### "SURSUM CORDA."

Weary hearts weary hearts by the cares of Ite oppressed. Ye are wandering in the shadows—ye are sighing for a rest. ere is darkness in the heaven, and the earth There is darkness in the neares, is black below, is black below.

And the path you walk is winding through the inngled wilds of woeningled wilds of woening the weary hearts! God is rest!

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land Joy may bring you crowns of laurel, but a blight is on each leat;
What this would hath never given, kneel and
ask of God above,
Andyour griefshall turn to gladness, if you lean
upon his love. Lonely hearts! God is love!

Restless hearts! restless hearts! why this toiling Residess nearts; resides hearts; why this coming night and day?

Come there not the mournful moments when you faint upon your way?

Then ye cry as little children, who from pain seek quick release,

And your every resiless breathing is a prayer that pleads for peace.

Restless hearts! God is peace!

Breaking hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate Joy sang your days away—but new ye hear but

sorrow's moan. In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy.

And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts! God is joy!

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! thro' the deserts of the years
Yeare pilgrims lost and lonely—to be tracked but by your tears;
In bright or brighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
I see ye look from earthland as ye murmur,
"Where is home?"
Homeless hearts! God is home!

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

### PART II.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Ob, forgive me! he cries, I know that you cannot, my own wife. I would give my life for you, and I have crushed every hope out of yours forever.'

She drops her head again, and once more there is silence. The clock on the mantel strikes three, and he starts up.

'I am going at once,' he says hurriedly every moment I linger is an added torture. There are some papers in my study that I must attend to before I leave.

He goes with the words. Papers, letters, lie strewn over his writingtable; he turns up the gas, sits down, and for half-an-hour is busy. He fills all his pockets, and then still rapidly exchanges his full dress evening suit for street wear, buttons up an everceat, and, hat in hand, returns to his wife's room. She is lying as he left her, she looks as if she never cared to lift her head again.

'Sydney,' he says, 'I am going. Will you try not to hate me for what I have done? You have always been generous—will you not be generous enough now to say good. bve?

She rises with a low, sobbing sort of cry, and sings herself upon his breast. Her arms eling around his neck as though they would never loosen their hold, but she does not, cannot speak a word. His kisses fall on her lips; her bewildered eyes, full of an agony he can never forget, look up in his face. 'My wife! my wife! my wife!'

No word of farewell passes, he holds her strained hard for one long moment, then places her gently back in her chair; her arms fall loosely, her eyes follow him, her white lips are incapable of uttering a word. She sees him leave the room, hears him go out of the house, hears the door close behind him. and still sits motionless, speechless, staring straight before her, blankly, at the

## CHAPTER XVII.

AB ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMPORTETH'

Lucy NoLAN was ailing that night; those dreadful spasms of racking spine complaint, aggravated by her ceaseless hacking cough, were back to torture her. All night long, while suffering of another kind, infinitely harder to bear than the most torturing physical pain, was rending the heart of Lewis Noland wife, Lucy lay on her bed and endured. All night the shaded lamp burned. all night her mother watched unweariedly by her bedside, and it was only when the chill October dawn was breaking that pain ceased, and sleep came to the patient eyes. Then her mother, pale and fagged, stole down stains to begin her duties of the day. She threw open the shutters, unbolted the door, and stepped out into the crisp, sparkling coldness of the early morning. The sharp, fresh air was like an exhilarating draught. She lingered on the doorstep watching the city sky flush and grow warm, before the coming of the red round sun. Some laborers went straggling by to their work; one or two grimy Dutchwomen with bags passed, raking as they went the offal of the streets. As she was about to turn into the house, she espied a man coming toward her, with something oddly familiar about him.

The tall figure was Lewis; but surely that downcast head and lagging walk were strangely unlike her son's erect carriage and quick, firm step. And yet it was Lewis; she saw that with wonder, and some alarm. He raised his eyes at the same ment, and came forward at a rapid pace.

Lewis! she exclaimed, startled strangely as she looked at him.

Haggard, bloodless, with something of wildness in the steadfast dark eyes, he seemed almost like an apparition, in the gray of the early morning.

'Ge in, mother,' he said; 'I have something to tell you.' She obeyed him. They entered the little

parlor, into which the first rays of the sun were shining. 'Speak low,' she said, remembering even

other. Lucy has had one of her bad turns all night, and has just fallen asleep. What is it, Lewis? Sydney——'
He made a sudden, almost fierce gesture, that stayed the name on her lips, and walked

to the window. The glow of the eastern sky, all rose-red, threw a fictitious flush upon the face that seemed to have grown worn and aged in a night.

Se standing with his back to her, his eyes on that lovely radiance, he spoke: 'Mother,' he said abruptly, 'I am going

My son!

'I have rejoined my old company-I leave at oace-to-day. If when the war ends, there is an end of me also, well and good; it will be far the easiest way of solving all anew. In any case I shall not return to New from the house, and makes all into a neat

hours that had intervened, hours spent in wandering through the lonely, melancholy, But now, at the exceeding, bitter cry of his mother, he turned quickly around,

himself once more. Mother, forgive me, he said, shocked at his own words. 'I have been too abrupt-I ought not to have spoken in this way. But it has come so suddenly upon myself, that I feel half dazed. After all, my rejoining the army ought not to shock you very greatly. It is only what I have contemplated long, what I would to Heaven I had done a year

Lewis, my son, his mother said, looking at him with wondering, terrified eyes, ' what is this? What is the meaning of this sudden resolution? For it is sudden; a week ago you had no idea of forsaking your wife. What has come between you now?

She saw the drawn look of torture that flashed across his face, saw his teeth set, and his hand clench.

'A secret that will part us forever.

'A crime?' 'Yes one of the darkest of crimes, blood guiltiness, mother.

Her face blanches, her lips tremble, her eyes are riveted in amaze and horror upon

him. 'You thought I had no secret from youthat my life was an open record for all men to read, that no hidden sin lay at my door. That was your mistake. Five years ago I killed a man, and to day retribution has come home to me.

He has a vague feeling that those things should be broken to her gently, but he cannot do it, As he feels them, they must come out, or not at all. For his mother, she sits haif-stunned, half-bewildered, dumb.

'I shall tell you the story, mother; but first let me tell you Sydney's. You may not know, perhaps, that once before she was a bride—her bridal dress on, and she waiting for the bridegrooom, who never came. The man could not come, he had been killed in a paroxysm of jealous rage the night before. The shock, the shame, the horror of it all, brought on her father's death. On his deathbed his last injunction to her was, to bring to justice, if she ever met him, the slayer of her lover. The promise was made, and promises to the dying are binding. And last night, for the first time, she met and knew this man '

Mrs. Nolan sits with her hands clasped, listening breathlessly to this rapid almost incoherent story, which she but half compre

Last night she met him, mother-to know him. I, her husband, am the man whom she stands pledged to deliver up to the justice of the law. It was I who killed her lover, the night before he was to have been her husband.

Mrs. Nolan rises up, an angry flush on her face, an excited gleam in her eye.

Lewis, I do not understand one word of what you are saying. Have you been drinking, or are you going mad? How can you stand there and tell me such shocking and false things?'

· They are not false, mother-there is no such hope for me as that.' His steady tone staggers her. She shrinks back into her chair, and puts her hand in a

lost way to her head. · Will you tell me again, Lewis, and more clearly, please. I do no not seem able to understand you. My son a murderer! Surely

I have misunderstood all you have been say-Yes, it is hard to realize it, is it not? It is hard to think that one sin done years ago in a moment of passion, atoned for, as I had hoped, should break so many innocent hearts. But it is true, and it has parted me and my wife forever—it sends me on outcast from home for all time. My fate is deserved—

tell you in no other way than this.' He drops into a seat, for he is dead tired, and begins, as collectedly as he can, the whole most wretched narative of misplaced love, of insane jealousy, of ungovernable passion, and of the result. She sits listening with strained and painful attention, comprehending at last the whole sad history of passion and sin, remorse and retribution. And when the story is done, there is silence again. Mrs. Nolan sits weeping, without a word, such tears as in all her life she has never shed before, and she has been a woman of trouble, acquainted with sorrow.

'May God forgive you, my son!' is what she says at last. 'Am I indeed a murderer?' he drearily

asks: have I all these years been deluding myself with sophistries?' 'A murderer!—no, a thousand times no!'
his mother cries out, 'Heaven forbid! The sin is in the intention, and you had no intention of taking this man's life. All the same, it has been taken, and here at least it seems you must expiate your sin. Oh, my son! my son! what can I say to comfort you?'

It is past all that, mother—say you for-give me, before I go, and try and comfort my wife—I ask no more.'

He breaks utterly down at the words, at the thought of that beloved, that most wretched wife, and turns away and bows his face on his

'My Lewis, my boy, it is the first real sorrow you have given me in your life. I forgive you, and I know that forgiveness higher and greater will not be refused. I will care not for your wife. Oh, poor child, what a blow for her who has loved you beyond the love of woman!

'Hush!' he hoarsely exclaims, 'I am almost mad already-do you want to drive me quite?

'Will you tell me your plans, dear?' she asks gently, infinite compassion, infinite yearning mother love in her eyes.

'I have none. I join my regiment. as I have told you, at once; beyond that, the future will take care of itself. If things end as I wish, there will be no need of further plans. If they do not, I shall go to Califorin her anxiety for one child the illness of the nia, and there begin again. Our parting is for life, that you must see. I must write a letter to Graham explaining, without telling the real cause of my abrupt departure. There need be no scandal; I have simply gone to the war, as is all men's duty now-adays. For my wife,'-a pause to command himself-' I commit her to your care. She has youth, she has strength, and she has limitless wealth; she need not mourn forever. Persuade her to travel, mother, to go

abroad again to her English friends, or to the Continent. You will know what to say to her better than I can tell you. I am not worth one tear from those pure eyes. There are some things I would like to say to her; I will write them here before I go.'

He sits down and begins to work, resolutely summoning all his self-control. He difficulties. If there is not, I will start at | writes his letter to Mr. Graham, answers the once for Sacramento, and begin the world | many documents he has brought with him York, so that this is my leave-taking, perhaps parcel for the post. Then he begins that other letter. He writes 'My Dear Wife,' She dropped into a chair-speechless. He and sits staring at the words as if they held had suffered almost beyond endurance in the But once he begins, his pen files over the wretched pain all night.

paper, page after page. It is the last he ever intends to write, and he pours out his whole | does she know?" heart in it, as even his wife has never seen it holds it with wistful, yearning eyes, looking her.' at the name his hand has written, Sydney Nolan, the last link of all that binds him and his wife together now. His mother comes in, and stoops and kisses him tenderly as he

sits. With homely, motherly care that is better than sentiment, she has been preparing breakfast for her boy, a breakfast he used to like when he was all her own. He sits down to please her, with the knowledge that a journey lies before him, and the loss of you to bear this, and all the other sorrows of strength will help no man to bear trouble. life.' But Mrs. Nolan sighs over his performance, and gazes at bim anxiously as he rises. 'You

cat nothing, my son.' 'Your coffee has done me good. Post the package to Graham, mother, and take the letter to Sydney yourself. I will go up and look at Lucy before I leave.'

He ascends the stairs without noise. The little dainty room is darkened, and Lucy lies tranquilly asleep after her exhausting night of pain. How placid, how pure, how passionless is that wan face. He stoops gently and touches his lips to her thin cheek. She stirs restlessly, but does not awaken, and he goes,

as he came, unheard. His mother is crying below. She has striven heroically to keep up, but nature is stronger than will. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Good-bye, mother. Forgive me and pray for me. I will write to you regularly, and you will tell me everything there is to tell. Everything, you understand.'

'I understand.' She sobs audibly, in a heart-broken way and clings to him. 'Oh. my boy, my boy! it is hard to let you go.'
'It is hard for me, do not make it any harder, mother,' he says, in a tortured voice, and she opens her arms and lets him go.

'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow,' and the last time she may ever see him this side of the grave. Her eyes are blinded with tears as she watches him out of sight. The son who has been her hope, her pride, her gladness for seven-and-twenty years. She watches him out of sight as women do watch men they love, and may never see again, and then sits down and cries as she never cried in all her troubled

CHAPTER XVIII. THE LIGHT IN THE DUST LIES DEAD.

LYING motionless against the cushioned back of her chair, white and still; as when

morning comes, and a servant enters, she finds Lewis Nolan's wife. She has not tainted, she has not been insensible for one moment; she lies here stunned. Over and over in her mind the weary hours through, the words he has said keeping repeating themselves-the words that divorce them for-

He has killed Bertie Vaughan; her husband is the man she stands pledged to her dying father to deliver over to justice; he has left her, never to return. These three things follow each other ceaselessly through her dazed brain, until the very power of thinking at all became numb.

· She opens her eyes at the girl's cry of consternation, and rises with an effort. The servant speaks to her, but she is unconscious of what she says. She goes into her bedroom it is dark and still here—and lies down with a dull sense of oppression and suffering upon her, and buries her face in the pillows.

If she could only sleep, if she could only for an hour cease to think. But she cannot. Like a machine that has been wound up to its utmost tension, and must go on until it home for all time. My fate is deserved— runs itself down, so she thinks, and thinks, Sydney rises and dresses, dry-eyed and hors, poor innocent child, is not. I ought to and thinks. Where is Lewis now? Will it ghastly pale. When breakfast time comes break those things to you, I suppose, but I be wrong for her to think of him after this, to she sits down with Teddy to that meal.

never learned how to break things; I can love him, to pray for him? If so she will do 'Was the matter wiz you, Auntie Syd wrong all her life long. Is she committing is the burden of Teddy's wondering cry; and a sin in disobeying her father's last com- where's Uncle Lewis? I wants Uncle Lewis mand? How strange, how strange that Lewis should have been the one to throw Bertie over the cliff. Poor Bertie! how fond and proud they all were of him once-her

father and mother, and she too. He rises before her, the blonde, boytsh beauty of his face, his fair curling hair and merry eyes. It was a dreadful fate; and Lewis, her Lewis, whom so e has revered and honored as something more than man, his hand is red with Bertie's blood. Thought becomes such torture that she presses both hands upon her temples, striving by main force to shut it out. She is still lying here when Mrs. Nolan reaches the house and goes

up to her room. 'My own dear child!'

The white face lifts, the eyes look at her so full of infinite misery that tears spring to those of the elder woman. She puts her arms about her and kisses the blanched lips. 'Sydney, my dear child, what shall I say

to you? How shall I comfort you? May Heaven help you-you must look for your comfort there.' 'Has he gone?' Sydney says, in an odd

hollow voice that startles even herself. Yes, dear-Heaven help him. He came to me at daybreak this morning and told me all. Are you angry with him, Sydney? Oh,

if you knew how he suffers you would not be. 'Angry with him?' she repeats, in a dreary

sort of wonder. 'Angry with Lewis? Oh

'It was a terrible thing. Do you not think, my dearest daughter, that it is almost as bitter a blow to me as to you? I have been so proud of my boy, of his talents, of the praise men gave him; he was such a good son, always so free from the vices of most dressed as usual, to meet them, but at sight young men. And now---'

But her voice breaks, and the tears gush forth again, none the less heart-rending for

sort of wistful wonder and envy at her tears. 'I cannot cry,' she says, wretchedly, with

her hand on her heart. 'I seem to ache here, but I don't feel like crying at oll. It was the same when Bertie was killed, and papa lay dying and dead. They thought I was bard and cold, because when all wept I sat like a stone. I feel the same now. And mostly I cry for such little things.'

She sighs heavily, and lies, in a tired way, back among the pillows. She recalls how she sat and wept when poor mamma died lonely and sorrowing, but without this miserable, unendurable aching of the heart.

'Have you had breakfast?' Mrs. Nolan asks, more troubled by this apathetic despair than by any hysterical outburst of grief. 'No, I was not hungry. It is past break-

fast-time?" 'It is two o'clock, and you have fasted a great deal too long. We will be having you | country, says the vivacious Katherine. sick on our hands, and that won't help matters.' Mrs. Nolan rings the bell, and wipes away all traces of tears, and orders strong coffee and toast. 'I cannot nurse two invalids at once,' she says, forcing a smile, 'so

Ah! poor Lucy! patient, gentle Lucy!

Yes, dear. I told her just before I came before. It is a voluminous epistle before it is away. She was asleep when Lewis leit, and done, folded, scaled and addressed. Then he ke kissed her good-bye without awakening

A quiver passed over Sydney's face. She was thinking of their own last parting.

'How does she bear it?' 'As she bears all things-with angelic patience. In long suffering my child, Lucy has learned resignation, that virtue which some one beautifully calls putting God between ourselves and our troubles.' You must learn it, Sydney. That, and that alone, will enable

Life can have no other sorrow like this, mother.'

'The lesson we must all learn dear child, sconer or later, is endurance. You must lay your sorrows at the feet of Him who bore our sorrows, and look for help and comfort there. Here is a letter Lewis left for you this morning; you will read it when I am gone. She draws back for a second, with a startled

look, and gazes at it. 'May I?' she says. 'Will it be right?' 'Right! Right to read your husband' letter! My child, is your mind wandering? Does your duty as a wife cease because you have discovered a sin in your husband's

But it was like no other,' Sydney says, wildly, 'and it must part us forever.'

'I am very sorry to hear it. But that is a question of the future, for thought, and humble prayer. Just now you can decide nothing. Here comes your coffee and toast. Now, Sydney, I shall expect you, for my sake,

to eat and drink. 'I will try to,' Sydney says submissively. She rises in bed; Mrs. Nolan bathes her face and hands, and places the tray before her. She is thirty, and drinks the coffee eagerly, but she cannot eat. With difficulty she swallows a mouthful or two, and looks beseechingly up in the other's face. 'I cannot,' she says; 'at least not now; later, I will try.'

Very well, my dear. I wish I could stay with you, but I cannot. Would you not like to come with me, and see Lucy? She asked me to bring you back if you were able to come. Will you not, my child? Order the carriage and come and stay with us for a few days.'

But Sydney shakes her head and turns

away. 'No, mother. Do not feel angry-but I cannot leave home. I am better here, better alone. I must be alone for awhile. No one. not even Lucy, can help me to bear my trouble yet.'
'Poor child!' Lewis Nolan's mother stands

and looks at her with infinite mother pity in her kind old face. What can she say-what can she do for this stricken heart? And only yesterday life seemed to hold all of happiness one life can ever hold.

'I am half afraid to leave you,' she says, in a troubled voice. 'You ought not to be left alone. And it is so difficult for me to come

often. Sydney flings her arms about her with a

Dear mother-dear, thoughtful mother, do not fear for me. I am not so weak as you think. Only leave me to myself for a little.

Indeed I am better alone.' Mrs. Nolan goes, and Sydney has her desire; she is alone. The hours pass, the evening falls. Teddy, who has been clamoring for her all day, makes his way at lamplight time into her room, but she neither hears nor heeds him. The servants look at each other, and whisper and wonder. Something has happened between master and missis, and master has gone, and missis isn't fit to rise off

The night passes, another day breaks.

Was the matter wiz you, Auntie Sydney?" Say, Auntie Syd, where's Uncle Lewis?' The child's reiterated question grows so torturing

that she is forced to send him away at last. An hour or two later brings once more her mother-in-law, looking wretchedly worried and anxious. Sydney is sitting listlessly in the chair in which she sat when her life was crushed out, it seems to her, by that dreadful story; her hands folded loosely in her lap, her eyes fixed on a portrait of her husband on the wall. She has not read his letter-she feels no desire to read it; she is still striving, and still unable to realize all the horror of the past forty-eight hours. She lifts two listless apathetic eyes to the mother's face.

'Is Lucy better?' she asks. Lucy is better in body, but suffering naturally in mind-suffering more for you than for any one else. Will you not come to-day

Sydney? But still Sydney wearily shakes her bead Give me a little longer, mother, to think it out by myself. It is so hard to realize it at all. The blow was so sudden that I feel

crushed-stunned.' She is firm in her resolve, and once more Mrs. Nolan leaves her, sadly troubled. What a miserable business it all is. How terrible to think that the ungoverned passion of a moment should wreck two lives forever.

The news spreads that Mr. Nolan has rejoined the army, and that Mrs. Nolan is inconsolable over his departure. Mrs. and Miss Macgregor call, and Mrs. Nolan is at home. Her sorrow she cannot forget is also her secret; Lewis' honor and safety are in her hands. Whatever she may suffer, though she never meet him more, no one must suspect that other than natural grief at parting is in her heart. She comes down as carefully of her both ladies utter a simultaneous ex-

clamation. 'My dear Sydney, surely you have been ill!'

But Sydney does not cry. She looks at her in the same drearly dry-eyed way, in a three days, that both sit and look at her, honestly shocked. 'No,' Sydney answers, 'I have not been ill.

She leans her head against the blue satin back of her chair, as if even to sit upright were a painful effort. We were very much surprised to hear of Mr. Nolan's departure, my dear Sydney, says

Mrs. Macgregor, smoothly, and watching her with a cat-like gleam. 'A very sudden decision, was it not? Notatall. He has been talking of it from the first.

'Ah! we all know what it is to have our dear ones in danger. Poor Dick! sighs

and a state of the contract of the property of the contract of

der passion. She looks as if she might safely go into her coffin and the lid be screwed down. After six months of matri-mony, too!

I believe there is something more under this than meets the eye, says mamma oracularly. 'I never liked the looks of that young might grieve for his departure; but there is something more than wifely grief in that

face, or I am mistaken.

Mrs. Graham came too, full of sympathy for Mrs. Nolan, and of pride and praise for Lewis. Sydney listened drearily to it all, tried to answer, and was glad when it was over, and she was left alone once more.

time, and made her way to the cottage to see The mother left them alone—if any one could help this dumb torpor of pain it

was Lucy—she would not interfere. She was right. Seated on a hassock belovingly and sweetly speaking, the first ray ney's despair. For it was despair, tearless, speechless despair, an agony of loss, or bewildered misery too great for tears or words. 'I want you to stay with me all night,'

Lucy said, entreatingly. Remember you have never passed a night here yet. It is so

ever more. She consented, and with Lucy's gentle words still soothing her troubled soul, the first unbroken sleep that had come to her since that night refreshed her. She had knelt by the bedside with clasped hands and bent head, with no words on her lips, but tely began the service with all the pomp and bowing down body and soul at the foot of the splendour of the Church of Rome. In the Cross, her heart crying out in its anguish for act of baptism Queen Isabella held the Inhelp to that great love that never fails, when certhly loves decay.' And with next day's awakening, some of Lucy's own patience and resignation seemed to awake in her soul,

you, Sydney?' Lucy asked before they narted.

Sydney's lips quivered. 'Not yet,' she said. 'I could not. I was not able.

Read it to-day, dear. See what he says, and if there is anything he asks you to do for him, you will be the happier for doing it. And keep Teddy with you—poor little fel-low; it is cruel to neglect him and make him suffer. A child is the best companion in the

world. too.' Sydney goes, feeling strengthened and lightened somehow, and obeys all orders. She goes to see Teddy, who is in trouble on his own account his frisky 'wocking-hoss' having just pitched him heels over head. He is kissed, and comforted, and set right side up again, and then Sydney wanders away to her husband's study, and, in the room

sacred to his use, reads the letter. It is very long, and inexpressibly tender. It shows her his heart as she has never known it before. And all at once, at some loving, pathetic words, at the old pet name, 'my princess,' she breaks down; and a very tempest of tears and sobs washes away the darkness of despair. The worst is over, the blow has fallen, and she knows he is dearer to her a hundred told than ever before. She sits there for hours, and an uplifted, sublimated feeling comes in place of the tearless, hopeless apathy that has held her so long. She will begin her life anew, apart from him in this world if it must be, and yet united more closely than before in heart. In helping others she will forget her own sorrowsin doing good, peace may return even to her. She will learn to say, Thy Will be done. and kiss the rod that smites her She will possess her soul in patience and wait; and if never here, at least in the true Fatherland, pain comes not, her husband will be hers once more.

(To be Continued.)

# Review of Books.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for October, contains: The Wonders of Knock, with illustrations; Cardinal Manning on Bradlaugh's Admission to Parliament; Sketch of Lord Beaconsfield; Longh Derg and its Pilgrimage; The Misadventures of a Statue : The Mother of Napoleon the Great; A Glance at the Protestant Missions; The Landowners' Panic (by Justin McCarthy, M.P.,) &c.

THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW, for October, contains :- Memoirs of Madame de Remusat; A By-gone Oxford; Colonists and Savages in Scuth Africa; When George the Fourth was King; The Genesis of Error; Belgium and the Holy See; Patrons and Congregations in the Establishment; Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, translated from the original Latin by George Long. This is one of the cheap series issued by the prolific publishers I. K. Funk & Co., Dey street, N.Y.; price 10 cents. The philosophy by that celebrated Pagan is contained

in the work. THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER, Same price,

is from the same publishers. THE HERMITS, by the popular author Charles Kingsley, published also by I. K. Funk, 15c. It treats of the primitive Church and the Hermits of the Desert, and is, as a matter of

course, well written and interesting. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW .- Mr. Thomas A Edison contributes an article to the October number of the North American Review, in which he states that he has succeeded in making the electric light practicable for all illuminating purposes. He shows the advantages of electricity over gas, and explains how his system is to be introduced. He comments upon the unfavorable opinions that have been passed upon his work, and says that similar judgments were pronounced upon telegraphy, steam navigation, and other great discoveries. Other articles in the October number of the Review are: "The Democratic party judged by its history," by Emery A. Storrs; "The ruins of Central America." by Desire Charnay; "The observance of the Sabbath," by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon; "The campaign of 1862," by Judge D. Thew Wright; "The taxation of church property," by Rev. Dr. A. W. Pitzor; and "Recent progress in astronomy," by Prof. E. S. Holden.

Consumption Cared.

dear ones in danger. Poor Dick! sighs
Dick's mother, with real feeling.

I wish my dear one—meaning, of course,
Mr. Vanderdonck—would take it into his
head to go three hours after the ceremony.
With what Spartan generosity would I not
offer up my bridegroom upon the altar of my
country,' says the vivacious Katherine.

The call is short, for Sydney's responses
are monosyllabic; she looks cold, and
wretched, and ill through it all, the very
ghost of her own bright self.

'And this is to be in love!' says Katherine,
'And this is to be in love!' says Katherine,
with the most contemptuous shrug.
'Thanks and praise that I never felt the ten-

#### THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S ACCOUCHE MENT.

MADRID, September 14:—Atomo o clock in afternoon there took! place in the chapel of the Infanta in the palace the baptism of the Infanta in the palace in the chapel of the Infanta in the palace in the chapel of the Infanta in the palace in the chapel of the Infanta in the palace in the chapel of the Infanta in the palace in the chapel of the Infanta in In galleries of the palace leading from the apart. man. In the ordinary course of things she ments of the princess to the chapel were lined with halberdiers in full gala costume and a splendid carpet was laid down alon the entire length: All the persons invited including! the diplomatic corps, Ministen civil and military authorities, and the grandees with their ladies, had taken their seats, and the chapel presented a brilliant as pect with its variety of uniforms and elegan On the fifth day she went out for the first | toilets. In the gallery at the bottom of the time, and made her way to the cottage to see chapel were the King, the Archduchess Is.
Lucy. Without a word Lucy opened her bella, the Infantas Isabella la Pas and Bulolla arms, and Sydney went into them and lay and their households. The guns of the artillations of the artillation of the artillation of the artillation of the artillation. lery fired a salute as the procession started for the chapel by the galleries of the palace First went the lord-in-waiting, then the chamberlain and the grandees in double file side Lucy's chair, Lucy softly touching the all in grand court costume of the last century fair head that drooped on her knee, Lucy with gold braided and lace adorned coats knee breeches and silk stockings. In the of light seemed to pierce the darkness of Syd- midst of the macebearers and heralds there walked seven noblemen bearing the insignia of baptism, namely, the saltcellar, a taper, napkin, a short mantle, and a cake made o almonds, and the Duchess of Medina de las Torres, bearing on a white satin cushion, richly trimmed with lace and gold, the little lonely for you in that great empty house.' Infanta, who wore a beautiful white satin Lonely! A spasm crossed the widowed robe, the gift of Queen Isabella. The process Infanta, who wore a beautiful white satia wife's face. Ay, lonely, indeed; lonely for | sion was closed by Queen Isabella and the Papal Nuncio. On arriving in the chapel, the insignia were placed on two tables covered with rich tapestries. At the altar stood many priests and choristers, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, and the Patriarch of the Indies, with other prelates, who immediafanta over an ancient font expressly brought from the convent of St. Dominic, and in which the saint had been baptized in the middle ages. After the ceremony the Infanta Have you read the letter Lewis lett for was taken back to her apartments in the same state. Other festivities will take place in October, when Queen Christina is churched in the Atocha cathedral. Bull-fights and popular entertainments will be given by the town council. The King and the members of the royal family and the Archduchess Isabella of Austria have given large sums for the poor and the hospitals. The only persons present at the time of Queen Christina's delivery were King Alfonso, the Archduchess Isabella of Austria, the Marquis of Sania Cruz, the Duchess of Medina de las Torres and the chief ladies of the Queen. The royal household has been thrown into a ferment of jealousy by the marked preference shown to foreigners. The Austrian doctor who attended the Queen, and an English-woman who officiates as head nurse, are special objects of aversion. The Princess of Asturias loses her title by the birth of the Infanta, and is now styled the Infanta Isabella in the Gazette. The Gazette publishes to day amnesties for political and commou law offenders and many reduced sentences in commemoration of the birth of the Infanta. The Government has telegraphed to the authorities of the island of Puerto Rico telling them to apply \$200,000 to aqueducts, ports, schools, and other public works. All the crowned heads and governments in Europe have telegrapeed congratulations to the King and Queen. In all the Lord Chamberlain has received 1,500 telegrams of congratulation. All the leaders of the dynastic parties have on the occasion shown their loyalty, and their journals consider the birth of an heiress to King Alfonso as an event highly favourable to the prospects of the monarchy.

## MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvelous success in cases where persons are sick of pi from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patient for doctors,) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and scrength is restored. Whoever is afficted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bit-ters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs" in another column.

IN CERTAIN SEASONS, BOWEL COMplaints run into chronic weakness, and end in Cholera. There is no need of this, if people would only be advised; and keep by them BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACHA and Family Liniment, and take it according to directions, whenever the bowls get deranged

It does its work surely. THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSE ness.—All suffering from Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness will be agreeably surprise at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of " Brown's Bronchial Troches."

BILE, WIND, INDIGESTION .- DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PUBLIATIVE PILLS, one of the medicines that really acts upon the Liver, giving immediate relief in all cases of Bile, Indigestion, Sick headache, Wind, Sickness, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Giddiness, Spasms, Nervousness, Heartburn and Debility. Thousands of constitutions have been destroyed by Mercury, Blue Pill or Calomel. The only safe remedy is Dr. HABVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PULSATIVE PILLS.

MANY CHILDREN LOOK PALE AND even haggard, simply because they are troubled with worms. Nothing they eat does them much good. They are weary and listless. To remove all this, and restore the bloom to the cheek, use BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges. They

NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS. - MRS. Winslow's Scothing Syrup is a certain remedy for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething. It has stood the test for thirty years. Never known to fail. Gives rest to the mother and relief to the child. Cures wind colic and regulates the bowels.

Holloway's Pills .- Prevision . - As antumn treads on winter, slender, delicate, and palefaced youths become listless, languid, and debilitated, unless an alterative, combined with some tonic, be administered to quicken their enfeebled organs. This precise requirement is supplied in these noted Pills, which can and will accomplish all that is wanted, provided the printed instructions surrounding them meet with scrupulous attention. Holloway's Pills are especially adapted to supply the medical wants of youth, because his medicine acts gently, though surely, as a purfier, regulator, alterative tonis, and mild aperient. A very few doses of these Pills will convince any discouraged invafin that his cure lies in his own hands, and a little perseverance only is demanded for its com-

pletion. The census ought to be taken during the watermelon or the green apple season, for then half the population is doubled up.

For the season statement of the Board State

Constructing artificial passes della selle el