

You are tired, Kate, Georgina said. I will see Ryan, and then we will go. The chaplain led the way to a cell, and said:

As Kate is with you, George, I will leave you a few moments, I must see Jones.

The murderer! Kate whispered, with white lips.

Yes. But a few days more are left before he must pay the penalty of his crime. John!

A pleasant-faced warden answered the call.

Will you stay with the ladies till I return.

Certainly, sir.

They will go in now to Ryan.

Yes sir. Ryan goes out at noon. He was dressed an hour ago.

Although Kate felt as if heart and brain were already weary of the sight of sinful faces, she looked with interest at the man she had heard described by her cousin.

He was sitting upon his iron bedstead, whittling a piece of stick; but he rose as the visitors entered, and spoke to Mrs. Trayten.

Good morning, ma'am.

In his showy vulgar dress, round head, coarse features, bull neck, and low forehead, the print of sin was visible every where; low, coarse, debasing sin. Kate looked in vain for any sign of the heroic criminal, the romantic sinner of fiction.

There was no trace of it here. But as she looked earnestly in the man's face, she suddenly turned his head and fixed his eyes upon her. As he did so, a pallor crept slowly over his hard face, his lips quivered, and his eyes softened.

Who are you? he said, abruptly.

I am Mr. Trayten's cousin, she answered, very gently.

You—you are very like— he stammered, and then stopped, his voice choking.

In a moment the girl's kind heart was touched. She came beside the man who had resumed his former seat, and spoke in a low, sweet voice.

I resemble some friend, some relative, perhaps she asked.

And you are not ashamed of it? he said, in a voice of mingled astonishment and defiance. A dainty lady like you look like anything belonging to me?

Likely story, that! Ah, Maggie, Maggie? She is in her coffin now, miss, so it is an angel you are like, after all.

Your wife?

Do you care to know? he questioned.

Yes.

You know what I am, he said, with a short, hard laugh, and I s'pose it's hard to think I ever cared for anybody. She was a little slight thing, only fourteen. Her mother died, and the child was sick in the room next mine—a poor place, miss enough. I nursed her, got her a doctor, food, medicine—never mind how. She got well and lived four years. I was her father then, for want of a better. Well, she died, and all the good there ever was in me was buried with her.

I hope not, Kate answered. It is not well to bury what is good.

She was good. I buried her.

Not her soul. Only the poor body that suffered. Was she always sickly?

Yes. Consumptive. Well, she's dead and there's an end of it.

Oh, no, said Kate, earnestly. It is the beginning of heavenly life for her. She's waiting for you there.

I'm a likely bird for heaven. Its too late for that, Miss.

It is never too late.

Twelve o'clock! cried the man as the sound of a bell broke upon the air. I'm off, good by ladies.

And giving time for no further word, the man strode into the corridor. A moment later Mr. Trayten joined his wife, and the party left the prison.

A week passed away, and Kate had not revisited the prison. Apparently she had said no words to produce good results, left no impression upon any mind. She was young and impulsive, unfitted by nature for the gentle patience which her cousin accomplished so much. She had hoped for some word from Ryan some proof of sudden repentance, but it had not come, and she thought the transient softening, produced by her real or fancied resemblance to his adopted child was over when the bell proclaimed the hour of his release from prison.

In a low, poor room, with surroundings of the meanest, most poverty-stricken description, the man Ryan was seated one week after his release from prison. The hard face was as repulsive as ever, the coarse clothes as vulgar. But something about the man was changed. It was hard to say in what particular he was altered, but the alteration was certainly there.

Never too late! he muttered, leaning his head upon his hand; that was what she said. Never too late! Now, if she had spent thirty years, as I have, and more'n half of it in jail, I wonder what she'd say? just a week I've spent trying to be honest! Humph! A pretty fist I've made at it. Honest! I wonder, now, if Maggie is waiting for me. That's all the good there is in your whole life, Jim Ryan, them four years you kept that gal away from the almshouse, or worse. Wonder if it'll be reckoned against the bad job. Hark! Fire! Nine strokes! That's up among the big houses, Jewery, watches and such! I'll go!

Rushing hastily through the streets, the man Ryan found himself soon in the midst of an excited crowd who were watching the efforts of the firemen to save a row of handsome houses, rapidly burning in the lower stories. The roofs at the end of the row were on fire, but several houses beyond were, as yet, only burning in the lower part. One of these, a very handsome residence, attracted the man's attention at once.

Plenty of time there, he thought, to crawl along the roof, get into the upper rooms, and save the valuables. I'll try it!

He ran as he spoke, in a half whisper,

down the side street, and gained the rear of the buildings. Like a cat he climbed by balcony shutters and window-sills, till he was on the level of the third floor. One blow of his strong arm dashed in a window, and he sprang into a large room, so full of smoke, that the rush of it nearly smothered him. For a moment he staggered back.

It was evident that the burglary he had contemplated was a far more dangerous task than he had supposed.

The sudden entrance of air through a broken window was clearing the smoky atmosphere, and drawing the flame upward. Upon the floor near him were scattered articles of value, jewels money, and a heavy gold watch, and he hastily stooped to collect them, only then seeing a little distance away, on the other side of a table, a woman lying face downward, upon the floor. She had evidently been preparing to fly with what articles of value she could save, and had been overcome by the dense smoke.

Ryan hesitated a moment, then turned the senseless figure towards him.

A bitter oath escaped him.

It is Mrs. Trayten's cousin that looks like Maggie. She is not dead! I'll save her! I'll save her! It is never too late.

Flinging open the door he ran to the front of the house, and shouted for a ladder. It seemed a madness to try to escape. Alone, the road by which he came was still open to him, but burdened with the woman's weight, it was simply impossible to descend as he had ascended.

Seeing that efforts were being made to raise the long ladders to the front windows, he shouted again to take them to the back of the house, but was unheard in the tumult. There was no moment to be lost, and he again sought the room where Kate still lay insensible.

As he reappeared at the window, with the girl's figure in his arms, a shout rose from below, and the efforts to steady the ladders were redoubled. One was at last raised, and he caught the bars, and commenced the perilous descent. In spite of the streams of water thrown upon the ladder, it was on fire in several places, before the slow descent was half accomplished. The crowd were quiet now, hardly breathing as they watched these two coming towards the gulf of the flame below. They were saturated with water, and their clothing had more than once caught the flames, when, with a crash, the base of the ladder gave way and they were hurled to the ground. Men rushed in then, regardless of their own frightful risk, and lifted them up out of further danger.

Three hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Trayten, returning from a day spent in the country, arrived at the house where Kate and Ryan had been taken for refuge. The young girl unhurt, and entirely recovered from the long suffocated swoon, dressed in a borrowed dress of some white material, came to the door to meet them. She was deadly pale, excepting where tears had reddened her eyes, and trembled violently.

We know all, dear Mrs. Trayten said. Thank God, you are safe. Where is the man who rescued you.

In the next room. Oh, Georgia it is Ryan; and he is dying.

Dying!

He struck his head in falling, and the doctor says he breathed the flame. James come in he has asked for both of you.

Upon a white bed, with the rough face pallid and drawn, the man waited for death. As the door opened, he looked eagerly toward it, and over his white lips a smile hovered, as Kate came to his side.

Mr. Trayten spoke to him, and Georgia kissed the rough hand on the coverlet, her tears falling too fast to allow a word to come to her lips.

Don't, ma'am, he said, in a faint, broken voice. I'm thankful you're not crying for her? and the dying eyes sought Kate's face again. Parson, if you'll say a prayer now, I'll try to hear it.

Mr. Trayten knelt down, and Georgina also bent by the deathbed; but Kate's hands were taken in those that had saved her life, and she did not attempt to release them. The prayer was not long, but it was frequent and heartfelt, and Ryan perhaps for the first time in his life, whispered, Amen. All his thought was evidently for Kate. As Mr. Trayten rose and came near him, he whispered, Thank you, parson, and then looked again at Kate.

Never too late, you said? he whispered.

Never too late. God's mercy is infinite, the girl said, in her low, sweet voice. Think of Jesus who died for us. And you, she sobbed, have died for me.

A smile came again on the white lips. A bad life is better lost than a good one. I wonder if Maggie is waiting for me—if God will think this any atonement?

God only asks for penitence, answered Mr. Trayten.

Yes, parson! Well, it is easy to be sorry, when it's all over.

There was a long silence. The doctor stole in softly, and shook his head as he heard the labored breathing. The group around the bed spoke but little, in subdued tones, and Kate, bending low, kept her soft hands on the brow or in the clasp of the dying man, whose rapidly glazing eyes were fixed ever upon her face.

Suddenly the worn, pale face lighted up with a perfect radiance, an inarticulate cry escaped from the white lips, and in a moment all was over.

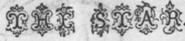
Oh, Cousin James, what did he see or hear? Kate cried, as the doctor drew the sheet over the dead face.

We can never know, was the answer. But we may believe this last act of his life canceled the dark past, and God forgave the long career of sin.

They put him to rest in a lovely spot in the cemetery, and after a long search found Maggie's grave, and placed her beside him.

Few days pass when there are not flowers upon these graves, for the entire town feels, with Kate, that they must honor the

grave of the man who gave his life to save that of a woman who must have died had he deserted her.



HARBOR GRACE, JULY 11, 1873.

By advices from Bonavista we learn that the codfishery at that place is remarkably good at this early date. Our correspondent says:—

"The catch of codfish at this place, up to date (July 4), has been very fair, our fishermen having thus early secured twice the quantity landed at this time last year. Considerable activity and bustle is the consequence, and the weather being very fine for curing, advantage is taken thereof; no idleness is manifest.

"About Catalina the take is very partial, while from Greenspond north, the fishery is almost a blank. The salmon fishery from Bonavista northward has been all but a total failure.

"It would be hard to INDICATE a more delightful little town than Bonavista, at this interesting season. Fine fertile lands, remarkably level, and bedecked in nature's lovely hues; in fact a spot the like of which for natural scenery cannot be excelled in this island.

"The fishery still continues fair, but gradually diminishing—boats are taking from one to four quintals daily. Bait plentiful."

CRICKET.

Harbor Grace vs. the "Great Eastern."

We understand that a Cricket match has been arranged between an eleven of Harbor Grace and the same number of officers of the "Great Eastern," to be played at Alexandra Park, on Tuesday next. Doubtless, the occasion will be one of great interest to the friends of the "willow," and we hope our cricketers will show a bold and determined front. An entertainment, consisting of music, dancing, &c., will be given in the evening.

THE steamer "Lizzie" left for St. John's early this morning, with a deputation from the Harbor Grace Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. We understand that the object of the visit is to comply with an invitation to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the hall about to be erected by the Total Abstinence Society of the metropolis.

ON Wednesday evening last, the members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church assembled at the British Hall for the purpose of tendering to Mr. George Howell—who will shortly take his departure for the Dominion of Canada—the assurance of their affectionate regards, and expressing the deep regret they feel in anticipation of the severing of those bonds of friendship and esteem which so closely united him to every member of the Wesleyan Church. Mr. Howell has, during his long residence in this town, endeared himself, not only to his co-religionists, but to all classes in the community. His gentle, unassuming manner, and cheerful, happy disposition will not soon be forgotten; and although a protracted absence from his native land may prevent us from again enjoying the pleasure of his society, yet we would sincerely assure him that the pleasing associations of the past will be "locked in memory's treasure, and he himself shall keep the key!" We tender to Mr. Howell our best wishes, and trust that fortune may smile upon him, and health, happiness and prosperity attend his course through life, and deck the serrated brow of death with a halo of everlasting happiness.

The subjoined address was presented on the occasion:—

TO MR. GEORGE HOWELL.—

DEAR SIR,—On the eve of your departure from amongst us, to seek in the Dominion of Canada a position more in accordance with the requirements of your rising family than you can obtain in this, your native land, the Wesleyan Methodist Church and Congregation of Harbor Grace, with whom you have been united so many years, would wish to convey to you the assurance of their affectionate regards—their regret at the severing of those ties which have so happily existed, and for so long a period—and their best wishes for the prosperity, both spiritual and temporal, of yourself and of your large and interesting family.

That you will be missed, must necessarily result from the prominent part which you have taken at all times in the affairs of our Church—ever endeavoring, by precept and example, to promote its influence and increase its prosperity—either as Trustee, Sunday School Teacher, Organist, or Leader of the Singing at public worship. A vacancy will occur and must be felt, for it will be long ere the cheerful countenance and ever ready voice will be forgotten.

It is to be regretted that so many of the congregation are absent at Labrador, a large portion of whom would, no doubt, if present, unite with those who have

contributed to, and increase, the amount which is now presented, to enable you to purchase something as a memento of your association with us, or devote to other purposes, as you may see fit. And whilst its acceptance is requested, we regret the amount at our disposal is not more commensurate with the object.

We wish you well—shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity—and commending to the care of an all-wise Providence your beloved partner, yourself and your children.

Remain yours,

With affectionate regards,

For the Wesleyan Church and Congregation,

JOHN BEMISTER,

Circuit Steward.

Harbor Grace, Nfld., July 9, 1873.

REPLY:

DEAR SIR,—

Allow me, through you, to convey to the Wesleyan Church and Congregation of Harbor Grace, my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the present they have so kindly tendered me, accompanied by such a flattering address.

I beg to assure you that I will ever remember with pleasure the many kind friends I am leaving in Harbor Grace, and that this evening will always be looked back to by me as one of the most pleasant of my life.

Accept my thanks for the kind wishes you have expressed for the welfare of myself and family. Trusting that Providence will always have you and us under his guidance and care.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE HOWELL.

JOHN BEMISTER, Esq.,

Circuit Steward.

LOCAL ITEMS.

We gladly give insertion to a copy of the resolutions passed at the annual general meeting of the Newfoundland Church Society, held in the Cathedral Sunday School room on Monday evening last.

The meeting was a most successful and hearty one—more so, we think, than any previous meeting, the proceedings of which it has been our privilege to notice. The attendance of so many of the Clergy, then present in such unprecedentedly large numbers, at the Visitation of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and the first session of the Diocesan Synod of Newfoundland (as noticed by us on Wednesday), created great interest, and their very instructive speeches were listened to with much satisfaction.

The account given by the Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland, of his reception in the various places he visited in England, during his late advocacy there of the Bishopric Endowment Fund, was specially interesting, and received with frequent demonstrations of gratification and pleasure.

The Lord Bishop presided in his usually kind and hearty manner, in the absence of the Governor, who, it was regretted, was unavoidably prevented from attending.

The whole proceedings were terminated by singing the doxology and by the blessing given by the Bishop.

Resolved,

Moved by Rev. G. S. Chamberlain, seconded by Rev. W. B. Kirby:—

That the Report now read be adopted and printed with the Treasurer's accounts.

Moved by Rev. Edward Colley, seconded by Mr. Camp:—

That devout thanks be humbly offered to Almighty God for the many tokens of his favour vouchsafed during the past year.

Moved by Rev. G. M. Noel, seconded by Mr. P. Emerson:—

That this meeting hail with the greatest satisfaction the establishment of a Synod for the Diocese of Newfoundland, assured that the deliberations of the Synod will ever be directed to promote the well-being and advancement of the Church in this Colony.

Moved by the Hon. Judge Robinson seconded by Rev. W. Smith, and supported by Rev. F. K. Murray:—

That the thanks of this meeting, on behalf of the members of the Church in this Diocese, be heartily given to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop Coadjutor, for his strenuous and successful exertions to procure aid in England towards the completion of the fund necessary for the endowment of the Bishopric, and to the friends in England who have shewn their sympathy by their liberal contributions.

Moved by Rev. R. T. Dobbie, seconded by Rev. John Lockwood:—

That the thanks of this meeting are due, and hereby respectfully offered, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, as President of this Society; also to the Officers and Committee for their services during the past year;—that W. H. Mare, Esq., be appointed Treasurer, and the Rev. George M. Johnson, Secretary, for the ensuing year; and that E. L. Jarvis, P. Hutchins, and G. T. Rendell, Esqrs., be appointed to discharge the duties required by the 37th standing rule.

Moved by Mr. Whiteway, seconded by Rev. R. M. Johnson, and supported by Rev. George Hutchins:—

That the thanks of this meeting be cordially given to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop for his kindness in presiding on this occasion.

The following resolution, proposed by the Coadjutor Bishop, was also put towards the close of the evening, and carried by acclamation:—

That this meeting records its hearty welcome to the Rev. F. R. Murray, Joseph Curling, Esq., and the rest of the gentlemen who have accompanied them to Newfoundland, for the work of the Church in this Diocese.—Times.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, July 4.—The Fourth of July was celebrated by a banquet at Wallis's Rooms. Similar observances occurred in all the chief continental cities.

NEW YORK, 5.—Two cases of Asiatic cholera are reported here. The Board of Health declares they are not real; but eminent physicians say the contrary; and that the Board are endeavoring to conceal their true nature.

Walworth has been sentenced to the States Prison for life.

Two ladies, two gentlemen, and a boy were swept in a boat over Niagara Falls.

OTTAWA, 5.—The Allan Pacific correspondence published, exposes a shameful conspiracy. Immense excitement prevails. Indignation meetings were held in the public squares, and resolutions passed condemnatory of the government, &c.

LONDON, 6.—More earthquakes at Italy; no damage is reported. Ministerial crisis continues.

The Shah arrived at Paris, and was cordially received.

The Spanish government adopted determined measures to crush the Carlists. Vienna visitors are increasing.

A True Bill has been found against the Bank of England forgers, to be tried in August at the Old Bailey.

NEW YORK, 7.—Three shocks of earthquake were felt at Buffalo yesterday.

The loss by tornadoes and rains in Ohio exceeded eight million dollars.

In Montreal at a meeting of the directors of the Pacific Railway, terms proposed by Sir Hugh Allan to construct a road, were finally accepted.

Gold 115.

LOCKPORT, N. S., 7.—The steamer "City of Washington" from Liverpool to Nova Scotia, with 400 passengers, struck 10 miles east of this place at 2 p.m., on Saturday. All saved; the ship will be a total loss. Dense fog prevailed all the passage, preventing a single observation.

NEWS ITEMS.

William Petherick, aged 89, a veteran of Trafalgar, is now residing in Monkwearmouth.

An elderly lady, residing in Buffalo recently had the remains of her husband who died some twenty five years ago, disinterred, and caused the pieces of the coffin to be collected and had the bones thoroughly washed. They were then placed in a new coffin and reburied in a new cemetery.

The temperance Reform movement in the New York State Legislature is dead, killed by its pretended friends. Had they been content with a reasonable law separating ale and beer from spirituous liquors, the Governor would have signed it, and a real reform would have been effected. They choose another course and carried through the Legislature a bill so extreme that a favorably disposed Governor had to veto it.

The Merrimac Journal tells the following fish story: "A thing we never saw come to our notice in the Merrimac lately—a clam swimming on the surface of the water. It would have made Agassiz laugh. Its head was used as a propeller and also as a rudder, while it extended from the other end feelers that were used as paddles.—Perhaps it is common for clams so to swim, but this was the first demonstration of a clam's agility we ever witnessed."

A newspaper of Iowa gives rather a discouraging account of what farmers in those diggings are doing or rather not doing. Here are the prices current: A pair of winter boots cost two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat; the children each ten acres of corn; the price of an overcoat is a good four-year old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs.

Among the passengers by the Baltic which has lately arrived at Liverpool was Mr. George Francis Train. He was committed to the State Asylum for the insane at Utica by Judge Davis on May 24, the jury before whom he was arraigned on a charge of publishing obscene literature having, by direction of the judge, acquitted him of that charge on the ground that he was insane. A few days afterwards, however, a sheriff's jury was empanelled, which found that Mr. Train was sane, and could be safely discharged from the lunatic asylum. He was liberated, and took steamer immediately for Europe.

The shoe by the Nova unacc sons Amor cabin stater the d will be passed ed to dange contin sent York Ca know the L ness a phen he wa rence which island sudd Oswe the ge appea would media hous other Sacke It wa displa tes an Such seen A ing b On th John Gaze rector chequ Lond obtai turni second tion v thori place he pr belon Com sion i amon was l tered spirit and tain o he wa searc ed hi don v absoe bridg prisoo before His has be J. P., testat in the cease memb Blang Samu liam l missio Twilli Secu ette, On fu painfu resigu below 38 ye July 8 oil— July 4 fax- Halcy & C Little 7—Be J & Nethe Co. Atton Anle Wood July 4 erp 5—Me ter. Charlo Son. Hecto & C 1—An Bro 3—Pe Son