Curran's start in Life.

When Curran was called to the har he was without friends, connections, or fortune. At the same time he was quite conscious of possessing talents far above the crowd by whigh he was elbowed, yet, unfortunately for himself, endowed with a sensibility that rendered him painfully alive to the mortifications which he had constantly to submit to. After toiling for ery inadequate remuneration at Cork as and wearn ; as he said himself, his tempost to the tumps, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking a lodging for his wife and children on Hog Hill. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Yet even thus he was not alogether undistinguished. If his purse was not heavy his heart was light. He was young, ardent, and buoyed up not less by the consciousness of his own ability than by the encouraging comparisons he was able to make with those who were successful a cound him; and he took his station among the crowd of idlers whom he amused with his with or amazed with his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd did not disdain occasionally to profit by the rich and varied conversational treasures which he squandered with the most lavish prodigality. Some there were who observed the brilliancy of the genius still struggling in obscurity. Amongst those who had the discrimination to appreciate and the heart to feel for him was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received was through his recommendation. Curran's recith of the incident will not be without interest to any professional aspirant whom a temporary neglect may have thrown into despondency. If then lived, he says, "upon Hog Hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the pational debt. Mrs Curran, however, was a barriteer's lady, and what was wanted in wealth she was determined should be made up in dignity. The landlady, on

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oved so dearly—with her waving hair an right eyes and radiant smile of welcome.

retraced her steps down the monatan, terting, now that her vigit was over and the extending now the her vigit was over and the extending now the her will all the visit and the will was all the steps of the will all the will was all the will all the will was all the will all the will was all the will all the will all the will was all the will be banking a whole stope of recuperation of the will be banking a whole stope of recuperation of the will be banking a whole stope of recuperation of the will be banking a whole stope of recuperation of the will be banking a whole stope of recuperation of the will be banking a whole stope of the was all the will be banking a whole stope of the will be be a whole will be be a whole will be banking a whole will be bankin

Some Curiosities of Smuggling.

GENERAL.

HAWKINS & KELLS,

(From the Toronto New Dominion.)

If I have not got a leason never again to meddle with the clergy, and especially with the clergy of the metropolis of Ontario, I am incorrigible. The storm broke with all its fury on Saturday last, and it has raged ever since. My remarks on the poverty-stricken character of the Toronto pulpit have been called by any quantity of hard names. They were "implent." They were "faise." Storm they were "faise." They were "faise." They were "faise." They were "faise." Storm they were "faise." They were "faise." Storm they were "faise." They were "faise." Storm they were "faise." Storm they were repeated with could not even give momentary pain." and so forth. Even some of the clergy took the matter up themselves and were indignant. Deacons and clears, to say nothing of class-leaders and verstymen, were prepared with certificate to the contrary, while ladies of all ages and of all looks lifted up their voices and scolded if they did not weep. It was some satisfaction, however, that each made exception only in favour of his or her own pastor, while they were rather inclined to acknowledge that the rest were rather poor for city clergymen. It is better, I find, upon the whole, to

Just After the Battle, Mother!

The state of the s

LONDON BRIDGE. Proud and lowly, beggar and lord, Over the bridge they go; Rags and velved, so word, Who will stop but to laugh and sing? Self is calling, and self is king! Who weeps at the beggars grave? Crusts they pray for, but love they craw

Beggar and lord,
Fetter and sword,
Prison and palace, shadow and sun,
Yelvet and rags,
So the world wags
Until the river no more shall run.

Sparkle river, merrily roll, Laugh with the gay and bright! Who will care for the wear; soul Under thy arch to-night? Who will pity her, who will save? Never a tear the cold world gave! Down there in the rolling Thames-God will pity what man condemns.

Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Prison and palace, shadow and sun,
Fettered and free,
So shall it be
Until the river no more shall run.

AMONGST THE HILLS.

BY M. K. B. (CONTINUED.)

"My poor Belle! What a seoundrel the man is!" Philip, to whom Mr. Castleton went at once with the news, muttered between his set teeth. "It will kill her if ibe true."
"It may not be true," the vicar said, "but I fear it is. I know the Fentons well, and the letter was from her brother."
"Does any one know about it? Has Belle heard it? Philip asked abruptly." No one, not even Georgie. I thought it best not to mention it till we were quits sure."
"That is well; don't speak of it just yet, Castleton, till I have found out the truth. I will go to London to-day."
"To London! You, Philip?" the vicar cried.

oried.
"Who has a better right? She is learer to me than to any one else!" Philip cried passionately; and, if it be true

"What then? You will do nothing rash?"
Mr. Castleton said anxiously.
"No, I will do nothing rash," Philip answered sternly, "Out I will call him to account. I will make him—coward and liar that he is—come back and tell her with his own lips—and surely there can be no heavier punishment than that—what a mean, pitiful hound is the man she has loved so well!"

own hips—and surely there can be a mean, pitiful hound is the man she has loved so well!"

How changed Belle was—how different from the merry bright-eyed girl of a few months back, the vicar thought, as he passed the cottage the following atternoon, and saw her loitering in the garden, listics; and called out a cheery "good-day," and at the unwonted kindly look and greeting Belle's colour flushed and her eyes bright-ened, till she looked like herself again.

"Have you heard from Stuart lately?" he asked as he said good bye.

Belle stammered and hesitated before she answered:

"Not very lately; he was quite well when I heard last."

"Ah! Does he talk of coming over soon?"

"Not just yet," Belle faltered, her heart beating painfully; she was possessed of a foreboding of evil because of something—she could not understand what—in the vicar's kind grave face. "He will come soon, I dare say."

She stood by the gate after he was gone, I looking dreamily at the sunset sky, where there were heavy purple clouds driving along before the wind and angy red bars of light.

"What a stormy sky! It will be a wild night, Nancy," she said thoughtfully; and looked up gravely.

"Have you forpotten what night it is, Miss Belle!" she returned. "It is always stormy on All Hailow Eve."

Belle laughed.

"Ah, yes, so you always say, though I can't remember noticing it myself," she said lightly. "I wonder wby."

"What how has a some soll so the dead come back to earth!" Nancy cried, her eyes full of superstitions fear. "And it is always a wild inght."

"What nonsense!" Belle looked curiously at the old woman's earnest face.

trees, its mimic waves dancing in the moon-light; farther away were the village and the vicarage—where the lights were still burn-ing in the study—and the grey church-tow-er. One—two—three—slowly the clock chimed the midnight hour, and Belle count-ed the strokes with a beating heart, and, covering her eyes with her hands, prayed with all her heart that her great desire might be fulfilled—that Frank Stuart might come back to her and Jim, and every one acknowledge how mistaken they had been.

one acknowledge how mistaken they had been.

And, while she was keeping her vigil on the mountains, Philip and Mr. Stuart were in the train, speeding rapidly westward. There had been a very painful interview between the two men; for the news that the vicar had heard was quite true—Mr. Stuart was to be married soon to Miss Fenton, who had money and good looks, and was in every way a better partie than poor Belle. Perhaps the most humiliating moment of Frank Stuart's life was that when Philip came suddenly into his presence and told him, with a stern face and sterner words, what he and more like him—thought of such conduct.

stern face and sterner words, what heand more like him—thought of such conduct.

"I think you are taking much too serious a
'I think you are taking much too serious
a view of the whole affair," said Stnart
lightly, with an uneasy laugh. "It was
only a flirtation. Neither Miss Belle nor I
meant anything more. Come, my dear fellow, shake hands, and let us forget a'll thahas passed.

"Only a flirtation! We men among the
hills call things by their proper names,"
Philip answered slowly; "and I tell you to
your face that you are a dishonourable
coward and liar! You came amongst us,
and we received you—for the vicar's sake—
not as a stranger, but as a friend; and this
is the return you have made. You have
spoilt my life, you have broken my darling's
heart. I will never touch your hand in
friendship again! I will never forgive you
as long as I live!"

"In that case "—Mr. Stuart spoke quietly, though the blood rushed to his face at
Philip's insulting words—"I must do with
out your forgiveness. I will write and explain all to Miss Belle.

"You will do nothing of the kind,"
Philip said resolutely; "you will come back
with me and tell her the truth with your own
lips. She would not—Heaven help her!—
believe it from another's."

"And if I refue:"

For a moment the two men looked steadily
at each other.

"If you refue"—Philip shrugged his
shoulders—"I shall tell the whole story to
Miss Fenton; and you know well enough
what the result will be," he added signincantly.

"Very well; if you make such a point of

what the result will be," he added significantly,
"Very well; if you make such a point of it I can't refuse; Frank answered impatiently. As thillip said, he knew well enough what the consequences would be if the story came to Mss Fenton's ears. She was much too proud a girl, had too proper an appreciation of her own merits, and was, beside, too good and honourable to care to profit by another's misery.

But Belle knew nothing of all thir. She retraced her steps down the mountain, feeling, now that her vigil was over and the excitement past, frightened and nervous at finding herself alone on the hillside with the wind walling round her in such fiful gusts.

Samething—a but or night-hird—whizzed