement of a sinking fund, and in proof of the statement, he mentioned that Mr. Howe, one of the delegates, had written subsequently very strong on the subject, declaring that a sinking fund would give no end of trouble and embarrassment. It was moreover stated on this point by Hon. Sandfield Macdonald, that at the conference held last September to arrange the terms on which the three Provinces ultimately agreed, it was distinctly understood that there should be no sinking fund for the amount of the Imperial guarantee.

The negotiations with reference to the opening up of the Northwest, were also referred to by M. Sicotte, and the present position of the subject defined. He was listened to with marked attention, which showed the deep interest that all parties took in the subject.

Our space will not permit of more being said at present, but we will return again to the subject.

EUROPEAN NEWS, with the exception of the Insurrection in Poland, and the marriage of the Prince of Wales, have little of interest. The former, appears to have assumed a more threatening aspect than was at first supposed, but that the Poles will be able to throw

off the yoke of hated Russia, or better their condition, few suppose. It shows, however, how deep rooted is the longing for freedom, and what men will not undertake to gain it.

In England the preparation for the Heir-apparent's marriage, is engrossing public attention, to the exclusion of almost every thing else. The Lord Mayor of London has given an opportunity to the Anti-slavery orators, to show their detestation of that system, in windy speeches, spiced with bitter invectives, by having invited Mr. Mason to a banquet at the Mansion House.

Meetings still continue to be held in various parts of the country, approving of Lincoln's policy on the slave question.

AN HONEST FACE.

One day when the Caliph Omar was sitting in council with the companions of the Prophet, and great men of his time, two young men appeared before him, leading a third, whose beauty attracted general attention. Omar gave them a sign to approach, and one of the two, who held the third, spoke to the following effect:—'We are two brothers, whose happiness it was to have a father, who, for his virtues, was esteemed by the whole tribe. He was in the habit of walking in his garden to enjoy the air, and this young man killed him there. We have apprehended him, and brought him hither for the purpose of receiving from you the right of retaliation.'

'Answer to this,' said Omar to the young man, who stood before him with the greatest calmness, retaining a placid and guiltless countenance; and he proceeded with great natural eloquence to defend himself thus:—

'They are right: yet hear me commander of the faithful. I belong to a Bedouin family, who wander about the desert. One of our young and finest camels approached the wall of the city, to crop the tender branches of a tree that hung over it; an old man appeared above the wall and rolled down a huge stone, which crushed my young camel; he sunk down beside me, dead. In my rage I seized the stone, and flung it back toward the wall, when it struck the old man who had killed my camel. The blow was mortal; I sought to save myself by flight, but these two young persons apprehended, and have brought me before you.'

'Thou hast confessed thy crime,' said Omar, 'the punishment of retaliation awaits thee.'

'I am ready to endure it,' replied the young man, 'but I have a younger brother, whom our father on his death-bed particularly recommended to my care. The property, which by inheritance, falls to him, lies buried in a spot known to none but myself. If you cause me to be put to death before I have delivered it to him, you will hereafter, O commander of the faithful, have to answer for the loss of his inheritance before God. Grant me but three days to do this business in.'

When Omar had reflected for a moment, he said: 'But who will be responsible for your return?'

The young man pointed to Abizar, one of the members of the council, who, with no other security than the confidence which the physiognomy of the young man inspired him with, consented to become his guarantee.

The third day was almost at an end, and the Bedouin came not yet. The two brothers began to demand with a loud voice the blood of the man who had taken upon himself to answer for the murderer's return.—The companions of the prophet opposed it; but the severe Omar pronounced sentence that the life of Abizar should be taken if the young man returned not before the setting of the sun. At that very moment he reappeared, breathless with haste, and in profuse perspiration. 'I have,' said he, 'put my brother's money in safety, pardon me if the excessive heat has retarded me more than I expected.' 'Commander of the faithful,' said Abizar, 'I have been security for this youth without having known anything of him, and inspired with confidence in him solely through his honest countenance—behold him here! Let us no more say there is neither truth nor honor upon earth.'

All were astonished at the upright conduct of the youth, and the two brothers, who were equally affected, withdrew their accusation, and declared they pardoned him.—Severe as Omar was, he accepted their pardon with great pleasure, and congratulated himself that there was so much truth and honor under his government, and among the Bedouins.

For Leisure Moments.

Lawyers' mouths are like turnpike gates—never opened except for pay.

A gentleman the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a 'winning way' about her.

A little girl, the daughter of a baker, being asked at school what bread was made of, promptly answered, 'Flour and alum.'

True charity is never lost. It may be of no service to those it is bestowed upon, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

After quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoop skirt hanging out of a shop door, always reminds him of a peal of a belle!

THROWING ONE'S SELF ABOUT.—An instance of this proceeding was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

Charles Mackay, the New York correspondent of the London Times, has been elected a member of the Historical Society of Denmark, at a session presided over by the king in person, 'in consideration of his eminence as a poet and a historical writer.'

At the second private ball of the Empress Eugenie, her majesty wore a white dress of a light texture, trimmed with a deep lace flounce, and wore flowers wreathed in the hair, the whole kept together by means of a diamond comb. Her majesty did not dance.

EPITAPH ON A TAILOR.

'To man nor woman, boy nor maid,
Death ne'er has proved a jailor;
But wouldst thou know who here is laid,
Why, reader, 'tis a tailor!
And tho' 'tis strange with death to jeer,
Deny the truth who can,
If, when eight more are buried here,
We'll say—'Here lies a man!'

A NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND STORY.—'If you are not tired of brigand stories I will give you another, the scene of which was also near Eboli,' writes the Times' correspondent from Naples. 'There were laborers engaged in some kind of occupation not far from a large fountain in that neighborhood, who fill up the intervals between work and their devotions with a little brigandage on their own account. When a carriage appeared the *zuppa* or the trowel was abandoned, and then muskets were taken up from under the sod. The travellers were rifled, a horse or a man shot, as the case might require, and then these industrious fellows resumed their ordinary labors. This had gone on for some time, and no one could trace out the guilty parties. As for the *padrone* he could answer for his men as being always occupied. One of the band, however, who divided the affections of a woman with another man who was not of the band, murdered his rival, one fine evening, and the woman was arrested. Under menace of being shot she gave the names of the murderer and his accomplices. She betrayed six of the latter. A week after she was again arrested, and then sentenced to be shot if she did not also betray the *capo*. Agreed. In the dark of the evening she goes to her trysting place, followed by Carbineers, mounts a tree and gives a whistle. Immediately the ground rises not far off, and the *capo* emerges from his subterranean hiding-place, which has been ingeniously covered over with boughs of trees, leaves, and sods. The woman descends, and it is necessary to say that the ardor of their embraces was cooled by the rush of the Carbineers, who arrested both. These are true stories, and a hundred others might be repeated which would beat Mrs. Radcliffe out of the field.

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