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THE HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO GEORGE LITERATURE ROMANCE &

For the Heartstone,
WINTER.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

The frost-king is roaming,
And wild winds are moaning
Over the valleys, the hill-tops and lea;
Over the wide wilderness,
So gloomy and cheerless,
Over the waves of the deep rolling sea.

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

The flowers we cherished,
Have withered and perished,
And are buried 'neath the cold pearly snow;
But the suns genial rays,
In the spring's happy days
Will cause them again in beauty to grow,

Now the sweet singing rills,
That have danced from the hills,
In ice-festers bound are smothering no more;
But they'll sparkle again
Through the meadows and plain,
With merry glad songs the same as of yore.

The now winter so drear,
The best night of the year,
Thickly enshrouded in darkness and gloom,
But the morning of spring,
Soon over us will bring,
Beautiful garlands of roses in bloom.

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IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER IX.

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

Adam in his shepherd's hut 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 man's anger that they might grudge what would be deemed the childish wish of a poor old man?

The garish light of day departed, and the long Scottish gloaming 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:

"Lord direct my steps, show me what Thou wouldst have me to do."

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

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 kindness in the old time, and when he told her his earnest desire to see the young ladies, she consented to let him enter, on condition that should he 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 adjoining 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 barbacan, and thence to the corridor of the tower.

The gloaming had changed to darkness; no light save the pale 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 was 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 Cunningham.

The postern door was fast barred, and all his efforts were futile 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 total darkness; the others opening from the kitchen had a dim gray light borrowed therefrom, but no sign of other inhabitant except Mary.

Having satisfied himself of this he boldly en-



A PAINFUL SIGHT.

tered the passage leading from the kitchen door to a side staircase,—communicating with the main building, by which he could gain the 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 iron 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 prostrate bodies of the twins.

The window was of the old French fashion, opening in the middle, so prevalent in Scotland during the reign of the third and fourth James, and as it was attached to the casement by hook hinges, it was with ease Adam lifted it off.

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 momentary.

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 the tower at first, he descended to the kitchen and regained the corridor with a pitcher of

water, with which he bathed each fair face and head.

At last a tremulous movement of the eyelid, 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 successful; 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 lower wall, thereby enabling them to inhale the fresh air more freely; their strength came back by slow degrees, but as time sped on each half hour left them stronger than it found them, until they could eat the oatmeal bannock and goat's milk cheese, which together with his shepherd's 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 persecutor.

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 heavens, pale for weariness, climbing ever climb-

ing, wandering companionless, looking down on earth 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 deep shadows cast by the moonlight 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 gloom.

This continued for some time, and then footsteps hastily seeking the stables, 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 as before.

Five minutes scarcely elapsed from the time the first low voice fell on their wondering ears, until the former silence reigned in and around the Castle; but to the two frightened and startled girls, shivering with apprehension 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 corridor, Adam could see their faces white as

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

Whoever it was who had left the Castle, or from whatever cause they had gone, it was evident 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 use possible; again, the longer they delayed their journey, the more risk they ran of encountering the phanton and its occupants on their return to the Castle.

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 words.

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, added 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 tended on, and watched with a care, known to few, dictated by an affection of which they were the sun and centre, the beginning and end.

Adam looked on the trembling forms, the white faces, in which the life blood seemed to have ceased to flow, the heavy eyelids drooping with weakness, so that the dark lashes almost lay upon the marble cheek, the only contrast on the deathly pallor pervading alike lip and brow; and his heart sank within him, as he saw 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 farther, here were several places in which he could hide them, until their situation was made known to the family at Inchever, and if their strength held out until they were outside the 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 by the hand, he led her, followed by Adam, through the tortuous way, by which he had gained his entrance to the tower.

The old man drew a long breath, and uttered a brief "Praise to the Lord" as he and the twin girls 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 into the veins of his helpless charge, and he resolved to get them as far outside the gate as possible; he had provided himself while in the Castle, with instruments by the aid of which he could lift the side gate of its hinges, and while he was doing this the girls might rest; yet his heart beat with apprehension as he thought, that while thus employed he might be discovered by Sir Richard, whom he had no doubt was one of the occupants of the phanton, 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 afterwards, 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 accustomed to do in their early girlhood, when he brought them to climb the rocky heights that he might see them clap their hands with delight at the discovery, they fancied they themselves had made of a bird's nest with the yellow young, or the bed of a fellow deer with her fawn.

Walking thus, each with her soft white hand clasped in the grasp of the strong old man, they seemed to borrow strength from him, 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, showed 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 the 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 were quite unable to proceed, except at a snail's pace.

Adam saw that the strength of his helpless

THE HEARTHSTONE.

"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 evening music
Mingled with the morning breeze,
While the little foot-steps rang,
Rosily nestled on their knees!

"Papa!" "Mamma!"—O, that sweetness
Is as sacred as the sublime!
As when first it laughed and prattled
In the purreries 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!" "Mamma!"—O, the sweetness
In the thrill of every sound,
Prophesying the completeness
Of all things in Heaven found
By the soul with deathless splendour,
On the Great Sir's star-isled seal—
Papas, mammas, sons and daughters,
Blessed in immortality!

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY ADELEY'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 remote 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 palatial residences, whose windows look out upon a geometrically-arranged garden, where small detachments of the juvenile aristocracy, not yet 'out,' play croquet 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 over half the balconies, and a wealth of flowers everywhere, and pretty girls mounting for their canter in the Row, and a general flutter of gaiety 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 architecture 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.

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 lazzarone, 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.

Mr. Vallory's house was one of the most perfectly 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 mansion was respectability, solidity, a gravity of aspect that suggested wealth. The dining-room curtains, of which the respectful passer-by 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 stone. The shutters to the dining-room windows were dark oak, relieved by the narrowest possible heading 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 statues, and monster vases of purple-and-gold Oriental china. The muslins, and laces, and chintzes, and rose-coloured linings which gladdened the eye in neighbouring 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 cabs 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, however; and the footman departed in quest of Miss 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 empty—a howling wilderness of gorgous furniture, 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 fruit, in cornelian and agate, Hercules and the Bull in bronze, on a stand of verde antique. No cups and saucers, no Dresden decanters, no Chelsea 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 wealth 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 *bric-a-brac* there was none. The filler found no dainty rubbish, no costly trifles scattered on every side to amuse 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 oaken 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 Redmayne. 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 fasciated by that other picture of love in a cottage. And yet to-day, face to face with Hercules and the Bull, his vagabond 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.

"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 ruin. And what would he 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—I couldn't afford even that tranquil haven for man's misfortune; no Elton 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 extinction 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—the success in the popular acceptance 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 triller and the deep thinker."

A door opened with the resonance of a door in a cathedral, and a rustle of silken fabric announced the approach of Miss Vallory.

Augusta Vallory, sole daughter of the house and heart of Mr. William Vallory, solicitor 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 willow waist; a long slim throat, crowned with a head that was almost classic in form, a face about which there could be scarcely two opinions.

She was a brunette; 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 *blanc Roazi*; 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 certain metallic brilliancy, which was too much like the brightness of a deep-hued topaz or a cat's eye.

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 fawns and dead-end tints, rare shades of gray, relieved by splashes of vivid colour—laces which a dowager 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 à 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 collar became her to admiration. A doubtful complexion would have been made excusable by the colour; every defect in an imperfect 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 dare!"

The lovers shook hands, kissed each other even, 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

was 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 preferred 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 picturesque, the country round about magnificent. There were plenty of chubs, 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 fishing."

"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 a stretch," answered 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 Bonfante's?" she said carelessly; "but there are some things one cannot decide in a hurry; and Bonfante 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 elaborate. I should 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 Bonfante cut this dress herself. The train is a new style, that was only 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. What 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."

She was thinking of Grace Redmayne as he had seen her one Saturday afternoon seated under the cedar, running the seams of a blue-and-white muslin dress which she was to wear at church next morning, and in which, to his eyes, she had seemed fairer than a wood nymph. Yet Miss Vallory was much handsomer than Grace, even without the adventitious 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 ottoman, with Miss Vallory by his side—not ridiculously near him in any lacadaemical plighted-lover-like fashion, but four or five feet away, with a flowing river of fawn-coloured silk between them. "You see, I am in regulation costume."

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

"And papa's daughter?"

"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—would you really put on something more splendid than that orange-tawny gown, for the sole dedication 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 tie—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 an inber-dasher's shop!"

"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. I 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 back 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 earnestness 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 handsomest 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 a 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, except her cold business-like consent to be his wife, at some vaguely defined future period, 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 clinging touches of a tremulous white hand—what evidence that he was nearer or dearer to her than any other obliging 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 nuisance you would have considered the funeral?"

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

"And they might as well have buried her

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

CHAPTER XII.

HARCROSS AND VALLORY.

William Vallory, of Harcross and Vallory, was 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 nowadays only a fiction, for the last Harcross slept the sleep of wealth and respectability in a splendid mansion at Kewal-green—the very clerks at Vallory's were full-blown lawyers, 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, where the footfall was muffled by kauputkins; 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, Mr. Thompson's room. Weston 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 to far-off rooms in a stage whisper. There were humble clients who never got any farther than Mr. Thompson's; and indeed to all common clay the head of the house was as invisible as the Mikado of Japan.

In the Bankruptcy Court there was no such power existent as Harcross and Vallory. Commissioners quailed before them, and judges themselves deferred to the Olympian power of William Vallory. The bankruptcy—failing for half a million or so, the firm only undertook great cases—who could confide himself to Harcross and Vallory was tenderly led through the desolate 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 hands of Harcross and Vallory went farther than seven-and-sixpence administered by a meaner house.

They were great in chancery business, and kept a printing-press perpetually at work upon Bills 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 finger, 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.

They were reputed to be enormously rich, or rather William Vallory, in whose person the firm now centred, was so reputed. Weston Vallory, his nephew was a very junior partner, taking 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 odour of respectability. Not to be respectable would have entailed certain 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 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 only child.

It was, of course, a wonderful stroke of fortune for such a man as Hubert Walgrave, to become the accepted suitor of Augusta Vallory. The thing had come about simply enough. Her father had taken him by the hand three or four years before; had been pleased with him, and had invited him a good deal to Acropolis-square, 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 selfish desires went, have infinitely preferred that she should remain unmarried during his lifetime. But she was a beauty and an heiress, and he 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 *Pearage* before he died. All such ideas were put to flight, however, when Miss Vallory coolly announced 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 rebellion. But on the other hand, if she were not allowed to marry Hubert Walgrave, she would certainly marry no one else.

(To be continued.)

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 beech 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 to sight.

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 Incheadower, 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 returned 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-stool of God.

They had rested more than half an hour, and were beginning to long for Adam's return when the sound of horses' feet galloping, 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 as 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 them.

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 Cummingham 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 to the Castle, it is only the lurch 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 said it would be quite safe to start with.

The girls gave themselves up for lost; Margaret laid her head on her sister's lap, 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 each of the men over; Sir Richard's back was now towards the place where they sat, but when he turned to enter the phaeton, 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 pass 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 convulsions; 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 phaeton 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 moan 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 spoke some words, she heard them not; she was almost unconscious as the cold pale face resting on her knee, he lifted up the plaid which covered her head, and shuddered her face;

"You here!" exclaimed the man in accents of horrified surprise as he saw in the pale beseeching face upturned to his own, the well-known lineaments of his master's grandchild!

(To be continued.)

A SWISS HEAVEN.—An extraordinary person was buried a few days ago at Algotthal, four score years of age. This man, named J. L. Heinsor, had lived for more than 60 years a solitary life in a goat-stable, far removed from every human habitation. His dormitory was carpeted with goat-skins, the floor for these small cattle served him for a bed, and his nutriment consisted almost entirely of bread and goats' milk. He refused 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 WATER.—This singular phenomenon 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.

DEAD HEAVENS.—Railroads occasionally complain of dead heavens, but no institution suffers so much from it as the press. A sensible writer says: "The press endures the affliction of dead-heavens from the pulpit, the bar and the stage; from corporations, societies and individuals. The press is expected to yield its interests; it is required to give strength to the weak eye to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover infirmities, hide wickedness and wink at quacks, bolster up dull authors and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men, and if it looks for any reward it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no great interest under the heavens that is expected to give so much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press."

A ROYAL RACE.

By James M'Carroll.

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

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.

Mabelle's eyes turned from Nettie 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, springing down the steps, overturning as he did so either by accident or design, the basket containing the roses from which Mabelle had been twining her garland, and as she rolled over the lawn, he went towards the beach, from which the villa was distant about half a mile.

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'Arcy is in the house?" "No. Why do you ask Frank?" replied Mr. Cranstead looking with surprise at the pale and disturbed countenance of his friend.

dear, as a fearful groan issued from behind the dark curtains which concealed the sufferer from the public view, but suddenly Nettie uttered a piercing shriek, and pointed to the gondola, which had now passed ahead, and cried, "Oh, there! look there!"

In that nonsense about being thicker than water. All those old-fashioned theories have been abandoned as fallacious, and we will have none of them. All over England are the rich relations persecuted 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 they do not seem to be doing it.

The Hearthstone. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

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NEWS ITEMS. LITERARY ITEMS. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. WIT AND HUMOR. HEARTHSTONE SPIRIT. MARKET REPORT. CAPITAL AND 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 employees 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 black-board 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 sent to the Minister of Immigration, showing him what classes to invite to Canada and what others to deter from coming. To allow all to come that wish to have our surplus industries, which already press upon us, increased to a heavy burden, tending neither to our prosperity nor to that of the new country. 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 stunted in their prosperity as employees, 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 Canada 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 ago 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 cities, it would, of course, be necessary to establish a distinct department unconnected with any existing department, to be under the control of the Minister of Immigration, but in the small villages and Post Offices it would be as well perhaps to blend the Office of employment agent with that of the Post Master, slightly increasing his pay—as that would save the expense of a separate establishment and would also reduce the salary of the employees of the Department; and it is not at all likely that in small villages the duties of either Office would be so arduous as 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.

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, lately 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 impartial 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 much whether you will have that opinion after you have read the "just and impartial" criticism which I append. Here it is:

WORKINGMEN'S HALL. It is with the utmost and most unqualified pleasure, that we announce the entire and overwhelming success of the first appearance of Signor Bogoswitch at this favorite place of amusement last evening. Never, in our whole musical experience, have we seen an audience 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 mastery touch of the great professor; women wept as the falling plaintive notes thrilled to their very souls; and strong men hid their faces to conceal 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 maestro, 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 enthusiasm or of the power of the performer; suffice it to say that we never witnessed such a scene, or listened to such melody; 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 professor of 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 mentioned 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's-harp and has very justly passed into deserved oblivion. The entertainment opened with an exquisite cantabile from that wonderful opera "Tannehauser" which was given in most masterly style. The adagio eto molto etoce movement was perfect, the theme being perfectly preserved and the stoua Capriccioso was not quite

sure about *capriccioso*, 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 melodious, but most difficult of all instruments, the Jew's-harp. In the delicate and finely modulated *staccato* passages for the right thumb nail, the Professor fairly excelled himself, and drew long and hoarse plaudits from his enraptured and enraptured hearers. His right thumb execution is something perfectly marvelous; the way it gets up to his nose and at the same time flies with lightning-like rapidity over the key board is truly wonderful. At one moment it is executing with wonderful precision a most difficult *staccato* *glissando* *affettuosissimo* *presto* *molto* *etico* movement, and in a second it advances to a delicate *legato staccato cantabile* of the most exquisite beauty and brilliancy. Such a thumb as the Signor's has never been made before, and we believe the world has never broken, and such another can never be made again.

The second selection was from an author hitherto unknown to Bumptown, save by reputation 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 melodious *madrigal* entitled "Stano Play" which for purity of style, grandness of conception 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 *fortissimo* of the most beautiful melody. In the *mezzoforte cantabile* *rotatorio*, in this part the Signor's right thumb did immense execution; and his longings of the instrument was so rapid and incessant that it seemed an even thing whether he swallowed the Jew's-harp or the Jew's-harp swallowed him. The refrain of the end of this staccato composition is one of singular power and beauty and was rendered with all that pathos and *lizzero* expression which is so peculiar to the Signor's style.

That ever new marvel of musical beauty "Old Dog Tray," with original variations, closed the first part of the programme. Of the *bavaria* itself it is scarcely necessary to speak, it is so well known, suffice it to 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 he is hung down behind," the trembling, fluctuating notes of the *contralto 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 *propria persona* with his caudal attachment gracefully drooping over his pedal extremities.

Four entirely new pieces "Sally put the kettle on"—a *subarb balero*; "John Brown's body"—an exquisite *cavatina*; "The Chianina boy"—a sweet little *canzon*; and "Casta Diva," a most vivacious *rondo*, in which a charming *ensemble* in *disparate* occurs, consisting of two parts of the programme, and were all given with true and noble feeling, 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 Signor Bogoswitch gives his second performance to-night and we advise all lovers of music to attend.

[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; lest any one should object that the terms of the criticism are used so freely and so inaccurately, I may state that I know the critic got them all out of a musical dictionary, and, therefore, they must be all right.]

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 the "White Lies" or "Society Lies" are might but Satan's weapons to beguile the unwary. 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 cunning may interpret. Their very sophistication renders them more prone to have faith in every word uttered by an elder. Then think what irreparable injury is committed by such a thoughtless habit.

Children are naturally eager and enquiring; their untutored minds eagerly clutch at all surroundings; and they are all too ignorant to be able to detect the truth 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 misfortune, 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 more reason why thought should be taken to prevent its becoming quite so. Can you realize that white is black or day night. If so I crave pardon, and will acknowledge two species of lies. In the sight of our common Father 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 individual 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 annoyances and secret suffering it oftentimes occasions. Then the disagreeable wrangling and jangling heard in some homes may generally be traced to this source.

All these minor abuses must be banished from our feet. The world's motto is "Excuse-er!" 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 mould of "Perfection." Home education and heart education will materially assist purity and perfection, and the results in after years will fully repay 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 judicious use of speech is never attributed to us. But remember, a man, that is our one weapon, when society and legislature grant us a belt,

with license to wear and use others, we shall be so proud of those other weapons as to almost ignore what you now term a "woman's tongue." So haste you men to emancipation; we fair ones are looking forward as anxiously as poor slaves for total freedom. For if too old ourselves we avail us of our own daughters to aid with becoming womanliness the new era opened to her.

with license to wear and use others, we shall be so proud of those other weapons as to almost ignore what you now term a "woman's tongue." So haste you men to emancipation; we fair ones are looking forward as anxiously as poor slaves for total freedom. For if too old ourselves we avail us of our own daughters to aid with becoming womanliness the new era opened to her. LIZZIE BRANSON.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The trial of McFarlane and Caldwell charged with the murder of George Brown was continued at Toronto on last night. The contract for the building 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 1st December 1872. The general 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 laid before Parliament will be satisfactory. It was generally believed by those who have opportunity of forming an opinion that the line can be built at a cost per mile not greater than that of some roads. It is announced that the Imperial Government has acceded to the wish of Lord Dufferin to retire from the Governorship and that he will leave Canada in June next. Lord Dufferin, it is said will be his successor. The Comptrol of the Northern Colonization Railway and it will be submitted to the popular vote on 28th inst, and the nine following legal days. A heavy snow storm fell at Montreal on 1st inst, and the Montreal Snow Clearing Commission, who were engaged on the night of the 31st inst. This is the latest snow shower ever done since the Club formed thirty years ago. The store of Mr. J. P. Lambier, dry goods merchant, was entered by burglars on the night of 1st inst, and the safe blown open. The thieves were evidently hurt in the explosion, as they went away leaving their foot on the floor, and \$700 worth of property was lost. The burglar in the door, taking with them only a few dollars left in the till for change. The snow at the store door bore marks of blood. The printers strike at Toronto may be of short duration, but the printers at Montreal will not accept terms as a local day's work, have adopted a schedule of payment by the piece or hour so that each man can regulate for himself the time he will work and will be paid for the same. The rates agreed on are twenty cents per hour or thirty three and one third cents per thousand sets for morning papers; and, seventeen cents per hour or thirty cents per thousand sets for evening papers and journals. The Typographical Society refuse to accept the terms; but a good many men have returned to work and the newspapers are now well supplied with new hands.

WESTERN.—\$20,352 against \$33,420 for correspondence month last year; Grand Trunk, \$30,086, against \$28,149; Northern, \$16,826, against \$11,021; Brockville, \$1,012, against \$511; La Pointe, \$1,014, against \$88, against \$2,719. Mrs. Campbell was convicted on 6th 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 author of the "Geographical Society of New York" on 2nd inst, at the age of 81. A general raid on the members of what was known as the "Whiskey Ring," a ring for defrauding government out of the tax on spirits and which existed in New York and other parts of the State, was commenced on 6th inst. Mrs. Campbell was convicted on 6th inst, at London, Ont., of the murder of her husband and sentenced to be hung on 20th June.

ENGLAND.—A grand military review of 20,000 volunteers took place at Brighton on Easter Monday in accordance with the programme previously announced. Immense crowds witnessed the manoeuvres. The proceedings were rendered more than usually interesting by the presence of the Duke of Devonshire. The review on the whole is considered a failure. While the races at Lurean, Ireland, were in progress on 1st inst, a stand crowded with spectators gave way, and about 20 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 Massachusetts 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 Cape Verde Islands. The Echo contains an article on the subject in 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 the last Viceroy of the Dominion. The number of emigrants which left the British Isles during the month of March exceeds that of February by 7,000. The agricultural borrows in New South Wales have struck for higher wages. The Queen has returned from her visit to Germany. The trial of Arthur O'Connor for his attempt on the Queen is set down for next Wednesday. The prisoner has made no effort to secure a fair trial and the trial will be postponed, perhaps indefinitely, as the conviction seems to be gaining ground that the boy is insane.

FRANCE.—The trial of the libel case of General Trochu against the *Pigres* has ended. Messrs. Viollemaison and Veuil, the editors, were acquitted of insulting a functionary of the government, for which they were sentenced to one month's imprisonment. President Thiers and Van Armin, the French Ambassador in Paris, will soon commence negotiations for a complete evacuation of French territory by German troops. M. Henri Rochefort, Paschal, Grossou and M. Abel sailed on 5th inst, for the port of Warrentine at Versailles has sentenced the Viceroy 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 Villalba, Province of Madrid. Numerous blood affrays followed by fatal results, occurred between the material and opposition partisans. 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 electoral colleges just chosen, are beginning to come in. Thus far it is known that 67 ministerialists, and 25 coalitionists are elected.

JAPAN.—A despatch had just been received from Yeddo on March 28, 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.

MEXICO.—The volcano of Colima, which for the past few years has been showing signs of activity, is now in full eruption, throwing out clouds of ashes which fall over a large section of country, and smoke so dense as to obscure the sun. The volcano is described as one of awful grandeur, and contains many views to the 28th ult, show that the revolutionary force are dwindling, and men returning home. The leaders are endeavoring to concentrate a force in some point in New-Avon, possibly Llaneros.

HOLLAND.—The three hundredth anniversary of the revolt of the Netherlands under William Prince of Orange, was celebrated throughout Holland on 14th inst. At the Hague there was a grand procession and a review of the troops by the King. Mr. Motley, the American Historian of the Dutch Republic, was honored with special distinctions by the King and people on the occasion.

ITALY.—The Father General of the Society of Jesus, accompanied by three members of the Society, have left Rome it is rumored on a secret mission for the Pope.

GERMANY.—It is announced that King Ludwig of Bavaria is betrothed to the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE LADIES' FAIRER 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 and velvet. The steel engraving "Lill" is a beautiful picture of a little mountain maid, and is finely executed. Short illustrated stories are furnished by M. C. Paley and Marie W. Carpenter. "Queen Elizabeth" is concluded and Mr. Henry Wood's charming novel "Within the Maze" is continued and fully maintains its interest. The fashion plates, designs for costumes, etc., are rendered as usual by the literary matter excellent. "The Ladies' Fairer" is one of the best and most fashionable magazines for ladies, which is published in America and we cordially recommend it to our lady readers. It is published in Philadelphia by Brown and Peterson at the very moderate price of \$2 per annum. To any ordinary human being, the idea of a sun man attempting to write several sensational novels at once would seem simply preposterous. But your French *literaire* glories in absurdities of this kind, and he publishes a "Ladies' Fairer" as usual. 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 the matter was divided up by the publishers. The magazine to be so great that to 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 services of other authors, and he arranged himself to make them his own. Eugene Sue boasted of his ability to dictate to half a dozen amanuenses at once, each working on a separate novel and M. Pouson dictated to half a dozen volunteers writing him up 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 papers made, each representing one of his personages, and by an ingenious arrangement of these, kept each of his stories parallel with the others, and the idea has been borrowed, it is said by Paul Fourny and Victorien Sardou. M. Pouson's work was divided up by the publisher, and 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 papers made, each representing one of his personages, and by an ingenious arrangement of these, kept each of his stories parallel with the others, and the idea has been borrowed, it is said by Paul Fourny and Victorien Sardou. M. Pouson's work was divided up by the publisher, and 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 papers made, each representing one of his personages, and by an ingenious arrangement of these, kept each of his stories parallel with the others, and the idea has been borrowed, it is said by Paul Fourny and Victorien Sardou.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A FRENCH scientist attributes the light of the aurora borealis to the electro-magnetic influence of the earth on the cosmic matter that it encounters, and his theory of ordinary light is the similar influence of the sun upon the extremely tenuous cosmic matter that surrounds their nuclei. In support of his theory he refers to various chronological connections between the appearance of auroras and meteoric showers, or sunspot appearances. This 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 of people, and that cities which have copper mines in their neighborhood are in like manner protected from the epidemic. Only six cases of cholera from this disease occurred during its last outbreak, among thirty-two thousand brass and copper workers in Paris and other European cities.

METEOROLOGY.—Science may be worse employed than in putting smokers on their guard. M. Zieler, of the Geographical Society of Paris, has recently described the sources from which nebulosum is derived. He stated that about one half of the pipes sold are made from artificial incensewood. In a carving of the pipe, there is much wax and soft molasses, which is entirely rotten. The pipes tested were two feet long, 1 1/2 inches square, and were driven into the ground so as to leave half an inch of the length projecting above the surface.

DURABILITY OF WOOD UNDER GROUND.—Experiments covering a period of less than five years have recently been made to test the durability of various 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. The other woods tested were cedar of Lebanon and hard mahogany; anacia, tea-wood, hard pine and larch had decayed on the outside only; while other qualities of wood, with one exception, had decayed on the inside as well. The pieces tested were two feet long, 1 1/2 inches square, and were driven into the ground so as to leave half an inch of the length projecting above the surface.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF SEA AND LAND.—In the new edition of the Principles of Geology, Sir Charles Lyell has reconsidered the whole question of the relative importance of astronomical causes and changes in the distribution of sea and land in producing differences of climate; and after weighing a vast amount of now evidence, confirms his former decision that, although secular astronomical conditions must, to a certain extent, influence the temperature of the earth, still the real cause to which we must refer all the marked effects is the geographical arrangement of land and water. Perhaps the most important point, and that which will be referred to with the greatest interest, is the question of ocean currents, which has lately been very prominently forward by Dr. Carpenter. Sir Charles shows that the theory which refers oceanic circulation to difference of specific gravity is founded upon erroneous observations and misapprehension of the facts observed. He proves, by reference to the observations of our naval officers, that the currents of the Straits of Gibraltar, for instance, which has been so often appealed to, are due chiefly to tidal action.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE was a printer's devil in 1835. He is still bothering the editors.

CALIFORNIA boasts of the largest orchard in the world. It contains 420 acres, and over 75,000 fruit trees. The great pyramid, which is seven hundred feet square and five hundred high, and which is 7,000,000 years old, was required, according to the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years to build it; but Dr. Lardner asserts that 400 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting machine, would have raised every stone 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 specialty 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.

OUR OF OMBRE.—A story is told of Marshal McMahon when a colonel. During a parade he had an altercation with an officer in the ranks, who refused to obey him. McMahon threatened the offender, and the latter, drawing a pistol, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately, the cap snapped off without hitting the colonel's face or less, and he was left unscathed. McMahon said, "Give that man fifteen days in the guard-house, for having his arms out of order."

MRS. O'LEARY'S TAX.—On Saturday last, Mrs. Catherine O'Leary entered the City Collector's office, and for the purpose of paying the tax on the lot which she owned. She was told that she should be taxed with a capital E. The assessment upon the property was \$10, but in consideration of the distinguished greatness of Mrs. O'Leary's name, the City Collector, at the instance of the lady's servant, who was the tax collector's clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes, made a deduction of \$1 was made. Some facetious clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes, who was the tax collector's clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes, made a deduction of \$1 was made. Some facetious clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes, who was the tax collector's clerk in the office of the Commissioner of Taxes, made a deduction of \$1 was made.

For the Hearthstone. 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

'Tis sweet to think when far away... 'Tis sweet to think of halcyon days...

'Tis sweet to think of those so dear... 'Tis sweet to think that if no more...

'Tis sweet to think that if no more... 'Tis sweet to think as we glide...

'Tis sweet to think as we glide... 'Tis sweet to think as we glide...

'Tis sweet to think as we glide... 'Tis sweet to think as we glide...

HAVE YOU TRIED?

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Is the statement that you made me... Have you tried?

Have you put both nerve and sinew... Have you tried?

Have you braved life's stormy river... Have you tried?

Did you rise up with the dawning... Have you tried?

If through deepest tribulations... Have you tried?

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...

"You need not waste civil speeches upon me, Mr. Dalton," she said...

"I do not remember the particular prophecy to which you seem to be referring, madam," the young man coldly replied...

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 fortitude."

Still Frank maintained his cool, collected manner. "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 clenched 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 heart 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 sin against her aunt was her unfortunate resemblance to her maternal 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 into your family affairs. I am here at the request of Mrs. Carroll; in what way can I serve her?"

"In none. She is hysterical, and keeps her room. She merely thought it would be right to let you know that the innocent girl, as you choose to call Kathleen, has fled from her house."

"Frank was startled, but he did not let the cruel eyes 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 malicious retort. "As Kathleen had not 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 Colby's story.

"Some time yesterday evening. She retired to her room at a very early hour, alleging great fatigue, and has been seen no more, except by one of the servants, who met her, veiled, with a travelling bag in her hand, stealing out of the 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 reticence...

"What is to be done?" Frank said, presently, after a struggle for composure, which North watched with pitying interest, and Miss Delany with something like shame for her startling revelation.

"Nothing!" answered the harsh voice of the latter. "She has chosen her path—let her follow it; the thorns that lurk in it will be her punishment."

"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. North, will you go with me to fetch her back?"

"I forbid it—I forbid it!" screamed Miss Delany. "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!"

"I would go with you, Mr. Dalton, but I cannot leave Dublin just at present. Will not Mrs. Brown 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."

"I will think of this. Give me what information 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 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 North acquainted him with his intentions.

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

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

"As for that, had, had, had, leave him to his Maker. Poor, pretty Rosamond! I wish I'd never persuaded her to listen to him. You'll want money, Mr. Dalton; here's a cheque."

But Frank, unable to hear more, had dashed away; and the kind-hearted widow, with the help of North's arm, went back to her chamber. She could not endure the presence of Miss Delany, whose malice triumphed in her friend's discomfiture made her positively hateful.

Inquiries among the carriers and on the quay elicited the fact that Lord Glanore's valise and luggage left for England by the first packet, and some declared that his lordship certainly went too. But others were equally positive that he did not depart till the evening, when a lady, young and beautiful, accompanied him. From these discrepant statements Frank came to the conclusion that the Viscount had remained hidden 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 call her inmate companion by the name of Treslin.

When Frank went home to acquaint Rosamond with his determination to follow the fugitives, he found her and Alice making preparations for a journey.

"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 added, proudly. "I shall not find it difficult to forget one who has never really loved me. Let us speak and think only of Kathleen. Alice is willing to be your companion, and I, Frank, I will not be left behind."

"He began to expostulate. "It is not a fit errand for you to engage in; besides, I must travel fast, if I would overtake them."

"I will not be any encumbrance to you; and stay here quietly while you are risking health and strength—perhaps, endangering your life—I cannot!"

"It is unkind to taunt me with such a caprice just now," Frank angrily remonstrated.

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

"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 customary tenderness, Frank put her gently aside, and went into his own room to write some letters. Satisfied that he would yield, Rosamond returned to her packing; but in a few minutes she was startled by hearing her brother run down stairs and unclose the outer door.

"He is gone, Alice, gone! The thirst for vengeance is in his heart, and so he flies me! Oh, to amare, heartless Glanore, what misery have you not wrought us all!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN PURSUIT.

Wearied and heated with travel, Frank Dalton found himself, at the expiration of a week, en-

train, with her face averted, she waited for him to speak. "Kathleen," he said, when he could 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?"

"Question me not!" she replied. "For your sake, I have bitterly regretted the necessity of my flight. But I hoped that you would have too much pride to seek to discover where I had gone, and why?"

"Don't speak of me, of my pride, or of the love you have recklessly trampled under your foot, lest I should utter the reproaches I would fain withhold!"

Kathleen grew paler than before, and lost the self-command she had hitherto evinced. "Why have you followed me, Mr. Dalton? Was it wise to inflict this additional pain upon yourself as well as me?"

"He drew himself up. "I am not here to dwell upon my own feelings," he answered, "but as the bearer of a message from Mrs. Carroll, who entreats you to return to the shelter of her roof."

"Tears began to well into Kathleen's brown orbs. "She was always kind to me—always! Tell her that although my flight may have seemed un-

grateful, I do not forget her goodness. I wish I were with her now!"

"Come, then; in a few hours shall see you restored to her." And advancing, he would have taken her hand to lead her away, but she recoiled from him, saying, in a low, sad voice, "It is impossible, Mr. Dalton. I have promised to devote my life to one who, however faulty he may be, loves me deeply, devotedly; I will not leave him!"

"This is madness!" was the angry comment. "Does he merit the sacrifice—this false, treacherous man, who sports with the happiness of credulous women, and mocks at the sufferings they endure?"

"He regrets the past; he has vowed that from henceforth he will live for me; and that my happiness shall be his sole aim," she faltered. "Don't try to shake my faith in his persistence—pray don't!"

"And you believe his promises?—you 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 receive 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. "Urgo 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 are doing!"

"I have well considered the step I have taken," she answered, sadly; "and I entreat you not to torture me by remanding here!"

Angered by her obstinacy, Frank walked to the door, then paused irresolutely. It was terrible to go away, knowing that this was the last effort he could make, and that it had been utterly unavailing.

"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."

"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 some- times hear of your welfare through Lord Glanore, I shall be content; and if you still feel 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 Kathleen 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 Glanore 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 unaccompanied. With every thought now bent upon revenge,

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

With a start, he flung open the door of the compartment in which he had travelled, and sprang out on the platform at the terminus. He had caught a glimpse of the Viscount's well-known face amidst the throng, and determined to pursue him. With infinite difficulty, he succeeded in keeping him in sight till Lord Glanore jumped into a cab, which drove off at a rapid rate.

Hailing another, Frank bade the driver follow, and finally came up with his lordship at the door of a fashionable jeweller in Broad-street.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT TO BE CONCILIATED.

Naturally surprised by the unexpected appearance of a person whom he believed to be many miles away, Lord Glanore stared at Frank for a few seconds before he found voice to avow his name.

"Dalton! you here! When did you arrive?"

"Some days ago. I have been looking for your lordship ever since," was the reply, spoken dryly and significantly.

With a little embarrassment and audacity in his tones, the Viscount answered, "Indeed, I suppose it is this unfortunate affair of Miss Sidney'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."

"Then you objected to being fettered with the helpless girl who trusted you so implicitly?" cried Frank, hotly.

"His lordship hesitated. "As to trusting me, my pretty Kathleen knew precisely how much I had promised to do for her, and the soul of her she would have to lead if she persisted in coming to England. But she is too self-asserting; and you know, Dalton, our sex never thoroughly appreciates these good little souls. I tried hard to persuade her to stay and accept my handsome proposals. It would have been the wisest plan, though I could not induce her to think so."

"The exasperated Frank ground his teeth as he listened to these coolly-spoken sentences. "You tried to persuade 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 Glanore's handsome face blushed. "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 dowry."

"Before he could say more, Frank had struck him in the face, furiously exclaiming, "What! you would make me the cloak for your profligacy? How dare you meditate such an insult?"

Glanore, who had recoiled beneath the force of the blow, now recovered himself, and springing upon his antagonist, seized him by the throat, but as instantly regarding his self-control, loosened his hold, and transferred his hand to the young man's shoulder. "Are you mad, Dalton? You carry your pride a little far; but, for your sister's sake, I'll not resent your rudeness. Only don't be tempted to repeat it," he added, provoked by the contempt with which Frank was surveying him. "You may not always find me so forthcoming."

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

"If you want to quarrel with me, let it be in some less conspicuous place," the Viscount replied, making a strenuous effort to keep his temper. "I don't choose to be made the centre of a crowd. You can hear of me at my club, the Athenaeum."

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

"I repeat it—afraid! Such sins as you have committed would paralyze the arm of the boldest. Mean, contemptible rascal, I use you too well when I offer you the weapons of a gentleman! Where will you meet me?"

"Surely you are not seriously contemplating a duel?" his lordship exclaimed. "I thought the day had quite gone by for such follies, and I don't see why I should permit my life because pretty Kathleen has vexed you. Is there no alternative?"

"Yes; a horsewhipping in the most public place I can find. It is no use attempting to escape 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 station-house 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 lecture or dictate to me? It is only for Rosamond's sake that I have borne so much."

"Do you dare to snub her name again by taking it upon your silly 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 chastisement upon the Viscount; but now some bystanders interposed, and forcibly held him back.

"Let him go," cried Lord Glanore, impatiently. "My good friends, Dalton, I can find no other excuse for this attack. Do you think I shall permit you to lecture or dictate to me? It is only for Rosamond's sake that I have borne so much."

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A SUCCESSFUL RESE.

PERSONALISM IN PREACHING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In 1871 a lectureship was founded by Mr. Henry W. Sage 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 Personalism, 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 help and hindrances in doing so, both on the mental and spiritual side, and on the physical or material side.

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 man's hearts. Experience ought to have 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 require 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.

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 proofs, the better I like it." But there are at any community 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 by their reason.

You should strive, in setting the table in your church, wherever you may be, to do as the hotel proprietor does. He never says to himself, "What dish do I like best?"—that will 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 catch men, and to catch all of them, must prepare bait 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 recollect 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." I never knew my father to look at a landscape in his life, unless he saw pigeons or a squirrel in it. I have seen him watch the stream, but it was, invariably, to know if there were pickered or trout in it. He was a hunter, every inch; but I never could discern that he had an aesthetic element in him, so far as relates to pure beauty. Sublimity he felt. Whoever was grand he appreciated very keenly. I do not think that he ever looked at one building in his life, except the Girard College. When he came suddenly upon it, and it opened up to him, he looked up and admired it; and I always marvelled at that, as a little instance of grace in him.

That is laughable to you, I have no doubt, and since that time I have had 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 picture hanging on the wall of the house. One which particularly attracted his attention, and with which he was greatly pleased, represented a beautiful lake, with lunters ensconced behind trees, shooting at ducks on the lake. He would look at that picture every day, and I, not thinking of the sportsman, but only of the beautiful landscape, said to myself, "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, "I must have hit one, two, three—and, I guess four!"

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 ever 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 element.

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 my prayers as always," said he. "That was true. He would sit down his piano when in a worshipping 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 Luxembourg. I had never imagined such a wealth of glory. The sense of exhilaration was so transcendent that I felt as if I could not stay in the body. I was filled with that super-sensitiveness of supernatural feeling which is

two worship; and I never seemed to myself so near the gate of Heaven. I never felt capable of so nearly understanding my Master; never in all my life was I conscious of such an earnestness to do his work, and to do it better than I did, as while under the all-pervading influence of that gallery of beauty.

I find a great 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 hear the birds sing, to watch the cattle and to look at the shadows 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.

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 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 varying 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 himself 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 nature 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 they are, 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 gets 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 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 uncultured, have to come together, 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-toned, perfectly pure in language, clear and methodical in discourse, always proper, —no profanity, 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 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 often. Preachers are too apt to set the truth before their congregations in one way only,—whatever one they find they have the greatest facility for; and that is like playing on one chord, or getting tired of the monotony. Wherever preaching should be directed to every element of human nature that God has implanted in us—to the imaginative, to the highly spiritual, to the moral, to that phase of the intellectual that works up and toward the invisible, and to the intellectual that works down to the material and 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 and melody, managing them through with grand thought, to the end of the symphony; that indicates a minister, we think. It does; but what organ that man ever built, 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 upon, and what a power it is when you have learned it, and have the touch by which you can play so as to control its entire range and compass! There is nothing more sublime in this world than a man set upon lifting his feelings up toward Heaven, and able to do it. There are no sensations in this world comparable with those which one has whose voice and soul is aglow, waking into the consciousness of his power. It is the Divine power, and it is all working up toward the invisible and the spiritual. There is no ecstasy like it.

DEMANDS OF VARIETY UPON THE PREACHER.

There is another question which I have barely hinted at; and that is, in attempting to address 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 that men will do it in perfection, that they will do it 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 times; that is all. You are not practiced workmen until you understand human nature, and know how to touch it with the Divine truth; and you comprehend the Divine truth in so many of its bearings upon the human soul that you can work with tolerable facility from the truth that is in Jesus to that which is in 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

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. The work is so great that you need not be ashamed, after working for years, to find that you are still an apprentice and not a journeyman.

HOW TO USE ONE'S OWN SPECIAL POINTS.

The question, then, comes up, How far shall a man conform to the strong tendencies of his own nature? One man is himself very imaginative, and not a reasoner; or, he finds himself possessed of a judicial mind, calm, clear, but not enthusiastic; while 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 men are thinking of me. I can't keep that out of my mind." What is such a man to do? Can he 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 proud, and am self-sustained. People talk about sympathy and a warm side toward men, but I am naturally very sensitive to what is right, if the heavens fall, and 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 of grace over your unprofitableness, 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 cradle. The 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 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 much. Go and look at Central Park. Before the artistic hand of the landscape gardener began to work upon its surface there were vast ledges of rock in every direction, and other obstructions of the most stubborn character. Now, situated in the most beautiful of spots, and for the purpose of laying it out into a beautiful park, he had said, "How under the sun am I going to blast 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 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 difficulty in it which you cannot make use of, and which, after that, would not be a power for good. Suppose you are contentless in your disposition, of unprofitableness. 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 then is to train your unprofitableness, 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 are steadily higher and higher in the things which are of God. Now, it is not your fault that you are what you are. It is not your fault that you are what you are. It is not your fault that you are what you are. It is not your fault that you are what you are.

That is right. It will do you no hurt, but will benefit you, if you will make yourself familiar with public affairs. But you must not let public affairs settle 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 details. You must see to it that you are the master of every thing that you do. If you are a slave to any thing, it is dangerous; but it ought to be a shame to you that it is dangerous. If general society and the flow of social meritment is sweet to you, and it seduces you from your work, it is perilous—but 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 Kings; and you have a right to them. You have a right to be a child with children; the best fellow among young men. You have a right to all manly recreations. But you must see to it that you are stronger than the whole of them. You have a right to look like other men, and to take a part in all their interests, but you must be larger than them all. You must see to it that you are charged with the realities of the great world that is hanging over our heads—and, my God! such a world! that never says anything; 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 invisible, and that is invisible, all these things are open books unto him; and, instead of being weakening, they become elements of strength and power.

EXTERNAL HINDRANCES.

A man may spend one half the strength of his life trying to overcome obstacles that interfere between himself and men, which is absolutely 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,—as though a man should sit one side of a river and try to win a mistress on the other side, bawling out his love at the top of his voice. However she might have been inclined, one such shout would be too much for tender sentiment. Churches are built now on the same principle as they formerly were, in the days of the founders of the old cathedrals. Then the services 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 presentation 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 revolutionized old theories, who believe that a church is a household upon men, and is not a mere machine,—build our churches just like them. You will see, in every cultivated community, churches built for modern preaching purposes, on mediæval principles. We will take the church in New York called the Broadway Tabernacle. In it there are two lines of columns which hide a range of six pews, 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 account of these architectural adjuncts which run to the ceiling and make the church so uncatholic; there the people can sit and look at the columns during the whole of the sermon time. In Dr. Cuyler's Church in Brooklyn there

SELF TRAINING, AN EDUCATION.

This whole necessity of self-education is provided as a school of education for every man, and especially may it be made efficient in the dissemination of the Gospel. He who gives his whole life-free 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, woman or child within the bounds of this parish, to whom I am not bound. 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 by gaining their confidence outside of the church 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 out the beautiful and good, or those who suit you. Select from your parish the man who needs you most, and if you cannot be patient

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 some 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 sacrifices of yourself, again and again, against your instincts,—humbling your pride, holding in distress, submitting to things you do not like, 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 salvation of the world. What else did the apostle mean by saying, "Christ in you?" And if He promises to abide in you, how can He abide in you in any other sense than that?

PREACHING, THE PREACHER'S WHOLE BUSINESS.

The next point I wish to make with you is, 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 business. Now, in a small way, everybody preaches, but, if you are going to be professional preachers, if you will make that your life-work,—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 business and preach on Sundays, to any very great extent. 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, yourself, doing just the other thing? Don't you edit a paper, and lecture, and go out on political campaigns, and write books, and do the other thing? Are you not studying science, and are you not at all 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 very dry; but when a man opens these streams in the neighboring hills as so many springs, and 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 cultivated fields toward the pulpit, or away from the pulpit. You can tell very quickly. If when a man comes back from his garden, his lectures, his journeys, and his esthetic studies, or from his scientific coteries and sciences, 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 irksome 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 an artist of men, an artist among men, in making things that men feel that his life-force is concentrated to transforming the human soul toward the higher ideal 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 he may have power and strength to do his work,—then he is not carrying on three or four kinds of business at the same time. He is carrying on one business, and he collects from a hundred materials and forces by which he does it.

That is right. It will do you no hurt, but will benefit you, if you will make yourself familiar with public affairs. But you must not let public affairs settle 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 details. You must see to it that you are the master of every thing that you do. If you are a slave to any thing, it is dangerous; but it ought to be a shame to you that it is dangerous. If general society and the flow of social meritment is sweet to you, and it seduces you from your work, it is perilous—but 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 Kings; and you have a right to them. You have a right to be a child with children; the best fellow among young men. You have a right to all manly recreations. But you must see to it that you are stronger than the whole of them. You have a right to look like other men, and to take a part in all their interests, but you must be larger than them all. You must see to it that you are charged with the realities of the great world that is hanging over our heads—and, my God! such a world! that never says anything; 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 invisible, and that is invisible, all these things are open books unto him; and, instead of being weakening, they become elements of strength and power.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

REV. DR. BACON.—Would you recommend the hanging of one or two architects by court-martial?

MR. BEECHER.—I do not know that a court-martial 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 letting 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 lecturer 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 brethren gather round the stove, they commence talking socially among themselves, and then it is that the real prayer-meeting begins. One doctor says, "Brother So-and-so, when you were speaking on such a topic you said 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-tongue 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 was the real meeting. The other was the mere simulacrum of a meeting.

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

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT gives immediate relief to scalds, burns, wounds and bruises.

The Church of the Pilgrims.

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 thee, Who knows each day's victory lies When each day's light is done.

On a myriad hosts strong and fierce, Their eyes of demon form; His brow is like the thunder cloud, His voice the bursting storm.

His captives—Pride, and Lust, and Hate; Who troops away night and day, Swift to detect the weakest point, And thence the way to fray.

Contending with this mighty force Is but a little band; Yet there with an unquelling front These warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form, (Of countenance serene); And glowing in his raked breast A noble cross is seen.

His captives—Faith, and Hope, and Love; Point to that wondrous sign; And glancing on it all resolve Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth, A truth as great as ours, That to be victors they must learn To love, to guide, to cure.

That faith sublime in widest strife, Imparts a holy calm; For every foe to shield, For every wound a balm.

And when they'll win the battle field, Their foes will be forgot; The plain where once again had reigned Will be a wilderness of woe.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to author's nose and feet on strawberries? No, it wasn't a cottage.

I knew well enough to whom this cottage belonged. No, it wasn't a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing! It was built by the hand of him who owned it, and lived in it, and I had always admired its excellent taste.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked; "is he so fat?" "Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; "but to tell the truth, Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred and encrusted, I should think by fire, and you know it always makes me nervous to look at anything of the kind."

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

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

"I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I 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 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 daisies, should prefer that place to any other; but they seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths always are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadow of a giant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the gravelled walk, bordered by beds of flowers, to the door. It was open and I went in.

Alone—a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The balcony nestled in the wreaths of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses bowed their graceful heads, and the warm, rich sunlight came in, and lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

"You've come to stay all day 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 secondarily my dog, so removing my bonnet and mantle, while she sat down on the rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

and glowed in the rich, warm light, she came to where I was sitting, and without a word laid a portrait in my lap. It was that of a noble-looking man, with most expressive and faultless features.

"Is it your husband?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have never seen him?"

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

"I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she answered, wiping away a tear. "Yet he says," 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 unaccountable dullness 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 conspire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have never heard, perhaps I may as 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 foolishly, I suppose, on having it rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessity of work.

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumour reported immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was valued beneath a manner of the utmost suavity. 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 him."

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our 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 escort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he seldom approached me, though his deep and 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 presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind."

"If that should be our house," I almost shrieked.

"Nonsense—it is much further off," exclaimed Barton.

"But I was not satisfied, and hurried on eagerly, dragging him with me. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, and I found tongues were lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows, while up at one of the skylights stood my mother in her night-dress.

when she read to me, when she brought me fruits and flowers, when she put her hand in mine, and whispered something that would have repaid sufferings a thousand times bitterer than mine."

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

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

"I have little more to tell," he resumed, "but when I grew strong and well enough to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the scars, which I should have known would deface my features. This incident reminded me of it, and excited my curiosity. When I requested one to be brought, she implored me to desist and finally burst into tears. I know it all now, but thank God, it didn't shock me in the least."

"I look for my eyes, and I was surprised that when she 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 disfigurement, and with it your manner has changed from scorn to kindness, so I have nothing to mourn for."

"Every day of life since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

VEAL CROQUETTES.—Take very fine minced veal, moisten it with cream and a beaten egg. Season with pepper, salt, sweet-marijuana, and a little pounded mace. Form into small cones, either by hand, or in a wine glass; embed the top with a little egg set into the oven and bake, basting frequently.

SCRAMBLED 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 large as a walnut to twelve eggs, season with very little salt and pepper, and when the yolks are little, stir 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 stirred together, but not mixed like beaten eggs.

A NICE WINE SAUCE.—Break up a shin of veal; let it cook 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 cool until the next day. Add a tablespoonful of fat, wiping it with a cloth; put it to boil. When quite hot, if not well seasoned, add whatever may be required; mix two spoonfuls of ground rice with water; stir until it boils, then add a pint of good sweet milk, and give it one hot boil.

APPLE SOUFFLE (very nice).—Stew the apples just long enough to soften them, add a little lemon juice, omitting the butter; lay them pretty high around the inside of a baking dish. Make a custard of the yolks of two eggs to one pint of milk; add a little cinnamon and nutmeg. Let it cook 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 sugar over it; it will brown sooner. The apples should be sliced half an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

OYSTER OMELET.—Having strained the liquor from two cups of oysters, mix with a little lemon juice and apple, omitting the butter; lay them pretty high around the inside of a baking dish. Make a custard of the yolks of two eggs to one pint of milk; add a little cinnamon and nutmeg. Let it cook 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 sugar over it; it will brown sooner. The apples should be sliced half an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

EXCELLENT OMELET may be made of cold boiled beef, ham or corned beef, and of eggs all very 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 Wales—Jeremiah. The Skavick.—Ten-cups and snicers. Car-accie is done purr-puss-ly, isn't it? CATERER of a PAL.—A dash of lightning. A SKITIOUS TURN.—The twist of one's neck.

A boy who undertook to ride a horse which is now practicing on a saddle of mud. A WISCONSIN editor speaks of a wind which "just laid down on our legs and howled." An arithmetician in rhyme is advertised. But it has been done before. We had the rule of three in-verse ever so long ago.

A MEDICAL 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 jawbone.

OUR CUCKERY COLUMN. Hotty Puddings.—Make any sort of pudding (for which see previous recipes); take it off the fire before it is quite done. Another.—Forget to make the pudding, and don't remember that you have forgotten till you take the steuppan off to dish up; then take a basin, butter it inside, put in two apples whole, add a little water, and heat them over a quart of water over a fire, 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.

Carried off.—A quick way of carrying beef is often very useful. Soak your beef in brine for a fortnight; when it looks nice, send to the butcher for a curry-comb; with this gently unice the beef, the smaller the better.

Putage.—Mutton broth is for a dinner; it is made with some water, a snucepan, and a cabbage leaf. Pickled oysters.—Pickled oysters. A sprat. Whoops at nature. Orange-peel (this may be had any where for the trouble of collecting; the best is picked up in muddy water, and the best is picked up in muddy water; it is a good thing to have a sprat 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-citizen held up. "Here's six bundles to go in." "Now, six bundles in a bag," said Marous, "would need a good many stamps, and I reckon, they'd get them too, if they were all alive."

And then he told her a customer of a seaside circulating library asked the librarian, "Have you got 'Out of the Funn'?" "Oh I 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 her husband who entered a book-store, where one of the clerks had just killed a rat. "I wish to see 'What will do with it?'" said she to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you stop to the window, you'll probably see him sling it into the back-net." After this he was going to tell how a man went into a hardware-store and asked the clerk if he had any small vices, and how the young man answered, "Yes, I smoke and I chew, and sometimes take a drink," but we stopped him there.—Heath and Home.

SPHINX.

125. PUZZLE.

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

127. ENIGMA.

I live not on this fertile globe, Nor in the toonion zone; No man that ever walked the earth Has touched or handled me.

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

Nemo knew whence I may come and go, So swift I travel by, And whilst upon my form you gaze, I glow, I fade, I die!

I'm black, I'm white, I'm blue, I'm gray, I'm amber, and I'm richest too, Scarlet and crimson, purple too, Most congenial to behold.

Chameleon-like, I quickly change, I'm not your admiring gaze, And passing like a dream away, Leave only gloom and haze.

A. H. B.

128. CHARADE.

I am a word of eleven letters. My 5, 2, 11, is a quadruped; my 11, 10, 4, is a human; my 8, 4, 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.

129. REMES.

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

BROUKE.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 13. 118.—ENIGMA: A Wafer. 119.—CHARADE: On-1-On (Onion). 120.—REME: White-tale; Hallelujah; Hfraceombe; Trent; Bud; Yall.—WHYMY: Exeter.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market quiet but steady. Quotations for Wheat in Chicago are without material change this morning. Liverpool has declined 1/4 on Red Wheat, but advanced 1/4 on Corn, as per latest Cable, annexed.

Table with columns for Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc. and their respective prices.

There was a moderate attendance of buyers on "Change this morning, but business reported was wholly of a local character. The supply of some grades of superfines continues to be limited, and offerings are easily disposed of at full rates. Extras quiet. Prices steady at quotations; choice samples brought a shade over outside rates. Superfines, in fair request, with sales of choice strong Bakers' at \$6.15; Medium Strong at \$4.00; and Ordinary at \$3.25. City bags, delivered, \$2.00 to \$2.10. Western Bakers' Flour \$6.00 to \$6.10; Super from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) nominal. Super City brands (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal. Choice Super No. 2, \$6.00 to \$6.50; Western \$5.75 to \$6.00; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Upper Canada Fine Flour, 100 lbs. \$2.75 to \$2.85; City bags, delivered, \$2.00 to \$2.10.

Wheat, bushel of 60 lbs.—Market continues nominal in absence of transactions. CORN, bushel of 56 lbs.—Steady, at 65c. CRACKED CORN, bushel of 56 lbs.—Quiet, at 52c to 54c. BARLEY, bushel of 48 lbs.—Dull at 50c. RICE, per lb.—Firm. Factory Fine 12c. LARD, per lb.—Steady, at 19c to 20c. BUTTER, per 100 lbs.—Quiet, at 17c to 18c. POULTRY, per lb.—Steady, at \$1.00 to \$1.25. DRESSED HENS, per 100 lbs.—Market remains quiet at \$5.40 to \$5.75, according to weight. CHICKENS, per 100 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.80 to \$5.00, according to quality.

Butter, per lb.—Market dull and nominal. Store packed Western 16c to 17c; Pair Dairy Western, 16c to 18c; Choice Dairy 18c to 21c. EGGS, per 100 lbs.—Steady at 31c to 32c. NEW MESS, \$15.75; Old, \$15.25 to \$15.50; Thin Mess, \$14.00 to \$14.50.

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Carvalho..... 418
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Murray..... 309 Notre Dame.
Lavall..... Chaboussier Square.
Mero..... 136 St. Antoine.
McIntosh..... 319 Craig.
Murray..... 380 St. Catherine.
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O'Malley..... 873
Payette..... Cor. Main and Craig.
Payette..... 141 Notre Dame.
Pickup..... Francois Xavier.
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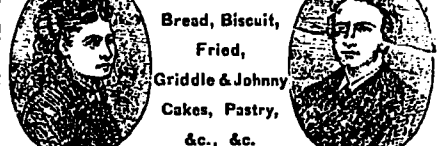
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