

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in Advance; and if not paid within Three Months two dollars will be charged.

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A liberal discount will be made to parties advertising by the year. All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

THE YORK HERALD Book and Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:—BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LABELS AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, NAME CHECKS, DRAUGHTS, AND PAMPHLETS.

And every other kind of LETTER-PRESS PRINTING! done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England, Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL, May 1, 1861. 127-1/2

I. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur One Door South of Lemon's Hotel THORNHILL, May 1, 1861 127-1/2

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE. AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Richmond Hill, Aug 29. 144-1/2

A CARD.

W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch. Division Courts attended. Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto November 20, 1860. 104-1/2

MATHESON & FITZGERALD, Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. OFFICE:—CORNER OF KING AND TORONTO STREETS Over Whitmore & Co's. Banking Office, TORONTO. Agency Particularly attended to.

THOMAS G. MATHESON, JAMES FITZGERALD Toronto, July 1, 1859, 31-1/2

J. S. J. JARVIS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings, Toronto Street. Toronto, January 9, 1861. 111-6m

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle Office, Brock Street, Windsor. Also a Branch Office in the village of Newton, Township of Thorah, and County of Ontario. The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Villages regularly attended. Windsor, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1/2

JAMES BOULTON, Esq. Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King St. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1/2

EDWARD E. W. HURD, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Money advances procured on Mortgages. No. 3, Jordan Street, Toronto, December 13, 1860. 108-1/2

A. MACNABB, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c. 3 King Street, East, [over Leader Office], Toronto, C.W. Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1/2

William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street. Toronto, April 22, 1861. 123-1/2

A. MAIRS, B. A. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c. Main Street, Markham Village, November 22, 1860. 104-1/2

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AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. III. No. 50.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1861.

Whole No. 155.

HOTEL CARDS.

Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL, GEORGE SIMON, PROPRIETOR.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stands. The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto, every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7 a.m., and returning at 7 p.m. Fare, 2s. 6d. each way.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS. RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor. Richmond Hill, Dec. 18, 1858. 1-55

White Hart Inn, RICHMOND HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1/2

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands. D. McLEOD, Proprietor. Aurora, June 6, 1859. 95 1/2

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutsches Gasthaus, THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to call.

W. WESTPHAL, Corner of Church and Stanley Sts. Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1/2

Albion Hotel, EAST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W.

J. SMITH, Proprietor. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 123-1/2

THE WELL-KNOWN BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. [EAST OF THE MARKET.] TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, [Successor to Thomas Palmer]. Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 123-1/2

JO. H. SMITH, St. LAWRENCE INN, 142 KING STREET, TORONTO.

Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a Careful Hostler in attendance. Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-1/2

JOSEPH GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant! 69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

Lunch every day from 11 till 2. Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand. Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2

NEWBICGING HOUSE, LATE Chancery Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats. W. NEWBICGING, Proprietor. Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1/2

Eastern Hotel, CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W. Wm. Moskowitz, Proprietor. Good Accommodation for Travellers. Large Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in attendance. Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123 1/2

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET, THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he has leased the above hotel, and having fitted it up in the latest style travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house.

Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler always in attendance. WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor. York Mills, June 1, 1861. 123-1/2

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other improvements have, at great expense, been made so as to make this House the largest and best north of Toronto. Travellers at this House find every convenience both for themselves and horses.

N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance. Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1/2

Poetry.

THOU'RT LYING IN THE LANEY YARD

We do not know anything in the Scottish dialect more tender, gentle and melodious than these lines, of a living Edinburgh poet:—

The mornin' lings wi' gowden ree— I carena for its licht, The loo-lang day drags weary by, And cheerless fa's the night; Oh cheerless fa's the dowie night, For a't the stars that shine, Sin' thou art i' the laney yird, Then bonnie wife o' mine!

The bairns sit cowerin' round the fire, Sae feckless, an' sae sma'; An' carena' looks lik' pure wee face Sin' thou wert i'ken awa! An' aft they name wi' mournin' tone The name that ance was thine; For oh! thou'rt i' the laney yird, Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

The rosy cheek noo mair will bloom— The sparklin' hazel e'e, That made this heart wi' rapture thrill, Will smile noo mair on me! An' cauld's the lip I aft hae kiss'd In joyfu', sweet langyne, Noo lyin' i' the laney yird, Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

But soft: thy spirit whispers 'Peace! And dinna grieve sae sair; My hame's where endless glory dwells, Sae vex thy heart noo mair! Oh, aft at midnight's eerie hour, I hear these words divine; Yet oh! thou'rt i' the laney yird, Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

Literature.

THE JUDGE'S DIARY.

A DREAM IN EVIDENCE.

I recollect reading somewhere a tale, or sketch, called 'The Last of the Pig-tails,' which was supposed to give an account of the last old gentleman who in London wore that appendage on the nape of his neck, without which no gentleman was, at one time, considered full dressed.

It may be that the same person of whom I am about to speak, and whose death and will form the subject of this extract from the 'Judge's Diary,' may have been the very subject of the essayist, or story teller, for certain it is that Mr. Christopher Vance wore a pigtail, long after the fashion had gone out.

Mr. Vance was a real old English gentleman—not one of the old hall and t-p-boots style, who was given to old ale, and too much of it, but a London—a metropolitan old gentleman, with all the courtly manners of the early part of the eighteenth century.

He had first been presented at Court at the first levee given by George the Third, and he had lived to see the Regent walk up Bond street, slightly the worse, or the better, for claret, arm-in-arm with Beau Brummell and my Lord Petersham.

Mr. Christopher Vance was a gentleman of large fortune at the time when the West Indies were in a very triumphant condition, and he had retired from that position with very extensive funds. He not only wore a pigtail, but his lower limbs were encased, whenever he went abroad from his house in Clarges street, Piccadilly, in Hessian boots, with a silk tassel bobbing to and fro in front of each.

A gold-headed cane completed the costume of Mr. Vance—only, when he reached the pavement of Bond street, he would generally hold in the other hand his gold snuff-box; and then, as he took his morning walk, a more respectable specimen of old times, and of the race of old gentlemen, irreverently called 'old fogies,' of the last century, could not have been found than Mr. Vance.

The house in Clarges street was in the occupation of Mr. Vance, for wife he never had; and some serious injuries that had been done to him, or attempted to be done to him, as regarded his fortune, in early life, had estranged his relation from him.

They found it difficult ever to forgive or associate with the man whom they had injured. And so Mr. Christopher Vance resided alone; and the household was conducted without the least interference from him by a certain Miss Cook, who was housekeeper and general manager of the household, not to say costly establishment.

That Miss Cook had an eye—indeed, two eyes, and all other senses and faculties, directed towards the acquisition of the property of Mr. Vance there can be no doubt whatever.

For the space of twenty years—that is, from the period of her being hired as housekeeper by Mr. Vance when he was sixty years, and quite active, and proud of his Hessian boots and his pigtail, until he was eighty, when he became shabby on those respectable legs, and uncertain in his gait as he went down the steps of his house in Clarges street, Miss Cook had an eye to the property, and was in an agony of apprehension lest the old gentleman should die sudden without making a will—in her favour.

planation, which placed Miss Cook quite at her ease, and enchanted her at the same time with the cleverness of her legal friend.

'He shall believe,' said Jeffreys, in a low tone, 'that he is signing a deed of gift of the house and goods, but it shall be, when it comes to the actual signature, a will, leaving you all he has in the world. You must, of course, get me employed, and I will manage all that, and see that the will is properly witnessed; after which old Mr. Vance may go out of the world to a better as soon as he likes.'

Miss Cook felt serene and happy as she went back to Clarges street. But an adventure had on that morning happened to old Mr. Christopher Vance, such as he not Miss Cook little anticipated.

The old gentleman had gone out as usual—pigtail, Hessian boots, and spencer, all in good condition—and with his gold headed cane in his right hand, and his gold snuff-box in his left, he had made his way to the sunny side of the way in Bond street, where he was as well known by the shopkeepers as their own windows.

There was a stately and yet benign aspect about Mr. Christopher Vance whenever he took that morning walk down Bond street. He still believed that it was the height of ton and of propriety so to do, and that to omit it would be to confess to have stepped out of the world of fashion.

Mr. Vance, then, had got as far as Grafton street, and was about to cross over the way, when, on a doorstep one door up Grafton street, he saw an object which caused a sensation in his kind, gentle, manly heart.

At first, this object might have been taken for a bundle of old rags. Then that impression might have been corrected as details were studied, and you might see the top, or crown portion, of a head of very beautiful fair hair, and two small, thin white arms crossed over each other.

Further examination would show one small, naked foot emerging from beneath the seeming bundle of old rags. In fact, this object which made the old gentleman pause, was no other than a young girl, almost a child, who, in that sad and apparently forlorn condition, was sitting huddled up upon the door-step of the great, grand house in Grafton street.

There was no policeman at that period, with his inexorable 'Move on!' and the girl might have sat there for hours unheeded—perhaps she had been sitting there for hours. Mr. Vance tapped on the pavement with his gold-headed cane.

The little wayfarer took no notice. Mr. Vance tapped on the lower step of those on which the child was sitting. 'Hem! boy!' said Mr. Vance. 'Then the little creature looked up. Old Mr. Vance did not know how or why it was, but there came an odd feeling in his eyes, and a rising as of something right from his heart to his throat, as he saw the sweetest, gentlest, little girlish face he thought he had ever set eyes upon, before him.'

The beautiful, mournful eyes were fixed upon him, and the little lips opened to utter some sound, but nothing but a moan made its way through the pearls of teeth. 'My dear,' said Mr. Vance, who, and what, in the name of heaven, are you? 'So cold—oh, so cold!' 'To be sure, you are—to be sure! Eh? What, cold and hungry, while so many of us have more food and more warmth than we want! Here, here! Bless me, no! Perhaps she don't like it!'

Mr. Vance had offered the girl a pinch of snuff out of his gold box, that being the only refreshment that he had at hand on the moment. 'No, no! Bless me! A—cook-shop here directly! Not Breakfast for one! Eh? My dear, who are you, and how old are you, and what is your name? 'I am ten years old, and my name is Laura Vance.'

If Grafton street had suddenly collapsed—that is, if one side of the way had toppled over towards the other, and that other had met it halfway, Mr. Christopher Vance could not have been more astonished than he was by those few words uttered by the poor, ragged, famished little girl upon the door-step. 'Your name is Laura Vance?' he cried. 'Vance—Laura! No, no! Yes, it is! You are like her! Oh, heaven have mercy upon us all!

You are my dear youngest sister Laura come to life again as a little child! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am not right this morning! My dear, tell me again—what is your name? 'Laura Vance,' said the child. 'No! Stop! Seventy-one. Ha! ha! It can't be! Seventy-one! Why, my dear, good, blessed child, if you were Laura Vance's child, you see, you could not be only ten, because she would be seventy-one years old. Ha, ha! You little impostor! You—you—'

Old Mr. Christopher struck his cane on the pavement, and the child began to be alarmed, and took from her bosom a small folded paper, which, with tears in her eyes, she held out towards Mr. Vance. 'Ah, dear sir, do not be angry with me, I pray you, but believe that my name is Laura Vance.' 'What is that? 'Grandma, when she went to heaven, told me to show this to anybody who would have compassion on me.'

'Let me see it.' 'Have you, sir, compassion on me? There was such a winning sweetness, such a look of beautiful entreaty on the face of this poor half-starved child as she uttered these words, that the tears could no longer be kept from overflowing in the eyes of Mr. Vance.

These tears were an eloquent reply to the question of the child, and she at once handed to Mr. Christopher the folded paper. He could only see it in an indistinct fashion through the tears, and he had left his spectacles, too, at home; but he managed to read these words:—

'Will those who have compassion upon the orphan and the destitute help the bearer of this to London, and to discover her grand-uncle, Mr. Christopher Vance, if he be still living? Laura Vance, aged ten years, is the daughter of a Laura Vance who was herself the niece of Mr. Christopher Vance of London. Her mother married his first cousin, George Vance, and they went to Marseille, where all are dead but this orphan child. May the blessing of God be with those who help her.'

'Oratory of St. Felix, Marseille.' Mr. Vance understood it all now. Sixty years seemed to vanish from before his eyes in a moment, and memory brought back to him his youngest sister, Laura, just as she looked, and spoke like this poor orphan grandchild of his who sat shivering upon this step before him; only that his sister had known no such mercy. It was the soft, large, gentle eyes, the waving silken hair, and the expression of the lips, that brought back to the memory of the old man the years of his boyhood.

Here, at last, was one object that he could love—there was one bound to him by the ties of consanguinity whom he could take to his heart. Mr. Vance dropped his gold-headed cane; he dropped the gold snuff-box, and somebody ran off with both as quickly as they could. Then he stooped and folded that little ragged child in his arms, and as his tears fell upon her face, he cried out—

'My dear, my own dear, I am Mr. Christopher Vance, and you shall be my own, own child! God bless you ever and ever! Mr. Christopher Vance never had a purer pleasure in his eighty years of experience of the sword than when he felt those little attenuated arms wound about his neck, and felt the soft, sad face of the orphan child against his own.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOT BEYOND THE POWER OF LOVE.

Mr. Gough, in one of his recent lectures, proceeded to confute the idea that drunkards are so far brutes as to be beyond the power of Christian love, saying: 'No, they are not brutes. I have labored for eighteen years among them, and I have never found a brute. I have had men to swear at me; I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face; but I never found a man that I would give up. It may take a long time to reach his manhood, but he is not a brute. I think it is Charles Dickens who says, 'Away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written, 'Woman.'

And so in the heart of the vilest outcast, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door upon which is written, 'Man.'

'Here is our business—to find that door. It may take a long time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us, and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember Him whose locks were wet with the dew. Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you that you have been knocking at the heart of a man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches are men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them.'

'I once picked up a man in the market-place. They said, 'He is a brute—let him alone.' I took him home with me, and kept the 'brute' fourteen days and nights through his delirium, and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits, one night chasing her all about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.'

'He said to me: 'You wouldn't think I had a wife and child, would you? 'Well, I shouldn't.' 'I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped,' said the 'brute.'

'I asked, 'Where do you live? 'Two miles from here! 'When did you see them last? 'Two years ago.' 'Then he told me his sad story, I said: 'You must go back again.' 'I can't go back. My wife is better without me. I have struck her, and kicked her, and abused her. Can I go back again? 'I went with him to his house.—I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it.' 'Is this Mrs. Richardson? 'Yes, sir.'

'Well, that is Mr. Richardson; and, Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house.' 'They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the 'brute' on the other. I waited to see who would speak first, and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal.—She pulled up her apron till she got hold of a hem, and then she pulled it all down again. Then she folded it up close and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room, and said: 'Well, William.' 'The 'brute' said: 'Well Mary.'

'He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and his wife said: 'You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out.' 'He began to fumble about it; the knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said: 'Will you untie it, Mary? 'She worked away at it, but her fingers were too clumsy, too, and she could not get it off.' 'While thus occupied their eyes met. The Lovelight was not all quenched. She opened her arms gently and he fell into them.

'If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said: 'It is not a 'brute,' but a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his bosom.'

HINTS ON MENTAL LABOUR.—The injurious effects of mental labour are in a great measure owing to excessive forcing in early youth; to sudden or misdirected study; to the co-operation of depressing emotions or passions; to the neglect of the ordinary rules of hygiene; to the neglect of the hints of the body; or to the presence of the seeds of disease, degeneration, and decay in the system. The man of healthy phlegmatic or choleric temperament is less likely to be injured by application than one of the sanguine or melancholy type; yet these latter, with allowance for the original constitution, may be capable of vast efforts. The extended and deep culture of the mind exerts a directly conservative influence upon the body. Fellow-labourer! one word to you before we conclude. Fear not to do manfully the works for which your gifts qualify you; but do it as one who must give an account of both soul and body. Work, and work hard, while it is day; but the night cometh soon enough—do not hasten it. Use your faculties, use them to the utmost, but do not abuse them—make not the mortal to do the work of the immortal. The body has its claims—it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; it knows its own business; do not attempt to force it; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it, and pine it, and suffocate it, make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.

—Journal of Physiological Medicine.

You are my dear youngest sister Laura come to life again as a little child! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am not right this morning! My dear, tell me again—what is your name? 'Laura Vance,' said the child. 'No! Stop! Seventy-one. Ha! ha! It can't be! Seventy-one! Why, my dear, good, blessed child, if you were Laura Vance's child, you see, you could not be only ten, because she would be seventy-one years old. Ha, ha! You little impostor! You—you—'

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'Here is our business—to find that door. It may take a long time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us, and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember Him whose locks were wet with the dew. Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you that you have been knocking at the heart of a man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches are men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them.'

'I once picked up a man in the market-place. They said, 'He is a brute—let him alone.' I took him home with me, and kept the 'brute' fourteen days and nights through his delirium, and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits, one night chasing her all about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.'

'He said to me: 'You wouldn't think I had a wife and child, would you? 'Well, I shouldn't.' 'I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped,' said the 'brute.'

'I asked, 'Where do you live? 'Two miles from here! 'When did you see them last? 'Two years ago.' 'Then he told me his sad story, I said: 'You must go back again.' 'I can't go back. My wife is better without me. I have struck her, and kicked her, and abused her. Can I go back again? 'I went with him to his house.—I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it.' 'Is this Mrs. Richardson? 'Yes, sir.'</