

POETRY.

The Burial of Moses.

["And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre until this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.]

By Nehor's lonely mountains,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upreared the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Of his train so forth.
Not a sound of music
Came when the night is done,
And the crimson stream on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Not a sound in the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perhaps the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the lance taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest;
And give the land an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minister transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings,
Along the embazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so strange
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hillsides for his fall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own land, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that deep grave without a name;
Whence his uncoloured clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought,
Before the judgment day.
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell!
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Jeannie Sinclair,

THE LILY OF THE STRATH.

"Little does Mark Gideon know the whole of my meaning!" he exclaimed, as, with excited steps, he traversed the solitary summit of the hill. "I will crush Lynedoch Sinclair with a weapon of his own fashioning. I will make his own son his destroyer, and, when he is laid prostrate and helpless, I will envenom his sufferings by telling him who has inflicted them. Oh, ecstasy! The cup of my revenge will be a draught sweeter even than I dreamed."

This and much more of similar import did Will Sanderson shout aloud in that upland solitude. To and fro he walked, heeding not the passing hours, till the sun went down and the darkness of night fell upon the scene. It was the sad, repulsive spectacle of a wrecked heart chafing and glowing over wicked desires. The disappointment he had met with in not getting for his wife the woman on whom he had fixed his love, had fallen upon a soul which knew nothing of the laws of submission and obedience. Instead of schooling himself to bear like a man the trial he had met with, he cursed those concerned as the inflictors of a wrong which must be met on his side by retaliation. Because Nell did not return his love, therefore he must hate her with bitterest cruelty; and now, with fiendish calculation, he devoted the energies of his life to work out his revenge on the man who had basely wronged her, and in wronging her became, as he supposed, the author of his misery. A feeling of this kind, acting on an unregulated and unprincipled nature, brought all its worst passions into play, and put in operation the whole capacity of evil which lurked there.

After indulging, with fiendish gusto, in his ferocious anticipations, Will Sanderson left the height and descended towards the gipsy encampment, where the lights from the several tents glared forth upon the darkness. Two years bring comparatively few changes in such a rural, thinly-populated place as Strathmae. A death or two among the old people, a marriage or two among the young people, and a birth or two among the married people constitute the chief incidents of such a brief period. Extraordinary or startling events are of rare occurrence, and noteworthy changes seldom take place, so that the lapse of two years seems to make but little difference in the locality. Time, in its quiet, steady, onward flow, effects its ceaseless, silent alterations almost unmarked. The coming of a few grey hairs, the slightly-increasing stoop of the shoulders, the widening gaps among the teeth, and other things which give signs that age is creeping on apace, present themselves unnoted. Youth imperceptibly glides into manhood, and manhood turns the brow of the hill of life without consciously coming in sight of the downward slope and the dark valley beyond. All these things, and they contribute their share towards the establishment of the truth that "the fashion of this world passeth away," but in the sequestered Strath of Scotland it passes so slowly and gradually—at least it did fifty years ago—that in a period comprehended by two brief years the silent wheels seem to have been motionless, and "all things continue as they were."

In Strathmae, however, matters have not been quite in this normal condition. The quiet course of events having been broken in upon by the extraordinary incident that took place in the keeper's house, destiny seemed to determine that it should not resume its uneventful way. In the spring which followed the October of which we have been hitherto writing, an affecting tragedy occurred two miles below Sinclairtown, which resulted in the Strath ceasing to be the residence of one of its oldest and most popular families—the Strathmaes. The man who Strathmae had its Abbe in the olden time, and a fine fertile place it must have been in the period of its grandeur. The monks in these past generations never failed to light upon the fat places of the land, or to plant their religious houses in spots highly favoured of Nature. The Abbey of Strathmae was no exception to this practice. It stood in a sheltered place close by the side of the stream and was surrounded by many acres of the richest land. At the time of which we write, the building was, of course, nothing more than a ruined fragment. It all into decay along with other edifices of a like character at and from the time of the Reformation, and at the end of three hundred years only so much remained of it as to show what an imposing place it once had been. The Abbey, with its lands, had been for generations in the possession of the Mowbrays of Abbey Mount—a large and very fine estate which lay on both sides of the river. The mansion was on the north side, where also the ruins stood, and was at a distance of half-a-mile from the latter. It was a building of com-

paratively modern structure, and the Mr. Mowbray who occupied it at the time when our story opens was a young man of twenty-eight, married only five years before to a beautiful girl, whom he had ardently and devotedly loved. They had but one child, a boy, and one day, when the latter was three years of age, he and his mother were walking over the narrow wooden ornamental bridge which spanned the Mae, and united the property at that point. How it happened no one could tell, but the child slipped through into the river. The latter at the time was swollen with melted snow from the hills, and was therefore in roaring and rapid flood. With a piercing scream, which was heard by her husband and the servants, the distracted mother leapt over the bridge after her child. Sad, sad was the result. The child was saved, but the mother perished, and with her death the light of Charles Mowbray's life was quenched for ever. His grief was terrible; and, unable to live near the scene of the dire calamity, he quitted the Strath, and took up his residence in Edinburgh. The establishment was broken up, and the mansion closed, except so much of it as sufficed for the accommodation of the factor who was appointed to manage the property.

PETRIE'S DRUG STORE.

OLD POST OFFICE BLOCK.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INFALLIBLE

Tobacco Antidote

WARRANTED

To Remove all desire for Tobacco.

It is entirely Vegetable and harmless.

It saves a lifelong expense!

A. B. PETRIE,

Sole Agent for Guelph.

Feb. 2, 1869.

Mrs. ROBINSON'S

DOMINION STORE

MRS. ROBINSON begs to inform her patrons,

and the public, that she is still in the

old stand and is able and willing to supply

wants of all who give her a call. She has lately

received a fine

Stock of Dried and other Fruits.

FANCY GOODS of all kinds. A splendid lot of

Berlin Wools; also the Largest Stock of Wools

to be had in any store in town, including Eng-

lish, Fingering, Clouded, Berlin, double and

single, Fleecy, Merino, and Fancy Wools of

every description. All kinds of Canadian Yarns.

MEN'S UNDERCLOTHING AND SOCKS.

Also, Ladies' Breakfas Shawls. Stockings of all

colours, of the best quality made and can be

bought cheap. All kinds of Canadian Yarns.

Stamping and braiding done to order.

Guelph, Jan. 23, 1869.

MRS. ROBINSON

dw

AT SHEWAN'S OLD STAND

WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

J. B. THORNTON'S

AND BOOKBINDERY,

WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal

patronage bestowed on him in former years,

bores to announce that he has erected a NEW

OPERATING ROOM at considerable expense, in-

troducing all the improvements of the day, as well

as

New RUSTIC Accessories.

He is prepared to execute Photographs and Por-

traits of all kinds

From the Locket to Life Size.

Equal, as regards finish and life-like appearance,

to any that can be obtained in the Dominion.

Copied PORTRAITS in all its branches as

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In Large Photographs with Frames he

intends offering Special Inducements

during the coming Holidays.

Parties requiring a large sized Photograph with

handsome frame, or any other Portrait of them-

selves or friends, will find it to their advantage to

call and examine specimens and prices.

Rooms: Directly over John A. Wood's Grocery

Store, Wyndham-St.

Guelph, December 12, 1868.

WILLIAM BURGESS.

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HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company

Of Hartford, Conn.

INCORPORATED IN 1810. CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.

Special Rates for Dwellings and contents for

terms of one to three years.

Guelph, Dec. 21, 1868.

E. MORRIS, Agent.

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NEW AUCTION ROOMS.

GEO. LESLIE,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

No. 3 Day's Block, Guelph,

(Next door to Carroll's Grocery Store).

Every attention paid to Sales of Mer-

chandise, Household Furniture

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Prompt and careful returns made of all sales.

REFERENCES: Jas. Massie, Esq., Guelph;

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Esq., of Barclay & McLeod, Georgetown; R. A.

Leslie, Esq., Bank of B. N. A., London; J. A.

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THE WATCH FACTORY AT WAL-

THAM, MASS.



Every sixth minute in the working day a fin-
ished watch movement is the average production
of the above factory. Yet, at this enormous rate
of manufacture, the Company can not barely sup-
ply the demand. They have already produced
almost

HALF A MILLION OF WATCHES,
most of which are now in the pockets of the peo-
ple, testifying to their superior merits as time-
keepers. They are now almost exclusively used
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ALL THE LEADING RAILWAYS.
Where they are used to run with perfect ac-
curacy, in spite of the constant jar, which so
much affects ordinary watches.

SHIP CAPTAINS
and other officers, who are frequently absent on
long voyages, prefer THE AMERICAN WATCH
any other, as they are not perceptibly affected by
change of climate, and do not require frequent
regulating. The story of the twenty-five dollar
"Elery" watch that was carried five years by a
soldier in the Army of the Potomac, and that
varied ONE MINUTE AND A HALF IN THAT TIME,
WITHOUT CARE OR CLEANING, could hardly be told
of any other watch of the price that ever was made.

TO LUMBERMEN
these watches are of great value, not being liable
to stop or get out of repair during their months
of absence in the woods. They are admirably

ADAPTED FOR PRESENTATION.
As the movements are not only reliable, but the
cases in gold are rich and handsome and of guar-
anteed fineness. Thousands of these watches are
now worn in Canada—every day they are becom-
ing more popular. Very soon they will be the
only watches sold in any quantity in the Domini-
on. Buyers should always require the guarantee
of the Company with each watch, to avoid being
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the Dominion in gold or silver cases, for ladies or
gentlemen; or in districts where there are no
watchmakers, we supply them to general mer-
chants by the dozen. To the wearer they are the
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ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents, New York.
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Wholesale Agent for Canada, Toronto and
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FUNERALS.

WILLIAM BROWNLOW,

UNDERTAKER,

SHOP, in rear of the WELLINGTON HOTEL

Donaghy Street. Houses in rear of M. P. W.

Stone's Store, and fronting the Fair Ground.

The subscriber intimates that he is prepared to

attend

FUNERALS

As usual in Town and Country. Coffins always

on hand and made to order on the shortest notice

Terms very moderate. WM. BROWNLOW

Dec. 20, 1868. dw

R. J. JEANNERET,

FROM ENGLAND,

Established in London, Ont. 1842 and in

Guelph 1863.

WORKING WATCHMAKER

AND JEWELER

DAYS BLOCK,

Opposite the Mark Guelph.

Just received a choice variety of Cheap Goods

suitable for Christmas and New Year's gifts. Par-

ticular attention paid to repairing of Watches,

Clocks and Jewellery.

Guelph, December 17th. dw

MEDICAL HALL, GUELPH.

Higginbotham's Pulmonic Syrup!

Is the safest and most efficacious remedy for

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c., so

prevalent during the present season. Prepared

only by

In bottles at 25c. E. HARVEY & CO.

MILK OF ROSES

This preparation is the best for removing all

roughness of the skin and complexion. Prepared

only by

In bottles at 25c. E. HARVEY & CO.

PATENT MEDICINES!

Ayer's, Railway's, Briggs', Kennedy's, and a

Patent Medicines of repute.

A complete assortment of Surgical Appliances,

Nursery and Toilet articles and Perfumery.

E. HARVEY & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists,

Guelph, 3rd February.

GIFTS AND PRESENTS FOR

NEW YEAR.

Notwithstanding the tremendous rush at Christ

mas, there is still at

J. HUNTER'S,

Wyndham Street, Guelph,

not only the largest and most select, but also the

cheapest assortment of general

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

suitable for this season of the year to be found

west of Toronto. Call and see.

Writing Desks

Dressing Cases

Work Boxes,

Ladies' Companions

At less than Toronto Prices.

Slippers, Ottomans, Wools, Toys and Fancy

Goods of refinement at

J. HUNTER'S,

Opposite the English Church, Wyndham St.

Guelph, December 20th.

dw

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The subscriber begs to inform his patrons and

the public that during his absence in Scotland his

business will be carried on as usual. Parties re-

quiring work will please call at his shop, Market

Square, where all orders will receive prompt

attention.

Guelph, 5th Jan. 1869.

JAS. BARCLAY

dw



NOTICE.

Any account remaining

unpaid in my books on the

15th February, 1869, will,

without any reservation or

distinction of person, be

handed into A. A. Baker,

Esq., who will receive the

amount with costs.

JOHN HOGG,

Feb. 3, 1869. Golden Lion, Guelph.

dw

Retiring from the Retail Trade.

ENTIRE STOCK OF DRY GOODS

TO BE SOLD OUT.

WILLIAM STEWART

In returning thanks to his friends and the public

for the liberal patronage bestowed on him for the

last thirteen years, respectfully intimates his

intention of retiring from the Retail Business.