

from the screen that adorned the Gothic altar to which she clung. "My God, my God! wilt thou abandon me?" she murmured, as her gaze met none but sad, indifferent, and hostile countenances. Suddenly her eyes fell on the stall surmounted with the velvet canopy, in which the Princess of Wales was seated.

Suppressed tears glistened in the eyes of Edward's noble wife, and her countenance betrayed a secret pity. Rachel did not hesitate; at the moment Daniel stooped to take her in his arms, she sprang towards the stall of the princess, threw herself at her feet, and, seizing the hem of her robe, carried it to her lips.

"Oh, noble lady!" she exclaimed, "be compassionate. By a word, by a gesture, you can drive away my persecutors. It is the high privilege of princes to grant pardon at their will, to award the light of Heaven to those poor wretches who are condemned to the damp shade of a dungeon. To dispense life or death, like God himself."

"Move on, poor girl!" answered the princess, with an effort, "I have not the power to protect you."

"Yet, madam," replied Rachel, despairingly, "while I touch the ermine of your robe, I am safe; none of those pitiless men will have the audacity to touch me; they will not dare to drag me away as I kneel at your feet."

"Jewess, let go my robe," said the princess; "hast thou forgotten that thy race is proscribed, and brought under everlasting ban for not having had pity on the Saviour of the world?"

"But Jesus himself both preached and practised forgiveness for injuries," persisted Rachel.

"Daughter of Israel," resumed the Princess of Wales, who, in her sincere and profound devotion, felt a sort of aversion and horror for the Jews, "thou dost not, then, know that I have not the right of pitying or listening to thee. I do not meddle in the affairs of the Church. All that I can do is, to forgive thee the audacity with which thou hast claimed my protection."

"In the name of the Father of all, madam, I implore you not to deliver me to the violence and brutality of these men!" resumed Rachel, in a heart-rending tone. "Rather have me cast into a dark dungeon deep in the bowels of the earth—that will at least prove an asylum for me."

The princess turned her eyes from the unfortunate Jewess.

Don Pedro had hitherto mastered his emotion. The voice of Rachel had so affected him with commiseration, tenderness, and anger, alternately, that he could not believe the princess would remain insensible to those plaintive accents; he still hoped she would yield to one of those feelings of the heart that master all judgment.

But when he saw the pages advance towards the young Jewess and remove her from the chair, brutally twisting her slender wrists to make her let go the robe of the princess which she held with super-human strength, he sprang forward, and said, firmly, "Touch not the poor trembler! Though knights abandon her, and clowns insult her, yet will I defend her against a dastardly mob, which is bold enough to pursue a weak and innocent woman as dogs worry sheep, but sneak away when they see a shepherd's crook."

Rachel uttered a shriek of joy when she perceived him, her lover, her king, her master—Pedro, the dearest and most precious half of her soul. It was he! his eyes contemplated her with mad ecstasy. She listened to his voice with that thirst of pleasure that seizes the bewildered traveller in the snow when he hears the vague and distant sound of the bells of a monastery. It was he alone who rose to protect her. It was he, no longer a miserable, half-clothed beggar, but in all the splendour of his strength and royal majesty.

"Pedro," murmured she with affection, but so softly that no one heard her, "my Pedro!"

Daniel, who recognised in the king his late companion, the poacher of the forest of Larnac, stood stupefied, and dared not utter a word. But Edward, surprised and offended at the sudden interference of Don Pedro in such a matter, said to the latter, dryly, "I am astonished, Sir King, that you publicly undertake to defend a wench who has insulted the Princess of Wales."

"Insulted," replied Don Pedro, with a disdainful smile, "because she complained of being repulsed like a criminal! because she complained of being shamefully given up—she, a defenceless woman—to the brutality of those ferocious wretches, when the only accusation against her is, that she forgot to tie that stigma of shame, the crimson badge, to her dress. A heinous crime certainly, and well deserving the halter! I know well that it is by a singular and benignant tolerance that royal edicts permit Jews to breathe the same air as Christians, to warm themselves by the same sun, and, during part of the day, to walk over the prints of their footsteps. But you know, good cousin, that I am a lover of justice, and I would not permit the sum of the streets to condemn and torture even a Jewess without a hearing."

The pale countenance of the Black Prince was flushed with a burning colour at hearing a king without a crown, whose dearest hopes he himself might crush with a single word, assume so proud and haughty a tone. With ill-disguised impatience, therefore, he approached Don Pedro, and said to him, in a low voice, "Cease, I entreat you, this irritating and vain

discussion, which cannot fail to displease the knights devoted to your cause, and afford pleasure to your enemies."

"Have all these ruffians driven from the sanctuary," returned Don Pedro, "and let this young maiden be conducted to the hotel of your seneschal; and then only shall I have to thank my loyal ally."

(To be continued.)

CHANGING PAY DAY.

By almost universal consent and usage, Saturday or Saturday night is the time when the great majority of working people are paid off, and the custom, we believe was imported from the European countries, where it runs back indefinitely. Lately, in certain sections of the Queen's dominions, the propriety of changing pay day from Saturday to Monday has been seriously discussed, and so far put to the test as to conclusively prove the wisdom of the change. The reasons specified were principally in the interest of the employed, who were habitually given to squandering during Sunday the wages in hand, at the recurrence of the weekly holy day, thus perverted into a mischievous holiday, but the result has also proved advantageous to the employers and the community beyond, as will be shown. First, as to the benefits to the employed: When they received payment on Monday or Monday night, they had literally no time for carousal and debauching indulgences that would unfit them for the next week's work.

DISCONTENT.

Some persons are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike, whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident or a calamity. Even when they have their own way like it no better than your way, and, indeed, considering their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we speak of, in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door.

"Poor thing," said a neighbor, compassionately, "you have shut the child out."

"It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly."

There are older children who take the same view of things.

THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN'S SISTER AT BADEN BADEN.

By the Princess's own wish the funeral was conducted in as simple a manner as was compatible with her rank. The service was performed by Dr. Hanson, the Protestant pastor of Baden, who had been the Princess's adviser in the projects of Christian beneficence, and by the pastor of the family seat of Langenberg. The first portion of it, as usual, was held in the house of the deceased. The modest limits of her residence necessarily confined the gathering to the members of her own family and those belonging to them. The only exception was the Empress of Germany, who had ministered to her during her last illness, and who had for years been bound to her by the closest ties of friendship and neighborhood, having the fullest appreciation of her many fine qualities. Three of the children of the Queen were present—the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, who had come expressly from England, and the Princess Alice with her husband, Prince Louis. Various representatives of the absent members of the House assisted. The coffin was covered with a mass of flowers, and over it was inscribed the text, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." After a few touching words from the two pastors, the funeral procession started, and reached the cemetery—which overhangs the valley in which Baden is situated. This was chosen as her resting place, in accordance with her own desire that she should be buried near to the place where her life closed. The cemetery was thronged with spectators. The circle of Princes stood round the open space under the bright open sky, but around and behind them was the yet wider circle of persons who crowded the vast cemetery. And just as the sun set behind the dark green shoulders of the western hills, and the sky was lit up in the clear September evening, the last prayers, the last blessings were pronounced, and the last sad offices were performed, as each of the male relations, including the two English Princes, joined in the ceremony of throwing "the dust to dust" upon the coffin, which lay in its grave, so thickly strewn with flowers that almost the semblance of coffin or grave had disappeared.

HAVE COURAGE.

To make a success of life, one needs plenty of courage and self-confidence. True, some persons are born to diffidence. It is hereditary, and runs in the blood of families. Free and familiar association with cheerful companions, especially of one's own age, is one of the most effective remedies for constitutional diffidence; while at the same time young people are often rendered more diffident by coming in daily contact with rough, assuming, and arrogant natures. Respect and confidence manifested towards persons beget confidence for those for whom they are shown; while brow-beating from stronger natures inspires

self-distrust, which is another name for diffidence. A resolute and persevering will to overcome diffidence works in this, as in almost everything else, powerfully. Self-confidence, self-reliance, can be cultivated. Think beforehand just what you wish to do, just how you wish to act, and never permit yourself to falter. You will be surprised that your diffidence could be overcome so easily, and, after a while, that you should ever have experienced such a feeling.

WOMEN WARRIORS.

There have been and are some soldiers. Of the real original Amazons of the classical times we know but little; but some of the African potentates have Amazon armies; and Mrs. Leonews, in her recent interesting account of her governess experience at the court of Siam, makes frequent mention of the body-guard of Amazons at the palace. Of heroic women who have borne arms in war, we frequently find mention in story. Marguerite of Anjou, the Countess de Montfort, Joan of Arc, the heroine of Saragossa, occur to one as examples. During the civil wars, when the Cavaliers disgraced themselves by licentious conduct in some of the towns where they were quartered, the young women of Norwich, we are told, resolved to defend themselves, and petitioned to the House of Commons to form a Maiden Troop in the Parliamentary army. Women have, on many occasions, donned men's attire, and rendered good service as private soldiers—generally impelled by some motive in which a husband or a lover was concerned.

About the middle of the last century, a German girl, Annie Sophia Ditzeloff, dressed herself as a young man, enlisted in the militia at Colberg, served six months; then entered Prince Frederick's regiment of cuirassiers, served in it for two years, fought at the battle of Kunersdorf, was wounded in the arm at Bamberg; next joined a battalion of grenadiers, and was wounded at Torgau—and did not resume her feminine attire and occupations until she had seen four years of this strange soldier life. About the beginning of the reign of George III., a young wife of eighteen, feeling miserable at the absence of her husband with his regiment in India, endeavored to enlist into another regiment just going out; she was frustrated; but it is pleasant to read that Sir John Fielding promised to obtain for her the position of lady's maid to some officer's wife about to go out to India. During the stormy times of the French Revolution, General Custine had his attention drawn to the fact that a woman was serving bravely and honestly as a soldier in his army, and had been wounded while fighting the artillery; being dismissed as a woman, her grief and despondency were such as to induce her readmission, and she became aid major in the staff. During the Peninsular War, a Spanish lady joined the din of battle under circumstances which won the admiration of those who knew and understood the facts of the case. In 1810, her husband was in command of a battery at Isla de Leon, and she was with him. A shot killed him on the spot; his men, confused and irresolute, wanted a leader; whereupon she instantly took command, claimed and obtained the allegiance of the men. For an entire week she behaved so bravely that the general gave her her husband's commission as a captain, knowing that she would do credit to it. An English officer of the 79th Foot, who saw her, said she was dressed in full uniform, rode on horseback like a man, and could not have been known for other than a man by her appearance. A German woman, about 25 years of age, near the conclusion of the great Napoleonic wars, presented herself before a German committee then sitting in London; she claimed relief as a soldier, and was able to produce reliable testimony that she had really fought for five years in the Allied army, and had been wounded at Leipsic. In the recent Franco-German war, when the Germans entered Lorraine, the highest official present in a small French village was the post-mistress. The men and youths able and willing to fight placed themselves under her guidance, and did their little best bravely; she keeping up good discipline, and issuing orders (let us say in strategy and tactics) as lieutenant. The gallant post-mistress has recently been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour.—*Chambers' Journal.*

TOO POOR.

Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, was sitting in his office one afternoon, some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said:

"Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard that I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; if you are so hard run I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well then let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe?"

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, Brother Moore," and the fellow

chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke himself, and says he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper from that day.

ONE-SIDED RECIPROCITY.

The following amusing correspondence has just passed between the acting managers respectively of an eminent West-end theatre and an eminent West-end milliner:

"Sir—If you are now issuing my complimentary orders for your theatre, may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies and gentlemen of our house? By doing so you may rely upon them being used by fashionable and well dressed persons. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken by writing to you, and trusting that the suggestion may meet with your approbation, I am sir yours obediently."

The following answer was forwarded by return of post:

"Sir—If you are now issuing any complimentary black silk dresses, may I ask you to circulate a few through me for the ladies of this theatre? By doing so you may rely on their being made up fashionably and worn by ladies of good appearance and figure. I hope you will pardon the liberty, but trusting the suggestion may meet with your approval, I am, Sir, yours obediently"

—*London Observer.*

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.

"In comparison with the loss of a beloved wife, what are other bereavements? The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her grave? You stand beside her tomb, and think of the past. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwillingly or unkindly planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies opened to your inmost sight. You think of her as all goodness—all purity—all truth."

But she is dead. The dear head so often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur, 'Oh, it is so sad!' There is so strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet you at night-fall—and the clock strikes and ticks, and ticks and strikes. It was sweet music when you could count the hours with her—when she could hear it! Now it seems only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gather upon her dear face. But many a tale it tells of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is in a happier world, but still you feel that she is often by your side—an 'angel-presence.'

"Cherish these emotions. They will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has done for you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory."

Too many bereaved hearts will these sentences come, who will look back upon the past with mingled recollections of sorrow and joy—perhaps of penitence. "So live, husband and wife," says an old English worthy, "that when either dies the spirits of both may mingle."

MAN'S TENDENCY.

There is a continual tendency in men to fence in themselves a few of their neighbors who agree with them in their ideas, as if they were an exception to their race. We must not allow any creed or religion whatsoever to confcate to its own private use and benefit the virtues which belong to our own common humanity. The Good Samaritan helped his wounded neighbor simply because he was a suffering fellow-creature. Do you think your charitable act is more acceptable than the Good Samaritan's because you do it in the name of Him who made the memory of that kind man immortal? Do you mean that you would not give the cup of cold water for the sake simply and solely of the poor, suffering fellow-mortal, as willingly as you now do, professing to give it for the sake of Him who is not thirsty or in need of any help of your's? We must ask questions like this, if we are to claim for our common nature what belongs to it.—*Holmes.*

He who restrains himself in the of things lawful will never encroach on things forbidden.

To make a thin man look fat, call after him, and he will then look round.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Is it, my boy? Marry it and you will find it is very much the reverse.

The purest joy is unspeakable, the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.]

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20
				11.30
				2.55
Paris	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.50
London	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00
				2.45
				5.45
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00
				6.45
				9.25

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Windsor	4.20	7.45	8.25	11.30
Chatham	6.05	11.20	9.55	1.10
London	6.00	8.40	0.00	12.35
				3.55
				11.25
Paris	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00	p.m.	5.35
				9.30
				4.00

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.10
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	p.m.	6.00
				9.50

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.15	p.m.	5.30
				9.30

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

DETROIT TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00
Port Huron	9.25	7.00	9.00	0.00
Sarnia	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00
London - Leave	11.20	7.30	a.m.	2.45
				p.m.
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25	9.15
Guelph	3.45	7.30	3.10	11.05
				p.m.
Toronto - Arrive	6.00	10.15	5.25	1.05

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	6.22	0.00	5.37	1.05
Whitby	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55
Oshawa	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07
Bowmanville	0.00	0.00	7.35	9.35
Port Hope	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30
Cobourg - Arrive	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45
				11.00
Belleville	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00
				a.m.
Napanee	12.15	0.00	12.00	2.05
Kingston	1.10	0.00	1.35	3.15
Brockville	3.00	0.00	3.35	5.15
Ottawa	10.00pm	0.00	12.00	noon

	Arr	Live	0.00	4.10	5.45
Prescott Jn	3.35	0.00			
Cornwall	5.50	0.00		6.25	7.45
Montreal - Arrive	8.00	9.10	9.30	10.30	

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00	9.00
Cornwall	11.00	0.00	9.15	11.40
				a.m.
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Kingston	4.05	0.00	2.00	4.00
Cobourg	8.25	0.00	6.15	8.10
Bowmanville	9.35	0.00	7.35	0.00
Oshawa	10.00	0.00	8.00	0.00
Whitby	10.12	0.00	8.12	0.00
Toronto - Arrive	11.30	0.00	9.30	11.00

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30	11.45	5.30
					a.m.
Guelph	1.50	5.25	9.25	1.55	8.35
Stratford	3.30	7.45	12.15	3.45	0.00
London - Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10	p.m.	10.45

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Sarnia	6.45	0.00	3.30	7.30
Port Huron	6.35	6.45	3.30	7.30
Detroit - Arrive	9.15	11.00	6.05	10.00

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Moving North.		Moving South.	
	a m p m		a m p m
Toronto,	7.00 4.00	Collingwood	5.05 4.00
Newmarket	8.50 5.30	Barrie	6.50 5.40
Barrie	10.30 7.35	Newmarket	8.50 7.40
Collingw'd	12.20 9.20	Toronto	10.35 9.30
arrive p m		City Hall	

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

	GOING NORTH.	A.M.	P.M.
Toronto	-	-	7.05
Markham	-	-	8.30
Uxbridge	-	-	9.45
Midland Junction	-	-	11.35
			8.25

	GOING SOUTH.	A.M.	P.M.
Midland Junction	-	-	6.30
Uxbridge	-	-	8.05
Markham	-	-	9.20
Toronto	-	-	10.45
			6.40

ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY