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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'AGMES HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

No. 15.

For the Hearthstone WINTER.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

The frest-king is reaming.
And wild winds are meaning
Over the valleys, the hill-tops and lea;
O'er the wide wildnerness, Over the waves of the deep rolling sea.

The tree-tops are bending, 'Noath snow flakes descending.
So gently to ever the earthland o'er;
Like grim sentinels they stand
Over all the fair land
With swaying locks all frosty and hear,

The flowers we cherished.

Inny withered and perished.

And are buried 'noath the eald pearly snow;

But the suns genial rays.

In the spring's balmy days

Will cause them again in beauty to grow,

Now the sweet sluging rills.
That have danced from the hills.
In ice-fetters bound are faint aring no more;
But they'll sparkle again
Through the mondows and Main.
With merry glad songs the same as all yere.

'Tis now winter so drear,
The long night of the year.
Thickly enshronded in darkness and gloon.'
But the morning of spring,
Soon over vs will fing.
Beautiful garlands of roses in bloom.

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IN AFTER-YEARS;

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER BOSS.

CHAPTER IX.

The mills of God grind slowly. But they grind executing small: Though in patience He stands watching, Yet exactly grinds He all.

Adam in his shepherd's but on the mountain height was in sore trouble. His thoughts were with the twin children; some mysterious influence from another world told him they were in dire distress, but how was he, a helpless old man, to help them? Even if he could gain access to them, and this was impossible, the gates were barred day and night, the keys in Sir Richard's possession; and even were he to obtain entrance to the grounds, who was there to brave a master's anger that they might gratify what would be deemed the childish wish of a poor old man?

The gairish light of day departed, and the long Scottish glouning came on, and with it Adam's trouble doubled; he could not remain in the hut; he must be out beneath the firmament of heaven, and as he paused on the threshold, his soul sought counsel of his father's God, and the prayer of his heart which ascended to

heaven was: wouldst have me to do."

His prayer was heard and answered; he in-voluntarily took his way down the hill, on and on, until he came to the barn-yards of Haddon

To his surprise, he was met there by Mary, the former scullery maid, now promoted to be cook, who told him she had been gone all day, searching for a woman to spin wool for the Castle;
She had the key of the barn-yard door to let

herself in. Adam had done Mary many a kind-ness in the old time, and when he told her his carnest desire to see the young ladies, she con-sented to let him enter, on condition that should be be found out, he would carefully conceal who let him in.

She told him the young ladies' room was in the north tower, the room abutting the outside corridor, but he must not think of going near them until nine o'clock, then Sir Richard would have retired and all would be safe.

Adam knew he could easily obtain an entrance to the outside corridor through a postern door, and up a back staircase of the main building, from a window of which he would step out on the barbican, and thence to the corridor of the tower.

e gloaming had changed to darkness; no light save the pule light of the stars," as Adam and Mary entered the place which to him had been home for half a century.

Adam could not wait for the hour appointed, he felt that life and death was on his mission; he was sent of God, and woe to him if he tarried; the God whom he served could deliver him if need was, as he did Daniel of old from a burning fiery furnace, and he feared not the wrath of Richard Cuninghame.

The postern door was fast barred, and all his efforts were fullle to force an entrance there, so perforce he was obliged to have recourse to his friend Mary.

Before trusting himself to enter the servants' apartments, he reconnoitred each window carefully. Several were enveloped in tool untra-ness; the others opening from the kitchen had a dim gray light borrowed therefrom, but no



A PAINFUL SIGHT.

door to a side staircase,—communicating with head the main building, by which he could gain the At corridor of the north tower in the same way as Sir Richard had done, when he went to fasten out light and air from the wretched children now lying alike unconscious to good or ill.

A short time spent in groping his way through dark passages and narrow winding stone staircases, brought him to the corridor he sought at the top of the north tower.

The old man staggered with fear and dismay as he came close to the chamber occupied by the twins. The shut and plastered fron shutters told a fearful tale of guilt and murder, suffering and death. It was the work of a moment to unbar the shutters and pull them back, the

soft plaster falling on the corridor like curd.

The pale light of the rising moon showed him the broken window, and inside a dark mass, which he judged too truly was the pros-

trate bodies of the twins.

The window was of the old French fashion opening in the middle, so prevalent in Scot-land during the reign of the third and fourth James', and as it was attached to the casement by hook hinges, it was with case Adam lifted it

Although a rush of fresh air had preceded Adam as he entered, the room was so close and the air so thick and fetid as almost to induce fainting in the old man, who in all his previous

life had never experienced such a sensation.

But the foul air was escaping fast; and the sweet wind of heaven blowing in the direction of the window, his sickness was but moment

He raised and looked at, first one pale young face, and then the other; breathing had ceased but the flesh was warm and flexible.

In a few minutes both were lying on the corridor outside, their heads raised by pillows taken from the bed inside.

All his efforts were fruitless, he must seek water. In less time than he had taken to reach sign of other inhabitant except Mary.

Having satisfied himself of this he boldly en-

tered the passage leading from the kitchen | water, with which he bathed each fair face and fing, wandering companionless, looking down

At last a tremulous movement of the cyclid, and then a slight opening of the upper lip, told the old man that life was not extinct. He now bathed their hands and endeavoured to make them swallow a few drops from the shepherd's flask he carried in his pocket; he was so

ful; their young life was coming back. The old man stood over them, almost as breathless as the motionless forms he so earnestly strove to reanimate, with eye and ear intently stretched to discover sight and sound,

which would add hope to hope.

They were both breathing, fitfully it is true, but living and breathing, filling the old man's

heart with joy untold.

He succeeded in placing them in a sitting posture, with their backs leaning against the tower wall, thereby enabling them to inhale the fresh air more freely; their strength came back by slow degress, but as time sped on each half hour left them stronger than it found them, until they could eat the natment ban-nock and goats' milk cheese, which together with his shepherds' flask, the old man always carried in his wallet.

By midnight they could walk steadily and speak with Adam of what course they would pursue, in making their escape from their per-

The man who was turned out of the Haddon Arms was a nephew of Adam. He now lived in a farm house on the road between Haddon Castle and Aberdeen, and carried on the business of carrier between the country districts and the city. To his house Adam proposed they should first direct their steps; they could rest there for a day, and consult with the man, who was intelligent, and had received a better education than falls to the lot of most of his class. He might be able to propose a mode of procedure, better and safer than they or Adam, with their limited knowledge of the world,

would be able to think of.
The moon was now sailing high in the hea-

on arth as if seeking for some object worth her constancy. Adam knew by her altitude that the hour must be nearly one in the morning, and they proposed to set out while yet the leep shadows cast by the mounlight favoured them, to pursue with soft stealthy steps the most perilous part of their journey, that which would bring them out of the Castle and Its

grounds. They were well supplied with money. Their father had five hundred pounds in the house when he died, and this sum he, impelled by an unseen power, had told them where to find, directing them to lay it aside, mentioning their possession of such to no one, but to keep the gold against any emergency which might occur. It was now, by Adam's advice, placed carefully in the bosoms of their dresses, each carrying a part, he himself bearing a bundle hastily put up, containing a change of linen. All was prepared in readiness to start, when suddenly the deep silence of the midnight was broken by voices talking in the hall below in suppressed tones, which sounded appallingly distinct as they vibrated in the surrounding hush and

This continued for some time, and then footsteps hastily seeking the stablery, the tread of horses and rolling of wheels from thence to the great door, from which they again started off with redoubled speed down the avenue in the direction of the gate, when again all was silent ns before.

Five minutes scarcely clapsed from the time the first low voice fell on their wondering cars, until the former silence reigned in and around the Castle; but to the two frightened and startled girls, shivering with appreheusion lest their proposed flight should be discovered, and they, together with their deliverer, consigned again to the living tomb they had been rescued from, the minutes appeared hours, their hearts throbbing in great distinct beats, their heads dizzy with fear.

In the pale moonlight shining full on the vens, pale for weariness, climbing ever climb- corridor, Adam could see their faces white as

town marble, their wildly distended eyes and to we marrie, their wildly distended eyes and parted lips all betokening the intense fear un-der which they laboured, and endeavoured to reassure them. It was evident some one in the Castle was sick, perhaps nigh unto death; it mucht be the Castle's Lord, the one they most dreaded on earth, who lead been stricken down in the midst of his sin.

Wheever it was who had beft the Castle, or

Whoever it was who had left the Castle, or from whatever cause they had gone, it was evi-dent now was the time for their own departure, They had only two hours of darkness left, and of these hours they must make the best uso possible; again, the longer they delayed their journey, the more risk they ran of encountering the phaeton and its occupants on their return

All this Adam urged upon the terrified girls again and again, but his words seemed to fall on ears that had lost the power of hearing, or on minds incapable of comprehending his

The long course of confinement to the house, almost to one room, with the life of oppression which they had endured in the past year, ad-ded to which the physical suffering of the struggle for life in death they had gone through, had been too much, for frames never very robust, and accustomed to be attended on, and watched with a care, known to few, die-taled by an affection of which they were the

sum and centre, the beginning and end.

Adam looked on the trembling forms, the white faces, in which the life blood seemed to save crased to flow, the heavy cyclids dropping vith weakness, so that the dark lashes almost with weakness, so that the dark lashes almost ay upon the marble cheek, the only contrast to the deathly pallor pervading alike lip and brow; and his heart sank within him, as he aw the impossibility of these two fragile girls, performing a journey of five miles, amid the dews of night and darkness; yet he determined they should at least leave the Castle, in the grounds, if they were unable to walk further, here were several places in which he could ide them, until their situation was made vacou to the family at Includewer, and if heir strength held out until they were outside the gate, he trusted to find some mode of conthe gate, he trusted to find some mode of conveyance, better suited to the weakly state of his charges.

He spoke a few words impressing on them

the necessity of immediate flight, and then taking Margaret, who was the weaker of the two the band, he led her, followed by Agnes through the tortuous way, by which he had gained his entrance to the tower.

The old man drew a long breath, and aftered brief " Praise to the Lord" as he and the twin irls stood on the green soft grass, under the shade of the overhanging beech trees.

No sooner had, their feet touched the green sward and they felt once in a measure free, than Adam saw that new vigor had been infused in-orthe veins of his helpless charge, and he re-olved to get them as far outside the gate as possible; he had provided himself while in the astle, with instruments by the aid of which he ould lift the side gate off its hings, and while he was doing this the girls might rest; yet his heart beat with apprehension as he thought, hat while thus employed he might be discov-red by Sir Richard, whom he had no doubt was one of the occupants of the phaeton, and not on a sick bed, as he had suggested to the children in order to quiet fears in their minds, which he acknowledged to himself, were but too well founded.

While the strength remained which he well knew would be effervescent, he urged on the footsteps of the girls; binding his shepherd's plaid around him so as to support the parcel he carried, he took a hand of each, as he had been iccustomed to do in their early girlhood, when he brought them to climb the rocky heights that he might see them clap their hands with lelight at the discovery, they fancied they themselves had made of a bird's nest with the allow young, or the bed of a fallow deer with

Walking thus, each with her soft white hand clasped in the grasp of the strong old man, they seemed to borrow strength from his, and walked on with something of the elasticity of step they had known before the blight fell on their youth, the gate was soon reached, and lo ! it was wide open, the very catch idle, the chains hanging loosely to the ground.

The open gate told its tale to Adam, experienced as he had been in the ways of the Castle, from his boyhood; Sir Richard was abroad, none else dare leave the great gate so carelessly open, and the haste the open gate betokened, ewed that the heir of his land was sick nigh unto death; whatever leech he had gone to seek he would not tarry long, and the route of the girls and himself must be taken amid tho trees which skirted the roadside. There were two roads, one by the sea, another through the wood on the uplands, the way by the sea was the one, he judged for many reasons Sir Richard would take, and he chose the other, certain that there lay his best chance of safety for the twins; even there, he would not dare walk along the road, but kept to a winding path amid the trees

For the first mile the girls held out pretty well, after that they had to stop every now and again to rest, the pauses becoming more frequent, and the time consumed in resting longer, until by the time they had gone two miles, they quite unable to proceed, except at a snail's pace.

Adam saw that the strength of his helpless



charge would never hold out for three miles more the distance yet to be accomplished before they would reach his nephew's farm, so laying down his shepherd's plaid under the shade of a wide spreading beach tree, he made the girls sit down to rest, while he went in search of a cart

to convey them on their way.

He desired them to be sure not to leave the place until he came back and taking a cross road leading up among the hills was soon lost

The night was unusually calm and mild, and wrapped up in Adam's plaid the twin girls sat patiently awaiting his arrival, forming plans for their future, in all of which a meeting with Lady Hamilton was calculated on, as the first

and most desirable object of attainment.

During the few weeks they had passed at Includrewer, they had conceived a fondness for the Lady of the Castle, which could only be accounted for by the tie of blood which bound them to her, and of which unfortunately, both parties were ignorant; their affection was refurned with interest, a day seldom passed in which they were absent from Lady Hamilton's thoughts, and as surely as her hour of prayer came round, they, their well being, spiritual and temporal were brought with her to the foot-

They had rested more than half an hour, and were beginning to long for Adam's return ; when the sound of horses' feet gallopping, and wheels running at a rapid rate, struck upon their ears and an open carriage and pair, containing three men came with a sudden whirl from the cross road by which Adam had departed, and just us it passed the part of the high road opposite to where they sat, one of the forewheels fell off, and the occupants of the carriage were thrown to the ground, the vehicle falling almost above

The girls clung to each other in speechless fear, as they saw by the moonlight, that two of the persons thrown out of the carriage, were Sir Richard Cuninghame and his groom!

"Curse the thing" said the former, examining the injury done to the carriage, and the cause of the overthrow, "I believe we will have to walk the rest of the way."

"No, Sir," said the groom to whom his master addressed himself "If yourself and Doctor Simpson, will give me your help, I will soon make all right enough to carry you on to the Castle, it is only the linch pin that has fallen out, and I can easily put it in fast enough to stand for such a short distance."

The whole three busied themselves in getting the carriage into a proper position and placing the wheel; it was at length fastened so that the groom raid it would be quite safe to start

The girls gave themselves up for lost: Margaret laid her head on her sister's hap, crouching low on the ground as if she would bury herself out of sight of him, she had so much cause to dread, Agnes folding the shepherd's plaid more closely over her head; they were so near, that they could distinguish easily what each of the men wore; Sir Richard's back was now towards the place where they sat, but when he turned to enter the phacton, they knew he could not avoid seeing them.

He was too anxious to be on his way to occupy himself with any thing else, and all were again seated in the phaeton; Sir Richard who was driving, had the reins in his hands, when the Doctor pointed out, what he supposed to be a woman and a girl sitting under the beech tree, saying ;

"The poor creature, she is probably benighted, and has been sitting there all night" laying his hand on Sir Richard's arm, so as to

stop him from driving on.

"What is that to me?" was the ungracious reply, given in a surly hurried tone, as he endeavoured to throw off the Doctor's hand, which

still prevented his driving.
"I am not bound to hold converse with all the old beggar women, who choose to be abroad

in the night."

"Perhaps you are not, but I am" replied the Doctor in a determined tone "one life is as precious in my sight as another, and I go not with you until your servant ascertains why the woman is there, and if need be, you give her a lift as far as your porter's Lodge, where she can

is the night. Sir Richard was at the Doctor's mercy, there was no other to be found within a circuit of twenty miles, and he had left his child in con-rulsions; he would not turn his head to look in the direction of the object they talked of, but said in a voice hoarse with anger.

"Go Cummings, and offer the woman a lift, if she wishes to come."

The girls sat intently listening to all that was said, the Doctor's kindly words piercing like barbed arrows; a cold perspiration streamed from every pore in Agnes's body, as the groom jumped down from the back seat of the phacton and came towards them, she felt there was a bare hour between the present free air beneath the blessed firmament of heaven, and the breathless tower chamber with its shut up iron shutters.

The only shadow of escape lay in flight; she shook Margaret, attempting to rise, alas! the poor girl lay fainting in her sister's lap!

A low mean as of dying lips came from the heart of the forlorn, helpless girl, none on earth could save them now, her tongue was powerless to frame a spoken word, but her guardian angel carried the petition of her soul to God.

"Lord save us, we perish."
The man was close to where they sat he

The man was close to where they sat, he spoke some words, she heard them not; she was almost as unconscious as the cold pale face resting on her knee, he lifted up the plaid which covered her head, and shaded her face: You here" exclaimed the man in accents o

horrified surprise as he saw in the pale beseech. ing face upturned to his own, the well-known lineaments of his master's grandchild!

(To be continued.)

A Swiss Ikram.—An extraordinary person was buried a few days ago at Muotathal, four score years of age. This man, named J. L. Homes, had lived for more than 60 years a solitary life in a goat-stable, far removed from every human habitation. Ilis dormitory was carpeted with goat-skins, the litter for these semall cattle served him for a bed, and his nutriment consisted almost entirely of bread and goats' milk. He rolused as superfluous the conveniences of life which were offered to him on all sides in his advanced old age, and up to his last breath he maintained the full use of his reasoning faculties, and, at the same time, his mode of life more than frugal.

Fire Under Wattr.—This singular phenomonon is caused by placing a quantity of pulverized chlorate of potash in an empty tumbler; put a few chips of phosphorus on the chlorate of potash. Now fill the tumbler with water, and pass a small quantity of sulphuric acid through a glass tube, on the phosphorus in the tumbler, which will at once take fire and burn with great splendor.

"PAPA!" "MAMMA!"

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"Papa !!" "Mamma !!"—O, the sweetness, In the married sense and sound! As when first the early people Had their love by children crowned; First heard that caressing music Mingled with the morning breeze, While the little God-sent angels Rosily nestled on their knees!

"Papa!" "Mamun!"—O, that sweetness Is as sacred as sublime!
As when first it laughed and prattled. In the nurseries of Time!
Yet the little eyes beam on us;
Yet the little lips press ours:
Fathers, mothers, all of Eden.
Is not lost—we've blossomed bowers.

"Papa I" " Mamma I"—0, the sweetness In the thrill of every sound, Prophesying the completeness Of all things in Heaven found By the soul, with deathless splender, On the Great Sire's star-isled seal— Papers, mammas, sons and daughters, Homed in immortality!

of 1898.1

THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon. AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ON DUTY.

Everybody knows Acropolis-square and the region to which it belongs—the region amidst which has of late arisen the Albert Hall, but where at this remoter period the Albert Hall where at this remoter period the Albert Hall was not; only the glittering fabric of the Horticultural Society's great conservatory, and an arid waste, whereon the Exhibition of 1862 had lately stood. Acropolis-square is a splendid quadrangle of palavial residences, whose windows look out upon a geometrically-arranged garden, where small detachments of the invenile aristocracy, not yet 'out,' play ground. in the warm June noontide, or in the dewy twilight, when mamma and the elder girls have driven off to halls of dazzling light, and the governesses are off duty.

Acropolis-square, in the height of the London season—when there are carriages waiting at half the doors, and awnings hung out overhalf the balconies, and a wealth of flowers everywhere, and pretty girls mounting for their can-ter in the Row, and a general flutter of gaicty and animation pervading the very atmosphere—is bright and pleasant enough; but at its best it has all the faults of New London. Every house is the facsimile of its neighbour; there is none of that individuality of architect-ure which gives a charm to the more sombre mansions of the old-fashioned squares-Grosvenor and Portman and Cavendish: not a break in the line of porches, not the difference of a mullion in the long range of windows; and instead of the deep mellow hue of that red-brick, which so admirably harmonizes with the gray background of an English sky, the perpetual gloom of a dark drab stucco.

tual gloom of a dark drab stucco.

The city of Babylon, when her evil days had fallen upon her, was not drearier than Acropolis-square at the end of August; or so Hubert Walgrave thought, as a hanson, with irreverent rattle, whisked him round a corner, and into that solemn quadrangle of stucco palaces, from whose drab fronts the gay striped awnings had vanished and the flowers departed, and where no 'click' of croquet-ball sounded on the burnt-up grass in the enclosure. on the burnt-up grass in the enclosure.

Mr. Vallory's house was one of the most perfeetly appointed in the square. It was not possible to give an individual character to any one of those stucco mansions; but so far as the perfection of hearth-stoning and window-cleaning could go, the character of Mr. Vallory's man-sion was respectability, solidity, a gravity of aspect that suggested wealth. The dining-room curtains, of which the respectful passerby caught a glimpse, were of the deepest and darkest shade of claret—no gaudy obtrusive crimson or ruby—and of a material so thick that the massive folds seemed hewn out of The shutters to the dining-room winstone. dows were dark oak, relieved by the narrowest possible beading of gold. Even the draperies that shrouded the French casements of the drawing-room were a dark green silk damask; and the only ornaments visible from the outside were bronze statuettes, and monster vases of purple-and-gold Oriental china. The musins, and laces, and chintzes, and rose-coloured linings which gladdened the eye in neighbour-ing houses had no place here.

A footman in a dark chocolate livery, and with his hair powdered, admitted Mr. Walgrave to the hall, which was adorned with a black marble stove like a tomb, an ecclesiastical brass lamp, and had altogether a sepulchral look, as of a mortuary chapel. The man gave a faintly supercilious glance at the departing hansom—Mr. Vallory had so few calls in his visiting list-before he ushered Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room.
"Is Miss Vallory at home?"

"Yes, sir; Miss Vallory returned from her drive half an hour ago."

The drawing-room was quite empty, how-ever; and the footman departed in quest of Vallory's maid, to whom to communicate the arrival of a visitor for her mistress—whereby Miss Vallory had to wait about ten minutes for the information. The drawing-room was compty—a howling wilderness of gorgeous fur-niture, opening by means of a vast archway into a smaller desert, where a grand piano stood in the centre of a barren waste of Axminster carpet. Everything in the two rooms was of the solid school—no nonsense about it —and everything was costly to the last degree. Ebony cabinets, decorated with clusters of in cornelian and agate, Hercules and the Bull'in bronze, on a stand of verde antique. No cups and saucers, no Dresden déjeuncrs, no Chelses shepherdesses, no photograph albums but a pair of carved-oak stands for engravings, supporting elephantine portfolios of Albert Durer's and Rembrandt's etchings, and early impressions from plates of Hogarth's own engraving. There were a few choice pictures, small and modern; things that had been among the gems of their year in the Academy; just enough to show that neither taste nor w was wanting for the collection of a gallery. There was an exquisite group in white marble,

forming the centre of a vast green satin ottoman; but of brie-d-brae there was none. The idler found no dainty rubbish, no costly trifles scattered on every side to annue an empty quarter of an hour. After he had examined the half dozen or so of pictures, he could only pace the Axminster, contemplative of the geometrical design in various shades of green, or gaze dreamily from one of the windows at the drab palaces on the other side of the square.

Hubert Walgrave paced the room and looked about the room thoughtfully as he walked. It seemed larger to him than it had ever appeared before, after that shady parlour at Brierwood, with its low ceiling and heavy caken beams, dark brown panelling and humble furniture. In such rooms as this he might hope to live all his life, and to enjoy all the distinction which such surroundings give—without Grace Red-mayne. The picture of his future life, with all the advantages of wealth and influence which his marriage was to bring him, had always been very agreeable to him. He was scarcely the kind of man to be fascinated by that other pic-He was scarcely the ture of love in a cottage. And yet to-day, face to face with Hercules and the Bull, his yagabond fancy, taking its own road in spite of him, shaped the vision of a life with Grace in some trim suburban villa-a hard-working life, with desperate odds against success, only the woman

he loved for his wife, and domestic happiness.

a It isn't as if I hadn't even some kind of position already," he said to himself, " to say nothing of having a decent income of my own. And yet, what would my chances be with old Vallory dead against me? That man could crumple me up like a bit of waste paper. To do him a deadly wrong would be certain rain. And what would be left me then? To drag miserably upon the outskirts of my profession, and live upon three hundred a year; no house in Mayfair; no villa between Strawberry-hill and Chertsey; no crack club—1 couldn't afford even that tranquil haven for man's misfortune; no Eton for my boys; no Hanoverian governess for my girls; no yacht, no stable, no social status. Only Grace's sweet face growing pinched and worn with petty cares and daily worries; a herd of children in a ten-roomed house; a maid-of-all-work to cook my dinner; summonses for unpaid poor-rates on every mantel-piece; the water-supply cut off with a dismal regularity once a quarter. Who doesn't know every detail of the sordid picture? Pshaw! Why, were I even inclined to sacrifice myself—and I am not—it would be no kindness to Grace to consummate my own exlinction by such a step."

There was a strange wavering of the balance; but the scale always turned ultimately on the same side-the side of worldly wisdom True as the needle to the pole was the mind of Hubert Walgrave to the one fact that he must needs succeed in life—succeed in the popular acceptation of the word-win money and honour; make a name for himself, in short.

"Other men can afford to take life lightly," he said to himself; " to ruin themselves even, in a gentlemanly way. They start from an elevation; and it takes a long time going down hill. I begin at the bottom, and am bound to climb. Essex could trifle with opportunities which were of vital importance to Raleigh.
Yet they both ended the same way, by the bye,
the trifler and the deep thinker."
A door opened with the resonance of a door
in a cathedral, and a rustle of silken fabric an-

nounced the approach of Miss Vallory.

Augusta Vallory, sole daughter of the house and heart of Mr. William Vallory, sollicitor, of Harcross, Vallory, and Vallory, Austin Friars, was not a woman to be criticised lightly, with a brief sentence or two. She was eminently handsome—tall, beyond the common height of women, with sloping shoulders and a willowy waist; a long slim throat, crowned with a head hat was almost classic in form, a face about which there could be scarcely two opinions.

She was a brunctte: her eyes the darkest hazel, cold and clear; her hair as nearly black as English hair ever is; her complexion faultless; a skin which never lacked exactly the right tints of crimson and creamy white—a complexion so perfect, that if Miss Vallory had an enemy of her own sex, that enemy might have suggested vinaigre de rouge and blane Rosati; a delicate aquiline nose, thin lips—just a shade too thin perhaps—a finely modelled chin, and flashing white teeth, that gave life and light to her face. The forehead was somewhat low and narrow; and, perfect as the eyelashes and eyebrows might be, the eyes themselves had a cer-tain metallic brilliancy, which was too much like the brightness of a deep-hued topaz or a cat's cyc.

She was dressed superbly; indeed, dress with Miss Vallory was the most important business of life. She had never had occasion to give herself much trouble on any other subject; and to dress magnificently was at once an occupation and an amusement. To be striking, original, out of the common, was her chief aim. She did not affect the every-day-pinks and blues and mauves of her acquaintance, but, with the aid of a French milliner, devised more artistic combinations—rich browns and fawus and deadleaf tints, rare shades of gray, relieved by splashes of vivid colour—laces which a downgor duchess might have sighed for. Miss Vallory did not see any reason why the married of her sex should alone be privileged to wear gorgeous apparel. Rich silks and heavy laces became her splendid beauty better than the muslins and gauzes of the demoiselle a marier.

To day she wore a fawn-coloured silk dress, with a train that swept the carpet for upwards of a yard behind her—a corded fawn-coloured silk high to the throat, without a vestige of trimming on body or sleeves, but a wide crimson sash tied in a loose knot on one side of the slender waist. The tight sleeves, the narrow linen collar became her to admiration. A doubtful complexion would have been made execrable by the colour; every defect in an im-perfect figure would have been rendered doubly obvious by the fashion of the dress. Miss Vallory wore it in the insolence or her beauty, as if she would have said, "Imitate me if you

The lovers shook hands, kissed each other

oven, in a business-like way.

"Why, Hubert, how well you are looking !"
said Miss Vallory. "I expected to see you still an invalid"

" Well, no, my dear Augusta; there must come an end to everything. I went into the country to complete my cure; and I think I

may venture to say that I am cured."

Mr. Walgrave's tone grew graver with those last words. He was thinking of another disease than that for which the London physician had treated him, wondering whether he

were really on the high road to recovery from that more fatal fever.

" I need not tell you how well you are looking," he went on gaily ; "that is your normal state."

"Ems was horrid," exclaimed Miss Vallory " I was immensely glad to come away. How did you like your farmhouse? It must have been rather dreary work, I should think. " Yes; it did become rather dreary work-

at the last." " You liked it very well at first ?" then inquired the young lady, with a slight elevation of the faultless eyebrows. She was not particularly sentimental; but she would have pre-ferred to be told that he had found existence

odious without her.

"No; it was not at all bad—for a week or so. The place is old-fashioned and pictures que, the country round about magnificent. There were plenty of chub, too; and there was a pike I very much wanted to catch. I shall

go in for him again next year, I daresay."
"I have never been able to comprehend what any man can find to interest him in fish-

ing."
"It has long been my hopeless endeavour to discover what any woman can have to say to her milliner for an hour and a half at a stretch, unswered Mr. Walgrave coolly.

Augusta Vallory smiled—a cold hard smile.

"I suppose you have found it rather tiresome

when I have kept you waiting at Madame Bouffante's," she said carelessly; "but there are some things one cannot decide in a hurry; when I and Bouffante is too busy, or too grand, to come to me." "What an unfathomable science dress is !

That gown you have on now, for instance," surveying her critically, " does not seem very cla-I she think you might make it yourself."

"No doubt, if I had been apprenticed to a dressmaker. Unfortunately, papa omitted that branch of instruction from his programme for my education. Madame Bouffante cut this dress herself. The train is a new style, that was on-ly introduced three weeks ago by the Empress of the French."

"Good heavens! and I did not recognise the novelty when you came into the room. a barbarian I am ! But, do you know, I have seen women who made their own dresses-when I was a boy."

"I cannot help it, my dear Hubert, if you have lived amongst curious people."

He was thinking of Grace Redmayne as he

had seen her one Saturday afternoon scated un-der the cedar, running the seams of a blue-anawhite muslin dress which she was to wear at church next morning, and in which, to his eyes, she lad seemed fairer than a wood nymph. Yet Miss Vallory was much handsomer man Grace, even without the adventitions aid of dress—

much handsomer, but not so lovely.

"I have come to ask if I may stay to dinner," said Mr. Walgrave, seated comfortably on the great green satin offician, with Miss Vallory by his side—not ridiculously near him in any lackadaisical plighted-lover-like fashion, but four or five feet away, with a flowing river of fawn-coloured sills between them. "You see,

I am in regulation costume."

"Papa will be very glad. We have not told any one we are in town; and indeed I don't suppose there is a creature we know in London You will culiven him a little."

And papa's daughter?" "One papers thangeter?"

"O, of course; you know I am always pleased to see you. Half-past six. If you are very good I won't change my dress for dinner, and we can have a comfortable gossip instead."

"I mean to be unexampled in goodness. But under ordinary circumstances—with no one you know in town—world really really my town—world really my

know in town—would you really put on some-thing more splendid than that orange-tawny gown, for the sole edification of the butler?"
"I dress for papa, and because I am in the

habit of doing so, I suppose.
"If women had only a regulation costume like ours—black silk, and a white muslin the —what an amount of envy and heart-burning might be avoided! And it would give the handsome ones a fairer start—weight for age, as it were—instead of the present system of handicapping."

"I don't in the least understand what you mean, Hubert. Imagine girls in society dressed in black, like the young women in a laber-

"Yes, that's an objection. Yet we submit to apparel ourselves like butlers. However, being so perfect as you are it is foolishness to wish you otherwise. And now tell me all your news. languish to hear what you have been doing."

This was an agreeable easy going manner of concealing the fact that Mr. Walgrave had nothing particular to say. The woman who was to be his wife was handsome, accomplished well versed in all worldly knowledge; yet they met after eight weeks' severance and he had nothing to say to her. He could only lean lazily luck upon the ottoman, and admire her with cold critical eyes. Time had been when he fancied himself in love with her. He could never have won so rich a prize without some carnestness of intention on his own part, without some reality of feeling; but whatever force the passion had possessed was all expended, it was gone utterly. He looked at her to-day, and told himself that she was one of the hand-somest women in London, and that he cared for her no more than if she had been a statue.

She was very handsome; but so is a face in picture. He had seen many faces on canvas that had more life, and light, and soul in them than had ever glorified hers. His heart had been so nearly her own, but she had wrought no spell to hold it. What had she ever given him, expect her cold business-like consent to be his wife, at some vaguely defined future poriod, when its prospects and position should be completely satisfactory to her father? What had she ever given him—what tears, or fond looks from soft beseeching eyes, or little cling-ing touches of a tremulous white hand—what evidence that he was nearer or dearer to her than any other eligible person in her visiting list? Did he not know only too well that in her mind this lower world began and ended with Augusta Vallory—that nothing in the universe had any meaning for her except so far as it affected herself? One night when she had been singing Tennyson's song, "Home they brought her warrior dead," Mr. Walgrave said to her as he leant across the piano.

"If you had been the lady, Augusta, what a muisance you would have considered the function."

warrior where he fell. If I ever come to grief in the hunting-field, I will make an arrange-ment beforehand that they carry me straight to the nearest village deadhouse, and leave me there till the end."

CHAPTER XII.

William Vallory, of Harcross and Vallory,

HARCHOSS AND VALLORY.

ons one of the wealthiest attorneys in the city of London. The house had been established for something over a century, and the very name of the firm meant all that was most solid and expensive in legal machinery. The chief clerks at Vallory's—the name of Harcross was nowa-days only a fiction, for the last Harcross slept the sleep of wealth and respectability in a splendid mansoleum at Kensal-green — the very clerks at Vallory's were full-blown lawers, whose salaries gave them larger incomes than they could hope to earn by practising on their own account. The appearance of the house was like that of a bank, solemn and strong; with outer offices and inner offices; long passages, were the footfall was multi-d by kampfulicon; Mr. Vallory's room, spacious and lofty, a magnificent apartment, which might have been built for a board-room, and Mr. Weston Vallory's room; Mr. Smith's room, Mr. Jones's room. Weston Vallory and Mr. Thompson's room. Weston Vallory attacked to apartment of the control of th ton Vallory attended to common law, and had an outer chamber thronged with anxious clients. Economy of labour had been studied in all the arrangements. In the hall there was a large mahogany tablet inscribed with the names of the heads of the firm, and chief clerks, and against every name a sliding label, with the magic word In, or the depressing announcement Out. The whole edifice was pervaded with gutta-percha tubing, and information of the most private character could be conveyed. the most private character could be conveyed to far-off rooms in a stage whisper. There were humble clients who never got any farther than Mr. Thompson; and indeed to all common clay the head of the house was as invisible as the Mikado of Japan.

In the Bankrupty Court there was no such power existent as Harcross and Vallory. Commissioners quaited before them, and judges themselves deferred to the Olympian power of William Vallory. The bankrupt—nating for half a million or so, the firm only undertook great mass—who confided himself to Harcross grea' cases—who confided minisch to many vallery was tenderly led through the devious paths of insolvency, and brought forth from the dark valley at last with a reputation white as the undriven snow. Under the Vallory treatment a man's creditors became the offenders; inasmuch as they did, by a licentious system of credit, lure him to his ruin. Half-a-crown in the pound in the bands of Harcross and Vallory went farther than sevenand-sixpence administered by a meaner house.

They were great in chancery businesstoo, and kepta printing-press perpetually at wood upon Bills of Complaint or Auswers. The light of Isilis of Complaint or Answers. The light of their countenance was as the sunshine to young barristers, and even Queen's counsel bowed down and worshipped them. They never allowed a client to lift his tinger, in a legal way, without counsel's opinion. They were altogether expensive, famous, and respectable. To have Harcross and Vallory for one's family solicitors was in itself a stamp of respectability

lity.

They were reputed to be enormously rich, or rather William Vallory, in whose person the firm now centred, was so reputed. Weston Valland and the state of lory, his nephew was a very junior partner, takory, his hepitew was a very jumor partner, tur-ing a seventh share or so of the profits; a bachelor of about thirty, who rode a good horse; had a trim little villa at Norwood, and lived altogether in the adour of respectability. Not to be respectable would have entailed banishment from those solemn halls and stony

banishment from those solemn halls and stony corridors in Great Winchester-street.

Stephen Harcross, Augusta Vallory's godfather, had died a wealthy old bachelor, and left the bulk of his fortune, which was for the chief part in stock and shares of divers kinds, to his goddaughter—having lived at variance with his own flesh and blood, and being considerably impressed by the beauty, accomplishments, and general merits of that young lady. Whereby it came to pass that Miss Vallory, besides having splendid expectations from her father, was already possessor of a clear three thousand per annum. What her father might have to leave annum. What her father might have to leave was an open question. He lived at the rate of five thousand a year; but was supposed to be making at least eight, and Augusta was his on-

It was, of course, a woudeeful stroke of fortune for such a man as Hubert Walgrave, with three hundred a year and his profession, to become the accepted suitor of Augusta Vallory. The thing had come about simply enough. Her futher had taken him by the hand three or four years before; had been pleased with him, and had invited him a good deal to Acropolissquare, and to a villa at Ryde, where the Vallorys spent some part of every summer—invited him in all unconsciousness of any danger in such an acquaintance. He had naturally rather lofty notions upon the subject of his daughter's matrimonial prospects. He was in no hurry for her to marry; would, so far as his own sel-fish desires went, have infinitely preferred that she should remain unmarried during his lifetime. But she was a beauty and an heiress, and the told himself that she must inevitably marry, and could hardly fail to marry well. He had vague visions of a coronet. It would be pleasant to read his daughter's name in the Peerage before he died. All such ideas were put to flight, however, when Miss Vallory coolly an-nounded to him one morning that Mr. Walgrave had proposed to her on the previous night, and that with her father's approval she meant to marry him; not without her father's approval, she was much too-well-brought-up a young woman to conceive the possibility of any such re-bellion. But on the other hand, if she were not allowed to marry Hubert Walgrave, she would certainly marry no one else.

(To be continued.)

with Augusta Vallory—that nothing in the universe had any meaning for her except so far as it affected herself? One night when she had been singing Tennyson's song, "Home had been singing Tennyson's song, "Home had been singing Tennyson's song, "Home shid to her as he leant across the piano.

"If you had been the lady, Augusta, what a nuisance you would have considered the functral!"

"Funerals are very dreadful," she answered with a shudder.

"And they might as well have buried her DEAD HEADS.-Railroads occasionally complain or



A ROYAL RACE.

By JAMES M'CARROLL.

Among the fine old kings that reign Upon a simple wooden throne. There's one with but a small domain, But, mark you, it is all his own.

And though upon his rustic towers No ameient standard waves its wing, Thick, leady banners, flushed with thowers, From all the fragrant casements swing.

And here, in royal homespun, bow His nut-brown court at night and morn-The brouzed field-marshal of the plow, The chancellor of wheat and corn.

The keeper of the golden stacks, The unstress of the milking pail. The bold knights of the ringing axe. The heralds of the sounding flail.

The ladies of the new-mown hay,
The master of the spade and hee,
The masters of the glorious lay
That all the sons of freedom know.

And thus, while on the sensons roll, He wins from the inspiring sod The brawny arm and noble sout That serves his country and his God.

For the Hearthstone.

THE HOSPITAL GONDOLA

BY ISABELLA VELANCY CRAWFORD.

"Come Queen Mab, it's delightfully fresh now, and I wish you'd come for a sail. Run for your hat like a little darling."

The speaker was a tall young fellow with fine

frank features, and the girl he addressed a delicate beauty, possessing a certain degree of family resemblance to him. She was scated on the steps of a collonade which partially sur-rounded a beautiful villa built in the Italian style, and was bustly employed in twining a heavy garland of roses, supplying herself with blossoms from a heaped up basket at her side. "I can't to-night, Gerald," she said in answer

to his request, "for I promised to ride with Major St. Quentin." A slight frown contracted Gerald's broad fore-

head, and the smile faded from his lips,
"Yery well, Mabelle, it seems I can never
have you to myself for a moment now, since
that man came here, I think your own cousin is entitled to as much consideration as an ac-

quaintance of a couple of months."

"Why, Gerald, he is papa's guest," said
Mabelle, raising her eyes in astonished reproof

Mabelle, raising her eyes in astonished reproof from her fragrant task.

"Oh, of course it's all pure hospitality," remarked Gerald with something approaching a sneer, "though I know, if instead of the fascinating St. Quentin, it were old Mr. Boreleigh, you would watve ceremony and come with me. However, Nettle is not fascinated and so she will, won't you, Nettle ?"

A little smile broke into Mabelle's eyes as Gerald turned from her to a levely little girl of some twelve summers, who sprang from one

some twelve summers, who sprang from one of the open windows, and ran towards them.

"I'd like to go very much, cousin Gerald," said Nettle, "but mamma says I am to ride with Mab and Major St. Quentin, and it's time gally.

for you to go and dress Mab, or we'll be late."
"Oh!" said Gerald more graciously as Mabelle rose to go, "it's not to be a kle-à-lête ride

Mabello was really a very sweet girl, and she smiled a little serious smile as she said gently.

"You know Gerald, you are the only one with whom I ever ride alone, you should not be angry at my being attentive to one old friend of

papa's, cousin.",
"I'm not, but don't call me cousin, Queen Mab. you know I hate it !"

Mabelle touched a beautiful sapphire ring which she were on her engagement finger.

"You ought not to be so sensitive, Gerald,

and as for calling you cousin, one cannot break through an old habit easily, but I will try and remember for the future."

"You are a darling girl," said Gerald now quite modified, "run away and don't keep the old boy waiting, we can have our sail tomorrow."

Mabelle flew away with a grateful look, and Nettle who was already equipped for her ride, put her hand into Gerald's, and strolled up and down the shadowy collorade.

"Cousin Gerald." she said. fixing on him that

searching, penetrating look peculiar to child-dren, "why did you call Major St. Quentin the old boy,' and why don't you like Mab to call you cousin, you are our cousin aren't you?"
"Yes I am of course, you inquisitive little
puss, but it's not proper for young ladies to ask

"I'm not a young lady," said Nettie, "I'm only a little girl, and why did you call Major St. Quentin the old boy? he's not as old as papa,

once a little girl turned into a frog for asking her cousin questions!" se you ask the old boy himself, Net-

tie!" said a deep and singularly sweet voice from behind a screen of vines which divided the coloniside into two parts, and a gentleman came through the archway and sauntered towards them smiling.

Major St. Quontin must have nearly reached

his fortieth year, but his physique was such as time serves but to improve and ennoble. Tall above the stature of most men, the massive and yet strictly proportioned outlines of his form, did away with the awkwardness usually accompanying any uncommon degree of altitude. His features corresponded with bly ceneral appearance, and were at the same time old in outline and delicate in detail, and on them reigned at the moment an expression of playful sarcasm, directed at Gerald who looked cessively uncomfortable.
"Come, Nettle," he said laughing, "I am a

new example of the truth of an old proverb and as Mr. D'Arcy does not scom inclined to answer your question, I will."

Nottie walked gravely over to the Major, who looked down at her sunny face with a peculiar tenderness of expression, which his face ever aswhen in company with her,

"It's very easily explained," he said good-humoredly, "look here," he bent his stately head quite close to hers, "you see nearly every second hair is quite white, well that accounts for the opithet 'old,' and in France every unmarried man is called a 'boy,' so you see your cousin was only terming me an old bachelor after all."

"But why don't you marry some beautiful lady?" inquired Nettic, "and build a grand castle to live in?"

"I'm going to marry the Queen of the fairles Neitie, and live in the forest, with dances and delight; and you shall be one of our cives."

Major St. Quentin looked at Gerald with a

mischievous sparkle in his deep brown eve "That must be Queen Mab!" cried Notite chapping her hands, and springing to her sister who now appeared on the collonade, she said, "Oh, Queen Mah, you are to marry Major St. Quentin, and we are all to live in the woods together to

Mabelle's eyes turned from Nettle to Gerald with something of alarm in them, and she opened her lips as though about to speak, but Gerald with a glance of intense anger at the whole group, spring down the steps, overturn-ing as he did so either by accident or design, the basket containing the roses from which Mubelle had been twining her garland, and as they rolled over the lawn, he went towards the beach, from which the villa was distant about

Something like tears glittered in Mabelle's cyes, but seeing the Major's glance fixed on her, she forced them back, and even smiled faintly at something he said as he lifted her into the saddle, and waving adleux to Mr. and Mrs. Craustend who came and stood on the colonnade to see them depart, they cantered gally away and were soon hidden from view by the heavy timber in the park.

" Poor St. Quentin," said Mr. Craustead as he and his wife re-entered the house, "what a sad, sad fato has been his!"

"But there are happy days approaching for

"But there are happy days approaching for him I trust," replied his wife, a woman with Mabelle's sweet eyes and beautiful smile.

"I trust so, I hope so," said Mr. Craustend, "poor Frank! he deserves all the love and tenderness a good wife can bestow on him."

"I wonder Gerald didn't John them," said Mrs. Craustend after a moment's silence.
"I founded lather those her bear consolition."

"I wonder Gerald didn't Join them," said Mrs. Graustead after a moment's silence. "I fancied lately there has been something not quite right about the lad, he appears duit and reserved, and altogether unlike himself," remarked Mr. Craustead.

"Perhaps he is going to be ill," said Mrs. Cruustead, with feminine anxiety, "he stays out too much in the heat, I must really speak to him about it."

"Do so, my dear," responded her husband,
he will attend to your advice when he sees
that you are anxious about him," and taking up
an Italian poem, he stretched himself on a couch

and commenced reading.

and commonced reading.

"Shall we ride along the cliff road?" said Mabelle as they issued from the park gates, and there was a little pleading quiver in her voice as she asked the question.

"Certainly if you wish it, and to speak truth it is my favorite ride," said Major St. Quentin readily, and they turned their bores books in

readily, and they turned their horses heads in that direction. "We shall find a fine breeze there," he said

"We shall find a fine breeze there," he said looking up at the sky, which was beginning to darken over with heavy detached elouds.

Mabelle's glance followed his, and then turned anxiously out over the sea, which now stretched out beside them, calm as a mirror, but black and sullen looking, and evidently ready for outside. A however you a little black speek mischief. A long way out, a little black speck showed the presence of a boat, and though Major St. Quentin perceived it, Mabelle's, unaccustomed eyes took to note of it, and she looked relieved as her gaze took in the apparently deserted expanse of ocean.

The fresh breeze which they began to feel as

refleved as ner gate to deserted expanse of ocean.

The fresh breeze which they began to feel as they mounted the cliff road, exhilarated them all, and Nettle scampered on ahead her white pony trying its paces against those of the Major's black Newfoundland dog which invariably accompanied them in their rambles.

The Major and Mabelle rode more quietly behind, and though the Major constantly and anxiously regarded sky and sea, he managed, anxiously regarded sky and sea, he calling the sealing the sealing

auxiously regarded sky and sea, he managed, though secretly uneasy to conceal the feeling from his companion, and chatted with her quite

The conversation turned on Gerald, and be spoke admiringly of his courage and talents, and Mabelle's eyes sparkled and her color reso as the admired and all accomplished St. Quen-

tin spoke so warmly of his good qualities.

"But I think his courage frequently enries him beyond the bounds of prudence," he said in conclusion.

"Oh, dear Major St. Quentin," said Mabell earnestly, "If you would only persuade him to burn that dreadful Indian canoe in which he goes out. Papa, every one, has told him how unfit it is for the open sea, but he does not mind in the least, and every time he goes out, I——" she shuddered and did not conclude the sentenco.

" My dear girl," said the Major, " I'm afraid I'm not sufficiently in Mr. D'Arcy's good graces to venture on advising, and ho might resent it as an impertinence."

"I don't think any one could connect such a word with you," said Mabelle simply and carn-

estly.
"I'm much obliged to Queen Mab for her "I'm much obliged to queen and for her opinion," said Major St. Quentin, with a look of real pleasure as he glanced at her beautiful face, rosy and sparkling from the brisk air, and with tender solicitude he leant down to arrange something that had got out of order about her bridle rein.

As he raised his head, Nettie came galloping

back towards them, like a miniature whilwind. Her long curls had broken from the demure confinement of her riding net, and waved behind her like a banner, and the shaggy mane of her pony was blowing wildly about, while his eyes glowed from beneath the tangled mass like coals of fire.

" It's going to rain! I feel drops Mab," she eried as she drew near, and both Mabelle and St. Quentin started as a low growl of thunder saluted their cars.

The wind was rising, and the sea was begin The wind was rising, and the sea was occur-ning to roll in long undulations as yet uncapped with foam, and driving swiftly landward was a condensed mass of clouds of dull purple, a contensed mass of clouds of dull purple, scarlet and black through which continuously played vivid flashes of lightning. For a moment the rays of the sun, just sinking beneath the horizon, burst through them, and glancing on the top of the swells, lit them up into ridges of the, almost blood red in its fleree glow, and impediately disappearing again, left the supering mediately disappearing again, left the ocean to its former inky luc.

Major St. Quentin uttered an ejaculation as

his eyes took in the portentous scene, and Nettle exclaimed in a ione of distress,
"Oh! Major St. Quentin, what shall we do?
Mab's horse is always affald of lightning!"

Indeed the animal was becoming exceedingly restive, and the narrow cliff road was an especially unsafe place for any display of equine 'nerves.' Mabello was a good horsewoman, and seldom lost presence of mind, but her check rolled as her horse becan to curvet within. paled as her horse began to curvet within a few feet of the brink of the precipice, and she felt a throb of delight as Major St. Quentin laid by

strong hand on his reins, and held the animal in with a steady grasp.

"I would advise you to dismount," he said, "but we are going to have a regular squall and you must hasten to shelter, and as only two can rido safely abreast, Nottle must go ahead, as Nixle is perfectly steady, and the sound of hoofs behind her would drive "Fire-

This arrangement was accordingly made and urged to extreme speed by Major St. Quer tin, whose firmly compressed lips, and ashy cheeks proclaimed some inward cause of dis-quiet, the party galloped rapidly towards home Ere they reached the house, the storm was on them, and so furiously did the wind pursue them that once or twice Madelle and Nottle were nearly hurled from their horses.

Throwing the reins to the servants, Major St. Quentin lifted Mabello and Nettle from their saddles, and while they rushed to assure their mother of their safety, he beckened Mr. Crau tend away. They walked out on the colonnade

from which they could see the ocean now one sheet of snowy foam, and St. Quentin said anxiously.

" James, do you know if Gerald D'Arey is in

the house?"
"No. Why do you ask Frank?" replied Mr. Craustead looking with surprise at the pale and disturbed countenance of his friend. "Because I am almost certain that he has been caught in this squalf, and if so——"

"Wait for a moment I'll get the boat-house key," said Mr. Craustead, and in a couple of moments the two men were on their way to

they walked rapidly towards the beach,

As they walked rapidly towards the bench, with heads bent against the driving wind, they nearly knocked down an old man, who was harrying towards the villa.

"Oh, Mr. Craustead, Sir," he gasped, "I was a-coming to tell ye that Mr. Gerald went out in that temptin of Providence Indian heat of bis, and never a bit bas he come'd back since, for I've waterbad and walked the whole exent. or I've watched and walted the whole events tho seein the squall comin I had my fears about

Mr. Craustead turned ghastly pale in the stormy twilight, and caught hold of Major St.

Quentla's arm to support himself.

"What is to be done?" he murmured hearsely, while Major St. Quentin and the old salier ooked despairingly out towards the dimly seen sen, the whilly dashing spray from which was drenching them thoroughly.

The villa was near no ilfe-boat station, and

even had it been, what use to seek a solitary being on that black and vast expanse, even sup-posing that he and his feath bark had as yet escaped, which these three men, all with more experience than common of the ways of the sea, felt in their secret hearts was impossible. Who can describe the agony and suspense of that fearful night, to the intelligence the wills!

hat fearful night to the inhabitants of the villa Regarding Gerald as fondly as though he had been their son Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Craustead gave way to profound grief, and Mabelle, from whom in vain they tried to hide what had hap-pened, seemed turned to stone, and through the long dark night, sat on the steps of the colthe long dark night, sat on the steps of the col-omade, her eyes fixed on the white line of the sea, and her hands clasped righly on her lap. Servants were riding to and fro all night, set-ting watches for many miles along the coast in case Gerald's body should be washed ashore, and with the first streak of dawn, Major St. Quentin and a brave few from the small fishing hamlet near by, put out to sea, though the waves were still running high, in the hope of rescuing him it still affort. Going down to the beach, St. Quentin paused beside Mabelle, still scatted on the steps of the colonnade. He regarded her with unspeakable pity, and touching her her with unspeakable pity, and touching her hand to attract her attention he said.

" Dear child, there is some hope yet!"

"Dear child, there is some hope yet!"
But she did not answer him, and indeed did
not appear to be aware of his presence.
As he turned to go his glance rested on a
heap of withered roses, the remains of Mahelle's
work of the day before, and he stopped for a
moment to put them where they would not attract her attention, and then sadly pursued his
way towards the boat which lay in readiness for
him.

Before the evening of that day all hope was over, and a stranger visiting a couple of weeks afterwards, the little church of Craustead, might have observed a tablet newly let into the wall, and inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of Gerald Aylmer

D'Arcy. " Drowned June 20th 18-Actat 24 years and 6 months."

"Sing that song again Ida," said Major St. Quentin. "It seems peculiarly suited to this evening, with its new born moon and hosts of

stars."

The lady he addressed a beautiful and elegant looking woman, who was leaning pensively against a harp, the strings of which were still vibrating with the accompaniment of the repetition of which he had requested, started from the melancholy reverie into which she appeared

about to full and replied with a fullt smile.

"My dear Frank, I will sing something live-lier, Mabelle and Nettle look quite mournful," and she sang an Italian boat song full of fire and energy in a voice full and sweet as that of a

The group consisted of our old friends, Mr and Mrs. Craustead, Mabelle and Nettle, with Major St. Quentin and the bady whom he ad-dressed as Ida. They were seated on the balcony of a palace overlooking one of the principal canals of Venice, and beneath them floated gon-dolas, from which came the merry song of the gondollers. As the moonlight was not brilliant, several of these vessels had torches affixed to them, the red glow from which brought out the protruding cornices and richly ornamented facedes of the neighbouring buildings with pictures of the set of the protruction of the set of the se

After Ida had ceased her song, a silence fell on the group, over whom there appeared to hang a certain melancholy, and Mabelle indeed looked paler and graver than before. No one seemed inclined to break the stillness until Nettic evinced symptoms of restlessness, and gliding to Major St. Quentin whispered confi-dentially.

turesque effect.

"I am not amused at all to-night. I think it is very dull, and I wish I were back at dear old Craustead."

"Have you ever been out in a gondola, Net-tic?" asked the Major after a moment's consi-deration of this compiaint, and on being au-swered in the negative, be continued, "Well! if your mamma will trust Mabelle and you to the care of my wife and myself, I will add that

leasure to your experience. Run and ask her." Nettie flew to her mother and having obtained the required permission, the ladies left the balcony to equip for their expedition, while the Major went to summon a goudola.

In a few moments they were gathered on the narble watersteps of the palace, ready to enter the fairy like bark which moved gently up and down as the tide rippled past. The red flames from the numerous torches, streamed out on the light breeze like rosy banners, and threw a cheerful light on the surrounding scene.

St. Quentin assisted his wife in, and having, ith an air of tender sollicitude arranged her in a comfortable position, the girls entered the bont which floated gently out into the stream, Leaving the city behind, they steered for the

ea, which lay shining and calm as a plain of silver, with brighter indentations here and there, marking the courses of the different gou-dola's, of which many were abroad, their owners tempted by the extreme beauty of the night. Long they lingered, enchanted by the levelit moonlit Adriatic, and at length they turned homewards, taking the chief canal in

The Major and his wife were seated apart conversing in low tones, and Nettie chattered gaily, though her prattle fell on unheeding ears, for Mabello appeared wrapped in a melancholy As they were about leaving the canal, a gon-

dola passed them swiftly, bearing the distinctive marks of those belonging to a charitable order, whose duty it was to convey the sick and dying to the hospital. As the vessel passed, rowed by its black hooded gondollers, who chanted in a melancholy voice as they bent to their task, it was regarded with curiosity by the party.

der, as a fearful groan issued from behind the dark curtains which concealed the sufferer from the public view, but suddenly Nettle ut-tered a piercing shrick, and pointed to the gon-dola, which had now passed ahead, and cried, "Oh, there! look there!"

The breeze had blown the curtains aside, and iven her a momentary gilmpse of the person within. In answer to their startled inquiries the softbed.

"Cousin Gerald! I saw cousin Gerald!" and she persisted so stendily in her assertion that Mabelle felt a curious sensation steat over her, a resurrection as it were of hope, "After all, tierald's body had never been found, and-" but she checked the thought, half smiling at her own folly.

On reaching home she did not notice, engaged as she was in trying to soothe Nettie, that Major St. Queutin was absent, for as the ladies entered the louse he re-entered the gondoin, and was rowed swiftly away.

On the following morning Mabelle sat listening, only worth. To the correct and she

ing, outwardly calm, to the earnest and glad toned discourse of Major St. Quentin. She had suffered so much lately that she had learned to maintain an outward calm, and the only sign with which she received the intelligence that was to restore her to happiness, was the intense pressure of her hands together, and the glow of her check.

"Impressed," said St. Quentin, "by Nettie's a impressed," said Sf. Quentin, e by Neitle's persisting in her declaration of having seen teraid, I re-entered the gondola, and set out in pursuit of the hospital boat, which I overlook just as it reached the quay. I pushed through those who were carrying him, and dear child, through the distortion of his face from the agony of his fractured limb, I recognized Gerald. His eyes cought mine as they were hearing him away, but whether he recognized no events. away, but whether he recognized me or not I do not know. I rushed after him, when I re-membered that he never seemed to like me, so I returned home, and having broken the intelligence to your father, I despatched him to the bedside of his nephew, and I see he has but just

At this moment Mr. Craustead entered the

At this moment are emission converge cor-room, and from him they heard the remainder of the tale.

On the evening of the opining of our story, Gerald had been overtaken by the gale which Gerald had been overtaken by the gale which in an instant had swamped his frail had. Being an excellent swimmer he managed to sustain himself adoat, until picked up by a trading vessel which was driven out to sea. Earaged at the supposed understanding between Mabelle and the Major, on reaching a port, he entered himself amongst the crew of a vessel, from which he afterwards changed, and made his way eventually to Venice, for which city he had always entertained a romantle veneration, While engaged amongst the shipping, he had met with the accident which led to his dis

covery.

A short period found Mabelle by his bedside, and as he held her hand in his, she explained how Midor St. Quentin's beautifut child had been drowned before its mother's cyes, and how that mother, deranged for a time by the fearful that mother, deranged for a time by the fearful scene, had been placed under the care of 1r. Anterveldt, while her busband wandered alone and sad over the face of the carth. "We always knew he was married," concluded Ma-belle, "and we thought you knew it too, but as he wished his wife's state to be kept secret, he passed amongst strangers as a single man," Gerald also heard how Mabelle had fallen ill

grieving for him, and how they had come to Venice for her health, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Quentin, now completely restored in body and mind, though there would probably ever lang over her a certain melancholy, which time might soften though not remove.

In process of time, there was a wedding in Craustead church, and in the space before oc-cupled by Gerald's funeral tablet, there hing a garland of roses, as purely pink as Mubelie's checks glowing beneath her veil of bridal lace, and though Gerald regretted the serious mistake which had led to so much sorrow, he looked well as any young gentleman could look notwithstanding.

POOR RELATIONS.

There are a large number of people in the world—very worthy persons in their way, no doubt—who have certainly no business in it, for they are a trouble to themselves and a nulsance to everybody else. They have very few friends to speak of, and those whom they have are, in the cases out of ten, astamed to own them. They are always in trouble, and their friends are ever content to let them remain there. They ever content to left them remain there. They are continually despatring, and their acquainmess are good enough to left them do so without interruption. They never do anything but drag on a miserable existence, and their friends are not concerned more than to remark that they ought to feel very thankful that things are no worse. They bother people, now for one thing, then for another, and the bothered are as continually protesting against "that sort of thing very know." They are come with each of thing, you know." They are often railing about uning, you know." They are often failing about what they would do to retrieve their failen fortunes if they got the chance, and they are just as frequently told to look at what they did when they had it. They are repeatedly answering they would act differently in future, and they are just often rudely informed that they would do just the same—or worse. They are occa-sionally hungry, and, in lieu of anything better, swallow, uncomplainingly, the gall and worm-wood of wounded pride, which, it is very well known, does not go down at all easily, and, being very indigestible, remains on the stomach a ing very inagestine, remains on the someting long time, producing, amongst other things, great !rritability of temper and grievous discon-tent of mind. In short, anything that is dis-agreeable to do they have to do; anything that is unpleasant to suffer they have to endure; and they wander about, bating themselves and dially disliked by all who know them and are asked to help. What business have such creaasked to help. Wint business have such creatures in the world? They can have none—ergo, poor relations can have none. They ought to see that, and betake themselves off. Nobody would miss them or cry about them if they went out of the world by means of putting their honds through a noose and then swinging off, or in an endeavour to discover the bottom of some deep river, or well, or, even, duck-pond-nobody except, perhaps, some pule-faced chits of wives or daughters, who would grieve for a short time, and then do the only sensible thing possible follow them. The world would go on just the same, and their rich relations would heave a sigh of relief when they thought they should not be bothered again by such miserable wretches on this side of the dark river of time. There would be a little talk at first, but their memories would soon die away and be forgotten. Let it be put to any poor relations whether it is not a great sensidal and disgrace that they should go wandering about poor, and mean, and hungry-looking, bringing, by such means, disgrace upon their rich relations who are riding about in their carriages? But rich relations should help the poor ones? Pshaw! what nonsense! Help those who help themselves is the common, and of course, proper, motto in the mouth of the rich relation; and, as his poor brother never can help himself, it naturally follows that he never can be helped. What could be better? When a Mabelle turned away her head, with a shud-

In that nonsense about blood being thicker than water. All those old-fashioned theories have been abandoned as fullacious, and we will have none of them. All over England are the rich relations per-

secuted by the poor ones—persecuted to give their money or exert their influence; and all over England do the rich relations decline to do either, unless to such a limited extent that what they do might as well be undone. Not content with this, the poor relations bring disgrace upon the rich by boasting of the connection between them, and, with an infatuation worso than madness, try to prove the closeness of that connection by bearing testimony to favours which have never been done them, or which, if which have never been done them, or which, if they have been conferred, will not bear the con-struction put upon them. They will even pre-tend, indeed, that their rich relations are jolly, good, open-hearted, open-handed souls. And they will talk thus in all descriptions of company. It is something shocking this—especially if the gabbler happens to be the wearer of a shabby, thread-bare coat, or a young man who has neither personal appearance or a knowledge that there is such a thing as the letter h in the English language; or a shabby-gented female, of the mandfully sentimental types and it is of the mandality sentimental type—and it is what should not, for a moment, be countenanced or, even, tolerated. Perhaps, the poor relations keep a shop; perhaps—we hardly dare think it—they cannot pay their debts, and have not always chough to eat. They are often so reliculously poor, indeed, that they are not ashamed to own it! And for all the rich relation's boson friends whose country loads so that they are friends, whose country houses and town houses he visits, to know that such beings are connect-od with him by the thes of blood! Not that there is any danger of the rich relation's friends and the poor relations being brought into contact with each other, for the latter of course never enter the rich relation's house, except upon special occasions - never when any one of Importand occasions—hever when any one of importance is expected. All that poor relations were and did would not matter so much if they could be put out of the way. But they carnot. They decline to be shipped off to Patagonia or Central America, even if their passages are paid; for they have a blind, unreasoning love for the land—dheir mative land—which treats them so bad-by and profer to stoy at home and endow. ly, and prefer to stay at home and endure po-verly and contempt rather than leave it. There is another thing about these poor relations, They object to be patronised, and lave the audaelty to assert their equality with their rich relations. They grow snappish, and cynical, and satirleal, if any attempt is made to convince and saturea, if any attempt is made forenymers them that they are in error, and, under certain conditions, take a pride in exhibiting their degradation; and they will persist in flying where they choose, going where they like, and doing what they like. They are perfect irreconcilables, and fully impressed with their own transcendent ablittes, which, as they have not been of much service to them, they proclaim whenever they have time and conservative below. ever they have time and opportunity. Under ordinary dreumstances, they would, of course, say nothing about them; and they get, no doubt, upon the principle men do, who, when they are called fools, straightway declare themselves wise men, and when they are dubbed wise, modestly deny that they are any such Poor relations are much to be pitied, and rich

relations are much to be pitied too; but, of the two, the most to be compassionated are the tor-mer. The latter have it in their power to raise the former, and in nine cases out of ten it is only selfish indifference which precludes them from doing so.—Liberal Review.

sentant indifference which precludes them from doing so.—Liberal Review.

ANCIENT HAND-GENS.—The "hand-gun" came into general use in the reign of Edward IV.; not that monarch any justly be cansidered as the act who patronized "hand-guns." or muskets, in England. This monarch landed at Raven-burgh an Yorkshire in the year 1471, bringing with him, amongst other forces, 200 Flomings armed with "hange-gunnes." This is filly years before the date generally assigned for their introduction: Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lamb, and divers other writers, placemental event in 1521, at the siege of Berwick, where they were called hand-common. The hand-gun used in England was a short, piece, as we are informed from the statute of 22 Henry VIII. whereby it was canceted, that "no hand-gun should be used of less dimensions than one yard in length, gun and steek included." The hand-gun, that the siege of the winds a status it might not be under three quarters of a yard long. This piece is sufficient to the statute of 22 Henry VIII. whereby it was canceted, that "no hand-gun statute it might not be under three quarters of a yard long. This piece is sufficient to the statute of the hand-common its statute of the have been called a languablat from its statute of the have been called a languablat from its sufficient for the languablat from its statute of the hand of the film of the fi

Quite Correct.—The indian medicine known as the Great Sheshonees Remedy and Pillswill be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter respons the pores of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, aniest, and ensiest means of attaining this desirable and, without weakening the most delicate or incommoding the most feeble. When from frequent chills entirely in the most feeble. When from frequent child without weakening the most feeble and the secretions withinted, this medicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter, it may fairly be said of this coleptated indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system.—3-14-d







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A PLEASANT STORY.

EDITORIAL. Why not to Canada? Capital and Labor.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES. The Bumptown Papers. By James Bumpus. On the Jews'-harp.

White Lies. By Lzizic Branson. SELECTED ARTICLES.

Poor Relations. Liberal Review .-- Ancient Hand-guns. Belgravia.—Personalism in Preaching. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

ter. By Dr. Norman Smith.—Have You Tried? By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.—The Unseen Battle-field.—'Tis Sweet to Think.

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LITERARY ITEMS. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. WIT AND HUMOR.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINK, MARKET REPORT

CAPITALJAND LABOR.

We have received from Mr. F. P. Mackelcan C. E., a very sensible little pamphlet on this vexed question, suggesting what seems to us to be an exceedingly feasible and very useful plan for bringing labor and capital together so that the supply and demand of each might be justly known and the want met. The plan is simply that Government should establish in each Province a central employment office with branches in every town and village. At these places all employers and employies could register their wants and the information would at once be forwarded to the head office so that if there was no local demand for labor or no local labor to supply the demand, instructions could at once be sent to the branch office where labor could be obtained, or where it is wanted.

Mr. Mackelcan also suggests that a blackboard should be put up in each office showing, daily, the supply and demand of all classes of industry, and continues:

From these Black-boards in the Central Office, reports can be sont to the Minister of Immigration, shewing him what classes to invite to Canada and what others to deter from coming. To allow all to come that wish is to have our surplus industries, which already press upon us, increased to a heavy burden, tending noither to our presperity nor to that of the new comers. Nothing is more important even to ourselves. If no immigration occurred, than to have a clear light thrown on the subject of why it is so many find it difficult to discover a field for their exertions, and why others are stinted in their presperity as employers, either on farms or in cities, by the want of adequate help or by the high rate of wages.

There is no doubt that such an institution as Mr. Mackelcan proposes would be of incalculable benefit to Caunda and would, without doubt result in a large number of the emigrants who now pass through to the States, because they cannot find immediate work, remaining with us. This plan has been partially tried in New York City where the Commissioners of Charities and corrections started about three years ngo a" Free labor Bureau," the result of which experiment has been more than satisfactory;

thousands of clerks, laborers, servants &c. have found immediate employment on application at the Office without the expense and delay of attending an ordinary employment agency. The plan is an excellent one and we hope to see it adopted by the Government; in large MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

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For \$10.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 1872, cities, it would, of course, be necessary to esbe so arduousas to prevent one man from filling both.

WHY NOT TO CANADA?

The telegraph informs us that 1600 emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine arrived at New York last week, all bound for the West. Now the question very naturally arises " why don't they come to Canada?' Answer, they probably never heard of Canada, except, perhaps, as some semi-barbarous place where no one went unless he was transported. As soon as Alsace and Lorraine were ceded to Germany it became evident that a large part of the population of those Provinces would emigrate, but we have yet to learn that our government has taken any steps to induce them to come to Canada; we have plenty of expensive emigration agents in every place where it is not likely anyone will emigrate from; but where good men could be "got for the asking" we have none. There is very little doubt but that several thousand of these emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine might have been obtained for Quebec or Manitoba, if any trouble had been taken in the matter; the mere fact of French being so commonly spoken in this Province especially in the rural districts—would have been a strong inducement in favor of Canada instead of the States. These emigrants are for the most part experienced farmers-just what we want here—and the fertile fields of Manitoba would have suited them just as well as the "West" had the case been put fairly before them. There are also a large number of mechanics and artificers in Alsace and Lorraine and we hope our government will make an effort to secure some of these, as mechanics are sadly needed in some parts of the country.

For the Heartheione.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS

BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER IV .-- ON THE JEW'S-HARP.

In my last I gave you a book criticism from the Bumptown "Gazer"; and, as you were pleased to express your satisfaction with it, I shall now give you a criticism on a Musical Entertainment, Intely given in Bumptown, which I have cut from the "Evening Penny-whistle." It is proper for me to state here that the "Evening Penny-whistle" considers itself the only paper in Bumptown capable of giving a just and investigle criticism on any subject. a just and importial criticism on any subject connected with music or the drama. It is true that at one time the "Evening Penny-whistle" did enjoy that reputation; but of late no one holds that opinion but itself; and I doubt very nuch whether you will have that opinion after you have read the "just and impartial" criti-cism which I append. Here it is:

WORKINGMEN'S HALL.

It is with the utmost and most unqualified pleasure, that we announce the entire and overwholming success of the first appearance of Signor Bosgoswitch at this favourite place of unusement last evening. Never, in our whole musical experience, have we seen an audienc so thoroughly carried away by enthusiasm, as were the hundreds who listened, wrapped in a mystic spell, to the delicious strains of dulcet melody which flowed harmoniously from the exquisite jew's-harp, under the masterly touch of the great professor; women wept as the wailing plaintive notes thrilled to their very souls; and strong men hid their faces to concea their falling tears as the sweet notes, like drops of melted purity, permeated their very inmost heart of hearts. At the conclusion of each selection loud plaudits rent the air, handkerchiefs were waved, ladies rose and wafted imaginary kisses to the great macture, and a vigorous encore was given, [Note by J. B.—It is a peculiarity of Bumptown that everything, except a sermon or a lecture, is *encored*, sometimes two or three times. I know Montrealers have better manners and blush for the Bumptownites.] No words of ours can convey any adequate idea of the enthusinsm or of the power of the performer; suffice it to say that we never witnessed such a scene, or listened to such moledy; and we never

expect to again except by the same performer, The jew's-harp is an instrument which has been too much neglected in this city; and we hope to see the arrival of this great professo the noble instrument lend a new incentive to its cultivation, so that ere long no family will be without its jew's-harp. The jew's-harp, as its name indicates, originated with the Jews, and is of very ancient origin, it being a well known and popular instrument in the days of David; for we are told that David played on the harp and danced before the ark. In Biblical history it is montioned only as "the harp," but it was probably called the "Jew's-harp" to distinguish it from some other kind of harp which was in use by some other nation and was, most likely, a base imitation of the original jew'sharp and has very justly passed into deserve

oblivion.
The entertainment opened with an exquisite cantabile from that wonderful opera "Tannedhorser" which was given in most masterly style. The adapte cum molle vivuce movement was perfect, the theme being perfectly preserved and the Ronda Capricornus (we are not quite

sure about expressions, as we have not seen him lately, but we think he is all right) was rendered with that nicety of intonation, and precision of execution which shows the most thorough and complete control of that metodious, but most difficult of all instruments, the jew's-harp. In the delicate and finely modulated struccuto puts sages for the right thumb nail, the Professor fairly executed himself, and down long and hearty plaudits from his entranced and enraptured

tation amongst a few choice amateurs, like ourselves, and will, we hope, open up a new school of classic and artistic music amongst us. The piece was that wonderfully beautiful and meloplece was that wonderfully beautiful and melo-dious mudrigate of Rollin's, entitled "Shoo Fly" which for purity of style, grandness of con-ception and power of harmony, fully equals any work of the greatest master. The aria opens with a soft andante scherzo which is gentle and plaintive as the sighing of the South sea wind, and gradually grows in fugue until it bursts' into a magnificent forte pianissimo of the attention to the interpolation of the standard, in this part the Signor's right thumb did immense execution; and his tongueing thumb did immense execution; and his tongueing of the instrument was so rapid and incessant that it seemed an even thing whether he swallowed the jew's-barp, or the jew's-barp swallowed him. The refrain at the end of this marvelous composition is one of singular power and beauty and was rendered with all that pathos and bizzaro expression which is so peculiar to the

Signor's style.

That ever now marvel of musical beauty old Dog Tray," with original variations, closed the first part of the programme. Of the braward itself it is scarcely necessary to speak, it is so well known, suffice it to say that it was about the statement of the say that it was about the say that it was played molto vibrato voce cum andante allegro with the most exquisite taste and judgement. In that superb passage where the song says "And his tall hung down behind," the trembling, fluctuating notes of the moto contrario dolce ma marcato movement were expressed with such passionate fervor, that it required only a very slight stretch of imagination to picture the faithful Tray actually before you in proprie persona with his caudal attachment gracefully

drooping over his pedal extremities.

Four entirely new pelces "Sally put the kettle on"—a subarb bolero; "John Brown's body"—an exquistle cavalquet; "The Chinaman," a sweet little cavatina; and "Casta Diva," a most vivacious rondo, in which a charming coverned in disputate course. charming ensemble in dispurate occurs, constituted the second part of the programme, and were all given with true artistic exactness; but, the want of space prevents us from giving more than a passing notice to these exquisite performances; at some future date we hope to be able to notice them at greater length; at present we have only time to mention that present we have only time to mention that Signor Bosgoswitch gives his second performance to-night and we advise all lovers of music to at-

[Note by J. B .- Such is the criticism of the "Evening Penny-whistle," and I am sure you will confess it does infinite credit to that paper; lost any one should suppose that the musical terms so freely used are incorrect I may state that I know the critic got them all out of a musical dictionary, and, therefore, they must be all right.]

> (For the Hearthstone.) WHITE LIES.

Now, before proceeding further, I ask if your own conscience admits of this term, if not, the following plain words may assist in showing that "White Lies" or "Society Lies" are mught but Satan's weapons to begulle the un-

I am aware that even in the family circle words are often spoken—may be jestingly—that are understood by the elders, but how different the young and confiding may interpret. Their very unsophistication renders them more prone to have faith in every word uttered by an elder. Then think what irreparable injury is commit-ted by such a thoughtless habit. Children are naturally eager and enquiring;

eir untufored minds es roundings; sin and deceit are alike unknown. The world teaches that. If some true philan-thropist would only endow a school for the especial maintenance of purity in children, where the simple actions of every day life would be toned to strict purity in thought, word, or deed, what an "oasis" in the desert of impurity would such a home be. Even husbands a wives are prone to these "innocent fictions," do not feel surprised if your offspring repeats the exact words made use of, at some inopportune moment, greatly to your embarrassment, for you do not expect good grapes from a diseased vine. In some families this seems hereditary, vine. In some families this seems hereditary, from the eldest to the youngest, the simple truth can never be told without some false embellishment. No harm is intended. "Every one knows my way. I can't help it if I am misunderstood: that's my mishrtune, not my fault." To such an one I would quote the words of Holy Writ, "by words as well as deeds shall ye be known." The sin appears almost universal, the words are recommended. sal, the more reason why thought should be taken to prevent its becoming quite so. Can you realize that white is black or day night. It so I crave pardon, and will acknowledge two species of lies. In the sight of our common Fa. ther a crime is a crime, and the least deviation from the truth is contrary to Heaven's law. Society's law tolerates many abuses, this amongst many, but to each ludividual I would appeal, not to the "mass." How many times have you indulged in the sin which so easily besets you, without some injury resulting, either morally or physically? And when this habit touches private characters, what annoyance and secret suffering it of times occasions. Then disagreeable wrangling and jaugling heard some homes may generally be traced to this

All these minor abuses must be trampled inder foot. The world's motto is "Excelsior." under foot. Let us echo it in our sacred homes, never mind how lowly our station, how feeble our intellect. Surely we can drop a grain to aid the mound of Perfection." Home education and heart eduation will materially assist brain culture. Only train a child to strive after purity and per-fection, and the results in after years will fully opay what denial you exercise over the most unruly of all members. Patience in suffering and fortitude in difficulty are always allowed to woman, but sufficient restraint to make a judiclous use of speech is never attributed to us. When society and legislature grant us a beli,

LIZZIE BRANSON.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The trial of McParlane and Cablwell charzed with the murker of George Brown was commenced at Toronto on the Inst. — The contract for the barbling of the North Shore Railway was signed at Quebec on 5th inst. It is guaranteed to be in every respect a first class road and to be ready by let December 1875; but, the contractors think they will have it completed in two years. — The general result of the reports made by the Pacific Railway surveying parties to be labt hefore Parliament will be satisfactory. It is generally believed by those who have opportunity of forming an opmon that the line can be built at a cost per units not greater than that of some roads. — It is amnonneed that the Imperial Government has acceeded to the wish of Lord Logar to retive from the Governor-Generalship and that he will leave Canada in Jame next, Lord Dufferin, it is said will be his successor. — The Council of Montreal has passed a By-law granting \$1,000,000 to the Northern Colonization Railway and it will be submitted to the popular vote on 22th inst. and the mine following legal days. — A heavy snow storm fell at Montreal on 1st inst. and the Montreal Snow Shoe Club had a tramp across the mountain on the night of the 3rd inst. This is the Intest snow shooing ever done since the Club formed thirty years ago. — The store of Mr. J. P. Lambert, dry goods merchant. Prescott was entered by burglars on the night of 1st, inst. and the sate blown onen. The three of the state blown onen. The change. The store of Mr. J. P. Lambert, dry goods merchant. Prescott was entered by burglars on the night of 1st, inst. and the sate blown onen. The change. — The store of Mr. J. P. Lambert, dry goods merchant. Printers are not the store door bore marks of blood. — The printers strike at Toronto may be considered as over and has ended in a "draw." The master Printers Association, while refusing to accept nine hours as a legal day's work, have adopted a schedulie of payment by the piece or hour so that each mancan regulate for hinself the time he Casapa.-The trial of McFarling and Caldwell

on the inst., at London. Ont., of the murder of her husband and sentenced to be hung on 20th June.

UNITED STATES.—A general smash of Savings Banks is expected in New York.—Professor Morse, the father of the electric telegraph died at New York on 2nd inst. at the age of \$1.—A general raid is being made on the members of what was known as the "Whiskey Ring." a ring for detrauding government ont of the tax on spirits, and which existed in New York during 1896-59. A large number of indictments have been found by the Grand Jury and many arrests have been found by the Grand Jury and many arrests have been found by the Grand Jury and many arrests have been found by the Grand Jury and many arrests have been found by Washington and Rovenne.—The Western Union Telegraph Company propose building new offices in New York to cost \$1.500,000.

—The Tribina's Washington special says that Earl Granville's despatch commins on threat on the part of Grent Britain to withdraw her case from the Geneva Conference if the American Case is not modified: on the other hand, it seems that, should no further correspondence take place, the British Government will fyle its answer to our case on a day set apart, and allow the arbitration to go on, making at most a formal protost that the Geneva Conference has no jurisdiction over the question of consequential damages.—On Friday, the wife of Thomas Williams, a mechanic, whom she had labored to support and merse daring a long and incurable illness, died in his presence, in their boarding-house, from an overdose of laudanum, taken to quiet her nerves and procure rest. The husband was unable to render aid or call for assistance, and expired himself next day. Mrs. Williams is said to have married against the consent of hor parents, wealthy residents of Newport, who east her off: but while both were dying a letter came offering the assistance too long withheld. The bodies were taken to Newport for burial.—Mrs. Fair's second trial is set down for June 24.—The jury in the case of Rosy Kelly, against t

entirely destroyed by the carthquake on the 28th March.

ENGLAND.—A grand military review of 25.000 volunteers took place at Brighton, on Easter Monday, in necordance with the programme previously announced. Immense crowds witnessed the maneurivers. The proceedings were rendered more than usually interesting by the rohenraal of the battle of Dorkin. The review on the whole is considered a failure. —While the races at Lurgan, Ireland, were in progress, on 1st inst., a stand crowded with spectators gave may, and about 280 persons were precipitated to the ground amid a confused mass of broken timbers; 30 were injured, some of whom cannot recover.—A convention has been signed by the Maintenance and Construction Company of Great Britain and the Government of Portugal for the laying of a telegraph cable from Lisbon to Brazil by way of Madeira and Capp Vorde Islands.

The Echo contains an article on the subject of the union of Canada with Great Britain, in which it hints strongly that the connection between the two countries is merely artificial, and intimates that Lord Dufferin is possibly the last Vicercy of the Dominion.—The number of emigrants which left to Gernany.—The prisoner has made no effort to secure counsel. It is probable that the trial will be post-poned, perhaps incledinitely, as the conviction seems to be gaining ground that the boy is insane.

France.—The trial of the libol case of General Trochu against the Figure, has ended. Messrs. Vel-

to be gaining ground that the boy is insane.

France.—The trial of the libel case of General Trochu against the Figure, has ended. Messrs. Vellemessant and Vetu, the editors, were acquitted of the principal charge of libel, but were found gailty of insulting a functionary of the government, for which they were sentenced to one month's imprisonment.—President Thiers and Van Arnin, the German Ambassador to Paris, will soon commence negotiations for a complete exceeding for the ferritory by German troops.—M. Honri Rochefort, Paschal, Groussel and M. Assi sailed on 5th inst. for the penal Colony of New Caledonia.—The Courail of War sitting at Versailles has somenced the Vienr of St. Eloi to two months' imprisonment for causing the arrest of a number of persons by illegal means.

SPAIN.—The elections for electoral colleges were attended with great disorder in the town of Villalia, Province of Catalonia. Numerous bloody affrays, followed by fatal results, occurred between the ministerial and opposition partizans. The fights were not suppressed until two persons had been killed and a number received injuries of a more or less severe character. The returns of the elections for members of the Cortes, by the electronal colleges just chosen are beginning to come in. Thus far it is known that if ministerialists, and 25 coalitionists are elected.

JAPAN.—A despatch had just been received from Yeddo, dated March 26, announcing that an attempt had been made by a party of twelve persons to assassinate the Mikado of Japan. The efforts of the would-be murderers proved unsuccessful, and the guards in attendance upon the Mikado succeeded in capturing two of the party: the others escaped. The attempt to take the life of the Mikado has caused great uneasiness on the part of the Government. Orders have been issued, forbidding foreigners to go beyond the limits of the city of Yeddo.

beyond the limits of the city of Youto.

Mexico.—The volcano of Callina, which for the past five years has been showing signs of notivity, is now in full eraption, throwing out clouds of ashos which full over a large section of country, and smoke so dense as to obscure the sun. The spectacle is described as one of awful grandeur.—Monterey advices to the 25th uit. show that the revolutionary forces are dwindling, and mon returning home. The lenders are endeavouring to concentrate a force at some point in Newvalon, possibly Linares.

Holland.—The three hundreth anniversary of the revolt of the Netherlands under William Prince of Grange, was celebrated throughout Holland on 1st inst. At the flague there was a grand procession and a review of the troops by the King. Mr. Motley, the American Historian of the Dutch Republic, was honoured with special attentions by the King and poople on the excession.

Trany. The Father General of the Society of Jesuits, accompanied by three members of the Society, have left Rome it is rumoured on a secret mission from the Pope.

Gegmany.—It is unnounced that King Ladwig of Bayaria is betrothed to the cl-lest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The Ladies Friend for April comes to us in all the glory of a bright new spring dress, the cover being green with a handsome border of lace seroll work. The steel engraving "Lili" is a beautiful picture of a little mountain maid, and is flucly executed. Short illustrated stories are furnished by M. C. Pyle and Millie W. Carpenter: "Queen Cognetia" is conconcluded and Mr. Henry Wood's charming moyel Within the Maze" is continued and fully maintains its interest. The fashion plates, designs for costumes, &c., are as good as usual, and the literary matter excellent. The Lodies Friend is one of the best and most fascinating journal for ladies, which is published in America and we considently recommend it to our hely readers. It is published in Philadelphia by Deacon and Peterson, at the very moderate price of \$2 per ann.

and Peterson, at the very moderate price of \$2 per ann.

To any ordinary human being, the idea of a sance man attempting to write several sensational novels at once would seem simply preposterons. But your French linearten glories in absurdities of this kind, and a good many curious bits of literary history have been the result. Alexandre Dumas the elder contracted to supply a number of publishers with a given amount of matter each, within a specified time, and a calculation made by one of them showed the aggregate to be so great that no one man could possibly have done even the mere manual labor involved, and the novelist was forced to confess that he made use of the works of obscure authors, retouching them sufficiently to make them his own. Engene Sac boasted of his ability to dictate to half a dozen manmouses at once, each working on assparate novel and M. Pouson du Terrail kept five voluminous serials running at once in as many papers. In order to prevent the hopeless confusion of his plots in his own mind, and the transfer of character and incidents from one to another of his stories, he had puppets made, each representing one of his personages, and by an ingenious arrangement of these, kept each of his stories panoramically before him, and the idea has been borrowed, it is said by Paul Febre and Victorien Sardou. M. Ponson's puppets two handred and ciphy in number, are advertised for sale in Paris, and will doubtless find their way, sooner or later, into some museum as a curious relic of an odd literary career.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A FRENCH scientist attributes the light of the au-rora borealis to the electro-magnetic influence of the earth on the cosmic matter that it encounters, and the light of congerny tails to the similar influence of the an upon the extremely tenuous cosmic matter that surrounds their nuclei. In support of his theory he refers to various chronological connections between brilliant auroras and meteoric showers, or cometary appearances.

The statement is made on very high medical authority that workers in brass and copper are much less liable to attacks of cholera than other classes people, and that eities which have copper mines in their neighbourhood are in like manner protected from the epidemic. Only sixteen deaths from this disease necurred, during its last outbreak, among thirly-two thousand brass and copper workers in Paris and other European cities.

other European etties.

Merrschaum.—Science may be worse employed than in putting smokers on their guard. M. Ziegler, at the Berlin Geographical Society's December meeting, described the sources from which meerschaum is derived. He stated that about one half of the pipes sold are made from artificial meerschaum. In carving the real article there is much waste; this is ground to an impalping powder, and bolled with lineace off and alum. When of a proper consistence, these are east in pipe moulds.

cast in pipe moulds.

DURABILITY OF WOOD UNDER GROUND,—Experiments covering a neriod of less than five years have intely been made to test the durability of different kinds of wood when buried in the ground. Virginia cedar was taken up at the end of that long period as sound as when put down, being the only kind of wood which entirely escaped injury. Next in order of soundness were cedar of Lebanon and hard mahogany: acacia, tea-wood, hard pine and larch had decayed on the outside only; while other qualities on ine, with oak, elm, ash, fir and soft mohagany, were entirely rotten. The pieces tested were two feet long, I inches square, and were driven into the ground so as to leave half an inch of the length projecting above the auriace.

The Destribution of Sea and Land.—In the new

THE gront pyramid, which is seven hundred feet square and five hundred high, and weighs 12,769,000,-090 tims, required, according to Herodotts, the should of 100,000 men for twenty years to build it; but Dr. Lardner affirms that 480 tims of coal, with an expina-nal hoisting machino, would have raised every stone to its position.

to its position.

As but comparatively few private residences in London or Paris boast of the luxury of a bath-room, there are establishments which make a speciality of sending to your house all the conveniences for bathing. A cart drives up to your door with a barrel of hot water, slipper bath, towels, etc., everything being prepared and the necessary articles removed at the cost of one shilling.

the cost of one shilling.

Out of Oneski.—A story is told of Marshal M'Mahon whon a colonel. During a parade he had an altereation with an officer in the ranks, who refused to obey him. M'Mahon threadened the officialer, and the latter, drawing a pistel, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately, the cap snapped. Without the slightest sign of fear, cool and impassible, M'Mahon said, "live that man fifteen days in the gaardhouse, for having his arms out of order."

said, "Give that man fifteen days in the guard-house, for having his arms out of order."

Mas. O'Leary's Tax.—On Saturday last, Mrs. Catherine O'Leary entered the City Collector's office Chicaga, for the purpose of paying the tex upon the lot where originated the fire that should be spelled with a capital F. The assessment upon the property was \$10, but in consideration of the distinguished greatness thrust upon Chicago by the hind leg of the lady's cow, and, under the operations of the Robato set, a deduction of \$1 was made. Some facetious clork in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes had illuminated the lady's rebute paper. He drew the cow with the crumpled hoel that shatered the lamp. A life-like expression was given to the hoel, which Mrs. O'Leary declared, was just such another heel as the poor dead and gone oow herself had. The lady was purposed like the mother of Priom, when Troy was burning. She ran barefoot up and down, threat hing the fames, and wearing a blanket in the alarm of fear caught up. If it hadn't been for Mrs. O'Leary's distinguished animal the Board of Robato would never have been in existence, and it it thought that they would have done nothing more than a generous action to have rebated the xantogether.



For the Hearthstone. TIS SWEET TO THINK.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

'Tis sweet to think when far away
In other lands our footsteps stray,
Of childhood's happy home:
Where'er we roam, whate'er our lot,
Fond memory climes to that dear spot,
Around the old hoarthstone.

This sweet to think of haleyon days, O'er which hope's rainbow-tinted rays In golden errelets hung: When brightly rolled the skies so fair. Undinned by cloudy of grief and care, That o'er us now are flung.

Tis sweet to think of those so dear, By ties of love and kindred near, The friends still faithful ever: And twine around each loved one's na Of memories sweet, an endless chain That strengthens on forever.

'Tis sweet to think that if no more.
We shall meet on Time's bleak shore,
Ere earthly ties are riven.
That once again we'll reunite.
In realing above, of Indeless light,
We'll meet again in heaven.

This sweet to think as on we glide. Adown Time's swift uncertain tide, With cares of life oppress'd; That far above you star-lit dome Awaits us there a happy home, A home of endless rest.

RAVE YOU TRIED?

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Is the statement that you made me "Bona fide?" That you never will pursue it: For you know you cannot do it! Have you tried?

Have you put both nerve and sinew To the test? Have you set your wits to working— Have you, brother (never shirking), Done your best?

Have you braved life's stormy river, Deep and wide? Have you wrestled with the billow? Have you pressed a sleepless pillow? Have you tried?

Did you rise up with the dawning Of the day? When the east was bright with beauty, Did you go forth to your duty, Bretlier, say?

If through deepest tribulations,
And through pain—
If in joy as well as sorrow,
You have tried, why, then, to-morrow,
Try again.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER XXX. TAUNTED.

The first person Frank encountered on arriving at Mrs. Carroll's abode was Miss Delany She had arrived on the previous night, and came forward as soon as he was shown into the room where she sat, looking as hard, grim, and vindictive as ever.

dictive as ever.

"You need not waste civil speeches upon me,
Mr. Dalton," she said, when the young man
politely greeted her. "Those who tell unwelcome truths are generally disliked; and you
will not regard me any the more favourably for
having proved a true prophetess."

"I do not remember the meritaging prophers."

aving proved a true prophetess."

"I do not remember the particular prophecy to which you seem to be referring, madain," the young man coldly replied; "but I will not trouble you to repeat it. If it was an unkind one it is betterformation.

one, it is better forgotten.

Miss Delany bit her lip.

"I'm glad to find you so philosophical. It is
not often that a gentleman who has wasted his time and affections on a worthless girl, bears the discovery of her ingratitude with such forti-

Still Frank maintained his cool, collected

" If you are speaking of Kathleen Sidney, it seems necessary to remind you that she is the daughter of your own sister, and that her youth and orphan condition gives her an additional claim on your affection."

Miss Delany elenched her hands. The tone he had taken rendered her furious, and she burst into a tirade of invectives.

"Sister, said you? She was no sister to me when, with her childish ways and affectation of gentleness and sweetness, she won from me the beart of the only man I ever cared for. Was it not enough that she should beguile his affections from me, that she must come back and burden me with her child? If Kathleen had looked like her father, I might have loved her for his sake; but she has her mother's eyes, and they keep my wrongs always in my memory."

This stern, unlovely woman had not been always the cold, emotionless creature she was now. At another time Frank might have felt some sympathy with her; but he was defending the cause of Kathleen, whose only shagainst her aunt was her unfortunate resemblance to ner muternal parent.

"Miss Delany, you must see the uselessness of

reverting to the past, and punishing an innocent girl for the faults others have committed against you. Besides, I have no wish to intrude myself you. Besides, I have no wish to intrace myself into your family affairs. I am here at the request of Mrs. Carroll; in what way can I serve her?"

In none. Sho is hysterical, and keeps her room. She merely thought it would be right to let you know that the innocent yirl, as you choose to call Kathleon, has fled from her house." Frank was startled, but he did not let the ernel

cyes of Miss Delany detect it.
"I understand. Afraid to encounter you, she has sought an asylum elsewhere.

"Yes, sir, in the arms of another lover," was the mulicious retort. been made acquainted with my intended visit, I may be permitted to doubt whether it was my coming that drove her away."

"Why, then, did she go?" gasped]Frank, beginning to connect her flight with Major Colbye's

story.
"Some time yesterday evening. She retired to her room at a very early hour, alloging great fullyue, and has been seen no more, except by o of the servants, who met her, veiled, with a travelling bug in her hand, stealing out of the house by a side-door."

house by a side-door."

Frank blindly put out his hand for something to sustain him. It was grasped by North, who had just opened the door, and flew to his aid as soon as she saw his condition.

" Is this true?" he faintly murmured, as he dropped helplessly into the chair she gave him.
"I am afraid so," she answered with reluct-nice; "but I cannot understand it. Kathleen was purity itself. She must be his wife, or else

he has bewitched her!" "What is to be done?" Frank cald, presently, after a struggle for composure, which North watched with pitying interest, and Miss Delany

with something like shame for her startling re velation,
"Nothing!" answered the barsh voice of the

latter. "She has chosen her path—let her follow it: the thorns that lurk in it will be her The young man east upon her an indignan

"So young, so friendless! No, no; she shall be saved, if my prayers, my entreaties can effect It! She shall not be left in the power of a villain without an effort being made for her rescue. Norah, will you go with me to fetch her back?" "I forbid it—I forbid it!" screamed Miss beany. " No slur shall be cast on my niece's reputation through the conduct of this girl, whom I repudiate. — I forbid any further intercourse with her!!

North glanced scornfully at her selfish relative.
"I would go with you, Mr. Dalton, but'l can-

"It is no caprice," was the carnest reply, "and my woman's wit may serve you more ef-fectually than you seem to think. Dearest Frank, don't oppose my wish; I must accompany

He guessed the motive which actuated her determination not to be left behind. She dreaded a hostile meeting would follow if he encountered Lord Glanore, and was ready to move heaven and earth to prevent a rencontre, which, let it result how it might, would overwhelm her with misery.

Kissing her with even more than his cus-Kissing her with even more than as cus-tomary tenderness, Frank put her gently aslde, and went into his own room to write some let-ters. Satisfied that he would yield, itosamond returned to her packing; but in a few minutes was startled by hearing her brother run down stairs and unclose the outer door. She flew to the window.

She flew to the window.

"He is gone, Aille, gone! The thirst for vengeance is in his heart, and so he fles me! Oh, o anore, hearthes tilanore, what misery have you not wrought us all!"

CHAPTER XXXI. IN PURSUIT.

Weary and facted with travel, Frank Dalton of She was always kind to me salways! Tell found himself, at the expiration of a week, en-

ment, with her face averted, she waited for him

to speak, "Kathleen," he said, when he sould command his voice sufficiently to address her, " why have you committed this mad act?" Where did you learn to know the villain for whom you have left us?"

o bud't steak of me, of my pride, or the love you have recklessly trampled under your foot, lest I should after the reproaches I would fain withhold !"

Kathleen grew paler than before, and lost the self-command she had hitherto evinced. 6 Why have you followed me, Mr. Falton? Was it wise to inflict this add? 5 all pain upon yourself as well as no 69. He drew himself up. — am not here to dwell upon my own feelings," ac answered, w but as

... o over ora message from Mrs. Carroll, who entreats you to return to the shelter of her root." the bearer of a message from Mrs. Carroll. Tears began to well into Kathleen's brown

" She was always kind to me salways! Tell

Frank Dalton went back to town. The Viscount night contrive to evade him allittle while longer, but, eventually, he must succeed in fluding him; and then——

jumped into a cab, which drove off at a rapid rate. Halling another, Frank bade the driver follow, and finally came up with his lordship at the door of a fashionable jeweller in Bond-street.

As Lord Glauore was entering the shop, Frank laid a hand on his shoulder. The moment for a just retribution had come at last, and Rosa-mond's wrongs, as well as his own, should be amply avenged !

> CHAPTER XXXII. NOT TO BE CONCILIATED.

Naturally surprised by the unexpected apparition of a person whom he believed to be many miles away, Lord Change stared at Frank for a few seconds before he found voice to accest

"Dalton! you here! When did you arrive?" 6 Some days ago. I have been looking for your lordship ever since," was the reply, spoken trily and significantly.

With a little embarrasment and hie in his tones, the Viscount answered, a Indeed 1 suppose it is this infortunate affair of Miss. Schney's that has brought you to England? It was in direct opposition to my advice that she left Mrs. Carroll. So you must not blame me for it, as you look inclined to do."

9 Then you objected to being fettered with the

helpless girl who trusted you so implicitly?"

requests grif who frusted you so impliedly?" eriod Frank, hotty,
His lordship hesitated, e.As to trusting me, our pretty Kathleen kin w precisely how much i had promised to do for her, and the sort of life she would have to lead if she persisted in coming to England. But she is too self-sterificing? and you know bathon our sey notice thoroughly and you know, Dalton, our sex never thoroughly appreciates these good little souls. I tried hard to persuade her to stay and accept your bandsome proposals. It would have been the wiser plan, flough I could not induce her to think so."

The exasperated Frank ground his teeth as he listened to these coully-spoken sentences,

e You tried to prevail upon Kathleen to stay in Dublin and marry me? How kind! Of course I was to be left in ignorance of the tie that existed between you ?"
Lord Glauore's handsome face clouded. "Why,

no; not exactly. It was not a pleasant subject to be expatiated upon; but I told Kathleen I

would take the task upon my own shoulders; and, my dear Dalton, if you can induce her to listen to you, I will give her a doweys—
Before he could say more, Frank had struck into it the face, furiously exchanging. • What! you would make me the cleak for poor profligacy? How dare you meditate such an insult?

Glanore, who had recled beneath the torce of the blow now recovered hereaft.

ble blow, now recovered himself, and springing upon his antagonist, seized him by the threat, but as histantly regulning his self-control, bos-ened his hold, and transferred his hand to the could his hold, and transferred his hand to the young man's shoulder, eAre you mad, balton? You carry your pride a little too for; but, for your sister's sake, I'll not resent your rudeness, only don't be templed to repeat it," be added, provoked by the contempt with which Frank was surveying him. eYou may not always find me so forbearine.

was surveying more
me su forhearing."

"Or so timootia, which?" sneered the angry
youth. "Don't try to shield yourself belind
my sister's name. How dare you mention her,
and to me? Ghanore, you are a secondict!"

"If you want to quarred with me, let it be in
some less conspicuous place," the Viscount repilled, muking a stremous effort to keep his
termer, "I don't choose to be made the centre temper, "I don't choose to be made the centre of a crowd. You can hear of me at my club, the Atheneum."

the Atheneum,"

He turned away, but Frank followed him,
of sec; you are afraid to encounter me,"
of Afraid, sir?" And now Lord Glanore began
to grow angry too, and surveyed him with haughty indignation.

of repeat R—afraid: Such sins as you have committed would parylyze the arm of the bold-

est. Mean, contemptible ruseal, I use you too well when I offer you the wenpons of a gentleman! Where will you meet me?"

"Surely you are not seriously contemplating a due!?" his lordship exclaimed. "I thought the day had quite gone by for such follies, and I don't see why I should peril my life because partix Kathleen has vexed you. Is those modpretty Kathleen has vexed you. Is there no al-

"Yes; a horsewhipping in the most public 6 Yes; a horsewhitpping in the most public place I can find. It is no use attempting to es-cape me. Neither insolence nor ridicule shall turn me from my purpose. I came here to punish your vile profligacy, and I will do it!"

"Nonsense! A few hours in the stationhouse may teach you to talk in a different strain. You must have been drinking, Dalton. I can find no other excuse for this attack. Do you think I shall permit you to becture or dictate to me? It is only for Rosamond's sake that I have borne Do you dare to sully her name again by tak-

ing it upon your foul lips?" cried Frank, so completely beside himself with passion, that snatching a cane out of the hands of a gentleman who had paused at the sound of his raised voice, he would have inflicted summary chas-tisement upon the Viscount; but now some by-standers interfered, and forcibly held him back.

"Let bim go," cried Lord Glanore, imperatively. "My good friends, Mr. Dalton aircealy regrets his violence. Release him. I decline to take any notice of anattack which has erisen out of a mistake. If Mr. Dalton will walk this way with me, we shall be able to adjust our differences ambably.

He put his arm through Frank's, and half led,

half pushed him into the shop of the jeweller, where the deferential manager ushered them into a private room, and the spectators, agreeing that the young man must be incbriated,

quietly dispersed.

But Lord Glanore was not as calm as he appeared to be. The insults heaped upon him had roused his equally hot temper, and he no longer

cared to expostulate or learn the cause. Hastily closing the door, he came Frank, who stood eyeing him defauntly.

"It seems, Mr. Dalton, that you consider yourself aggrieved in the addir of Kathleen Sidney, although I have offered what any rea-

sonable man would consider ample reparation somatic man would consider ample reparation for my share in the decell practised upon you."

"No one but a man of no principle could ima-gine that maney compensates for such conduct."
was the stern reply. "I am not to be bribed into a disgraceful marriage!"

"Very well, sir; if you thirst for my blood, I'll not balk you. Here is my present address. I

will be at home to any friend you may select as your second, and I leave to you the choice of weapons,"

He turned proudly away as he finished speaking, and Frank hurried back to his ledgings, to write to the only man he knew in London whose services he cared to request in this emer-



A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

not leave Dublin just at present. Will not Mrs. Brean be your companion? Kathleen loves and respects her, and the good old lady would be more likely to exercise wholesome influence over my poor, foolish cousin than I should." Frank noticed.

"I will think of this. Give me what informa tion you have gleaned, and let me go. There is no time to be lost."

North had nothing to tell beyond what he had already heard. Kathleen had left the house prepared for a journey, but which way she went and who was her companion, no one was able to and who was her companion, no one was able to say. Still, having once ascertained that her companion was Lord Glanore, it would not be difficult to trace the route they had taken. London, or its environs, was undoubtedly their destination, and there he determined to seek them. Mrs. Carroll, learning that Frank was in the house, slipped on her dressing-gown, and came down just in time to intercept him in the hall, on his way to the outer door. A few words from Norah acquainted him with his intentions. "Heaven for ever bless you, my dear Mr.

acquainted film with his intentions.

"Heaven for ever bless you, my dear Mr.
Dalton!" she sobbed. "You are netting nobly
in trying to save this poor, unhappy child from
the exils that she is hastening to. Don't let your good intentions be folled by one refusal at bring her back to me, even if it is by will not close my doors against her; and, by and-by, she will learn to thank you for her

" I'll do my best," said Frank, hoarsely, with his hand on the door. He was sufficienting, and longed to be alone. But still Mrs. Carroll detain

As for that bad, bad man, leave him to hi Maker. Poor, pretty Rosamond! I wis never persuaded her to listen to blim, want money, Mr. Pallon; here's a cheque

But Frank, unable to hear more, had dashed away, and the kind-hearted widow, with the help of Norah's arm, went back to her chamber she could not endure the presence of Miss be lany, whose malicions triumph in her friend's discomfiture made her positively bateful.

Inquiries among the carmen and on the quay

elicited the fact that Lord Glanore's valet and luggage left for England by the first packet, and tagging feet or Engagin by the area packet, and some declared that his lordship certainly went too.— But others were equally positive that he did not depart fill the evening, when a lady, young and beautiful, accompanied him. From these discrepant statements Frank came to the conclusion that the Viscount had remained hid den at Verrall Street till Kathleen was able to join him; and in this he was confirmed by the discovery that the lady had been heard to cal her made communion by the name of Tresilian. When Frank went home to acquaint Rosa lives, he found her and Allie making prepara

tions for a fourney. North has been here," his sister explained. She came to bring you a pocket-book from Mrs. Carroll, and from her I have learned all that has happened. Don't look so troubled for me," she ndded, proudly. "I shall not find it difficult to forget one who has never really loved me. Le us speak and think only of Kathleen. Aille la

willing to be your companion, and I, Frank, I will not be left behind." He began to expostulate. " It is not a fit er-

rand for you to engage in; besides, I must tra-vel fast, if I would overtake them."

"I will not be any encumbrance to you; and stay here onictly while you are risking healt) and strength-perhaps endangering your life-

'It is unkind to transmel me with such a caprice Just now," Frank angrily remonstrated.

tering London for the second time. He had traced the fugitives from place to place, often confident that they could not escape him, but as often only tound himself mistaken.

On first arriving in town, and inquiring for Lord Glanore at his chambers, he was assured that his lordship had only remained there for a few hours, on his way to a country house he possessed in Devonshire. Thither Frank followed, but was again disappointed. The Viscount had merely stayed long enough to direct some improvements and alterations which were to be made directly, in order to fit the house for the reception of a lady, and had then taken train back to London, where he might most probably be heard of at his solicitors!

Here, however, the indefatigable inquirer found that his lordship had only remained long enough to sign some leases, and had said nothing from which his lawyers could judge whether he intended to make any stay in town. In fact, they admitted that he had acted throughout the fitting and the propagation of the

ther be intended to make any stay in town. In fact, they admittedth at he had acted throughout net, they admitted that he had acted throughout the brief interview with a haste and impatience quite at variance with his usual courtesy, and at the close had jumped into the cab in waiting for him, and driven away, no one could say

One fact Frank had elicited which puzzled him. From the moment, Lord Glanore, first reached London, his lordship had been alone. That he and Kathleen had travelled from Dublin toge gether under the name of Treslian, his researches had satisfied him. Where, then, was she now? Descried already? or left pining in some obscure suburban lodging? This was wint he now set himself to ascertain,

Bribery at last effected what all his persever-ance had failed to compass. One of the Vis-count's servants remembered being sent to post a letter to a Miss or Mrs. Tresilian, whose ad-dress was a small town in Backinghamshire. The clue was found at last, and in a few hours Frank had taken up his quarters at the princi-

pal inn at T___, and was questioning the gar-rulous waiter. Yes, there were new comers at a shabby little cottage just beyond the town; very quiet, reserved people they seemed to be, though the gentleman—a tall, dashing fellow; young? — well, not so very young. Looked as if he had led rather a gay life The lady was extremely pretty—at least, that was the report of those who had contrived to get a glimpse of her; but looked sorrowful, and had been seen weeping when the gentleman was away, which often happened. Indeed, she was

too much alone." " Was Kathleen finding thorns in her nath already ?" Frank asked binself, as he listened to this account, and divined the wretchedness she must be suffering. Pushing aside the tray of refreshments that had been his excuse for de-taining the watter be went off to seek her with-

A stupid-looking servant-girl answered his imperative rap. The master was out; and her mistress had told her never to admit any one during his absence, but she would take in the gentleman's name if he liked. l will announce myself," said Frank, step

ping past her and making for the nearest door. Pushing it open, he found himself in a poorly furnished sitting-room, in the presence of Kath She had been reading, or trying to read, but the book had fallen from her hand at the sound of Frank's voice, and she had flown towards a window that looked upon the plot of ground be

hind the cottage, as if meditating an escape. But he had entered too quickly to permit of this, and leaning against the frame of the case-

"And you believe his promises ?-von will place your fame, your future, in the hands of one who has already shown himself so reckless, so unstable ?" "Heaven help me, I will, I must!" she answered with a sob. "Spare me, Mr. Dalton I know all I am renouncing. It has cost me much

to do this, but it is too late to go back."

"Not so!" he exclaimed. "Your warm hearted friend, Mrs. Carroll, is ready to re-ceive you. Indeed, I promised that I would not return without you. In mercy to yourself Kathleen, be persuaded, and let us depart ere he can return to prevent it!"

But still she resisted his pleadings, "Ugg it no longer; I cannot accompany you, And Mr. Dalton—Frank—try and forget that you have ever loved me. It was an ill-starred attachment from the first."

"And you would have me leave you here, in the power of a man whom, in your secret thoughts, you must despise?" Think what you "I have well considered the step I have taken," she answered, sadly; "and I entreat you not to torture me by remaining here!" Angered by her obstinacy, Frank walked to the door, then paused irresolutely. It was ter-rible to go away, knowing that this was the last

effort he could make, and that it had been ut "Kathleen," he cried, "if you will not return with me to Ireland for your own sake, let it be done for mine. You have been very precious to me, and I must save you, in spite of yourself. My love, though you have flung it from you,

gives me a claim to be considered. even me a claim to be considered."

"Not so great as his for whom I have renounced it," she replied, firmly. "I dare not
listen to you any longer. He will be angry, if
he returns and finds you here. If I can sometimes hear of your welfare through Lord Glanore, I shall be content; and if you still feel
any alte for me, onne unt near me grain."

any pity for me, come not near me again." She stepped through the window before he could make any attempt to detain her; and the baffled Frank, after a moment's consideration, rang the bell furiously. Compassion for Katheen was fast giving place to darker passions.
"Your master—where is he?"
The girl, half frightened at his stern looks,

stammered out that she did not know "Have you been told to say this? When did Lord Ginnore leave the cottage?" "This morning, sir. He went by the early train to London."

When do you expect him to return?" But the girl said so positively that she did not know, that he was forced to go away unsatis-

fied. With every thought now bent upon revenge,

gency.
Mr. Lester promptly answered his note in

person, and on hearing for what purpose his presence had been required, strove partically to convince his hot-headed friend of the folly and barbarism of the deed he was meditating. But Frank was not to be talked out of his inten-

"My dear Lester, all you say is very good and reasonable; but this is one of those cases in which there is no alternative. My tenour demands that I should meet Lord Glanore; and I merely ask you to arrange for me the best way of effecting this.

Lester shook his head, "It's all very well, Frankle, my boy, to spout about wounded honour and so on, but a ball in the throat or a tirust in the rits, never ended a dispute, unless the duellists were two feels, who met for the sake of notoriety. Another thing I know, that this Viscount, when Sir Charles Tresilian, was such an accomplished marksman and fencer, that you have not the ghost of a chance!" that you have not the ghost of a chance!"

Do you think this piece of information ought

Well, perhaps not, except in this way. If he has annoyed you, why give him the additional advantage of pinning or shooting you?"

61 have right on my side I' said Frank, prond-

ly.
"I don't doubt that for a moment, old friend; but still you are not justified in taking vengeance into your own hands. There is the law, if you seek redress for any injuries Glanore may have inflicted upon you.

Frank started up and paced the room, too angry to reply. What could legal proceedings effect, save to bring down additional shame and

disgrace upon the innocent and the wronged ' "You don't know what you are talking about," he said, presently. "There is no other course open to me. I must and will meet Lord Glaopen to me. I must and will meet Lora con-nore; if you will not second me, say so, and Pit try to find some one who will be less scrupu-

Very reluctantly Mr. Lester went away to adjust preliminaries with a certain Captain Win-ton, whom the Viscount had named as his friend. Once more Frank sat down to arrange his affairs, and write to the sister of whom he scarcely dared think, now that he was delibecontemplating an act that might sepa-

ite them for ever. However, he would not delegate to others the task of telling her his last wishes; and so he nerved himself to the painful duty. But scar-cely had he written the words, "My dearest Rosamond, my beloved sisten," when a hand fell lightly on his own, and Rosamond herself

stood beside him.

"You are surprised to see me," she said. " You will be still more astonished when I tell you that Aille and I have been residing opposite ever since you have been here. Did you think I could remain quietly in Ireland without

Frank covered his face. Her presence at this moment was agony; for, if he fell, she would have to encounter all the horrors attendant upon such

" Are you angry with me, Frank?" she asked, affectionately. "I could not stay away from you; I could not, indeed!"

He passed his arm around her as sho threw herself on her knees beside him, and kissed her again and again.

"Not angry, dear, but sorry that you have set my wishes at nought. I have been thinking of you as safely in the care of our good friend, Mrs. Carroll. You must let me send you back to her, Rosie. You cannot do any good here, and I pre-fer to be alone."

"It is the first time you have refused to let mecomfort you, Frank!" she told him reproach-

fully.
"Comfort, Rosie! I am past all that!" was
"Such thoughts as the desponding reply. "Such thoughts as now fill my soul are not fit for a gentle woman to share!"

She trembled, but quietly replied, "For tonight, then, we will not speak of them. You look ill and tired. Come with me, and see Allie; the fatigue of the hurried journey was too much for her, and she has scarcely left her bed since we reached London, till to-day."

But Frank, alleging an engagement, insisted that Rosamond should return to her lodging · To-morrow ---_" and then he made anone. "To-morrow——" and then he made an involuntarily pause, which, brief though it was, the auxious sister noliced; "to-morrow he would come to her, if he were not otherwise occupled, and then he would arrange for their return

This might be their last earthly meet ing, and he held her in a lingering embrace, while, carelessly remarking that he might be induced to go abroad, he gave her a few direc-tions for the management of their little estate in

Rosamond, listening there so silently guess why he said these things? Ah, yes Watching behind the curtains of the window that commanded Frank's, she had seen Mr. Lester come and go, and had shrewdly surmised his errand. She grew sick with forebodings while her brother talked, but heroically concealed her terrors, and went quietly away when he

On the stairs she met Mr. Lester, who, with a profound bow to the beautiful girl, passed on; but Rosamond stood for some moments cling-ing to the balusters for support; and as soon his visitor, she went swiftly back, and played the

She heard enough to convince her that her dread had not been unfounded, and then fled across the streets to Aille, who put down her knitting as she saw her agonized face, and took

her into her arms. Don't weep, acushia! Tears never made a road to travel by yet, and 'tis betther to be up

and doing than fretting and waiting. It is as yo "Alas, yes! What must we do to prevent their meeting?

Aille mused. "There's the police, but 'tisn't to the likes of them we'd care to be obligated; and 'twill be a sperate vexation to Master Frank to he med

dled with after that fashion, even though'tis to keep him safe and sound. Rosamond thought awhile, and finally agreed

It is only to be resorted to if all else fails us. Put on your cloak, Allie, and, for once, I will stoop to play the suppliant to Lord Gla-

The old woman looked at her fixedly.

"Have ye the courage to carry it through? to compel him to grant ye the life of your brother, yet give him no advantage in return? Rosamond raised her drooping head.

"Try me!" she proudly replied. "You shall see that I will not give you cause to blush for me! I shall not forget that he has forsaken me for another!"

Within the next five minutes they were scated in a cab, and en route for Lord Glanore's

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FAIR SUPPLIANT.

The Viscount and Captain Winton had dined together, and, with closed curtains and the table drawn up to the fire, which a chilly evening rendered necessary, were sipping the rare

wines with which the obsequious footman served

They had talked of indifferent topics—the last cricket-match at Lord's, the sensation drama nt the theatre, and the state of political affairs; and then the conversation had veered round to the quarrel which was to be settled in the fields between Ealing and Perivale at an early hour on the following morning. Captain Winton discussed it with the easy

self-possession of a man to whom a duel was a pleasant excitement, and nothing more; but Lord Glanore's face was grave and troubled. He could not forget that the young man who had publicly insulted, and provoked him into retailation, was the brother of Rosamond Dalton, the bonny English rose he had so long sought to win and wear.

He was not prepared to die, and he know it:

He was not prepared to die, and he knew it; he also knew that if Frank fell by his hand, no sophistry he could exercise would ever induce the grieving sister to look upon him

" You're shirking your wine, Charlie," said his felend. friend. "I suppose that's why you look so awfully sober; or is it the thought of turning out before the dew is off the ground, that is giving you the blues?

"I don't like the affair at all!" the Viscount admitted. "I'd have given my right hand to avoid it. You'll not think me a poltroon for the

"I should have to forget how you fished me out of the Cam after that upset, and held me higher than grim death. No, Charlie: the name of coward will never belong to you! Shall I negotiate an amicable arrangement between you and this belligerent young gentleman? It would

and this beingerent young gentleman? It would not redect any discredit upon a man of your known character for bravery."

"Impossible!" was the hasty reply.

"There can be no offers of peace on my side. I have borne too much to consent to such a proceeding. Fill your glass, Winton. That Hoch-timer is some of my predecessor's. Do you like it?"

The servant came to his side, and whispered mething which he answered aloud, with a look of displeasure,

"A lady! Oh! I cannot see her to-night, be she who she may!"

"Delegate the office to me," said Captain Winton, lazily. "I'll give her audience, if she's

young and prefty; if not, I prefer staying where I am."
"I was to say that the lady's business is ur-

gent," the man put in; but Lord Glanore impa-tiently signed to him to leave the room. "I cannot see any one to-night. Say that I am engaged.'

The servant obeyed, but returned directly with a miniature-case, containing an exquisite portrait of Kathleen, which Frank had painted for his sister. It had been a labour of love to the artist sister. It had been a labour of love to the artist, and for his sake Rosamond continued to cherish it. Advald to send up her own name, lest it should confirm the Viscount in his resolution not to see her, she made use of this picture to bring him to her.

The ruse was successful.

(Fallboon here at this hour? or the

"Kathleen here, at this hour!" cried Lord Glanore, starting from his seat. "What can be the reason?"

Excusing himself to his companion, he has lened to the room where Rosamond and the faithful Aille awaited him. He saw directly that the tall, graceful woman before him was not the fairy he had expected to see, and hesitated for a moment about advancing. He was in no mood to play the courteous cavalier to a stranger; but Rosamond had heard the door open, and turned towards it, throwing up her yell as she did so. With a joyful exclamation, he sprang towards

her; then stopped short, and leaned against the table. How could be breathe words of love to her, while meditating the death of her only re-

Rosamond saw the pause, and understood the

"I see that you are not lost to all good feel ing, my lord. Conscience makes itself heard when you look upon my face, and remember the anguish you are seeking to inflict upon

" By heavens, Rosamond, your are unjust! Your brother must acknowledge that this quarrel has been none of my seeking."

"In other words," she relorted, bitterly, "you

have been accustomed to be successful in all your schemes, and Frank has presumed to tell you how base they are. For this insolence, Viscount Glanore—secure in his own wealth and rank proposes to punish him."

proposes to punish him."

"I tell you no, Rosamond! Your brother struck me in the street. I thought of you, and bore with the degradation; but human patience has its limits, and he taunted me till I could endure no more." dure no more!

"And not content with robbing him of all else he held dear, you now intend to take his life. Can you do this? Can you? She came a little nearer, her hands clasped

against her throbbing heart.
"You persist in thinking me the he said, with annoyance. "Who is your informant? Frank himself?"

"No, no!" and Rosamond's voice grew thick, and she could scarcely speak. "He tells me nothing—he sends me from him; but I know _I know what he is about to do at this hour to-morrow I shall be alone in the

Undeterred by the presence of Ailie, Lord Glanore caught her in his arms.

"Rosamond, dearest Rosamond, be calm! I

must meet your brother. I cannot avoid it; but he shall not surtain any injury from me. I swear to you that he shall not!" "You tell me so, but dare I trust you?" she

cried, eagerly fixing her eyes upon him, and for a moment forgetting how much cause she had to doubt his truth Then disengaging herself from his embrace, he added, "No, no; I dare not. The false lover, the destroyer of Kath-leen, will not scruple to deceive me in this as in

Catching hold of her hands, the Viscount drew her towards him.

"I am thoroughly mystified, Rosamond; you must explain yourself. How have I deceived you, and why do you call me the destroyer of Kathleen? Her coming to England was con-trary to my counsels, and I have done my best to ameliorate the lot she has unwisely, though nobly, chosen."

"Can you speak of these things to me?" cried Rosamonil, crimsoning with indignation as she struggled to release herself. "Does no sense of shame bid you be slient, and let me leave

Aille Brean, who had not moved till now,

came and stood beside her young mistress.

"Justify yourself, my lord! Don't you comprehend of what you are accused? Master Frank and Miss Rosie believe that Kathleen Sidney fled from Dublin with a lover; and that lover is

The Viscount started back in unfeigned astonishment.

"With me I Good heavens, what a ridiculous mistake! Are you not aware, dearest Rosa-mony, that she is the daughter of a cousin of mine, the Honourable James Tresilian, and that it is to devote herself to him that she came

Faint with joy, Rosamond leant her head

upon his breast, murmuring, "Oh, tell me this

again!"
"You ought to have known it long since;"
"You bave been st I cannot understand why you have been so deceived," he said, tenderly sustaining her. "Kathleen certainly told me that she had left a note behind her, explaining to Ars. Carroll the cause of her hurried departure. Till this moment, I have supposed you and Frank acquainted with every circumstance connected with the affair."

"Kathleen with her father, and true to Frank "Kathleen with her father, and true to Frank after all!" the still bewildered Rosamond ex-claimed. "It seems too strange to be true! We have all been at cross purposes. Why have we never known that she has a parent still living?

"I don't think Knthleen was herself aware of it till intely; Tresilian, who has always been a wild fellow and a disgrace to his family, allowed overy one to suppose that he had been lost in his passage to America. He came to me in Dublin a few weeks since for some peeminary assistance, and I advised him to return to Now Orleans, where he said he had been residing; but he had heard a report that his daughter was the favourite niece and heiress of Miss Delany, and insisted upon remaining and making him-self known to her."

Rosamond pondered over this information, and then asked why Kathleen had not at once confided her father's reappearance to Frank.

"Because Tresillan forbade her to do so as

long as he remained in Dublin. A dread of being recognised and punished for some early excess made him very auxious to keep his presence in that city a secret from all but those who were useful to him. I am sorry to say James Tresilian has come back quite as selfish and unprincipled as he was when he went away."

"Poor Kathleen!" said her friend, remorse-

fully; "how we have mistaken her—at a time too, when she must have needed all our sym-

"She needs it still, dearest, for her neglect-"She needs it still, dearest, for her neglectful father is wholly undescribing the self-sacrifices she meditates. Itad I known that she had left your brother in ignorance of her position, I should have taken it upon myself to acquaint him with it. We might have come to a better understanding this morning if I had not believed that he was more with me simply for smooththat he was angry with me simply for smoothing the way to his marriage with the daughter of a man who had disgraced himself."
"But you," said Rosamond, her thoughts re-

verling to the many circumstances which had filled her with jealous doubts—" you never gave me the remotest hint that Kathleen was reinted to you!"

" My love, I thought I explained to you that " My love, I thought I explained to you that I was ignorant of our kinship till James Tresilian came to me. Not till then did I become acquainted with the fact of his marriage. I knew, at the time of his flight to America, that he had formed an attachment to some Irish lady; that was all. Among some trifles he left in my charge, there was a miniature—do you remember to have seen it?"

"Ah, how well! It was of Kathleen," was

the reply.

Not so; but of her mother—her cruelly-"Not so; but of her mother—her crueny-used, deserted mother, who nover learned the real name of the unworthy husband who tired of her as soon as he had wasted her small for-tune. Kathleen's striking resemblance to this portrait startled me when I first beheld her; and, oddly enough, she at the same momen detected the likeness I bear to her father, whose picture she possesses. Do you recollect the agitation she betrayed at our first meeting?"

(To be continued.)

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

And on the title-page was written, "The History of the great and famous nation of the Doasyoulikes, who came away from the coun-

try of Hardwork, because they wanted to play on the Jews'-harp all day long." In the first picture they saw these Donsyou-likes living in the land of Readymade, at the foot of the Happy-golueky Mountains, where flapdoodle grows whil; and if you want to know what that is, you must read Peter Simple,

They lived very much such a life as those jolly old Greeks in Sicily, whom you may see painted on the ancient vases, and really there seemed to be great excuses for them, for they had no need to work,

Instead of houses, they lived in the beautiful caves of tufa, and bathed in the warm springs three times a day; and, as for clothes, it was so in little beside a cocked hat and a pair of straps, or some light summer tackle of that kind; and the ladles all gathered gossamer in autumn (when they were not too lazy) to make their

They were very fond of music, but it was too much trouble to learn the plane or the violin; and, as for dancing, that would have been too great an exertion. So they sat on ant-hills all day long, and played on the Jews'-harp; and, if the ants bit them, why they just got up and went to the next ant-hill, till they were bitten there likewise.

And they sat under the flapdomile-trees, and let the flapdoodle drop into their mouths; and under the vines, and squeezed the grane juice down their thronts; and, if any little pigs ran about ready roasted, crying, "Come and cat me," as was their fashion in that country, they waited till the pigs ran against their months, and then took a bite, and were content, just as so many oysters would have been.

They needed no weapons, for no enemies ever

came near their land; and no tools, for every-thing was ready-made to their hand; and the stern old fairy Necessity never came near them to hunt them up, and make them use their wits.

And so on, and so on, and so on, till there were never such comfortable, easy-going, happy-

golucky people in the world.
"Well, that is a jolly life," said Tom.
"You think so?" said the fairy. "Do you see that great peaked mountain there behind? said the fairy, " with smoke coming out of its

Yes," "And do you see all those ashes, and slag, and cinders, lying about ?"

"Then turn over the next five hundred years, and you will see what happens next."

And behold the mountain had blown up like a barrel of gunpowder, and then boiled over like a kettle ; whereby one-third of the Doasyoulikes were blown into the air, and another third were smothered in ashes; so that there was only one-

You see," said the fairy, " what comes of living on a burning mountain."

Oh, why did you not warn them?" said lit-

"Oh, why did you not warn them?" said lite Ellie.
"Idid warn them all that I could. I let the well as an uphili road; and if I can turn beasts,

the smoke come out of the mountain; and wherever there is smoke there is fire. And I laid the ashes and elinders all about; and wherever there are cinders, cinders may be again. But they did not like to face facts, my dears, as ory few people do; and so they invented a cock-and-bull story, which I am sure, I never told them, that the sincke was the breath of a giant whom some godsor other had burried under the mountain; and that the cinders were what the dwarfs roasted the little pigs whole with ; and another nonsense of that kind. And, when folks are in that humour, I cannot teach them, save by the good old birch-rod."

And then she turned over the next five hundred years: and there were the remnant of the Dossyoulikes, doing as they liked, as before. Doasyoulikes, doing as they liked, as before. They were too lazy to move away from the mountain; so they said, If it was blown uponce, that is all the more reason that it should not blow up again. And they were few in number; but they only said, The more the merrier, but the fewer the better fare. However, that was not quite true; for all the finphoodle-trees were killed by the valence, and they had eaten all not quite true; for all the finphoodle-trees were killed by the volcane, and they had eaten all the roast pigs, who, of course, could not be ex-pected to have little ones. So they had to live very hard, on nuts and roots which they scratched out of the ground with sticks. Some of them talked of sowing corn, as their ancestors used to do, before they came into the land of Readynade; but they had forgotten how to make ploughs (they had forgotten even how to make Jews'-harps by this time), and had eaten all the sced-corn which they brought out of the land of Hardwork years since; and of course it was too much trouble to go away and find more. So they lived miserably on roots and nuts, and all the weakly little children had great stomachs, and then died.

"Why," said Tom, " they are growing not better than savages."

"And look how ugly they are all getting,"

sald Ellie.
"Yes; when people live on poor vegetables instead of roast beef and plum-pudding, their instead of roast beer and plum-pluding, their juws grow large, and their lips grow course.

And she turned over the next five hundred years. And there they were all living up in trees, and making nests to keep off the rain and underneath the trees lions were prowling

about.
"Why," said Eilie, "the liens seem to have for there are very

eaten a good many of them, for there are very few left now."
"Yes," said the fairy; "you see it was only the strongest and most active ones who could

climb the trees, and so escape."

"But what great, hulking, broad shouldered chaps they are," said Tom; "they are a rough lot as ever I saw." lot as ever I saw."

"Yes, they are getting very strong now; for the ladies will not marry any but the very strongest and dereest gentlemen, who can help them up the trees out of the lions' way."

them up the trees out of the lions' way."
And she turned over the next five hundred
years. And in that they were fewer still, and
stronger, and flereer; but their feet had changed
shape very oddly, for they laid hold of the
branches with their great toes, as if they had been thumbs, just as a Hindoo tailor uses his toes

to thread his needle.

The children were very much surprised, and asked the fairy whether that was her doing. "Yes, and no," she said, smiling. "It was only those who could use their feet as well as

only those who could use their feet as well as their hands who could get a good living: or, indeed, get married; so that they got the best of everything, and starved out all the rest; and those who are left keep up a regular breed of toe-thumb-men, as a breed of shorthorns, or skye-terriers, or fancy pigeons is kept up."

"But there is a hairy one among them," said

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that will be a great man in his time, and chief of all the tribe." And, when she turned over the next five hun-dred years, it was true.

For this hairy chief had had hairy children, and they hairier children still; and every one wished to marry hairy husbands, and have hairy children too; for the climate was growing so damp that none but the hairy ones could

live: all the rest coughed and sneezed, and had sore throats, and went into consumptions, before they could grow up to be men and women. Then the fairy turned over the next five hun-

dred years. And they were fewer still.
"Why, there is one on the ground picking up roots," said Ellie, "and he cannot walk up-

No more he could; for in the same way that the shape of their feet had altered, the shape of their backs had altered also. "Why," cried Tom, "I declare they are all

apes." "Something fearfully like it, poor foolish creatures," said the fairy. "They are grown so stupid now, that they can hardly think: for none of them have used their wits for many hundred years. They have almost forgotten, too, how to talk. For each stupid child forgot some of the words it heard from its stupid pawords for itself. Beside, they are grown so flerce and suspicious and brutal that they keep out of each other's way, and more and suik in the dark forests, never hearing each other's voice, till they have forgotten almost what speech is like. I am afraid they will be apes soon, and all by doing only what they

And in the next five hundred years they were And in the next live fundred years they were all dead and gone, by bad food and wild beasts and hunters; all except one tremendous old fellow with jaws like a jack, who stood full seven feet high; and Mr. Du Chaillu came up to him, and shot him, as he stood roaring and thumping his breast. And he remembered that his ancestors had once been men, and tried to say, Am I not a man and a brother ?" but had for gotten how to use his tongue; and then he had tried to call for a doctor, but he had forgotten the word for one. So all he said was, "Ubboand died.

And that was the end of the great and jolly nation of the Doasyoulikes. And when Tom and Eille came to the end of the book, they looked very sad and solemn.

"But could you not have saved them from becoming apes?" said little Ellie, at last.

"At first, my dear; if only they would have behaved like men, and set to work to do what they did not like. But the longer they waited, and behaved like the dumb beasts, who only do and behaved like the stupider and clumster they what they like, the stupider and clumster they grow; till at last they were past all cure, for they had thrown their own wits away. It is such things as this that help to make me so ugly, that I know not when I shall grow fair." "And where are they all now?" asked El-

lie.

"Exactly where they ought to be, my dear.
"Yes!" said the fairy, solemnly, half to herself, as she closed the wonderful book. "Folks say now that I can make beasts into men, by circumstances, and selection, and competition, and so forth. Well, perhaps they are right; and perhaps, again, they are wrong. That is one of the seven things which I am forbidden to tall, till the coming of the Coccelgrues; and, at all events, it is no concern of theirs. Wintever their ancestors were, men they are; and I advise them to behave as such, and act according vise them to behave as such, and act according-

into men, I can, by the same laws of circumstance, and selection, and competition, turn men into beasts. You were very near being turned into a beast once or twice, little Tom. Indeed, If you had not made up your mind to go on this journey, and see the world, like an Englishman, I am not sure but that you would have ended as an eft in a pond."

"Oh, dear me!" said Tom; "sooner than that, and be all over slime, I'll go this minute. if it is to the world's end."

CHAPTER VII.

"Now" said Tom, "I am ready to be off, if it's to the world's end."

"Ah!" said the fairs, "that is a brave, good boy. But you must go further than the world's end, if you want to find Mr. Grimes; for he is at the Other-end-of-Nowhere. You must go to Shiny Wall, and the world the world the said the at the Other-end-of-Nowhere. You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened; and then you will come to Pencepool, and Mother Carey's Haven, where the good whales go when they die. And there Mother Carey will tell you the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere, and there you will find Mr, Grimes." Oh, dear!" said Tom. But I do not know my way to Shiny Wall, or where it is at all."
"Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves, or they will never

out things for themselves, or they will never grow to be men; so that you must ask all the beasts in the sea and the birds in the air, and if you have been good to them, some of them will tell you the way to Shiny Wall,"

"Well," said Tom, "it will be a long journey, so I had better start at once. Good-bye, Miss Ellie; you know I am getting a big boy, and I must go out and see the world,"

"I know you must," said Ellie; "but you will not forget me, Tom. I shall wait here till you come,"

you come, And she shook hands with him, and bade him good-bye. Tom longed very much again to kiss her; but he thought it would not be respectful, considering she was a lady born; so she pro-mised not to forget her; but his little whirt-about of a head was so full of the notion of going out to see the world, that he forgot her in

five minutes: however, though his head forgot her, I am glad to say his heart did not. So he asked all the beasts in the sea, and all So he asked all the ocasis in the sea, and an the birds in the air, but none of them knew the way to Shiny Wall. For why? He was still too far down south.

Then he met a ship, far larger than he had

ever seen—a gallant occan-steamer, with a long cloud of smoke trailing behind; and he wonder-ed how she went on without salls, and swam up to her to see. A school of dolphins were runto ner to see. A school of dolphins were run-ning mees round and round her, going three feet for her one, and Tom asked them the way to Shiny Wall: but they did not know. Then he tried to find out how she moved, and at last he saw her serew, and was so delighted with it that he played under her quarter all day, till he nearly had his nose knocked offby the faus, and thought it time to move. Then he watched the sailors upon deck, and the ladies, with their bonnets and parasols: but none of them could see him, because their eyes were not opened,-

as, indeed, most people's eyes are not.

And he swam northward day after day, till at last he met the King of the Herrings with a curry-comb growing out of his nose, and a sprat in his mouth for a cigar, and asked him the way to Shiny Wall; so he bolted his sprat head fore-

most, and said:
"If I were you, young gentleman, I should go
to the Alkalonestone, and ask the last of the
Gairfowl. She is of a very ancient clan, very nearly as ancient as my own; and knows good deal which these modern upstarts don't as

good deal which these modern upstarts don't as halles of old honess are likely to do,"

Tom asked his way to her, and the King of the Herrings told him very kindly, for he was a courteous old gentleman of the old school, though he was horribly ugly, and strangely bedizened too, like the old dandles who lounge in the club-louse windows. the club-house windows.

But just as Tom had thanked him and set off, he called after him: "H!! I say, can you

"I nover tried," says Tom. "Why?"
"Because, if you can, I should advise you to
say nothing to the old lady about it. There; take a hint. Good-bye." And away Tom went for sevendays and seven nights due north-west, till he came to a great codbank, the like of which he never saw before.

The great cod lay below in tens of thousands, and gobbled shell-fish all day long; and the blue sharks roved above in hundreds, and gobbled them when they came up. So they ate, and ate, and ate each other, as they had done since the making of the world; for no man had come here yet to eatch them, and find out how rich old Mother Carey is. And there he saw the last of the Gairfowi, standing upon the Allalonestone, all alone. And

n very grand old lady she was, full three feet high, and bolt upright, like some old Highland and a white pinner and apron, and a very high bridge to her nose (which is a sure mark of high breeding), and a large pair of white spectacles on it, which made her look rather odd: but it was the ancient fashion of her house. And instead of wings, she had two little fea-thery arms, with which she fanned horself, and complained of the dreadful hout; and she kept

on crooning an old song to herself, which she learnt when she was a little baby-bird, long "Two little birds they sat on a stone, One swam away, and then there was one; With a ml-lal-la-lady.

The other swam after, and then there was none, And so the poor stone was left all alone; With a fal-lal-lady."

It was "flew" away, properly, and not "swam" away : but, as she could not fly, she had a right to alter it. However, it was a very fit song for her to sing, because she was a lady herself.

(To be continued,)

Amongst the symptoms of Consumption which prosent themselves as the disease progresses, are cold chills, cough, shortness of breath, restlessness at night, less of appetite, loss of flesh, night sweats, heetle, expectoration of white mucus pellots, also yellow and binish or gray matter, sometimes streaked with blood; burning pains in the chest, diarrhees, general prostration and incapacity for the ordinary duties of life. As the patient becomes reduced, other complications appear and he rapidly sinks. A remarkable and very common physical sign among consumptives is their exemption from alarm; notwithstanding the dangerous character of their discase they believe in ultimate recovery. This very confidence prevents the patients from resorting to the only means of care, and that watchfulness necessary in so critical a time, until finally they lapse into hopeless irrecovery. Like the first adventurous beatman that rowed down from Eric; broad and smooth was the river, rapid his progress, and pleasant his anticipations. Alas, the tide which drifted him so rapidly was one of destruction, and when he would retrace his way he found the current too strong to stom, and that he drew nearer every instant to the mighty Niagara. Down, down he was carried amidst the seething spray, and with his bark was dashed to pieces.

The consumptive is admonished to resort to Fellows' Compound Syrup ef Hypophosphites, when the first symptom presents itself, as it is the only sure remedy.





PERSONALISM IN PREACHING.

BY BENRY WARD BEECHER.

In 1871 a lectureship was founded by Mr. Henry W. Sago at Yale College, and named by him the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching. A course of twelve lectures is annually to be delivered on this foundation before the classes in Theology, by preachers selected and appointed by the Faculty of the Divinity School of Yale College. The third lecture of the first series was delivered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and we herewith reproduce it from Mr. Beecher's journal The Christian Union.

I shall talk to you to-day on the general subject of *Personatism*, as affecting your success in reaching men with the truth,—including various modes of bringing yourselves to bear on others, from the pulpit, and the helps and hind-rances in doing so, both on the mental and spiritual side, and on the physical or material

No man ever preaches all the time thinking of producing specific effects, without very soon being made conscious that men are so different that no preaching will be continuously effectual which is not endlessly various; and that not for the sake of arresting attention, but because all men do not take in moral teaching by the same sides of their minds. I remember when it was the custom, and, it was supposed a proper thing to do, for ministers to hold up a regular system of moral truth, sermon by sermon, and chapter by chapter, until the received average views of the day had been spread out before the congregation; and then, it was hoped that a Divine Sovereignty would apply these truths to men's hearts. Experience ought to invo shown them that there is a class of hearers in every intelligent American community that will never be led, except through their reason. They will re-quire that the path be laid down for them, and that they see it before they follow. They will not be content to receive the truth in any other mode than by the idea-form. If they cannot get it in one place they will go to another; and if still they cannot find it, they will go nowhere. Yet, if you shape your preaching, as often literary men in the pulpit are accustomed to do, to the distinctively include the property of the content of the the distinctively intellectual men in the community, you will very soon fill them full and starve the rest of your congregation; because, right alongside of them, there are natures just as noble as theirs, but not accustomed to receive their food through the mouth of reason, except in an incidental and indirect way. We all use our reason, more or less, in all processes; but then there are a great many persons who want the truth presented in emotive form.

DIFFERENT CLASSES OF HEARERS.

The hard reasoner says, "No tears for me; don't colour your preaching; I want it pure as the beams of light, and as transparent; and the calmer and more inexorably logical its propositions, and the more mathematical its proof, the better I like it." But there are in any com-munity probably six to one who will watch for the emotional and impassioned part of the sermon, saying, "That is the preaching I want; I can understand what I feel." They are fed by their hearts. They have as much right to be fed by their hearts as the others have to be fed

You should strive, in setting the table in your church, whereever you may be, to do as the hotel proprietor does. He never says to himself, "What dish do I like best?—that will I put on the table;" or, "What dishes do Lawyer A, and Physician B, like best?" He spreads his tables for the benefit of the community at large —something for everybody; and he does wisely. The man who means to eatch men, and to eatch all of them, must prepare built for those that bite purely by the understanding, and just as much bait for those that bite largely by their emotions. But there is another class. I recol-lect my dear old father talking about persons that worshipped God in clouds and saw the hand of God in beauty. He would say, "It is all moonshine, my son, with no doctrine, nor edification, nor sanctity in it at all, and I despise it." in never knew my father to look at a landscape in his life, unless he saw pigeons or squirrels in it. I have seen him watch the stream, but it

That is laughable to you, I have no doubt, and since these addresses are the most familiar of all talks, I will give you a little more of my amusing experience with him at home. When he became an old man he lived six months in my family, and became during that time much interested in the pictures Langing on the walls of the house. One which particularly attracted his attention, and with which he was greatly pleased, represented a beautiful lake, with hunters ensconced behind trees, shooting at ducks on the lake. He would look at that picture every day, and I, not thinking of the sportsmen, but only of the beautiful landscape, said to my-self, "Well, it is good to see him breaking from the spell of some of his old ideas, and, now that he has become old, to see these fine gifts growing and coming out, to behold him ripening into the esthetic element in this way." One day I stood behind him, as he was looking at the picture, unconscious of my presence. Said he, "He must have hit one, two, three-and, I

as a little instance of grace in him.

Now, it is not strange that a person should, under such circumstances, having no power of the beautiful in his nature, laugh to scorn the idea that beauty could over lead a man to God, or bring with him the influence of the Lord Jesus Christ, or incline him to climb from a selfish to a spiritual life; but, I tell you there is a mouth that requires to be fed by the esthetic

It is not a vain thing to hear men say that It is not a vain thing to hear men say that they feel more like worshipping in music than in any other thing. The best organist in America for extemporaneous music is Mr. John Zundel. When he was converted, and came into the church, he said to me one morning. "It seems that everything in the world is new. Last night I prayed just as you do." I asked what he meant, and he said, "I do not speak may prayers?" "Well," said I, "how do you pray?" "On the plane always," said he. That was true. He would sit down at his plane, when in a worshiping mood, shut his eyes and pray with his fingers. I did not wonder at it when I heard his music.

During the time I was in Europe, it was a revelation to me, when I entered the first gallery of any magnitude; I was deeply affected. It was at the Luxemburg. I had never imagined such a wealth of glory. The sense of exhibitan-tion was so trascendent that I folt as if I could not stay in the body. I was filled with that super-sensitiveness of supernal feeling which is

into worship; and I nover seemed to mysolf so near the gate of Heaven. I never left capable of so nearly understanding my Master; never in all my life was I conscious of such an carnestmess to do his work, and to do it better than I ltd, as while under the all-porvading induction of

that gallery of beauty.

I that agreat many persons who say, "I do not much enjoy going to church, but if I am permitted to wander out into the fields, along the fringes of the forests, and to bear the birds sing, to watch the cattle and to look at the shadows on the hills, I am sure it makes me a better war." Some others the makes we does old for dows on the hills, I am sure it makes me a better man." Some others, like my dear old father, would say, "That is all moonshine; there is nothing in it, no thought, no truth, and no doctrine of education," But there is truth in it. There are minds that open to spiritual things through that side of their nature more readily and easily than through any other. This should be recognized.

should be recognized.

Then there is another class. There are a great Then there is another class. There are a great many persons who are super-sensitive on the subject of imagination, and they never really receive anything as true, until the fact or principle is, as it were, enveloped in a little haze. They need the mystic element. They do not want sharp outlines. There is something in mystery which is attractive to them. And yet some preachers insist that truth should be set before all men in its most accurate and exact. before all men in its most accurate and exact form. You might just as well attempt to reduce the clouds to triangles and circles in order to mathematically demonstrate their beauty to the eye of an artist.

HOW TO MEET DIFFERENT MINDS.

Now, in order to reach and help all these vary ing phases of your congregation, you must take human nature as you find it, in its broad range, Understand this, that the same law which led the apostle to make himself a Greek to the Greeks and a Jew to the Jews, and to put him-self under the law with those who were under the law; and that same everlasting good-sense of conformity in these things, for the sake of taking hold of men where they can be reached, and lifting them up, requires you to study human muture as it is, and not as people tell you it ought to be. If a man can be saved by pure intellectual preaching, let him have it. If others require a predominance of emotion, provide that for them. If by others the truth is taken more easily through the imagination, give it to them in the form of imagination. If there are still others who demand it in the form of facts and rules, see that they have it in that form. Take men as it has pleased God to make them; and let your preaching, so far as concerns the selection of material, and the mode and method by which you are presenting the truth, follow the wants of the persons themselves, and not simply the measure of your own minds.

AN EASY DANGER.

Too often men find a certain facility in themselves in single directions, and they confine their preachings to that particular line. The consequence is, their congregations are very soon classified. One sort of a preacher gots one sort of people, and another sort gets another sort of people, instead of all churches having some of every kind of mind in them. They become seevery kind of mind in them. They become segregated and arranged according to ministers. That is very bad for the churches. It is a good thing for a village that it has but one church for all the people; where the rich and poor, the cultured and the unlettered, have to come to gether, and learn to bear with each other. This is a part of that discipline and attrition which smooths and polishes men, and makes them better, if there is Grace to do it. But in the cities, you will find that churches are classified; and, in the city of New York, I can point out to you many churches in which the great body are people of wealth, of culture, and of refinement; and the pulpit is invariably high-toued, perfectly pure in language, clear and methodical in discourse, always proper,—so proper, in cal in discourse, always proper,—so proper, in fact, that it is almost dead for want of life, for want of side branches, for want of adaptation and conformity to human nature as it is. It is under such circumstances, where a man follow under such circumstances, where a man follows a single groove in himself or in his congregation, and does it because he learns to work easier so year by year,—and it is really on that account, —that preaching becomes narrowed down and

very soon wears out.

It has been asked here, why pastors change so

tangible.

He is a great man, who can play upon the human soul! We think him a great artist, who can play on an organ with sixty stops, combining them infinitely, and drawing out harmony them. The property with and melody, marching them through with grand thought, to the end of the symphony; that indicates a master, we think. It does; but what organ that man ever bullt does not shrink in comparison with the one that God built, and called Man? Where you have before you a whole congregation or a whole community, and all their wants and needs are known, and you are trying to draw out of them a higher and nobler life, what an instrument you have to play ipon, and what a power it is when you have learned it, and have the touch by which you can play so us to control its entire range and compass! There is nothing more subline in this world that a man set upon lifting his fel-low-men up toward Heaven, and able to do it. There are no sensations in this world comparable with those which one has whose whole aglow, waking into the consciousness of this power. It is the Divine power, and it is all work. ing up toward the invisible and the spiritual. There is no cestasy like it.

DEMANDS OF VARIETY UPON THE PREACHER.

There is another question which I have bare, y hinted at; and that is, in attempting to ad-dress the truth in different forms to men, so as to meet the wants of a whole community, must not a man be universal like Shakespeare? How can you expect men, taking them as they are, to do this ?

My reasoning is thus: It is not to be supposed men will do it in perfection, that they will do it at once, or that they will more than appro do it at once, or that they will more than approximate to the ideal. I shall have occasion to repeat, every time I speak to you, this thing—you have got to learn your business. It will take years and years before you are expert preachers. Let nobody puff you up by saying you are able preachers, because you can preach three or four good sermons. You have got two or three tunes; that is all. You are not practiced workmen until you understand human na-ture, and know how to touch it with the Divine truth; until you comprehend the Divine truth in so many of its bearings upon the human soul that you can work with tolerable facility from that you can work with tolerable facility from the truth that is in Josus to that which is in

preach for five years and find that your work is slow, and much of it obscure, and does not produce the results aimed at, do not be discouraged. work is so great that you need not ashamed, after working for years, to find that you are still an apprentice and not a journey

HOW TO USE ONE'S OWN SPECIAL' PORCES.

The question, then, comes up, How far shall man conform to the strong tendencies of his own nature?

own nature?
One man is himself very imaginative, and not a reasoner; or, he finds himself possessed of a indicial mind, calm, clear, but not enthusiastic; white another finds himself an artist, as it were, with a mind expansive and sensitive, seeing everything iridescent, in all colors. Can these men change their own endowments? Or, how can one conform to the endowment of the other? A man says, "I am naturally very sensitive to the praise and opinion of men. When I speak I can't get rid of the feeling of myself. I am standing before a thousand people, and I am all the time thinking about myself,—whether I am standing right and what, more were thinking of standing right, and what men are thinking of me. I can't keep that out of my mind." What is such a man to do? Can be change his own temperament? On the other side, there are men who say, "I don't care what people think of me: I wish I cared more. I am naturally somewhat proad, and am self-sustained. People talk about sympathy and a warro, slet tosomewant proud, that am sen-austrance. Les-ple talk about sympathy and a waren side to-ward men, but I never feel any of that. I do what is right, if the heavens fath, and go on my way. If people like it, I am glad; and if they don't, that is their lookout." How can you change that temperament? How can a man alter the laws that are laid down for him?

Well, in one sense, he cannot change at all. You can make just as many prayers, write just as many resolutions, and keep just as long a journal as you please, recording the triumphs journal as you heave, recording the truinpins of grace over your approbativeness, and when you are screwed down in your coffin, you will have been no less of a praise-loving man than when you were taken out of the cradic. That quality grows stronger in old age than at any other time. You will find that men get over some things in time; they become less and these invaluatives, they become the general new search as less imaginative; they become less severe as they grow older; but if vanity is a part of their composition, old age only strengthens it, and they grow worse and worse as they grow in years. In general, too, if a man has a strong will, I do not think he loses any of it as he gets along through life. It becomes fixed, firm as adamant.

But it is not necessary that you should change Gound look at Central Park. Bofore he artistic hand of the landscape gardener began to work upon its surface there were vast ledges of rock in every direction, and other ob-structions of the most stubborn character. Now, if, when the engineer came to look over the land for the purpose of laying it out into a beautiful park, he had said, "How under the sun am I going to binst out those rocks?" he would have had a terrible time of it, and would have been blasting until this day. Instead of that, however, he said, "I will plant vines around the edges of the rocks and let them run up over. The rocks will look all the better and the vines will rocks will look all the better, and the vines will have a place to grow and display their beauty. In that way I make use of the rocks." So it is with your own nature. There is not a single with your own nature. There is not a single difficulty in it which you cannot make use of, and which, after that, would not be a power for good. Suppose you are conscious, in your disposition, of approbativeness. Do you think you are more sensitive than thousands of God's best ministers have been? But, perhaps, you love the praise of men more than the praise of God. The thing for you to do thou is to train your an The thing for you to do then is to train your approbativeness, so that, instead of delighting in the lower types of praise—those which imply weakness and which unman you—you will strive after those which rise steadily higher and higher in the things which are of God. Now, it is not your fault that you have the element of approntiveness, but it is your fault that you suffer it batteness, out it is your must that you suffer it to feed on despleable food. Train it to desire approbation for things that are noble and just, for doing, intensely, whatever is disinterested among men, and for things that other men cannot do. Task yourselves as men should do, and not like boys or puling girls. Have such a conception of manhood in Christ Jesus that you would grow make for things that are low the I never knew my father to look at a landscape in his life, unless he saw pigeons or squirrels in it. I have seen him watch the stream, but it was, invariably, to know if there were pickerel or trout in it. He was a hunter, every inch; but I never could discern that he had an astbelic clement in him, so far as relates to pure heauty. Sublimity he felt. Whoever was grand he appreciated very keenly. I do not think that the appreciated very keenly. I do not think that the hidden is appreciated very keenly. I do not think that the hidden is different that he had an ast to he ever looked at one building in his life, except the first of the most of the transference consciousness, yet it is all extremely noble. It is beautiful. I would not take a single "1" out of Paul's epistles; and yet you might take scores out of every one of them, and they would scarce-ly be missed, there are so many. Where was there a man whose pride was more regal than his? and what a power it was, and how he used it for Christ's sake !

In regard to strong constitutional peculiarities, I would say that you cannot eradicate them, and that you should not try to change them, very much. You can regulate and dis-cipline every one of your emotive powers; but do not try to quench them. Do not crueffy anything. Do not cruelfy your passions. Do not cruelfy any human instinct. There is force in it, if you know how to use it as a force, in the propulsion of moral feeling and moral ideas. You may be naturally ambitious; you will be naturally ambitious; you will be ambilious to the day of your death. tempt to take away your constitutional andow ment, only train it to things which are pant with Divine sympathy and with true life. Make it work, not for yourself, but for others and it will be a power that you need not be

SELF TRAINING, AN EDUCATION.

This whole necessity of self-use is provided as a school of education for every man, and esne cially may it be made efficient in the dissemin ntion of the Gospel. He who gives his whole life-force to the work of converting men unto Christ, will find. I think, that for a long time he scarcely will need anybody to tell him what to do and what to be- You must go into a parish and say to yourself, "There is not a man, weman or child within the bounds of this parish. to whom I am not beholden. I am to bring the force of my whole soul to bear upon these persons. I am to get thoroughly acquainted with them. I am to prepare them to hear me preach and pulpit." You must meet them in their every-day life, in their ruggedness and selfishness. You will find one man spoken of as a laughing-stock in one neighbourhood, and another as an odious man in another. Nobody can be a laughing stock or odious to you. You are like physicians who attend the inmates of a hospital; it matters not to them from what cause the patients are lying hurt and wounded there. Sick men belong to the physician's care, and he must take care of them. Do not pick man; and, quite as often, can reverse the process. That is the study. You have not begun
your education yet. You are but getting ready
to study when you begin to preach. If you
to study when you begin to preach. If you

with him,—if you cannot bring your soul to be a sacrifice for others and bear with them, how can you make them understand what Jesus Christ did for the world? You have got to do that sum for the world? Too Maye got to do that same thing right over again at home, with the members of your church, with the outcast and with the wanderer. You must be, if I may say so, little Christs. You must make living sacrifice of yourself, again and again, against your justinets,—humbling your pride, holding in desires, submitting to things you do not like, and doing thines witch are command to your and doing things which are repugnant to your taste, for Christ's sake and for man's sake; learning to love to do it and so interpreting, by your personality, what it means for Jesus Christ to have made a sacrifice of himself for the sal-vation of the world. What else did the apostle ment by saying, "Christ in you?" And if He promises to abide in you, how can He abide in you in any other same than that? you in any other sense than that?

PREACHING, THE PREASHER'S WHOLE DOWNESS

The next point I wish to make with you is, that if you are to be preachers in any such sense that if you are to be preachers in any such sense as this which I have explained to you, preaching will have to be your whole husiness. Now, in a small way, everybody preaches, but, if you are going to be professional preachers, if you will make that your life-smiling—it is not probable that there is one of you who was built large enough to do anything more than that. It will take all that you have in you and all your time. I do not think a man could run a local-mathy encline, and, to itemes, keep school, and motive engine, paint pictures, keep school, and preach on Sundays, to any very great editication. A man who is going to be a successful preacher should make his whole life run toward the pulpit. Perhaps you will say, "Are you not, your-self, doing just the other thing? Don't you edit sen, using just the other thing? Don't you entrain a paper, and lecture, and go out an political campaigns, and write this, that, and the other thing? Are you not studying science, and are you not an fail in the natural enjoyments of rural life? Well, where a man stands in the pulpit, and all the streams run away from the pulpit down to those things, the pulpit will be very shallow and yere dry; but when a man very shallow and very dry; but when a man opens these streams in the neighboring hills as so many springs, and all the streams run down into the pulpit, you will have abundant supplies. There is a great deal of difference, whether you are working in the collaterals toward the pulpit, or away from the pulpit. You can tell very quickly. If when a man comes back from his quickly. If when a man comes back from his garden, his lectures, his journeys, and his aesthetic studies, or from his scientific cotories and stances, he finds himself less interested in his proper work, if the Sabbath is getting to be rather a burdensome day to him, and it is inksome to be preaching, he must quit one or other of those things. The streams run from the pulpit instead of into it. But, if, when a man feels he is called to be anarchitect of mon, any tisk among called to be an architect of men, an artistamong men, in molding them; when one feels that his life-power is consecrated to transforming the human soul toward the higher ideal of charac human sout toward the higher blent of character for time and eternity, he looks around upon the great forces of the world and says to them, "You are my servants;" to the clouds, "Give me what you have of power;" to the hills, "Bring me of your treasures," to all that is beautiful, "Come and put your garment upon me;" and to all that is enjoyable, "Fill me with force and give abundance to the fullness of my feeling,"—if a man makes himself master of the secrets of nature that be may have power and strength to do his work,—then he is not enrying on three or four kinds of business at the same time. He is carrying on one business, and he collects from a hundred the materials

and forces by which he does it.
That is right. It will do you
hurt, but will benefit you, if
will make yourself familiar with p affairs. But you must not let public affairs set-tle down on you and smother you. You must keep yourself abreast of science; but you must be surer of your faith than science is, in its deter of your fatter than science is, in its de-tails. You must see to it that you are the mas-ter of everything, and not it the master of you. If music is more to you than your duties, it is dangerous; but it ought to be a shame to you that it is dangerous. If genial society and the flow of social merriment is sweet to you, and it it is a shame that these things should so easily overcome you. You ought to build yourselves on a pattern so broad that you can take all these things along with you. They are the King's; and you have a right to them. You have a right to be a child with children! the best follow among yours now. iny God I such a world! that never says any-thing; that keeps silence above us, while the destinies of the age—have been rolling onward; and where there are such things going on, that I marvel no sound ever drops down to us. But if a man lives and has seen Him that is invis-ible, and It that is invisible, all these things are open books unto him; and, instead of being eakening, they become elements of strength

EXTERNAL HINDRANCES.

A man may spend one half the strength of his life trying to overcome obstacles that inter-pose between himself and men, which is abso-lutely unnecessary. I told Brother Storrs in his church edifice that I thought one full third of his life was spent in overcoming the natural resistance of that church structure to the Gospel not because it was a beautiful church, for I think a beautiful church is a help, but because it was constructed on the principle of isolation or wide separation,—us though a man should sit one side of a river and try to win a mistress on the other side, hawling out his love at the top of his voice. However she might have been inclined, one such shout would be too much for tender senti-

Charches are built now on the same principle as they formerly were, in the days of the foun-ders of the old cathedrals. Then the services ders of the ord catasanas.

turned on the effect of the music, and the production of awe by the shimmering lights, by the dimness and vagueness.

It turned on the predimness and vagueness. It turned on the pre-sentation of gorgeous apparel and all kinds of things for the eye to behold; but they preached very little. Because they built their churches on a cruciform plan, we, who have revolutiontrod old theories, who believe that a church is a household, and that a preacher line a personal influence upon men, and is not a mere machine,
—build our churches just like them. You will ee, in every cuitivated community, churches built for modern preaching purposes, on medi-

æval principles. We will take the church in New York called the Broadway Tubernacle. In it there are two lines of columns which hide a range of six pows, on each side straight from the pulpit clear through to the corner of the church, where the men and women cannot see the preacher on ac-count of these architectural adjuncts which run to the ceiling and make the church so peautiful; there the people can sit and look at the columns during the whole of the sermen time,

In Dr. Cuyler's Church in Brooklyn' there

. The Church of the Pilgrius,

was formerly a distance of from afteen to twenty feet between the pulpit and the pews. If has been changed. But you could see the minister only down to his chest. that box, stuck up against, the wall, and then came a great space, like the desect of Sahara; and over on the other side of it began to be his audience. Before he can all such a space the magnetic influence of the man is all lost. He has squandered one of the best natural forces of the minit.

That is not the worst of it. When a man is unade by God he is made attoree, and every part is necessary to each and to the whole. A man's whole form is a part of his public speaking. His feet speak and so do his hands. You put a man in one of those barreled pulpits, where there is no responsibility laid upon him as to his body, and he falls into all manner of gawky attitudes, and rests bimself like a country horse at a hitching-post. He sags down, and has no consciousness of his awkwardness. But bring him out on a platform, and see how much more mutty he becomes, how much more force comes out! The moment a man is brought face to face with other men, then does the influence feach with other men, then does the influence of each act and react upon the other. I have seen work-men talking on the street, stooping, laughing and slapping their hands on their knees. Why, their gestures were a good oration, atthough I did not hear a word that was said. A man who speaks right before his audience, and without notes, will speak, little by little, with the gesares of the whole body, and not with the gestures of one finger only.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

No man will speak long with any interest, when he thinks about himself. You may have the very best sermon, but if your boot pinches or you have a painful corn, you will think about the corn and not about the sermon. A man needs to be brought out of himself as much as possible. You must relieve him from all manner of external comparisons. But a manner of external comparisons. passion. To a most release man from a man-ner of external embarrassments. Put a man where he is liable, as I have been, standing on the head of a barrel at a political meeting, to go through, and what will he think of? Now, on a little narrow platform, one con walk backward and forward to be sure, but if he goes towards the edges ever so little, he is in fear of stum-bling off. Yet even that is better then a low bling off. Yet even that is better than a box pulpit. What has that to do with preaching? What do you want with it? What is it for? This evil is not confined to pulpits merely, but

to all places where a speaker has to address a large body of men. I think the matter so furto all places where a speaker has to address a large body of men. I think the matter so important, that I tell the truth and lie not, when I say that I would not accept a settlement in a very advantageous place, If I was obliged to preach out of one of those old-fashioned swallows' nests on the wall.

The next point you should look to is to have your next as many acceptable to the second of the second of

your pews as near as possible to the speaker. A preacher must be a man among men. There is a force—call it magnetism, or electricity, or what you will—in a man, which is a personat element, and which flows from a speaker who is an rapport with his authorie. This principle should be utilized in the work of preaching. do not say that Jonathan Edwards could not have preached under the pulpit disalvamage. He could have preached out of anything. But there are not many men like Jonathan Ed-The average man needs all the extra-

wards. The average man needs all the extra-neous advantages he can press into his service. People often say, "Do you not think it is much more inspiring to speak to a large auth-ence than a small one?" No, I say; I can speak just as well to twelve persons as to a thousand, provided those twelve are crowded round me and along freether so that they touch conand close together, so that they touch each other. But even a thousand people, with four feet space between every two of them, would be just the same usun empty room. Every lecturer will understand what I mean, who has ever seen such audiences and addressed them. But crowd your audience together, and you will set

them off with not half the cliort,

Brother Day, the son of President Day, was one of my right-hand men in founding the church in Brooklyn; and being a civil engineer, and the church having voted to build, he went into my study with me to plan the edifice. He asked me what I wanted, in the first place, and asked me what I wanted in the first place, and how many people I wanted the church to seat, I told him. "Very good," he said; "and how do you want them located?" "I want them to surround me so that they will come up on every side, and behind me, so that I shall be in the center of the crowd, and have the people sange all about me." The result is, that there is not a better constructed bail in the world for the purpose of speaking and backing the purpose of speaking and backing the Breather. pose of speaking and hearing than Plymouth Church. Charles Dickens, after giving one of his readings in it, sent me special word not to build any other hallfor speaking, that Plymouth Church was perfect. It was perfect, because it was built on a principle,—the principle of social and personal unguetism, which emanates reciprecently from a speaker and from a close throng of hearers. This is perhaps the most important element of all the external conditions conductye to good and effective preaching.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

REV. Dr. BACON,-Would you recommend the hanging of one or two architects by court-

Mr. Beechen,—I do not know that a courtmartial would be the proper tribunal by which to try them, but I would at least make them recite the Westminster Catechism every morning as a punishment. Architects, however, do a great deal of good work. They certainly help, by the exterior of our churches, to beautify our towns and villages. But there is a certain thing that I never found an architect to be wise about —ventilation. I never knew anybody else who was. There is no difficulty in ventilating a house when there is nobody in it. The difficulty is to have a house full, and then to ventilate it. How can you get fresh air into a room after lotting out the bad air? Draughts will be caused and people will take cold. That question architects have never been able to solve.

In reference to prayer-meetings this lecture has a hearing which I may as well mention here. One of the great difficulties with them ordinarily is that people are so separated as to lose the whole social element. You will notice that, after a prayer-meeting, which has been very dull and very stiff and very proper, has been closed, and the brothren gather round the stove, they commone talking socially among themselves, and then it is that the real prayormeeting begins. One deacon says, "Brother So-and-so, when you were speaking on such ac-tople you sald so-and-so." He goes on and makes quite an effective little talk, but you could not have dragged it out of him with an ox-team during the meeting; and so one another will speak up and join in; and they will get warmly Interested in their discussion. Around the stove vas the real inceting. The other was the mere simulacrum of a meeting.

TRON-PAPER.—Gorman papers complain that this article, which is simply common paper mixed while in the pulp with iron filings, so as to increase its weight, is "shauelossly advertised in all English and American papers." and is particularly recommended to shopkcopiers for wrapping up their wares. As the papers in which specifies are put up are generally weighed along with the article, there can be no doubt that the use of such paper is fraudulent.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment gives immediato re-lief to scalds, burns, wounds and bruises.



THE UNSEEN BATTLE FIELD.

There is an unseen battle field In every human breast. Where two opposing forces meet, And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight; Tis only seen by One, Who knows alone where victory lies When each day's fight is done.

Orr army musters strong and fierco, Their chief of demon form: His brows is like the thunder cloud, His voice the bursting stora.

His captains,—Pride, and Lust, and flato; Whole troops watch night and day, Swift to detect the weakest point, And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force is but a little band: Yet there, with an unquailing front Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form, Of countenance screne; And glowing on his naked breast A naked cross is seen.

His captains.—Faith, and Hope, and Love; Point to that wandrous sign; And glaring on it, all receive Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth, A truth as great as sure.— That to be victors, they must learn To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in wildes! strife, imparts a holy calm; For every deadly blow a shield, For every wound a balm.

And when they'll win the buttle field, Past toil will be forget! The plain where carning once had reigned, Will be a bullowed spot.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries! No! it wasn't a cottage orn'e—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized sweetly with the delightful scenery. No! it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico; nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose vines running all over the windows, and whole colonies of wrens that hu t their nests and sam beneath its saves. that but I their nests and sang beneath its caves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms; on the left was an orehard whence every wind scattered a snowy shower of bloom; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some mas-sive walnut trees; and to the rear opened a long grass land through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned by the same way at hight. I knew well enough to whom this cottage be-

longed. No, it wasn't to a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing! It was built by the band of him who owned it, and lived in it, and I had always admired its excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him, my visits having always been to his wife and during his abscence. I had learned of him though; heard enough to make me intensely curious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood at proved of his wife's choice.

"What is the matter with him ?" I asked;

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; o but to tell the truth. Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred and cleatrized, I should think by fire, and you know it always make me nervous to look at anything of the

" Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames ?" I sald.

" Don't know; never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last Summer, and I never dare ask her what distigured him, but I wish you would—oh, I should like to know!"

"4 I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "1 thought of calling upon her this morning; perhaps she will tell me without my asking." " Do! that's a dear good Dolly !"

And I did.
The whole atmosphere seemed redolent with The whole atmosphere seemed regolent with music and fragrance; I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their heads to sing, warble, and build their nests there; and I didn't know why it was that the mosses, buttercups, violets and daisles, should prefer that place to any other; but they seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

The whole prospect was delightfully rural and between the profusion in the property and to the profusion of the prospect was delightfully rural and between the profusion of the prospect was delightfully rural and between the profusion of the property and the property and the profusion of the

pleturesque, and over all lingered an influence of dreamy quietude and repose, A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths al-

ways are, wound along through the lawn, be-neath the shadow of a glant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the graveled walk, bordered by beds of lowers, to the door. It was open and I went

Alone-a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The bainty wind nestled in the wrentlis of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses bowed their graceful hoods, and the warm, rich sunlight came in, and

lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradic was there; and it required no conjuring to tell that the cra die had an himate—a self-dignified, thoughtful imperturbable little baby, whose quiet calminess I could not quite understand. It was wide awake. and is great blue eyes were staring with infant persistence at something, I couldn't tell what; then they turned upon me, and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference; the baby had not a foul or evil thought to hide; it was not conscious of a sin in word or deed; hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded check: o fulling to that calm quiet eye, limpld as the

heavens in June.

There was a rustle and a flutter of muslin, the There was a rustle and a nutter of musin, the sound of a light springy step, the glimpse of a fitry form and Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with a glow of health on her check

and its light in her eye.

The buby had roused up now, to be sure; no more of its quiet and calmness, no more of its thoughtful serenity. Its little form fairly fluttered with joy; it laughed, clapping its dimpled

"You've come to stay all day with me "Ton ve come to stay in any with me haven't you? and baby had such good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?" she said in a light, chirrupy way that set off the little fellow with renewed delight. Her invitation had only seconded my design, so removing my bonnet and muntilla, while she sat down on the way to a proper and took the behr. rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other a society. I can't tell what we talked about. No; it

wasn't of balls, nor operas, nor lions, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's character was dissected. No; the infirmities of the elergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was cut or carved, But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great round sun was sinking behind trees that burned

Is it your husband ?" I asked.

" My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have nover seen him ?"

I replied in the negative.

It is almost time for him to be here," she continued. "You will stay with us this eventure."

ing "
I replied that I should be happy to form

his acquaintance, and again looked at his portruit. " He doesn't look like that now," she answer

of, which those mer that now, sac costs, and a blush overspread her features, "he says he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable,"
"What was it?" I asked with an unaccount-

able duliness of apprehension.

She pointed archly, and with a sweet smile to her wedding ring.
"Do tell me the story; I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying:

"I do not know that you will consider it very interesting; however, several reasons compire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have never heard, perhaps I may us well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly,"
"You see when Mrs. Winslow first began his attentions to me I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew; but I had set my mind, very feelishly, I suppose, on having a rich hus-band, and one that could keep me above the re-cessity of work. So I slighted and repulsed him upon all occasions, making him feel not merely indifferent, but loathing and scornful. Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it.

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumour reported immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was valled beneath a manner of the utmost sunvily. His attentions to me were marked, and not to be mistaken—and though he had not spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I believed

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our at this time I have with my mother, and in beautiful cottage at North Bend; the place was very gay, and social parties large and frequent; I mingled in them all, and Barton was my es-cort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he soldom

approached me, though his deep, sad eyes seemed following me, "It was in October, I think, the atmosphere dry and cool, with night winds, when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance in the distance of a deep red light that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentlment of approaching cyll at the same instant crossed my mind.

" If that should be our house,' I almost ".Nonsense-it is much further off,"exclaimed

Burton. "But I was not satisfied, and hurried on

cagerly, drauging him with me.

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all
too true. It was indeed our beautiful home,
wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame. And forked tongues were happing the pillars, and shooting from the windows, while up at one of the skylights stood my mother in her night-

"With one wild shrick I called the attention of the growd to her situation. Hundreds of people had by this time collected, though calculy, as it seemed, for the gratification of curiosity. Some were running with ropes and ladders, others shouting and giving orders, which no one

seemed inclined to obey,

"My mother, my mother?" I cried, will
no one go to the assistance of my mother?"" "Every moment the flames increased with

astonishing rapidity, surging and rouring like the sea in a storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a

narryr.

"Harton! Barton! I shrieked. 'for God's
sake help my mother.'" He stood still. I implored and urged him. At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying:

"I cannot risk my own life to save oven you

mother.' "Great Heavens! and I have loved this

man! The thought rushed seething and seething through my brain.
"There was a shout, an exclamation, and uttermine of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a man was rapid

ly mounting-on-on-through the dense smoke wreaths—through singoing flames, scorebed by the intensest heat; on he went. It was a moment of intense suspense: the crowd swave and murmured like a wind-swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms; I knew that she was saved. There was the crush of the falling roof, mingled with wild exchamations; and a great mist swam before my cyes; a noise not unlike that of the roaring finmes was in my ears, and I lost the conscious

ness of surrounding objects,
"Is it necessary to tell who it was that thus
rescued my mother? or what emotions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised? It is necessary, however, for me to tell you that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body and the flesh of his face and neck scarred and scorehed till the skin seemed of the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me

I looked up! a man was there on whose countenance were deep traces of the fiery ele-ment, but he didn't look ugly to me at all. Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor, and the very spul of truth and nobleness beaming ra-diantly in his eyes. His wife presented him, and giving me his hand he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so much cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part—for I have been a sad caves-dropper—let me tell you the rest."

I joyfully assented.
"Then and there," he began, "I heard the finnes roaring around me, and feit its flery breath scorching my checks, and seeming to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of her I prized was in my arms. I knew when I touched the ground with my precious charge. I heard the acclamations that rent the air, but could only think that I had made her happy, and in the bliss of that assurance forgot for the time my own sufferings, the world, and every-

"I lay ill through several weeks—through days and nights that would have been anguish indeed, had I not known whose care it was that had provided everything essential to my comfort; had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such a sweet voice murmured in my car, such a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never in a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never in the proudest days of my health had I expe-rienced such exquisite folicity, never in my weakness as now, when she sat beside me,

and glowed in the rich, warm light, she came to when she read to me, when she brought me where I was sitting, and without a word laid in a portrait in my hap. It was that of a noble-looking man, with most expressive and faultiess reguld sufferings a thousand times bitterer than mine.

mine."

"Oh, William," she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how stilly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I exclaimed, "but the reward of great virtue and heroksm. Let him go on; I am deeply interested."

"I have little more to tell," he resumed, "but when I crow strong and well enough to walk

when I grew strong and well enough to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been about, I observed that all the infrost and seen removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the sears, which I should have known would deface my features. This inclient reminded me of It, and excited my curlosity. When I requested one to be brought, she implored me to desist and finally burst into most I know to all your but thank Gol. It. tears. I know it all now, but think God, it didn't shock me in the least. I took her in my arms, and whispered that since her beautiful face had become mine, I saw no cause to regret the loss of my old one, and wouldn't for the world change back again. You have seen and love me now, I said, whereas you didn't before; you know all my distigurement, and with 10 your manner has changed from secret to kind-ness, so I have nothing to mourn for. "Every day of the since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Veal Croquerres.—Take very fine mineed veal moisten it with cream and a beaten egg. Season with peopler, sait, sweet-marjoram, and a little pointed made. Form into small cones, either by hand, or in a wine class; crumb the cutside, and try, or else set into the oven and bake, busting fre-

quently.

SCAMBLED EGGS.—Put in a spider enough sweet butter to oil the bottom of the pan; put in the eggs without breaking the yolks, add a bit of butter as larce as a walnut to twelve eggs, sonson with very little salt and pepper; when the whites harden a little, stirr the eggs from the bottom of the spider, and continue to do this until cooked to suit the family. The yolks and whites, when done, should be separate though stirred together, not mixed like beaten eggs.

A NICE WHITE SOUP.—Break up a shin of veal; let it sook in cold water about two hours: then put it to boil in four quarts of water, with an onion, a little mace, pepper, and salt: let it boil about five hours. Strain it through a sieve, and set away to col until the next day. Then take off all the fat, wiping it with a cloth; put it to boil. When quite hot, if not well sensoned, add whatever may be required; mix two spoonfuls of ground rice with water; stir it until it boils, then add a pint of good sweet milk, and give it one boil.

APPLE SOUPPLET (very nice).—Stew the apples just as you do for sauce, adding a little lemon peel and juice omitting the butter: lay them pretty high around the inside of a beking dish. Make a custar-lef the yolks of two eggs to one pint of milk: add a little vinnamen and snear. Let it cool, and then pour it into the dish; beat the whites, and spread over the top, browning it a little in the oven. Sprinkle a small quantity of suar over it: it will brown sooner. The apples should be about half an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

The apples should be about hair an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

Oystra Omelet.—Having strained the liquor from twenty live oysters of the largest size, mince them small, emitting the hard part of gristle. If you cannot get large cysters you shall have forty or fifty small ones. Bent in a shallow pan six, seven, or eight eggs according to the quantity of minced cysters. Onit half the white, and, having beaton the eggs till very light, thick, and smooth mix the cysters gradually into them, adding a little cayenne pepper, and some powdered nutners. Put three comess or more of the best fresh butter into a small frying pan if you have no pan especially for omelets. Flace it over a clear tire, and when the butter (which should be proviously cut up), has come to a boil, put in the omelet-mixiture; stir it till it begins tose; and fry it light brown, lifting the edge several times by slipping a knife under it, and taking care not to cook it too much or it will shrivel and become tough. When done, clap a large hot plate or dish or the top of the onelet, and turn it quickly and carefully out of the pan. Serve it immodistely. It is a fine breakfast dish. This quantity will make one large or two small omelets. Clam omelets may be made as above.

An omelet-pan should be smaller, than a common frying-pan, and lined with tin. In a large pan the omelet will spread too much, and become thin like a pancake. Never turn an omelet while frying, as that will make it heavy and tough. When done, brown it by holding a red-hot shovel or salamander close above the top.

brown it by moding a red-not shoved or sulamanuer close above the lop.

Excellent one-lets may be made of cold boiled ham or smoked tongue, grated or mineed small, mixed with a sufficiency of beaten eggs, and fried in butter.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

How to swallow a door-Bolt it. THE first Prince of Wails-Jeremiah. LIP SERVICE.-Tou-cups and saucers.

CAT-MUSIC is done nurr-nuss-ly, isn't it? NOTICE OF A PRAL .- A flash of lightning. A SERIOUS TURN.-The twist of one's neck.

A nov who undertook to ride a horseradish practicing on a saddle of mutten. A Wisconsin editor speaks of a wind which "just sat down on its hind legs and howled."

An arithmetic in rhyme is advertised. But it has been done before. We had the rule of three in-verse ever so long ago.

A MIDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Hosty Pudding.—Make any sort of pudding (for which see previous recipes); take it off the fire before it is half boiled.

Another Way.—Forget to make the pudding, and don't remember that you have forgotten till you take the saucepan off to dish up; then take a basin, butter it inside, put in two apples whole, add altitle outment and bread crumbe, and pour boiling water over it, generally stirring. Brown in a Dutch oven. Put a plate over the basin and reverse it, and you will be able to see how it turns out.

Hustled Cocklen.—Send for a quart of cockles to any fish shop. By the time they reach you they will be sufficiently hustled.

Curriced Berj.—A quick way of currying beef is often very useful. Sonk your beef in brine for a fortnight; when it looks nice, send to the saddier's for a curry-comb: with this gently mince the beef. the smaller the better.

We append a mean for about fifty people:

Poings.—Mutton broth à la Maison de travail à Blockwell's leiand. Pot an feu (this is made with some water, a saucepan, and a cabbage loaf.)

Poissons.—Pickled cel's feet. A sprat. Wholks an meatured.

Entrées.—Orange-peel (this may be had any where

Poissons.—Plokied col's feet. A sprat. Wholks an maturel.

Entrées.—Orange-peel (this may be had any where for the trouble of collecting: the best is picked up in muddy weather). Troiters. Sacs de nymétre.

Rotin,—Four or five slices of cold boiled beef, à la neurest enting-house. Tripe.

Gibler.—Sparrows (you can always make game of a sparrow by putting sait on its tail), with broad

Hors-d'(Euvre.—Jug of cold water. Salt-collar. "What kin I git you?" naked a clerk in a bookstore of a boy customer. "Housier School-master,"
answered the boy.
"Who's my school-master?" cried the clerk, his
face in a blaze, as be came round the counter with
his fat doubled. "I'll show you who's my school-

his ast doubled. "I'll show you who's my school-master!"

The boy loft instanter, and concluded to apply for his book to some one whose conscience was act so tender on the subject of education.

Which Marcus Aurolius, who noes on errands and keeps our office clean, heard this, he immediately began to toll stories of similar mistakes. He tald how a man went into a store and asked for "Webstor on a bridge," and how a post-office clerk, who had rammed into the mail-bag the bundles for the different towns, was about to look it up, when a fellow-clerk shouted: "Hollot hold up! Hore's xix half falces to go in." "Now. six huffalces in a bag," said Marcus, "would need a good many stamps, and, I

reckon, they'd get them too, if they were all alive," And then he told how a customer of a seaside circulating library asked the librarian, "Have you got 'Out of the Form'?" "Oh' yes," said the youth, "I have to take my bath early in the morning." He followed this by the story of a lady who loved Balwer, and who entered a book-store, where one of the clerks had just killed a rat. "I wish to see 'What will lie Do with tt?" said she to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you step to the window, you'll probably see him sling it into the back-lot." After this, he was going to toll how a man went into a hardware-store and asked the clerk if he had any small vices, and how the young man answored, "Yes, I smuke and I chew, and sometimes I take a drink," but we stopped him there.—Hearth and Home.

SPHINX.

126. PUZZLE.

What word of one syllable becomes two syllables by removing the first two letters?

127. ENIOMA.

I live not on this fertile globe, Nor in the teeming sen; No man that ever walked the earth las touched or handled me.

I am the offspring of an hour, The creation of a day: To-night you see me, yet by morn Perchance I pass away.

None know whence I may come and go, So swift I travel by. And whilst upon my form you guzo, I glow, I fade, I die i

I'm black. I'm white. I'm blac, I'm gray, Amber, and richest gold. Scarlet and crimson, purple too, Most gargeous to behold. Chameleon-like, I quickly change,

Whilst you admiring gaze, And passing like a dream away, Leave only gloom and haze. A. II. B.

128, CHARADE.

I am a word of eleven letters. My 5, 2, 11, is a quadruped; my 11, 40, 4, is insane; my 8, 6, 3, is a spirit; my 9, 2, 6, 5, is woman's pride; my 1, 6, 7, is wickedness; and my whole is a Royal residence.

L. E. A.

I am a word of two syllables. Read forwards both are alike; backwards, the like singularity occurs. Each syllable, read forwards, finds the appellative for an arm of the service; while each syllable, read backwards, gives the name of an animal sometimes hunted, but worth little when taken. My whole is used in pharmacy. If otherwise construed, I hope you may never catch it.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in No. 13. 118.—Ембма: A Wafer. 119.—Спаваре: Оп-1-th (Onion). 129.—Вешкэ: Whitstable: HalifaX: UfracombE; TrenT; BudE; YaR.—Whitay: Ехетев.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market quiet but steady. Quotations for Wheat in Chicago are without material change this morning Liverpool has declined ld. on Roll Wheat, but advanced 6d, on Corn, as per latest Cable, nanexed:—

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Adams	int	main street.
Bell	.601	Sto. Mario.
Boucher	278	Main
Bonnett	.192	St. Antoino.
Broungs	19	**
Chadon	174	Notre Dame.
Clarks	.212	St. James.
ClarkoChieholian	. 17	St. Antoino.
Chicholmn	- Roi	nicenture Depot
Cockburn	.118	Wellington.
Cooks	- 10	Pt Catharia
Carvallo	-OUA)	St. Catherine.
Carvallo	020	"
Carsiako	102	Ronnwoningo
Dawson & Brothers	×152	Tours outage.
Dawes	. iři	co D'Armes Sa
Devices	. 4/m	Sta. Maria.
Downs	.394	** **
Davises	: 17.1	Notro Damo.
Damagaig	280	Sto. Cathorino.
Williage	. 623	St. Joseph.
William	6:31	el li
(Init	. 107	St. Peters Hill
Hallomal	512	Sto. Murio.
Hills Library	·CCC	Dorchester.
liumphreys	Still	Sto. Cathorine.
Lally	(12:1	Graig.
Kirby	- EE	Morro Damo.
Lavoli	15.	aponiuz Square.
MATO	410	pr. Amoino.
McIntosh	-015	Cta Cathorina
Murray	ARO	St. Joseph
Oppenholmer Public Market	913	Sto. Catherine.
Olympian	873	** **
73	. ('	Alain and Crain
Pavotto	.141	Notre Dame.
Payetto	.Fra	ncois Xavier.
Danes	.84	Bonaventure.
Decute	.684	Sto. Catherine.
Rous	.654	Dorchader.
Bos	200	St. Joseuh.
Stafford	.012	44 44
Slack	-144	
Smith	410	wonington.
Thibeaudcau	. نن.	olo. Murio.

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