

Love and Waiting.

Z. M. GREGG.

Waiting for Him, In patience waiting, Waiting to see Him as He is, Waiting to see truth and justice, Parity and love, Mercy and goodness Personified in God.

Waiting for this, In patience waiting, It is something well worth waiting for, Through storm and sunshine, Waiting to see God, In clouds and majesty.

Waiting in love, In patience waiting, Until the clouds which spread o'er Olivet, Shall spread o'er an astonished world, Bearing in their soft folds, The Judge of all, Whom every eye used to the sight Of purity and truth Shall behold with rapturous delight.

Waiting for Thee, In patience waiting, Oh God! the way of truth is slow And hard, often winding and turning on itself; But of Thee help us, And we will come to it and Thee Out of this long vale of darkness Into the light of endless day.

Shorter I shorter Grow the shadows— High in heaven the sun appears; Wake! my soul, this is the noon-tide Of endless time— Of endless years.

Waiting is no longer waiting, Patience is no longer tried, Love is all and all-absorbing, In our Lord, the Crucified.

Love is truth, and mercy love is; Love is justice, goodness, faith; All is love, and all is love; Love is God, and God is loving.

Waiting then is only loving, Loving truth and loving man, Loving goodness, loving mercy, Loving God, and God made man.

Thus in waiting and in loving, We all each God's goodness prove, Face to face and heart to heart, In a life of endless love.

TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT AT RIVINGTON HALL.

It was with great pleasure that I heard about a year ago, from my old friend Harry Danvers that he had succeeded to the Rivington Hall estate, and an income of some thousands a year, on the death of a distant relation. Harry and I were school and college friends; and in the early days of our paths in life had widely diverged, the old days never slumbered. We met rarely, but we kept up a more constant correspondence than is usual even among brothers.

Our last meeting was on the occasion of his marriage to the widow of a man who had been long attached; soon after which event he left the city—Hussar, and went to live in Wales, near his wife's family, till the death of his far-away cousin, old Luke Danvers, of Rivington Hall, who had a large estate of a fine estate and ample fortune. Old Danvers died abroad, in some German town, where he had led a life of absolute seclusion for several years—nearly forty, I think. Harry came to London on business connected with the succession, and spent most of his time at my chambers in the Temple. His parting words to me were a cordial invitation to visit him at the old Hall as soon as he had made it habitable. I had been shut up since the late owner, an eccentric habit, retired somewhat suddenly abroad, and would probably require to be put in thorough repair before it could be equal to the modern ideal of luxury or even comfort.

After his first letter, full of enthusiastic descriptions of the quaint beauty of the old Hall and plans for its immediate restoration, months passed without my hearing anything of or from Harry Danvers, and I began to wonder if he was struggling with a barrier, gaining inch by inch of the steep uphill path which leads to ease and competency in the profession I had chosen. But busy as I was, I found time to wonder at Harry's silence, and at length I wrote, having, unexpectedly, a week or two of leisure, to propose passing my holidays with him. I addressed my letter to Rivington Hall, and the post brought me an answer in due time. The tone of Harry's appearance and manner, instead of greeting me with his usual cheery laugh, he came up as if we were meeting at a funeral, and only replied by the shortest sentences to my inquiries about his health. He then drew about three miles out of the town, past a lodge with fine old gates, and a long park-wall, within which at some distance I could just discern the gables and chimneys of a large handsome house.

"That's all," he said, pointing with his white hair to the window of the hall, "I must beg you not to make any allusion to the Hall before Helen. It upsets her completely."

"Why, what is the matter with it? It looks a very fine old place, and surely you live there for some time?"

"Yes, we did," he answered gravely; "and that is why we both wish to forget that such a place exists. It is killing Helen to remain here, and yet the doctor says she must not be moved before the spring."

"Has she been ill?" I asked, passing over the first part of his speech, though I mentally resolved to get at the truth somehow.

"Very; as nearly dead as possible with nervous fever. I don't doubt if you would know her again, Barley. But here we are."

heavy eyes that filled with tears without any apparent reason, and bearing every mark of having received a severe shock, both body and mental. She welcomed me with friendly kindness; and as we chatted round the fire I could trace more resemblance to the Helen Danvers whom I had last seen on the evening of her marriage. We separated early for the night, and Harry carried his wife up-stairs, and returned to me with a hurried apology for leaving me to my solitary cigar, as he said Helen was too nervous to be alone.

The next morning was bright and frosty; and after breakfast, at which meal Mrs. Danvers did not appear, Harry proposed to me to accompany him to the house of a friend, who had invited us both to shoot. Our way lay past the lodges of Rivington Hall, and by daylight I could see that the house was a very large and handsome one, in the Tudor style, with terraces, stone-mullioned windows, and quaintly-twisted chimneys. The shutters were closed; the avenue, between two rows of magnificent old beeches, was grass-grown, and the lodge was unoccupied; signs of life being left to the imagination.

I could not resist observing to Harry that it seemed a pity to abandon so fine a place. His reply was rather startling. "Would to Heaven that not one accursed stone remained upon another," he said vehemently. "The estate prevents my selling it down, or it would have ceased to exist before now!"

"Why, what ails the place? Is it haunted?" I asked laughing, knowing that Harry was as free from childish superstition as I was myself.

"I'll tell you what, Bob," was his earnest answer, "if you had seen what we have seen inside those hatful halls, you would never be the same man again. I know I am not, and so for Helen's poor girl, it has nearly, if not quite, killed her."

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused; and with, perhaps, less tact and good taste than I ought to have shown, I pried him with questions, to all of which he gave answers in a hesitating and evasive manner. The subject was renewed at King's Lea, the place to which we were bound. Mr. Easton, Harry's friend, said he was possessed with the most ardent desire to see the apparition which Danvers acknowledged to have appeared twice in a certain room of the old Hall; and I, little troubled by fears of the supernatural, expressed a decided opinion that I should like to see the ghost who could drive me from a place like Rivington Hall, if it was its fortune to possess.

Between us, I think, we pushed matters too far; and at last Harry said, in a tone of deep annoyance, "I'll tell you what it is, my good fellows, you shall judge for yourselves whether I am not a little over-zealous. We will all go on an evening in the oriel-room at the old Hall, and I shall be curious to see how you like it."

Mr. Easton and I eagerly took up the challenge. It was arranged that the next day, I, being the last of the month, of which alone—Harry told us—spectral appearances were visible, we should meet at King's Lea, and proceed together to the old Hall, Danvers agreeing to tell his wife that he was engaged to dine and sleep at Easton's.

"We must be at the Hall before ten o'clock," he said. "This is the only time at which anything is seen."

On our way some one called at the cottage of a man who was formerly gardener at Rivington Hall, for the keys of the house.

"Now don't be going there, Mister Danvers, now don't be," he implored. "No luck nor good ever came of it, and never will, unless you tempt Providence, and let yourself in the devil's clutches."

My curiosity was strongly excited. It was as much as I could do to refrain from speaking of the old Hall before Mrs. Danvers, and during our way the following day after the partridges, I entreated Harry to tell me what he had seen. This he firmly declined to do, but added,

"I'll tell you this much. We went to the Hall, as you may remember, on the day following the day of the partridges. I, Mr. Easton, and the man who was formerly gardener at Rivington Hall, for the keys of the house. Now don't be going there, Mister Danvers, now don't be," he implored. "No luck nor good ever came of it, and never will, unless you tempt Providence, and let yourself in the devil's clutches."

three steps, above the level of the drawing-room. It contained a heavy oak table with carved legs, and a chair, and a few chairs, and a cabinet or two of similar workmanship, all deeply coated with dust and cobwebs, and was paneled with oak to about two-thirds of the height of the walls. One picture, a young woman, was separated from the rest, hung over the high chimney-piece; gilt dogs, or burning wood, stood on the wide hearth; and altogether, in spite of the forlorn state of neglect in which we found it, the room had a cheerful home-like air, which at once took Helen's fancy. To make a long story short, in spite of Mrs. Jennings' fearful remonstrances and the unwillingness of all the servants to have anything to do with the square-room, as we called it, we were at last enabled, during the whole of June, without any annoyance. Once or twice, as the clock struck ten, I was sensible of a kind of chill for which I could not account; and, glancing at Helen, I noticed that she turned pale at the same time. But we neither of us mentioned the subject, and before the end of the month I had almost forgotten that there were any suspicious circumstances connected with the room.

Of the circumstances of the night of the 30th of June I will not speak. You wish to see and judge for yourself if I have decided rightly that Rivington Hall is not fit for human habitation; and I have no doubt that you will be in a position to form an opinion on the point after to-morrow night. My poor Helen has, as you may see, never recovered the shock she received that night; and the doctors feared so much for her recovery, that they had to be content with the house that we moved here even before she was out of danger, and as soon as possible we shut out the neighbourhood for ever."

"But said I, as soon as Harry had thus brought his communication to a close, 'have you thoroughly sifted the matter, and satisfied yourself that no trick has been played on you?'"

"Of course I have. On the night of the 31st of July I went alone, without giving a hint of my intentions to any human being, and the door was locked. I went to the door, and I looked over the door, and I carefully examined the drawing-room, through which only access to the square-room could be had, sounded the panels, the back of the door, and the chimney-piece, and I was where any one could possibly be concealed. Then I looked the door and waited."

"And then?"

"Precisely the same scene was repeated. You will, I have little doubt, that to-morrow night, if you will accompany me, I think you will be satisfied that I have not lightly given way to a groundless fear."

Harry spoke so gravely, and was altogether so unlike his cheery light-hearted self, that I felt some prickings of conscience about my own conduct. We were all of us gratified of my sceptical curiosity, and old that, to him, was evidently one of little suffering. But my intense desire to witness the phenomena, of whatever nature they might be, which had so deeply interested Helen, and which had so long agitated her, and I looked forward with impatience to the following night.

In the morning Harry told Mrs. Danvers that he had accepted an invitation for us to shoot with a friend of his, Mr. Easton, who lived several miles off, and that we should sleep at King's Lea. She turned whiter than ever, if possible, and exclaimed,

"Oh Harry, have you forgotten what night it is?"

"Come, come, little woman," he said, "I must not have you give way to uncessaries. We will ask Mary Talbot to come and stay with me. I am sure you would not wish to deprive Barley of a good day's sport."

"Certainly not," she answered, in her sweetest and most winning tones. "I felt like a great brute; but as she was not supposed to know that I was aware of the strange events that had so deeply shaken her, I could only say a few commonplace words, and she was obliged to content herself with my incoherence, and the matter passed over."

Our shooting that day was little more than a pretext, and after dinner we left King's Lea in Mr. Easton's dog-cart. He insisted that we should be provided with a lamp, a packet of candles, and materials for making a fire. Harry brought with him the keys of the Hall, and on our arrival Easton sent away the dog-cart, and we were left in a comfortable dining-room, which was close to the road, at half-past ten o'clock—an order which the man received with evident unwillingness.

Passing through a large entrance-hall, and along a broad passage, lighted at the end by a window, we entered the drawing-room, and through it the scene of action. The room was as Harry had described it—a square chamber, well furnished with hand-carved oak furniture, and a large table, an armchair, and a settee, and a table farthest from the fireplace. A similar mark ran across the floor to the top of the steps, and then spread out into another wide stair like that beside the table.

gling; then a moan and a dead fall sound, such as might be made by a human body falling from a height, and I felt that I was violently shaken. I thought one of my companions had fainted; but to save my life I could not have moved. The hand still pressed heavily on my shoulder, and I felt that I was being pushed away from my face with my arm. I felt at that moment that if I saw anything horrible I should go mad.

Things remained in this state for a time which appeared interminable—we afterwards learned that it lasted about ten minutes. Then the wind swept over us again with its sickening odour, and through my closed eyelids I felt that the room grew suddenly light.

An exclamation of horror from Easton roused me. I had my two companions rush to the door, and followed them without opening my eyes. I forgot the steps, and fell down them. In a moment I was on my feet again, and looked back into the room. I saw a human head, with ghastly staring eyes, and long hair, matted with blood, which was dripping slowly to the ground. As I gazed, horror-stricken, I saw a pale, thin, young man, who was generally called 'the ghost,' suddenly appear upon the table, and give a push to the ghastly head.

I fell, and rolled slowly towards me. With a shout of horror I flew down the passage, through the hall, and out into the dark autumn night. I found Danvers on the steps supporting a young girl, who had fainted when he reached the open air.

Rallying all my strength, I helped to carry him to the dog-cart which was waiting for us in the road. We were long before we could restore him to his senses, and after he had recovered, he begged me to accompany him to his home, and to be again a spectator of the weird horrors of the oriel-room.

"He took it very quietly, and only said, 'I have now gone through that scene three times, and my poor delicate Helen saw it as you did. I firmly believe that it is repeated on the last night of every month. I suppose you will now agree with me that Rivington Hall is not a desirable habitation.'"

I stayed a few days longer with my poor friend, though I felt that I could not stay in the place, and all about it, had become odious to me. On giving a hint to Mr. Talbot, the rector, that I should like to know what induced Danvers to leave the Hall (Harry had bound me by a promise not to speak of what I had seen), he told me that he was generally believed to be the scene of ghostly disturbances, and that old Luke Danvers had left it suddenly in consequence of some thing which he had seen. The former proprietor, Luke Danvers' sole, had brought a strong objection to Rivington Hall some fifty years ago. She was very beautiful, but the marriage was not a happy one. Some time after their arrival a stranger appeared at the Hall, some friend or relation of the lady. His presence was entirely unwelcome to her, and when his nephew succeeded to the property he also left suddenly, after remaining about three months, and went abroad to the German town, whence he never returned.

Harry and his wife are now in Italy, and I hear that she is recovering her health; but they will never return to Rivington Hall, which is left to go to ruin as quickly as it may.

By Universal Accord

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are effective of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effective of all purgatives. They are perfectly safe, and do not produce any of the harmful effects of other purgatives. They are perfectly safe, and do not produce any of the harmful effects of other purgatives.

The American People

No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans—and although years of experience in medicines have failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy until GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER was introduced for this disease and its effects; yet so well has this remedy succeeded in every case to effect a cure, that there is not a Druggist in the United States that recommends the AUGUST FLOWER in all cases of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Costiveness, and all the various distressing forms of female weakness, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required. For sale by all dealers.

It has been aptly remarked that there is one thing better than presence of mind, in case of accidents, and that is absence of mind; but as accidents may happen to all, HAYWARD'S OIL is perhaps the best remedy—it is better than an accident policy. Yellow Oil cures all manner of Flesh Wounds, Pains, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and all external and internal use in all inflammatory and painful diseases. All medicine dealers sell it.

A Locomotive to Run Eighty Miles an Hour.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works have just entered into a contract with Col. G. A. L. Roberts, of Titusville, for the construction of a passenger engine which will be able to run eighty miles an hour, and maintain this rate of speed for 100 miles without stopping. The locomotive is to weigh 38 tons, and will comply with standard gauge. The driving wheels will be six feet in diameter. The forward trucks and those on the tender will be made of paper, which, it is said, will endure more wear than iron or steel. The wheels will all be of the pattern known as the broadroad, which will enable the engine to run on roads of either 4 feet 8 1/2 inches or 4 feet 10 inches gauge.

The most important feature of the locomotive will be the introduction of the Roberts patent cylinder and piston, which has proved capable of saving at least 20 per cent in steam pressure. The exhaust ports are in a continuous circle around the cylinder, in addition to the usual ports at the ends, and the steam escapes without the waste of force necessary to expel it, as in the cylinders of the old style. The tender will be so constructed as to carry a foot of water under the coal, as well as the usual amount on the sides. There will be a water chamber on the locomotive so arranged that compressed air from the air pump can be admitted in the top of the chamber upon the water, by which means a stream may be forced upon any hot bearing connected with the engine or tender. This is expected to overcome the trouble of hot boxes. The nozzles through which the steam is to pass and create a draught will be 8 inches in diameter—about three times the usual size—and the boiler will be the largest that can be put upon the standard gauge tracks. It will be the strongest locomotive ever built, and perfect in every detail. Col. Roberts, the inventor, built a similar locomotive a few years ago, which drew the fast mail train over a portion of the Lake Shore Railway, but it was not a success, owing to its poor construction. The improvements it suggested will be taken advantage of in building the new engine. It is stated that Col. Roberts, who has visited Europe several times, and studied the railway system of that country, is building his new engine for use upon the European continent.

Of Course She Failed.

"So she's all broken up, eh?" replied a Detroit merchant, who had heard of the failure of another woman in the same business in Toledo. "Well, I knew it was only a question of time. I was in her house for a week, and I saw plainly that she had no economy about her. I tell you a land-lady must think and plan."

"Yes."

"Not only in great things but in small. There's philosophy in running a boarding-house."

"Well, I can't stop to tell you more than one instance. I have buckwheat pan cakes every morning for breakfast for fourteen boarders. They use butter on their cakes, but I don't use any butter on my pan cakes. I use a lard. The cakes are all placed on the table, not smoking hot, but nicely warmed just warm enough to soften the outside of a lump of butter. In this way I make a saving of two pounds of butter per week over the usual way of running on hot pan cakes. It's only one dodge out of a hundred, but the landlady who doesn't play more or less of these must ultimately come to grief."

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BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER. The only Medicine that successfully purifies the Blood, acts upon the Liver, Bowels, Skin and Kidneys, while at the same time it always Nervous Irritation, and strengthens the Debilitated System, perfectly and speedily curing Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Nervous and General Debility, Female Complaints, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, and every species of Chronic Disease arising from Disordered Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels or Blood. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFYING TONIC IN THE WORLD. Sample Bottle, 10c. I. MILBURN & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO. Regular Size, \$1.00.

Sheep Fur. The only Medicine that successfully purifies the Blood, acts upon the Liver, Bowels, Skin and Kidneys, while at the same time it always Nervous Irritation, and strengthens the Debilitated System, perfectly and speedily curing Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Nervous and General Debility, Female Complaints, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, and every species of Chronic Disease arising from Disordered Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels or Blood. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFYING TONIC IN THE WORLD. Sample Bottle, 10c. I. MILBURN & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO. Regular Size, \$1.00.

Black's Island Moss Cocoa. Sample Packet, 10c. 20 Oz. Tins, 50c. Ask your grocer for it; take no other. The fresh and best Cocoa ever offered for sale in the Dominion. Manufactured only by PETER BLACK, at his Cocoa Works, TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO.

BLACK BIRD NAVY TOBACCO. This brand is guaranteed to be the very best Chewing Tobacco in Canada, being manufactured of the finest imported Virginia Leaf. To avoid imposition see that each Plug bears the tin stamp, and every Caddy the Caution notice of THE ADAMS TOBACCO CO. MONTREAL.

SCHOMACKER ELECTRO GOLD-STRING PIANOS! ESTABLISHED 1838. Over 12,000 in use. Always ahead in competition. WORLD'S FAIR, Gold Medal. CENTENNIAL, First and Highest Award. 96 Points! A result not reached by any other Piano. It is the most elegant, most perfect, purest and most durable. Low prices to first purchasers in any locality.

EXCELSIOR ORGANS! L. N. SOPER, 107 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. The Best is the Cheapest! Patented 1878. Use nothing but NEWTON'S PATENT Carriage Shaft and POLE COUPLING. A simple set will cost \$1. Express paid, on receipt of \$1.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY BY MISS JULIE MYERS. Drawing and Healing Salve. The Drawing and Healing Salve cures Carbuncles, Abscesses, Felons, without the aid of a knife. The Drawing and Healing Salve cures Erysipelas and Ringworms. The Drawing and Healing Salve cures Piles and all kinds of Hemorrhoids. The Drawing and Healing Salve cures all kinds of Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and all external and internal use in all inflammatory and painful diseases. All medicine dealers sell it.

DIAMONDS WILL OUT. Improved Diamond and the Hanlan Cross-Cut Saw will cut faster and stay in order longer than any other saw in the world. They are manufactured only by R. H. SMITH & Co., St. Catharines, and sold by the Hardware Trade everywhere. Take no other. We also make the Lane's Patent, Improved Diamond and the Hanlan Cross-Cut Saw, and all kinds of patterns, including the New Improved Champion.

St. Catharines Saw Works. The world should be aroused to the deplorable condition of the females of our country. The enfeebled frame, the pale, bloodless cheeks, hollow eyes, nervous debility, and all the various distressing forms of female weakness, are matters that every matron in our country should consider. All forms of Debility and Irregularities peculiar to the sex may be promptly remedied by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Waterous Improved AUTOMATIC UNDER-RUNNER. Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD CANADA. USING THE BEST BRONZE BURR. MILL STONES.

Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD CANADA. Mr. R. C. Balmor. Dear Sir,—It affords me unspeakable pleasure to bear testimony to the benefit I have experienced from using Burdock Blood Bitters. For several years I have suffered from recurring biliousness, Headaches, Dyspepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex, which now I am entirely relieved from, if not cured by an early use of half a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. I beg to return you my sincere thanks, and recommending to me such a valuable medicine. I remain, yours sincerely, MRS. IRA MULLHOLLAND.

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