Through Time and Eternity.

I have done at last with the bitter lie— The lie I have lived so many years.

I've hated myself that I could not die, Body as well as soul. What! tears?
Tears and kisses on lip and brow—
What use are tears and kisses now?

'Twas not so hard. Just a 'kerchief wet In the deadly blessing that quiets pain, And backward the tide of suffering set,
Peace swept over the blood and brain—
Utter peace, to the finger-tips;
And now these kisses on lids and lips.

Sweet caresses for lips all cold, And loud laments for perished breath. For the faded cheek and the hair's wan gold,
But not a tear for the sadder death
I died that day. How strange the fate
That brings your sorrow all too late!

All these years, with my dead, dead heart, I've met the world with smiling eyes: I feigned sweet life with perfect art. And the world has respect for well-told lies And I fooled the world—for no one said, "Behold this woman : she is dead."

And no one said, as you passed along.
"Behold a murderer." No one knew: You carefully covered the cruel wrong: That the world saw not, was enough for you You had wisdom and worldly pride, And I had silence—for I had died.

The world says now I am dead; but, oh, Lean down and listen. 'Tis all in vain; Again in my heart bleeds the cruel blow, Again I am mad with the old-time pain, Again the waves of anguish roll— For I have met with my murdered soul.

Oh, never to find the peace I crave, 'Twere better to be as I have been. In the peace of the fleeting years I have Eternity now to love you in, Eternity now to feel the blow Your dear hands gave in the long ago.

By Mrs. Alexander.

CHAPTER XIV,

Mr. Foster looked resh as ever-presenting his usual well-dressed, well-washed, well-cared-for appearance. Nevertheless, it did not so much convey the idea of green old age, as of some patent preserving process, whereby a certain outer seeming is obtained by drying up the sentient juices, which, while they soften and mellow man's nature, tend to exhaustion and decay.

He paused on the threshold, silent with astonishment at the group opposite to him. "Well, sir," said Sir Frederic, taking the initiative, and advancing with his bright, "you find us in conclave, and Miss Delvigne has most kindly and promptly brought us some very important information, which will, I hope, lead to the recovery of her friend, poor Mrs. Neville." "Oh, indeed!" returned the old gentle-

man, with his polite indifferent simper, which meant nothing, and hid everything. "Hope you'll succeed, sir," to Neville, as if his pocket had been picked, and he was came pleasantly from the boxes on the hunting the thief. "Curious case, very The bridegroom sometimes absconds, ha ha! the bride rarely. Well, my dear ward, and what are you doing here by yourself? What romantic scheme have you got in your little heart or head? But you must take care—we must take care and not run about alone like an errant demoiselle. What's Miss Redoubt doing to let you wander away?"

He always addressed his ward in that peculiar soothing tone, considered by some elderly men as especially acceptable to young ladies and lunatics.

It always irritated, yet lowered her in her own estem, and reduced her to that condition of shy reserve, from which only a deep motive, a strong excitement, could rouse her native moral courage, of which she possessed a large share, united to a the lace portieres which fell across a doorsilent contempt for conventionalities, the way leading into an inner drawing-room. result of her rather exceptional education. "Why, you are pacing up and down like She now changed color, and said, in an a caged lion. You will exhaust yourself, embarrassed tone, totally dissimilar from the collected manner in which she had dis-

was hearing a German class-put on my ment not a little uncomfortable, and with things, and walked out-no one saw me, and I did not think of anythig but how accepted Miss Coleman's invitation to spend to get to Captain Neville, and tell him what I had heard-and oh; Mr. Foster, Sir Frederic thinks we shall find her;" and she deal more to sit quiet when I feel so brightened up again.

"Well, my dear, you seem very enthusiastic about your friend; very amiable trait in youthful character, eh! Sir Frederic; but we'll see, we'll see. It's a nice match for a lady in your friend's position-she'll turn up, no doubt."

"It has been a great misfortune to her, said Miss Delvigne in a low voice; "but !

do hope it will end well yet." Neville, who, under his peculiar circumstances, felt the presence of any stranger an

intolerable insult, here took up his hat. the way. You'll find me afterward at my Mrs. Neville (I scarcely know what to call the rank of an empress, and the wealth of probably the best chance of the brothers Beaver Lake the snow became sher,

rooms. For Neville, eager in his new economy, had declined his old expensive quarters at fit for us to talk about." Morley's and had taken a diminutive lodging in one of the small streets leading

out of the Strand. "Good-morning, Miss Delvigne; I feel we shall owe our success to you, if we suc- have run off with Captain Neville yourself

ceed; and we must succeed."

He shook hands with Miss Delvigne warmly, bowed to Mr. Fester, and left the while she colored with indignation; "you room, followed by the innocent-looking are very exciteable, my dear." detective.

after him; "he is much cut up, and has entered the field of action. suffered severely. Yet," he continued, "had this poor girl not shown the reality pressed antagonism between Miss Delvigne of her story by the desperate step she has and her guardian; a sort of dim conscious. taken, Neville might not have thoroughly ness on her side of being ever at a disadbelieved her innocent of intentional decep. vantage. Now, as usual, she felt in some

"I hate suspicious people," said the heir- as he entered.

curious case—and it must take a large Brought my grandson to pay his respects to manage that I shall see Dennis? I must amount of faith to believe that—that in you, and to give some tidings of her missshort the French teacher did nothing to ing friend to my enthusiastic little ward. forward the delusion which was so largely to her benefit."

"Benefit!" cried Miss Delvigne, warming up. "Misfortune, you mean, sir! to be tied to a husband that don't want you - dryly. why, its enough to drive one mad i" and a flush of indignation swept across her brow. her with a profoundly respectful bow; and give me, but I don't like him well enough,

"Don't excite yourself, my dear," returned Mr. Foster, with an amiable smile. Eveline Coleman's industry. "How do you know?" asked Sir Fred-"The mistake was, I shall ever consider,

At which Miss Delvigne blushed and

paled, with painful rapidity. "Far from it, sir," returned the young plete. Or a bee-a busy bee!" Baronet, gravely; "the whole thing was a misfortune from beginning to end."

Compton rushed upon and silenced her. "Have you seen Neville's brother to-

day?" asked Sir Frederic of his grandfather.

"Yes, I have."

"And what did he say?" "He thinks it was a conspiracy to entrap Neville. Ha, ha!" simpered Mr. Foster! of the highest honor."

"If Neville finds his wife, he'll do yet," if it don't like!" said Sir Frederic. "If not, he'li go to the

bad." " [want to go back," said Miss Delvigne, audienly and sadly, depressed by the glimpse of icy realities this short conver-

sation had given her. dian, indulgently; " I will escort you soft-too soft by half."

myself." Miss Redoubt scold me-I can't bear it ing. "She is in her own room. I will to-day-I-" and she was obliged to hide take you to her. Eveline, you are to go to her eyes in her handkerchief. "Come away then—don't cry, my dear - | ing out a paper.

don't cry.

"Don't despond!" he whispered, almost "I must see you again, my dear, wait down stairs. tenderly, and pressing her hand as he for me. Fred., my boy, leave you in good placed her in Mr. Foster's brougham- company, eh?" "we'll find her, and you and I will dine with Neville and his wife in their own house before long. I'll write you word how we get on. Do let me think of you as ment, exclaimed: cheering up."

Oh! what a look flashed back into the did you not write again?" young Baronet's eyes-hope, gratitude, and

relaince on him. "Thank you-how good you are!" she murmured, as she drew back to admit his

grandfather. And old Mr. Foster drew up the window with an irrepressible chuckle of satisfac-

It was early morning at Saratoga Lodge, some three or four days after the close of the last chapter, that is the house-bell had not ceased to vibrate under the hasty application of bachers, bakers and green. grocers. Mrs. Coleman, in a morning dress, was deep in account-books and bills in her own sanctum, and Miss Coleman and Miss Eevline Coleman, after the usual fashion of frank smile to meet the old gentleman, genteel English families, were employed in music and embroidery, neither of which accomplishments would in all probability, occupy a moment of their after-life, while from all household management, their natural and enevitable business, they carefully abstained.

It was a warm, glowing June morning, the breeze that stirred the muslin curtains was warm-the perfume of mignonette window-ledge, and the usual summer sounds of London—genteel London—viz.: a German band, playing not so badly for a street-band and, cry of "all a growing, all a-blowing," from itinerant florists, fell Coleman had desisted from a difficult passage of Thalberg's and Miss Eveline stitched on, absorbed in the beauties of a green chenille leaf.

"I cannot practice any longer, it is so warm," exclaimed Miss Coleman, a young lady who had already been out one season, and gathered large experience.

"Don't talk, Lizzy, till I count thie, returned the younger.

"What are you doing with yourself?" resumed Miss Coleman to some invisible person, as she came forward and raised my dear Miss Delvigne."

It was the heiress, who from her censtan cussed the measures for Marie's recovery, differences with Miss Redoubt on the sub-"It's not Miss Redoubt's fault, sir; I ject of her friend's delinquency, found her went to my room after dinner, while she sojourn in that lady's renowned establish-Mr. Foster's fullest approbation, gladly a few weeks with her "dear girls." "Oh, no! it would exhaust me a great

uneasy." "If you were to take a difficult piece to practice, or an interesting book to read, it would relieve your mind; you are highly

nervous, Miss Delvigne." "Why, do you think I could rest and be contented when that poor, dear, foolish thing is in the greatest trouble, perhaps in want, Miss Coleman! Think of that."

"Well, you know it was all her own fault! It was very shocking of her to run on. again leaving him when she was his wife. agony of the disappoinment, Neville was the crowning error of his sinning relative, make matters worse his provision out off with Captain Neville at first, and worse " I shall go with Mr. Pım," he said to Sir Mamma, I assure you, is quite uneasy at your her,) and cannot bear the subject to be mentioned. Indeed, your friend is scarcely

> "Not fit for you to talk about!" cried Miss Delvigne, the indignant blood mounting to her cheek. "Marie! the kindest, the truest! I tell you, Miss Coleman, you'd

if he had asked you! "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the young lady,

"Sir Frederic Compton-Mr. Foster," "Poor fellow," said Sir Frederic, looking announced a footman, and the gentlemen

There was an indescribable though unexodd way awkward and ashamed of herself

"Good-morning young ladies! Good-"Well, well, it is a curious case—a very morning! Fresh and charming, I see, as ever. a good wish. But to the point. Will you a drop of the same blood in our veins!" Eh! Mary, my dear. Youthful warmth, Sir Frederic, gloomily; "he can refuse you very pleasing to witness. Pretty well nothing." to-day, my love?"

> Meantime Sir Frederic had only greeted | She paused, "I know I am rude; pray foropened a running fire of criticism on Miss and he thinks me a fool."

eh! Sir Frederic?" with a knowing look. you try the catterpillar, Miss Coleman? chite and gold, which in nervously playing There's the chenille all ready. Give him a with, Miss Delvigne had detached from her couple of bead eyes, and the thing is com- chain.

"And my good friend, Mrs. Coleman," asked Mr. Foster, glancing rather uncom-"You meant well, at any rate," began fortably at this grouping of the party. "I should be glad of a word of advice from her lection of her curious position respecting excellent judgment. Might I venture to did not know-I never intended-you are ask for a private interview? Ah-I--" very good. Ah! Sir Frederic, give it to

"Certainly, Mr. Foster," said the eldest me." and experienced Miss Coleman, rising. "Mamma is generally occupied till about this time in the morning, but I am sure she is free now;" and she left the room.

"I must see you again, my little dove," said the polite old gentleman to Miss Del-He has his crotchets, but he is a shrewd vigne, "after I have spoken to your kind man-first rate business abilities—a man hostess. I must arrange about a residence for you. It shan't go back to Miss Redoubt's

"I certainly shall not," returned his ward, with sudden decision, though in a low tone.

"Hey! My fair ward is determined, is she? Well, we'll see"-taking her hand and patting it-"you can do what "Well, and you shall," cried her guar- you like with your old guardian. He is

"Mamma will be delighted to see you, "Thank you; and Mr. Foster, don't let Mr. Foster," said Miss Coleman, re-enterthe study and copy this for mamma"-hold-

Sir Frederic offered his arm, and led her and left by a door at the further end of most kindly and considerately and hospi- trustworthy evidence that a facilitate the room.

As the door closed Miss Delvigne rose

"What news have you for me? Why

"Because unfortunately, I had no good news to communicate; ther, I wanted to see you myself, and tell you what we have been doing, The boy you described has been found; but that is all. It took a great deal of trouble to discover him, and hen nothing could extract a syllable of nformation from him. It was impossible to convince him that the police could mean well to Miss-I mean Mrs. Nevilleor to any one. A detective and the gallows seem synonymous terms in the apprehension of the interesting race to which he belongs; and he has fairly baffled every one. The extraordinary amount of unnecessary lies and fabulous circumstantial histories he has told would supply a railway library. The detective hinks he must be heavily bribed to confuse every one, and throw us off the right scent: but I believe it is only a native instinct to bamboozle

" I knew you would never manage him, said the heiress thoughtfully. "I tell you, Sir Frederic, no one will ever get anything out of him but myself. He would trust me. Can I not see him? I might go to than all, to poor Dennis' own home, if you

will come with me." "You are a trump!" exclaimed Compton, with more earnestness than elegance, "and soothingly on her ear. The eldest Miss Mr. Foster about it. I daresay he will sense in his character, and he argued that consent, and I might bring the boy here." "No, no; not here," cried Mary Del- fled.

vigne, coloring. "They laugh at me, and they despise my poor, dear Marie; they say she is not fit to be spoken of! What do you think of that, Sir Frederic?" Do you believe that a girl who trusts to her inexperienced, buffeted by the roughness own true lover—as Captain Neville appeared of common life without a friend or proand so shocking, eh, Sir Frederic?"

"Certainly not," cried the profound imprudent, and wrong, and all that sort of thing, but I also know that, if I could ever hope a woman I loved would so far do wrong for me, the profoundest reverence and tenderness, and-" The young Baronet hesitated and colored at his own impetuosity-"would never suffice in my esti-

mation to prove my gratitude." "Well, I believe you have a good heart, said his companion, with grave simplicity that at once charmed and mortified him "still, if everything had been clear and open, all this misery would not have happened, and I suspect you were at the bottom of the mischief."

" I am afraid I was," said Compton, candidly. "God knows with what good intentions, and to a certain degree successfully; for Neville, whatever he may have said in the horror of discovering that--"

He paused, remembering auddenly the

awkwardness of the subject. "She hadn't any money," said the heir- intensity of his inward sufferings, alone walk ahead a mile or steakess, coolly completing his sentence. "Go

was of importance to him, it is more or less to every one; that is-I mean-" And again the unfortunate Baronet felt

stranded. "You are right—I daresay you are right." said the young heiress, thoughtfully. " Money is very necessary to some—to men especially; and I most heartily wish I could give all mine to Marie and Captain Neville. Have I much, Sir Frederic? How much?

I suppose you know all about it." "I wish to God you hadn't a sou You've a great deal too much, Miss Delvigne !"

And Sir Frederic started from his seat, and walked abruptly to the other end of The heiress looked after him, much sur.

prised, colored vividly, smiled, and composing herself, laughed outright. "Thank you," she said; "I believe it is life. By Heaven, I doubt it we can have

"Ask my grandfather yourself," said

"Now, you know that is all nonsense," "Yes, Mr. Foster," returned his ward, returned Miss Delvigne. "Besides I hate

"They put butterflies and birds, and all eric, laughing and picking up a small charm | What cruelty to keep a girl in slavery till

She held out her hand. "No; you have been so rude and severe

atonement." "Rude to you?" she cried. "How?

"Well another time. Let me keep it now? On my soul, Miss Delvigue, If you knew how miserable I feel about this business of Neville's, and-and something else, you would not refuse me any little crumb of | before Mr. Pim made his marance. He

Miss Delvigne was silent for a moment,

then abruptly asked-"How is Captain Neville?"

such despair when we could extract nothing face screwed into a whimsicak of despair, from the boy that he insisted the only way suffering, and injured innote. to get a clew was through her French relations." The heiress shook her head.

"So I think," replied Sir Frederic to that mute expression of opinion. "She is in London-I feel she is," said Miss Delvigne.

" So do I, somehow,"

leading in Mrs. Coleman. "Must be off now, my dear ward. Hope Admitting that these substar are not in my grandson has done his best to atone for any true sense nutritive, I they not The young lady rose at once, took it my absence? Ha, ha, ha! Mrs. Coleman indirectly aid nutrition? we we not

must leave you now." "One moment, sir," said his grandson; our sensibilities they conceior a time Miss Delvigne is terribly cut up at the at least, numerous dietetic rs. They from her seat, and approaching the young failure of our attempts to extract any trace make it possible to eat whatshould not Baronet, without a shadow of embarrass. of poor Neville's wife from that boy. She eat, at improper times, withoute is of opinion that she could get the truth pain or unpleasantness. Bunstead of from him, and is anxious, with your per- regarding that as an advec, 1 am mission, and in your presence, to examine inclined to regard it br as a him herself."

"Do, dear Mr. Foster," exclaimed Mary, warmed out of her general coldness toward or avoidance of mista is an her guardian by her extreme anxiety; "do organic safeguard. To silence warning let me see this poor ignorant boy; he will without securing ourselves inst the trust me!"

"Who would not trust you, my dear young lady?" said the polite old gentleman. "Well, we'll see about it-we'll see about

deaf, and dumb, and blind during the prosecution of so improper a topic.

impracticable Mr. Foster, who, with "nods pure and uncombined. We mot go to and becks, and wreathed smiles," would the tavern for tonics. I havedesire to only pat his ward's cheek and repeat, hide the fact that some medicriters, of "We'll see, we'll see;" then kissing her deserved reputation, are inclito favor brow, took an elaborate leave of Mrs. Coleman and left the room.

Sir Frederic held Mary's hand for an unnecessary moment, with a lirgering pres sure, and whispered-

"Trust me I will manage it."

CHAPTER XV.

Baffled, fevered, mortified, yet still, over your hotel or the police office, or, better and above all other feelings, absorbed in his search for Marie, Neville dared not relinquish the hope of finding her. seemed the only chance for him to keep from brain fever; besides, like a true I believe you are right. I will speak to Saxon, there was a strong vein of common in the long run detectives were rarely baf-

The thought of the critical time which was slipping by sometimes made his brain reel with images of horror. The idea of Marie, bright and gentle, so pure and so to be-and doesn't deceive a father or tector within reach, without money (for mother-mind, I couldn't bear that-is so bad to Neville's experience five or six pounds was scarce two days' provision), alone in

Then her tender grace and beauty would digestive weakness, or that it does in judge; "I know it is what old people call rise up before him with redoubled attraction, till he gnashed his teeth in agony at the probability that others, beside himself, might feel its power just as keenly.

And this bright, warm-hearted, highminded creature, whose native nobility, like that of the thorough bred courser's, deceived you by its trusting docility into forgetfulness of its latent power, he had tortured, crushed, and flung away, because she had only youth and loveliness, and truth and affection, and bright intelligence, rible time coming up on his trip.

but no £ s. d. Bah! how he loathed himself! All left Battleford with a buckboat the things would be easy to him could he but ground was bare, but the first cond find Marie, reinstate himself in her good night after the snow began to falvery opinion, and exercise the divine right, once soon a crust was formed. From foot more to clasp her in his arms, and pro- Coulee to Beaver River the snow eep. claim in the face of the world that she was up to the axles of the waggon, ath a

his own! But Neville showed very little of all this to bear. In low places the snow me--his haggard face and fevered eye, the times up to the box of the waggorrerare exclamations forced from him by the quently he had to leave his hand

bespoke them. His brother, partially coming out of the for the other as he came back, this "Well whatever he may have said in the iron indifference he had maintained since way he managed to reach Beaver To most passionately in love—in love, I believe, had sent for Neville; and though in Guy's on the seventh day and after thank for the first time in his life. And had she present state of humiliation there was to depend on his gun for suppo At sought her if he was not. Certainly money ended in instilling a double allowance of played out that he had to abanthe imbittered prejudice into the minds of waggon, and fix up a sleigh led

> his friend, Sir Frederic. "'Gad, sir!" he said to the latter, "he to Fort Saskatchewan, the snowing thinks he can trample honor, and feeling, looser and shallower as he came webo. and every attribute of a gentleman under ple were complaining about the mang his feet, because his pockets are well lined. behind time, and blaming the carriet He spoke in that cool, collected, distracting | had the carrier not been possessed | re manner of his, as though he had delibe- than ordinary pluck and intelligence ar rately weighed every syllable he was saying he nor the mail would have reached in beforehand, which makes it a deuced deal ton. more insulting. I will not attempt to repeat his words, but they were of a character toward one dearer to me than life people who travel much do so for h itself, for whom I am a thousand times and quiet, it would be well for propa more jealous, because I have placed her in | of hotels to put up in their passages | so equivocal a position; by jove! had he three continental languages requ

"DEAR SIR FREDERIC,-I have not seen you, or Mr. Foster, or heard from either of you for three days. What are you doing? and when am I to see Dennis? I know you will never get anything out of him without to ask him anything. I don't like __ " me. It is nearly ten days since my poor, yet. What worthless detectives! I could have done better myself. I entreat you to take me to Dennis, or bring Dennis to me. take me to Dennis, or bring Dennis to me, | Circulars and Consultation FREE

a very lucky thing, by Gad! very lucky, sorts of things among flowers. Why don't in the shape of a heart, formed of mala- she is twenty-one! Do no your grand--not here. M DELVIGNE."

"MY DEAR MISS DELVIC-We lost all traces of Dennis for twosys-but they to me to-day, you must give me this as have him now. My graudfer will call for you to-morrow at eleven.

"We are to meet at Nile's lodgings. Do not accuse me of bg a laggard. I have every motive to u on that can actuate a man, and among in your wishes are all potent. Yours monithfully, FRED COMPTON."

Sir Frederic and Nevillere waiting at the latter's lodgings for nea half an hour entered the room with a ledaoid countenance than usual, bearing lightly mortified and peevish expression

He dragged after him they Dennis-a "Oh! he is really to be pitied; he was in | shade dirtier even than ordry-with his

To be continue

IS TOTAL ABSTINES

There is, however, anotherry widely-

Paterson, D., of Bel-By Rev. 4 grave Presbyterian Och, Philadelphia.

Here Mr. Foster re-entered, rather fusily, spread belief, by which the derate use of intoxicants is frequer justified. under her agreeable roof. Eh? I think I Now, I freely grant that thenask indigestion and mal-assimilation y blunting serious calamity. Such sitiveness as leads to an instantorrection danger is a very foolish policAnd I do not know one single reason supposing that intoxicants serve any opurpose. No doubt it is asserted that there other ingredients in these drinks thay prove Mrs. Coleman assumed an air of being beneficial. Without venturin express any opinion as to their val may be allowed to state that these ir ingre-Again Mary and Sir. Frederic urged the dients, if wanted, can be esobtained the employment of wine aner, and occasionally even spirits-of co, within narrow limits-in certain cast weak digestion. All I can say in re to this is that whatever other potentiuences may be contained in these counds, no arguments of any weight havest been produced to justify the empent of alcohol. One of the most rewriters on diet, while maintaining that mulant in certain cases proves helpfuls: "If it has any effect at all on a heaman it can only weaken nerve-power, at the same time it lowers the bodimperature, which contributes much le capacity for muscular exertion." I ss that when I endeavor to find reason upport of the dietetic use of alcohol in ritings of its advocates, I am fairly be red. I am not prepared to say that theay not be valid reasons for its exhibition aid to digestion in some exceptionses but I do venture to say that I sought such reasons, and hitherto I halt been able to find them. Please to that I am not questioning the relief inds by its well-known narcotic proper in the distress and disabilities of dysla, but the world, thrilled him with positive pain. I have yet to learn that it cures any true sense to healthy nutrit And. on the other hand, there are facts more fully established than thist the repeated employment of smakes of alcohol is one of the most compauses of weakened and impaired digest

Letter Carrying Under Diffig

[From the Edmonton (N. W. T.) Bn. The mail man, Mr. G. Hudson ter-He was eighteen days on the He hard crust, but which was not habugh ing a track for one horse as he and together with willows, hishly Neville gave but a short sketch of it to tools being a knife and ke. With this he managed to get igh

- London Vanity Fair thinks the not been my father's son, I should have people not to slam their doors between horsewhipped him within an inch of his hours of 10 at night and 8 in the me

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC

INSTITUTION (ESTABLISHED 187 KING STREET EAST, TORD NERNOUS DEBILITY, Pheumatism,