EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER VI. BOADICEA.

Within a few weeks came a letter from Mrs. Rowan to Edith. It is not natural for people to write in their own way that comes with education and practice; but this letter breath ed the writer's very self. It radiated a simid distress. She had surprising news to tell. Instead of being in a tenement of her own, among plain people whom she would feel at ease with, she was instalted as housekeeper in what seemed to her a very magni- its own mother." ficent establishment. Mr. Williams, her supployer, was an importing merchant, and his family consisted of a daughter, eighteen years of age, and an awful sister-inlaw who lived in the next street, but visited his house at all hours of day or evening, superintending minutely his domestic arrangements. This gentleman knew Major Oleaveland well, and had for many years had business relations with Captain Cary. Indeed, it was their sailor friend who had procured the situation for her, and insisted on her taking it. She had refused as long as she could, but Dick himself joining against her, she had finally yielded. Mr. Williams was very kind. He had assured her that he did not want a city housekeeper, but some quiet, honest count ywoman to be in the house with his daughter, and see that the servants did not rob him.

At the conclusion of this letter, Mrs. Bowan added that Dick sent his respects, at which Edith's heart sank with disappointment. Where was the hearty affection, the eagar remembrance she had looked for ? The child would have been less indignant

had she known what pain's Dick was really taking for her sake. He had searched out and berrowed or bought all the printed correspondence of famous letter writers that were to be had for love or money, and was studying them as models. He had also invested extravagantly in stationery, and was striving to bend his clear, clerkly penmanship to something more elegant and gentlemanlike. Even while she was accusing him of forgetfulness he was carefully copying his tenth letter to her.

But still, Edith was not to blame, though she was mistaken. Affection has no right to 3be allent.

After a few days, however, came his farewell before sailing for the East. Over this mote, Edith shed bitter tears, as much for the manner as for the matter of it. For Dick, with an eye to Mrs. Yorke as a reader, had composed a very dignified epistle after the manner of Doctor Johnson. Poor Dick! who csuld have written the most elequent letter in the world, if he had poured his heart out freely and simply.

The child had scant time allowed her for mourning, for her studies began immediately. The family were all her teachers, and she began at once with music and languages. The common branches were taught indirectly. Geography she learned by looking out on the maps places mentioned in their reading or conversation. History she learned chiefly through biography. For arithmetic, some one gave her every day a problem to solve, She added up household expenses, measured land, laid out garden-beds, weighed and measured for cooking. Her study was all living; not a dead fact got into her mind. She read a great deal besides travels, all that the could find relating to the sea and poetry. As her mind became interested she settled once more into harmony with herself, and her feelings grow quiet. The impression left by Dick's strange behavior after their parting faded away, and she remembered only his last fervent protestation : " I'll climb, Edith, I'll climb!' How it was to be and what it really meant she knew not; but the old faith in him came back. " What Dick said he'd do Zhe always did."

read or heard of foreign lands and waters. He had sailed through phosphores- tered not a word. "In this house clearly, cent seas by night, under wide-eyed stars, while the waves to sed in fire from his prow, and trailed in his wake. He had lain in the warm southern ocean, where the tides are born, had held his breath during that pause when all the waters of the earth hang balanced, and swung his cap as he felt the first soft pulse of the infant tidal wave that was to grow till its rim should cast a wreath of foam on every shore from the North Pole to the South. Palms and the banyan tree, pines almost huge enough to tip the earth over, each in turn had shaded his head. His venturesome feet had trod the descrit and the jungle. Jews and Moslems had looked after him as he sauntered through their crowded begins - the bright-eyed, laughing sailor-boy! Norseman had smiled as they saw his hair blown back and his face kindled by the tempest. It was always Dick to the fore of everything.

On one of those spring mornings, Carl, wandering through the woods, came out into the road in front of the old school house that stood at the end of the village. The door was open, and showed a crowd of children at their studies incide. On the green in tront of the door lay a log, and on the log sat a deplorable looking little man. He was neither young nor old, seemed to be stranded on some bleak age which time had forgotten. His clothes were gentlemen's clothes cut down and patched. A hat that was too large for him reached from his forehead to his neck It was not crushed, but it was shabby and drooped corrowfully in the brim. His hair was thin and long, and patted down Teats rolled over his miserable face as he sat and looked in at the children saying their lessons in a long class. He did not cover his face in weeping, but lifted his eyebrows, wiped the tears occasionally, and continued

to gase. Uarl was one of the last persons in the world to intrude on another, or allow any intrusion on himself, but after a moment's hesitation he ventured to approach this pitiful little figure, and ask what ailed bim.

The man showed no surprise on being addressed, but poured out his grief at onco. His name was Joseph Patten, he was poor and had a large family, and was obliged to re ceive town help. As a condition of that help, he must give up one of his children to be bound out to work, or adopted into a family. The parents were allowed to choose which phild they would part with, and "Joe," as he was called by everybody, was now trying to make up his mind. His story was told in a whimpering voice, and with many tears, and the listener was quite as much provoked to says she is half crasy." lanch as to weep.

It isn't easy to part with your own flesh mad blood, sir," said Joe. "There's Sally, my oldest girl, named for her marm. She helps about the house. My wife couldn't get along without Sally. The next one is Joseph. He's named for me; and I don't want to give up the child that's named for myself, sir. Then John, he's got the rickets, and is used to te ied and taken care of. You couldn't expect a man to send away a child that's got

o send away the child that's named for my own mother, when she's dead and gone, and let her live among strangers? Jane she's home-sick; she cries if she is out of her marm's sight a minute. She'd cry herself to death it she was to be carried off. Then officer who should venture to come for one of there's Jackson, named for General Jackson. her children. Mrs. Patten did not by any You don't suppose Locald give away a means propose to submit tamely. Then child that's named for General Jackson! she turned tragleally, and faced her husband And George Washington, named for the with a look of withering contempt.

Morning was just breaking, cloudless and fether of his country. Why, I could do with a grand gesture of the without any of em sdoner than I could with she exclaimed, with a grand gesture of the through it could be heard the elish laughter out George Washington. And Paul, he's arm in the direction where Melicent Yorks of brooks. While the travellers had through the named for the postle Paul. It would be a had disappeared. And yet I sacrified my named for the postle Paul. And Polly she's Joe Patten!" the baby. You can't give away a caby from

had died, chiefly from unwholesome little fevers, to which they seemed addicted. Carl was unable to assist the man in his

choice; but he comforted him somewhat by promising to visit his family soon, and left him weeping, and gazing through the door at his children. That same afternoon Carl and Mclicent

went out to visit Joe Patten's family. It had occurred to the young woman that she might be able to train one of the pauper's boys for a house servant, and thus benefit them and her own family at the same time.

Yorkes' place, about half a mile farther into band. But, then, he was always afraid she the woods, and their house had no communi. | would. cation with the public ways save by a cart. road. Joe's sole income was derived from the sale of little snag of wood that he hauled into the village, and exchanged for groceries. In Seaton wood was a drug in the market. A man must cut his beech and maple into of the city of Bragon on its way eastward. expected to get two dollars a cord for it.

The walk through the woods was a pleasant one, for nature was attrring all alive dark. The large one had a hard, white face, about them. This nature was no Delilah of whose only expression seemed to be a fixed the tropics, and to one who loved a bold and determination to express nothing. gorgeous beauty it was poor. But for those look is provoking. Let us read a little of who like to see beauty in her shyer, hidden the man in spite of himself. People have in fitteen minutes. But I'll do the best I can ways, it had a delicate and subtle charm. no right to shut themselves up in that way. The profess snowy bloom of wild cherries One would say immediately that he is what showed in a cloud here and there against the is called a very good man, one of those good red or salmon-colored flowers of maples and | men whom we praise, and avoid: that is, he oaks. Silver birches glimmered through does not offend against the decalogue nor the their shining foliage, like subsiding rymphs, revised statutes. But there is a law radiant to be sure that his tollet was correct, then pretation; but the speaker was dextrous, and and the tassels of the larch swung with a tenderer glory, dropped, verse by seated himself at table. The principal dish made himself appear consecutive even when and the tassels of the larch swung with a tenderer glory, dropped, verse by out their brown and gold. Violets verse, through the Scriptures, taught conblue and white opened thickly in wet stantly by the church, attested to human places, sisterhoods of snowdrops stood with | hearts by the very need on it, and that law he their drooping heads tenderly streaked with keeps not. One wonders at such a man, and, pink, little knubbles of land were covered in softer moods, fancies pitifully that he thickley with old and young checkerberry- aches under that icy coating, and that down "ivry-leaves" the children called them, drops of gum oczed through the rough bark of spring perpetually troubles his repose by its spruce and hemlock, brooks rushed frothing past, and birds were returning to their nests

or building new ones. Soon they heard sounds of human life thoughts and feelings become all puckered through the forest quiet, the loud voice of a up." scolding woman and a confused bable of gent. children's voices.

Carl smiled mockingly. "A troop dryads, probably," he remarked. Suddenly they came out close to a small log house that stood in an irregular clearing; and now the scolding and the babel were

plain to be heard. some dry sticks to get supper with ! ' cried a woman's voice, and at the same instant a a manuscript sermon. He would like to have ragged little boy bounded from the door, helped, apparently, by some outward applicaseeming insensible to sticks and stones. Then, all at once, there was siof tow-colored and clusters lence, politeness. She had an unwholesome, putty- | there. colored skin and black hair and eyes. In

' Madame Dacier est le pere,' "

thought Carl. children all into one corner of the room (the intimacy. There had been a succession of house containing but one room), trought two pouring rains, and the roads were highlful, strip-bottomed chairs, from one of which her husband had meekly fied at her approach, and After the coach go out of the town and dusting them off with her spron, invited her into the woods, their situation became visitors to be seated.

in my poor mansion," she said with great their dignity and sense of propriety were suavity, and a very good accent. "Children are always disorderly. Sarah!' raising her voice, "bring the besom and sweep up the their heads knocked violently together. emberr.

Melicent turned a look of dismay on her practicable Apologies became necessary, brother, who was taken with a slight cough. and exclamations irrepressible. He of the Sarah, otherwise Sally, came bashfully out sermon never said anything werse than from behind her father, where she had been crouching on the floor, and swept up the heath with a brush broom.

The poor woman, anxious to do all honor to her visitors, and, siso, to show them that in the morning; but as hours passed, and she was above her circumstances, knew no still their motion was chiefly lateral and perother way than by using the largest words | pendicular, their prompt arrival receded from she could think of. Her idea of polite conversation was to make it as little as possible like anything she was accustomed to.

Melicent stated her errand at once, and the | they yet lacked nearly a mile of reaching the mother, with many thanks, and ismentations on her mistortunes, called the little ones forward, and placed them at the lady's disposal. She stopped in her compliments to dart sceaming horses strained and tugged till they a threatening look toward the door, started the coach, when it immediately gave where the boy who had been "nam- a lee-lurch, and went into a hole at ed for the 'portle paul" stood with his burden the other side. At the same moof dry sticks. He dropped them instantly, ment, something, whatever it is which and came forward, and his mother as in-stantly resumed her smilling face. She could snapped, and the quadrupeds started off on change her expression with remarkable ia. their own account, leaving the coach and the

cility promptly concluded a bargain to give a pulled off the box; but the road received work's trial to him and his est slater. They were to go to "the suffered no damage, but that the tall one, hali," as Mrs. Patten politely called it, the having, curiously enough, the impression that perhaps, after a white, when she should think | than discretion. The spot he sank into was the

them worthy, they might receive wages. departed, followed by Mrs. Patten's compli- upon the roadside in a deplorable masquerade, ments to the door, and stared after by all the children. Joe's only movement on their going was to perform another courtesy like that with which he had received them.

their children with us," said Melicent, when they were out of hearing. "But I hope the mother won't come to see them oft :n. Betsey

"I respect her for it!" Carl exclaimed. "You can see that she has some talent and ambition, and that she has read some, though she is absurdly ignorant of the ways of the world. With such a husband, such a troop of children, and such poverty, I repeat I respect her for being crary. She can't have a immured in those forest solitudes, as she

Mrs. Patten looked after them as long as the rickets, and let him drop all his food be- she could see them, her face glowing with cate moss that spread its carpet all along the resief on her fixen bair, all made a pleasant fore he gets it to his mouth. Then Betsey, pride. Then she went into her house, went roadside under the trees. Having landed picture for the cultivated glance that swept ness to tell me of what denomination the

tongs that lay with red hot tips in the coals there. "There is no need of them now," she said exultingly.

These tongs had been kept red during the lost-week for the better reception of anytown

sin and a shame to give away a boy that's birthright fool that I was !- to marry you,

Joe shrank and hugged the baby up to s own mother."

There had been several other children who precatingly "I know you did!"

he said de-

"And you never knew enough to appreciate me l'ahe continued in a tragic frone. "L'anow I never did," answered Jos in a trembling voice-"I know it, Sally."

"Learn to respect me, then!" she said. drawing herself up. "Call me Mrs. Patten!"
"Yes, I will, I do, I have," whimpered Joe.

"Hold your tongue!' commanded his wife. "Paul, bring me those chips." And she pro-

ceeded to get supper. Poor Sally Patten was not nearly so cruel s she appeared. In truth, she had never The Pattens lived directly back of the laid the weight of her hand upon her hus-

CHAPTER VII.

DRAMATIS PERSON ... One Sunday evening in June the Seaton mail.coach, with two passengers, drove out clear split logs, and season it well, if he Both these passengers were gaptlemen, expected to get two dollars a cord for it. complexioned; the other slight and Such a in the depths of his heart some little unfrezen protesting, balf-stifled murmur. One is also exasperated by him. "In his society," as Miss Clara Yorke said afterward, "one's

As if conscious of our observation, he turns stifly away, and looks out of the window at his elbow, entertaining his mind with a view of the spiders that bang from the beams of the covered bridge through which they are driving. We are not to be baffled, however, but can pursue our ecrutiny. He has large, "I'll lick you like a sack if you don't bring | heavy white hands, his broadcloth is of the finest, and in the breast pocket of his coat is

He is indeed a powerful moral astrin-

us listen to that sermon, but we will not. The gentleman who sits at this person's tion, and ran for the woods, his bare feet left is as different as could well be. He has a thin face, a long nose inclining slightly upward toward the end, and haggard, bright eyes. His forehead is high, and all the hair heads in the windows, and peep-ing from the door. The visitors had been his neck. He has a small mouth, with lips ing house with green blinds," he said. discovered. As they approached the door, a so vividly red that they seem to be painted. large, wild-eyed Boadices came to meet them, In his breast-pocket is a bottle of laud-num, and invited them in with great ceremony and which seems to be very much at home

These gentlemen had never met before them to form an ecquaintance, and probably would have maintained a very formal deheavy with mud, and full of pitfalls. very trying to the passengers. To say "You must excuse the confusion reigning nothing of the pain of bumps and bruises, constantly being outraged by their being thrown into each other's arms, or having Under such difficulties, silence became im-"Bless me!" but the other had occasionally to stifle an ejeculation which would not have been so pleasant to hear.

The coach was due at Seaton at four o'clock probability to a possibility, and thence became impossible. They has started at nine o'clock; and at three of the next morning half-way house where they were to change horses. At that point one of the wheels suddenly slipped into a deep rat. The four bipeds to follow at their lessure. The driver, Melicent fancied this boy at once, and having the reins in his hands, was of course him softly. The passengers need have rut from which the front wheel had just been This settled, Miss Yorke and her brother drawn, and the result was that he emerged being clad in a complete domino of wellmixed clay and water. Moreover, his ankle

was quite severely sprained "You'll have to walk to the halfway house, "Poor souls! they are deligated to have gentlemen," the driver said, calmly wiping the mud from ble face. He had been over that road too many times to be much disturbed at any mishap of the kind. Having spoken, he shouldered the mail bags and started in advance. It was full three minutes before the other passenger appeared, and, when he did, his face was perfectly grave, though very red. He threw a blan-The same of my mother. How am I going to the five lace, and withdrew a pair of iron safely, he turned toward his companion, who over it. Of Owen he saw only the top of the church is in which I have been preaching?" a. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass,

was trying to wash himself in a brook and scrape his clothes with sticks. " I should advise you, sir," he said, " to come right on to the house, and get a complete change of clothing. It is useless to try to clean

those ? The other was speechless, and seemed too much stopedied to do anything more than

obey. only of misery and mud, all around them nature had reposed in her loveliness and purity, with her birds aweetly nestled, her flowers dew-washed, her streams crystal-clear. Their road had been like a foul thread woven across a beautiful web.

When they reached the halfway house, the tall traveller was in a perfectly abject state. His pride had quite disappeared, his dignity was nowhere to be seen. He allowed himself to be arrayed in a suit of rough farming clothes a good deal too short, in which he beheld himself without a smile, and humbly begged his fellow-traveller to bear a message from him to his expecting friends in Seaton. Not only his toilet, but his sprained ankle would prevent his proceeding on his journey for some hours at least. His name was Conway; he was a Baptist minister, and was expected to preach in Seston that day. Would the gentleman be so good as to send word to the church, as soon as he arrived, that their looked-for candidate had metwith an accident? He was not personally acquainted with any one in Seaton, therefore could not direct him, but presumed that the driver could.

The gentleman with the bright eyes cordially promised, then asked for breakfast and a clothes brush, and the other withdrew to rest.

"There's not time to cook thing but coffee and fish, the land-"Passengers never stop lord said. here to breakfast; and the driver is going on

In ten minutes all was ready. The traveller brushed his clothes scrupulously, combed his hair back in a silken wave, bathed his face and hands, gave himself one more look plate.

sald. "But we have't any market here,"

serpent! 1 would as soon-I would sooner eat of an anaconda than an eel." "I'm sorry you do not like it, sir," the man replied. "If we raised anacondas here, you

".t'aob ew tud ; eno even binoda The traveller drank his coffee, and found it not had, "I will try to do without snakes,

this morning," he remarked. There were twelve miles yet to travel; but the road improved slightly as they went on. Still it was tedious work; and when at last they drove into the town, it was pust ten o'clock, and the bells were ringing for Sunday

service. When the coach reach the post office, in the centre of the town, the traveller jumped out, and asked to be directed to the Universalist meeting house. "And please send word to the Baptist people of the accident which befell their minister," he said. "It will be impossible for me to do so now."

The driver promised, and directed the stranger. "Go over the bridge here, and up er be denied nor hidden; those of the latter

The traveller hastily followed the direction, and soon came to a house answering the description given. The congregation were all in their seats; and as the new-comer breathlessly entered, he heard a voice from n him came back. "What Dick said he'd do one corner sat Joe, with the baby in his arms, and his hat on his head. This he removed, the associated him with all she half rose, and performed a salutation which half rose, and performed a salutatio was more a courtesy than a bow. But he utindeed, to improve the opportunity afforded us to-day will not probably come. The bustible men and women. Among the aposstage has not come in, and has, most likely, | ties, the only one who was cold and calculatmet with an accident. But since you ing enough to count money and think of the have all gathered together here to-With a sweep of the arm she banished the stances forced them into a most undignified day, it seemed to me a pity that you should all their hearts on fire was Judas, and not the go away without hearing the word of life. 1 have therefore brought a volume of sermons by the reverend-"

Here the deacon stopped at sight of the him for a price, and has lacked the afterstranger hurring up the atsle, made an awkward gesture, took out his pocket handkerchief, and, finally, descended sheepishly at one side of the pulpit, as our belated traveller went up the other.

The minister seated himself on the red velvet sola, which in this temple occupied the place of analtar, fumbled a while in the hymn book for a hymn he could not find, wiped his heated face, finally read at random. Presently there was heard from the gallery over the entrance the faint twang of a tuning-fork, then a man's voice feeling for the key, which he had to transpose from A to C. Pouncing upon it at length in a stantorian do, he soared gradually up through dominant to octave, The choir caught their parts, and the hymn began. Unfortunately, however, in their haste they had selected a common metre tune for a long metre hymn, as they discov. ered at the end of the scond line, where they found themselves in difficulty by reason of two syllables which were unprovided for by the music, yet could not well be left out.

While they were extricating themselves,

and finding a more fitting tune, the minister took breath, and looked around on his con-grogation. They disappointed him. He had been informed that his hearers were to be the young, progressive spirits of the town, and these looked anything but young and progressive. They were nearly all old and antiquated, and their faces struck a chill through him. They seemed to be the faces people who believe that one of chief pleasures of heaven consists in looking over the celestial battlements and witnessing the torments of the condemned rather than of those who hold next day, and begin their training. They they were being run away with instead of the comfortable doctrine of universal salva. would work for their food and clothing, and from, jumped out of the coach with more haste tion. Stern, fateful, stolid, they sat there, not even provoked to a passing smile by the ludicrous contretemps of the choir. The minis. ter frowned. He was tired, he had been irritated by his travelling companion, and now he was bitterly disappointed Seaton was a growing town that would soon be with pleasure to the prospect of being settled there. There seemed nowhere else for him to go, and he was not rich, and he was homeless. The sight of this congregation, which he saw at once he could never reconcile himself to, disturbed him greatly. Moreover, in his haste he had forgotten to take his morning dose of laudanum; and altogether, but for a glimpse he got of two 6:ces near the pulpit, he might have marched ket he had found inside out into the road, and down, and left the deacon to read as many stepped on to it. He next reached in and got sermons as he chose. These two reconciling cushion, with which he completed the faces belonged to Miss Melicent Yorke and relief to find that they would have no more to person to speak to but her own family, bridge across the mud, and walked over them her brother Owen, who were visiting the dif- do with this man. as sustained as Queen Elizabeth over Ra- ferent Seaton churches. The fair, tranquil leigh's mantle, and stepped dry shod in the face of the lady, her delicate dress, her foldneatest of boots on to the rim of the deli. ed [hands, even the wreath of violets that

head, and the hand that covered his face. But his attitude showed that he was hiding a laugh; and anybody who could laugh in that congregation was baim to the minister's eyes In those two he felt sure of sympathy.

The hymn over, the minister read a psaim and repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The congregation listened with lengthening faces. In fact the disapprobation was mutual. In the first place they were shocked that the candidate for their pulpit should travel on the Lord's day; in the next place way. "My blunder is likely to give great his looks and manners were too little like those of their former pastor, the Rev. Jabez True; thirdly, they had never bafere had the Our Father foisted on them for a prayer. They were accustomed to hear a long and explicit address to the Delty, in which their wishes and thoughts were explained to him and their praises and thanks duly meeted out prever and would sometimes pray half an hour without a moment's hesitation. It was certainly a very shabby thing to put them off with the Lord's Prayer.

Then came the sermon. Only two persons present knew that the text was from the Koran. It was a story of a certain good man who had a plantation of paim trees, to which he used to call the poor, and give them such fruit as the knife missed or the wind blew off. He died; and his sons felt too poor to give anything away. So they agreed to ous in the circumstances. It was a most sad come early in the morning, and gather the and uncomfortable fact that Minister Confruit when the poor could not know. But in laying their plans they omitted to add, "If it please God!" In the night a storm passed over the garden, and in the morning it was as one where the fruit had all been gathered.

There are various ways in which such a text could be treated. Our speaker, changing his plan at the last minute, irritated by the cold and unsympathizing faces about him, and by his personal discomforts, chose to enforce this thought: there are those who fancy that all the fruits of grace are theirs, that they are the elect, and that those outside of their wails shall perish with hunger while they are feasting. Behold, the whirlwind of the wrath of God shall sweep away the good they only seem to have, and leave them poorer than Lazarus. It was a forced interbefore him was an eel fried in sections, then he rambied most. With passionate vehecarefully put together, and coiled round the mence, he denounced those sanctimonious soule who mistake a curvature of the spine "Not much of a breakfast," the landlord for humility, and a nasal twang for an evidence of grace. "I love not," he said, "those "Sir!" exclaimed the traveller in a deep | cold and heavy souls that never take a genevoice, "I asked for fish, and you give me a rous fire. One wonders if they ever will burn -under any future circumstances. They fister themselves that they are good and just Griffeth what a protty prayer-book you have. and resonable because they are emotioniess. It is not so. 'No heart is pure that is not passionate; uo virtue safe that is not enthustastic.' Is the diamond less fine because it is brilliant? Has the sea no depth because it sparkles on the surface? Would the cannon ball go further flung by the hand than it | ing over the book without a sign of prejudice, does when shot from the cannon's mouth? Is truth always a mountain crowned with doubts were forgotten. What the child in-show? It may be a volcano. A strong and stinctively felt was, that the man had no resweet thinker has said, 'The greatest indulgence of passion does not injure the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness does; and he says rightly. I protest against the apotheosis of phiegm. There are many phases of good, and each has his way; but, for my part, I prefer the faults of heat to the faults of cold. The former are often gonerous faults, the latter never so. The faults of the former are on the surface, and can neithare deep-rooted, and may be and often are mistaken for virtues. Who were the great saints? Look at the reckless Magdalen, the vehement St. Paul, the hasty St. Peter. St. John of the Cross quotes as an axiom in theology the saying that God moves all things in harmony with their con-

> grace to hang himself." "Let us pray " It was only when Miss Yorke and her brother rose that the astonished and scandalized congregation understood that the sermon was really over, and they were to stand

purse when the Lord was near enough to set

his time many a pretended follower has

weighed the Holy One in a balance, and sold

up and listen to a prayer. The minister spoke in a voice yet vibrating with excitement: 'O Lord God of morning and evening, of storm and sunshine, of the dew that bathes the violet and the frost that cracks the rock-God of the East and the West, and all that lies between them'-God of our souls and our bodies, of bliss and of anguish-O God, who alone rewardest failure, who for thy mantle, which eludes our grasp, givest thy hand to clasp -may all thy creatures adore thee! Our praise goes up like the note of the small bird in the branches but thou hast made us weak. All power is thine! Our hearts swell and break at thy feet as the waves break upon the shore; but thou hast set our limit. Space is in the hollow of thy hand! We lift our eyes toward thee, and their gaze is bafiled; but thou, who seest all things, hast sealed their vision. Glory and honor and power be unto thee, inscrutable Wiedom, for ever and ever. Amen!" "And he calls that a prayer!" thought the

congregation. "Why, it is like a Catholic prayer!" whispered Melicent to her brother. "And he quotes St. John of the Cross, and the Koran, and Ecce Homo. He must be an eclectic minister."

The congregation went out with very gium faces, and scattered to their various homes. Only the deacon waited in the porch, as in duty bound, to invite the minister home to

"I suppose you will go home with me, Brother Conway," he said, freezingly.
"Conway!" echoed the minister. "You

mistake, sir! My name is Griffeth." The deacon stared. "We were expecting the Reverend John Conway to preach to-day, as a candidate for our pulpit," he said, eyecity, and he had looked forward ing Mr. Griffeth suspiciously. "Do you come in his place?"

An expression of perplexity, instantly succeeded by one of polynant amusement passed over the minister's tace. Then he became grave. "It seems that I have come in his place," he said, "but most unwillingly. Brother Conway met with an accident which delays him. He sent his regrets to you by me, and hopes he may be here this atternoon. Good morning: sir! I will not burden your hospitality today."

'The deacon's face cleared. It was a blessed

The stranger crossed the portico to where Melicent and Carl still lingered, having overheard this conversation. "I beg your pardon!" he said. "But will you have the kind-

"It is Baptist," Carl replied, " of the kind. think, they call 'Hardsnelled.'" "God be praised!" ejaculated the minister.

"I have got into the wrong pulpit !" Melicent immediately insisted on his going home with them. "We can at least protect you from the Hard-shells nutil your own friends find you," she said.

The invitation being cordially given, and seconded by Carl, the minister thankfully ac. cepted it, and they started on their homeward offence to one half the rown, and great amuse. ment to the other half," he said, as they went along. I am truly thankful to find a refuge from both.".

Mrs. Yorks leceived her unexpected guest with the greatest kindness; Mr. Yorke, with the greatest courtesy. It was one of the pleasantest families in the world to violt. and then planes which they could talk about Not easily accessible to everybody, nor quick afterward. Elder True had been gifted in to form intimacies, whomever they did receive, they made at once at home. There was a charming ease in their company. Your sole reminder that they understood the proprieties of life was the fact that they never sinned against them. Seated in the midst of the family was gath-

ered about him, the minister re-lated the adventures of the last twenty-four hours to his smilling hours to his smiling auditory. Only two peasons present were grave. Edith could perceive nothing ludicrway should have got into the mud, she thought; and, as to preaching in the wrong pulpit, that seemed to her a very awiul mistake. The other solemu face beloaxed to little Eugene Cleaveland, five years old, Major Cleaveland's youngest soc. The chlid was a pet of the Yorkes, and always stayed with them when his father was away from home. He had quite adopted them as his|relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke were his sunt and uncle. The others were all cousins. Lesning on Clara's lap, quite unmindful of her caressing hand in his hair or on his cheek, he gazed with large, bright black eyes at the minister, drinking in every word and thinking his own thoughts.

"Isn't your God as good as their God is?" he asked suddenly in the first pause.

"We have all the same God, my child," the minister replied; and immediately udded to the others, "I perceive that we had botter change the subject, lest the little ones should be scandalized. I fancy I even read reproof in the eyes of your niece, madam. And, by the way, she looks like some solemn, medle. val religious."

"It is odd she should suggest that thought to you," Mrs. Yorke said. "The child is a Catholic. Come, my dear, and sh w Mr. It was given me by a very levely and zealous French lady whom I knew in Parls. I thought it would do Edith most good."

Edith approached the minister with hesitation, half pleased with him, half doubtful. But while he talked pleasantly to her, glancexplaining and praising here and there, her ligious convictions; but, her reason being undeveloped, she could not understand what he lacked.

(To be continued.)

KIDNEY DISEASE. Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence, Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by Buchupaibs.

The Chinese fleet has been ordered to the Torquin River.

The most reliable preparation yet introduced to the public, for the immediate relist and cure of Coughs, Colds, Broughids, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, is SPRUCINE. In obstituate Coughs, Pulmonary Consumption, &c., &c., where Cod Liver Oil is recommended, a doss of SPRU-CINE taken with a dose of the former will make an agreeable and convenient vehicle for the adminstration of the Oil, and largely promote its efficiency. SPRUCINE is put up in Bottles at 25 and 50 cents much.

The Government vault at Havana, Cuba, has been robbed of \$280,000 worth of stamps.

"THE ONY ONE IN AMERICA."

The International Throat and Lung institute, Toronto and Montreal, is positively the only one in America waere diseases of the air passages alone are treated. Cold inhalations are used through the Spirometer, an instrument or fubaler invented by Dr. M. Souvielle of Paris, ex-side surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetle, hygienic and constitutional treatment suitable to each case. Thousands of cases of Catarra, Laryn. gitis; Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deniness, and Consumption have been cured at this institute during the last few years. Wilte, enclosing stamp, for pamphiet, giving full particulars and reliable references to 173 Church; street, Toronto, Ont; 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, P. Q.

It is reported that Admiral Baldwin will represent the United States at the coronation of the Czar.

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONGRESS House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C., Feb 19th, 1882. Gentlemen-Enclosed find one dollar, and will you send me some of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balesmic Elixir, by express. I have a bad cold, as has almost everyone else here, but cannot find the Elixir, which I use frequently at home, and consider a most valuable medicine; in fact, the very best remedy for a cough that I ever used.

Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. GROUT. To HENRY, JOHNSONS & LORD, Burtington, Vt. Downs' Elixir is sold by all Druggists throughout Cauada.

LINIMENT. The Best External Remedy for

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Flesh Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. As Liniment for Horses it has no equal-One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases Instantaneous. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cts. & 50 cts. per Bottle. SOLD EVERYWHERE,

Webster's Unabridged 112,000 Words, 3,000 Engravings, &c., &c., &c., &c.

"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF."

An ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family.—S. S. Herald.