Bury Me in the Morning.

Bury me in the morning, mother; Oh! let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere you leave me alone with night; Alone in the night of the grave, mother— 'Tis a thought of terrible fear And you will be here alone, mother, And stars will be shining here. So bury me in the morn, mother, And let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere I am alone with night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother-I feel it in my heart; But oh! from this beautiful world, mother, 'Tis hard for the young to part! Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay,
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.

Then bury me in the morn, mother, And let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere I am alone with night. Never unclasp my hand, mother,

Till it falls away from thine-Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother, Till I feel the love-divine, The love divine-oh! look, mother, Above its beams I see, And there an angel's face, mother, Is smiling down on me. So bury me in the morn, mother, When sunbeams flood the sky-For death is the gate of life, mother, And leads to light on high.

By Mrs. Alexander. CHAPTER XXIV.

It was several days before Marie could recover the strange species of terror and excitement which Mr. Watson's r cognition begin from the present, and trust my own had caused her. Why should she lear this word for the past, I will obey you, and conand measured coldness, was yet evidently anxious to befriend her? She could not explain her own feelings; reason as she would, they always returned. She did not want help; she wanted merely to go on earning obscurely what was sufficient to pay her humble way, not to be cross-examined and tortured and humiliated!

The Bushel household had recovered from the excitement of the "tea-meeting," the justly incensed "drawing-rooms" had forgiven his burnt steak, and matters had subsided to their usual level-when one evening, as Marie was endeavoring to impress the intricacies of a piece of vocabulary on her little favorite "Agnes," down in the front-kitchen, dignified in the establishment as the breakfast-parlor, a ring claimed immediate attention from its tone of decision. A hasty rush to the front door-a trampling of several pairs of boots -and then Mrs. Bushel descended like an avalanche on the French class-with a radiant face.

"Goodness gracious, my dear, come up directly; here's our dear good Pastor and Mr. Watson himself, and they want to see

Mrs. Bushel almost propelled her young friend upstairs before her.

The front parlor, always of narrow dimensions, looked smaller than ever, as Marie entered it, and confronted the "good Pastor," whose goodly breadth was dominated by the superior height of Mr. Watson, who, though spare, was a large-boned, broad-shouldered man. He stood on the hearth-rug-his hat held behind him, looking keen, cool, iron-gray as usual; and Marie would have given the wealth of worlds could she have commanded it, poor child, to escape his eager, questioning glance.

Mr. Watson bowed as she entered, and moved a chair forward with grave politeness, involuntarily treating the object of his would-be patronage as an equal.

hand, with ostentatious condescension- though he had generously consented to "Very glad, my young friend, to be the respect her secret, she knew instinctively was visible. means of forwarding our respected benefac. it was but a postponement of the evil day. tor's views in your favor. He will explain | "God help me!-God guide me!" she them to you himself."

to her," panted Mrs. Bushel, "to see the terrible thoughts away. kind interest you good gentlemen--"

"The proposition I wish to make is attendants of Ragged Schools, whose his school. parents are willing to pay a small sum weekly. I have already an excellent Matron, called, generally on a Saturday, and with a salary of fifty pounds-if you con- subsided; no approach had been made to Schools, with the intention of giving those which Marie's heart unconsciously warmed. who wish to elevate themselves a chance of doing so; and this, I imagine, you would all things were becoming new!" The

great kindness in thus searching out a poor to his imagination than the boundless the junction of the Rue Royale and the stranger to bestow unasked benefits-is-is mercy set forth by him who alone knoweth Place de la Concorde, he stood for a few more than I can express. But, oh! sir, I the Father. am, indeed, unequal to such an undertaking. I am weak and my nerves so treacherous. observed the confidential tone which had when his eye suddenly brightened, and his No! Let me stay quietly at my 'needle- gradually colored their communications; cheek flushed, for a pale young face, work.' I shall earn my living by that - and she felt no surprise when he said;

down silently, as in thought; then addressing Mrs. Bushel, said, a shade more coldly, me freer from coldness and self." person alone."

come up stairs, Mr. Gumbleton" (the draw- to walk to and fro. "I am not sure how little hand in his. ing-rooms is out), I will show you the report far my kindness mey not be selfish, but I of the Philpot Dorcas Society;" and Mrs. have distant glimpses of more than I deserve exclaimed, after he had exchanged greetment, so suddenly, that Mr. Gumbleton felt advise your removal." compelled to follow very rapidly.

ing aside his hat, and something of his cold any suggestion of yours I would not composure, drew a chair to the opposite accept," she said softly "You are my side of the table, and Marie obeyed, in a best and only friend-I have the greatest sort of helpless despair, yet resolved to faith in your wisdom." defend her secret to the last. Her heart

began, in quiet tones, which had a ring of ten—there is my private address—I think ing, but you were out. I have a letter very doubtful about getting paid. kindliness in them; "why, then, will you I have found a clerkship for which he is not allow me to assist you, and confide in suited. You continue to teach her children? me? Permit me to say that a young and You are grateful! you would do much for I brought it with me, for I do not think any not be responsible for the personal debts of throw away a friend because of some selfopinionated scruple about revealing your past history. We are all liable to error, and a he left the room, followed by the obsequiconfession of past shortcomings will not les- ous matron. sen my desire to set you right in the future.

Your natural position is evidently superior to your present state; but, humble as the calling of teacher in the class I suggest is it is more worthy of you than your present occupation. Why you do shrink from it You are more than equal, I feel assured to the task. There is some hidden reason and I desire to know it; or, I must come to some conclusion detrimental to the good opinion I would fain form of your charac-

And he looked into Marie's eyes with a keen, steadfast gaze, as though he defied their dark, lustrous depths to hide any

secret from him.

"I will speak all truth to you, sir, so far as I dare," returned Marie, with parched lips, and pressing her hands tightly together. "I do not accept your offer, because grief has unhinged and unfitted me for it. I am unequal to control even myself, but principally because I have a secret which I will not reveal-not if the keeping of it cost me life; and I fear you-I fear your kindness, your sternness, your influence; good as you are, friend though you be, I would rather never see you again than tell you my secret, for it is not all mine. And have I not a right to a secret?" she continued, rising from her seat, and speaking with a little excitement. "You are a great and good gentleman, but we all -men and women-have a right to the sanctity of our own memories, as well as to the bread we can win! Ah! sir, I love and respect you, and would give much to win your esteem in the path you have pointed out to me; but there is only one way I can undertake it. Trust me! have done nothing wrong! I have been true to those with whom I have had to do fide as a child to a parent; but you must believe me-I have done nothing wrongnothing!"

She stopped abruptly. Mr. Watson frowned ominously; his sallow cheek grew a shade paler, and the hand that rested on the table twitched; but he spoke calmly, when after a few moments' thought he Baid-

"I may be unwise, Miss Thibaut," (he had never called her by her name before). but I will trust and try you; hereafter. perhaps-but the future [will shape itself Remember, however, that you have yet to win my full approbation. For the present I engage you, as I should any other young woman with satisfactory references, and no one has a right to question you when I am satisfied."

"O yes, yes!" cried Marie, impulsively catching and pressing his hand.

As she did so, she met his eyes, and in their troubled expression there was a nameless something that, strange as it seemed, recalled Guy-Guy in his fondest moodsso vividly, that the great tears welled over and she rushed from the room sobbing as though her heart would break.

Mr. Watson stood for a momnent as she had left him, passed his hand once or twice across his brow, then collecting himself, rang the bell.

"I have partly overcome Miss Thibaut's scruples," he said to Mr. Gumbleton, as Mrs. Bushel and that gentleman entered; "and I will give her a day or two to think the matter over-at present, I am somewhat pressed for time. Mr. Gumbleton will see her again, and explain the subject more fully."

He bowed to Mrs. Bushel, and departed, carrying the pastor with him.

CHAPTER XXV.

Marie thought long and deeply.

She did not question her own discretion years in accepting Mr. Watson's offer. She felt Mr. Gumbleton put out a fat, warm she was powerless in the matter; and

In less than a week all things were this," interrupted Mr. Watson, with arranged, and Marie moved her few belongsurprised impatience: "I have nearly ings to the neat little chamber assigned to organized a new Institution for the training her in the new wing of Pelham Park Instiof female children of a class above the tution, where Mr. Watson had organized

So time wore on. Mr. Watson occasionally

Marie's dread of him had considerably scientiously consider yourself equal to the forbidden subject : and though cold and fulfil it. I want a little better instruction guarded enough in speech, there was a tenthan what is ordinarily bestowed in Charity | der and wistful expression in his eyes, to

To the respectable Mr. Watson, "behold ends again." be capable of imparting—while it would be severity which made "duty" an unrelaxing forth, and after a few directions from the has just given me a sovereign to place you more suited to and profitable for you than "Juggernaut" was now tinged with a vague host, strolled down the beautiful Rue at the other end of the room." The Puke "I scarcely know how to answer you," forgiveth and hopeth all things," and the sympathy, something of the infectious indulgence, partaking of the "love which Rivoli, feeling, in spite of friendship and knew his man. returned Marie, sorely embarrassed. "Your inflexible justice of the Deity less present brightness and gayety of the place. At

There was a pause. Mr. Watson looked yourself—the intercourse with a fresh, small neatly-gloved hand was rather young mind would have done much to keep eagerly waved.

nantly, "You, the kindest and truest!" "O yes, certainly, sir. If you'll just "Hush!" returned Mr. Watson, rising and the next moment Sir Frederic had the -yet it is premature to speak-I may

"Sit down," said Mr. Watson; and lay- disjointed sentences. "There is scarcely

beat, and the little hand she unconsciously "but, Miss Thibaut, you can deliver a mes-"I have overstayed my time," he said; "You must feel I am your friend," he send her husband to me to morrow before same hotel. I inquired for you this morn. if they were doing it for money, and were sage to your friend Mrs. Bushel-tell her to eric," said the heiress, "and we are at the

Marie wondering at his unusual tone

CHAPTER XXVI.

Nearly two months had passed since Neville's fruitless visit to the benevolent Mrs. Jupp. The revulsion of feeling it had caused him, coming after so much and so long-continued excitement, had laid him prostrate with a severe and lowering fever. which his medical attendant assured him imperatively demanded repose-"physical repose at any rate," he added, on Neville's exclaiming there could be no rest for him "You will utterly unfit yourself for the

search you are so bent upon if you do not take some weeks' complete rest." But even then Neville's usually powerful frame was but ill able to second his eager desire to be "up and doing."

However, the opening of the present chapter finds him in Paris, whither he had gone in the vague hope of discovering some :ace of Marie's aunt, who had never taken my notice of his long and explanatory etter, or otherwise communicated with

Thither he was accompanied by his stanch friend Sir Frederic Compton, who purposed proceeding to Switzerland and the North of Italy, having got a couple of months' leave. But Neville could not as yet look further forward than another week. To settle plans or projects seemed utterly impossible, when he lived in the nervous anticipation that each morning and evening would bring some conclusive tidings of his lost one.

Paris was hot and full of visitors when the young men reached it-and poor Neville terribly exhausted by his journey, albeit taken in easy stages. He strove in vain to shake of the langour which hung around him like some charmed garment, rendering every effort a labor; and despite his eagerness he found it impossible to leave his room, or face the roar and hush of the streets till a couple of days' complete rest had somewhat restored him. Then-the total change of scene and air produced a reviving effect; and on the third morning net. after their arrival the friends sallied forth to the Rue St. Lazare, to the address given them by Miss Redoubt.

It was a mean entrance, and the concierge had a small den on the top of the first flight, where a half-glass door enabled inquirers to see him constantly bending over some dilapidated boot or shoe, for his metier was the useful though humble calling of a cobbler. To him our friends addressed themselves, and he replied with vivacity and intelligence so unlike the profound, yet not ill-meant indifference with which a Saxon says he knows nothing about the subject of your inquiries, and then relapses into silence.

Monsieur le concierge evidently knew nothing either, nevertheless he had a great deal to say about it: Madame Rouviaomais non-yet hold-there was an old lady, au quatrieme, nearly blind who took much snuff-might she not be the lady they sought? Her name was Grenier-it's true, presenting him to universal notice as an still an old lady-but hold, how long was resided in Numero vingt sept ?"

"Two or three months back." three months-look now-the proprietor dies-all things are sold-the present pro. a devoted wife who looked after his "home prietor, Monsieur le concierge himself, and comforte," and Mr. Giadstone is similarly various locatares, have all been settled in blessed. The Marquis of Salisbury does

"Then you know nothing of Madame Rouviac?"

to the right of which was a wood store.

They turned away.

ejaculated, as she rose to busy herself with police,"said Neville, putting his arm through and the discretion and patience that should mording an immense slide on the Gothic "I am sure the Lord has been very good some necessary needlework, to chase these that of Compton; "they will soon dicover come with experience and physical endur- mountain, near Gothie, went down with this old lady. Is it not curious how every ance, may one day place this young noble. such frightful force as to shake the town clue fails? By Heavens! Fred, I am so man at the head of affairs. Mr. Justice like an earthquake. changed; I shall turn a drivelling fatalist Huddlestone, who tried the Belt case, is next! Call a fiacre, I feel shaky still."

a pang of the warmest sympathy, and he was always "chaffed" as a "tuft-hunter," silently resolved to postpone his autumn married a lady of title, got a judgeship, rambles until he could leave his friend in a and is even now declared to be unduly

that attack than you know, and if you his hand, saying: "I have a few special

moments watching the stream of the vehi-Neither Marie nor her benefactor had cles setting toward the Champs Elysees, enshrined in a dainty bonnet, bent forward "Had I a relative—a daughter like to him from a smart open carriage, and a

"I should wish to speak with this young "You cold or selfish!" cried Marie, indig. sant vision arrested the coachman, and the

ings with Miss Delvigne and her companion, Mrs. Coleman. "When did you arrive? had no idea I should see you in Paris."

"Neither Evelina nor Miss Delvigne has ever been in Paris before; so, as my eldest daughter has gone on a visit to an old Germany."

"But I knew you were here, Sir Fred-Miss Redoubt sent me the night before one but Captain Neville ought to open it. their wives. How is poor Captain Neville?"

"Oh, he is better, though weak enough still; but this letter? Why, it may reveal everything. Where is it?" "In my dressing case. I must give it

you. Do, dear Mrs. Coleman, drive back to Meurice's and let me get the letter," "Well, my dear, half an hour will not make much difference; and I promised to call for Evelina at the coiffeur's."

The young heiress' countenance fell. "Just let me out then; and Sir Frederic will take care of me back—it is such a short way."

Before the startled Mrs. Coleman could door, and Miss Delvigue stood upon the pavement.

"Well, then, I suppose you must," said Mrs. Coleman, not so much averse, under confining inoculated persons in warm rooms the peculiar circumstances, as she otherwise would have been to so unorthodon proceeding.

"I shall return in less than half an hour, and take you to the Bois de Boulogne." She bowed, smiled, and drove away.

"You had better take my arm in this crowd," said Sir Frederic, feeling unaccountably elated and joyous. "You are a good genius, Miss Delvigne," he continued, as she accepted his offer; "if we find my cal practitioners recommend a reduced poor friend's wife, it will be through you. You always bring good luck."

"I am not sure," she said in her simple manner, though secretly pleased at the ill-

"This letter has a French stamp, and is -I am sure it is from some cross old woman; perhaps it is from Marie's aunt;

little consequence. Suppose we go round often take: some warm and comfortable through the Tuilleries Gardens-it is such drink to keep out the cold, as it is said.

tatingly-" I wish, if possible, to prolong the the violent action of the heat. pleasure of a walk with you-a pleasure I

(To be continued.)

SMOKING AND DRINKING. The Habits of Prominent Public Eng-

lishmen. The illness of Mr. Gladstone has elicited the usual number of complimentary references to his physical and mental powers, and the advocates of temperance are example of the benefits of their creed. He frequent colds we experience in winter it since the old lady sought by Monsieur is known to eat and drink with great would in a great measure be prevented. moderation, and he does not smoke. Lord Beaconsfield was equally careful in this "My faith, all the world is upset since respect, and was never known to indulge in "the fragrant weed." The Tory chief had A said to be fond of a cigar after dinner. He There was such deep despondency in his began life as a schoolmaster, went to the

A Distressing Case of Lost Diamonds.

They had been married only six weeks, when he came home from the store one evening and found her in tears. She had lost one of her diamond ear-rings. "Well, crying won't restore it, dear," he

remarked, as he kissed her on the chin. " N-no, but you see what an embareassing position I am placed in."

"Certainly; we will advertise the loss in all the city papers." " And offer a liberal reward?"

" Yes."

"The finder will expect at least \$25?" "That's what makes me feel so-so sad!" she cried as she laid her beautiful head on his shoulder. "Those diamonds were a wedding present from f-ather, and he got 'em at the d--ollar store, and I don't want to see you swindled out of twentyfour dollars !"-Prairie Farmer.

Lady lodger : "Your dog, sir, is unbear school friend in Scotland, we set off, and "Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that, he might play the piano all day."

A critic, noticing an awkward couple

A Bill introduced into the Wisconsin

When two days elapse without a Chicago policeman being shot the papers of that town express great astonishment and conis rapidly decreasing.

HOW TO CATCH COLD.

And What is More Important, How to Avoid Catching it.

The Monthly Magazine (London) reports Dr. Graham as saying that it is not a correct practice, after a cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed clothes, wrap up in flannel, and drink a agree or dissent from this audacious propo- large quantity of hot tea, gruel, or other sal, Sir Frederic had opened the carriage- slops, because it will invariably increase the feverishness, and, in the majority of instances, prolong rather than lessen the duration of the cold. It is well known that will make their smallpox more violent, by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in the present complaint is attended with analogous results, a cold being in reality a slight fever. In some parts of England, among the lower order of the people, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is found to be a successful remedy, and in fact many mediatmosphere and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric. It is generally repressed joy of her companion at their supposed that it is the exposure to a cold or wet atmosphere which produces the effect called cold, whereas it is returning to a directed in such pale ink, and in such a warm temperature after exposure which is queer, cramped hand—such an ugly hand the real cause of the evil. When a person in the cold weather goes into the open air, every time he draws in his breath the cold perhaps it is nothing particular. I have air passes through his nostrils and windbeen greatly tempted to open it-I should | i, e into the lungs, and, consequently, I think, only we were just coming on here, diminishes the heat of these parts. As long and Mr. Foster told me you would be at as the person continues in the cold air he feels no bad effects from it; but as soon as "You might have opened it, I dare say; he returns home, he approaches but as Neville will have it soon, it is of the fire to warm himself, and very a charming day," added the young Baro. The inevitable consequence is, that he will find he has taken cold. He feels a "How?" | ked Miss Delvigne, a little shivering which makes him draw nearer indignantly-" when there is so important the fire, but all to no purpose; the more he tries to heat himself the more he "Well, you see," said Sir Frederic hesi- chills. All the mischief is here caused by

To avoid this, when you come out of a have so little chance of tasting again; for very cold atmosphere, you should not at I know too well what an idiot I have been first go into a room that has a fire in it, -what a bad impression I must have made or if you cannot avoid that, you should on your mind. I am the most unlucky dog keep for a considerable time at as great a distance as possible, and, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold. This rule is founded on the same principle as the treatment of any part of the body when frost-bitten. If it were brought to the fire it would soon mortify, whereas, if rubbed with snow, no bad consequences follow from it. Hence, if the following rule were strictly observed-when the whole body, or any part of it, is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees - the

SNOW SLIDES.

Colorade Town Shaken as by an Earthquake-The Mad Race of a Vant Body of Ice.

No. 27 since; for the others !"-a pause, not smoke. Lord Derby smokes and night a snow slide starced from the summit A Gunnison (Col.) despatch says: Last and the concierge extended his fingers like a drinks, and in the latter capacity maintains of Ruby Peak, near Duvin, and travelled at fan, with a sudden movement indicative of the reputation of the historic house famous a fearful velocity a distance of a mile, to the scattering abroad of the former inmates. for its "good cheer," and notably for its the bottom of the gulch, destroying all the "fine old port." Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. shaft houses and machinery of Chamberlain, Mr. Smith (Lord Beacons. | the Ruby, Chief, Howard, Extension, But no! He knew nothing. La bas- field's First Lord of the Admiralty) and Durang and Oaks mines. Eight men unperhaps—the charbonniere—could perhaps Lord R. Churchill are great smokers. With able to cacape, were carried to the bottom inform them. He had been there many the exception of the last mentioned gentle- and buried in the snow. A rescuing party man they have the physique of men who found Frank Roland dead, Wm- Brown "La bas" was the entrance of the passage can "smoke with impunity," but Lord and Wm. Coleman fatally hart. Last Randolph Churchill is a weak, nervous Saturday, J. W. Goodspeed, while crossing The proprietor was out, but Madame looking person, who should "live by rote" the mountain near Gothie, was caught in a and eschew tobacco. One of the promising snow slide, hurled to the gulch, and buried young lions of the Tory party, he should a hundred feet under the snow, where his "I shall lose no time in applying to the take care of himself. Time, good health, body must remain until summer. This

Floating Population of a Chinese City.

As we approach Canton, one of the strangest sights of this strange land is the vast wilderness of boats which serve as the only homes of a floating population of more better state of mind. He assisted him into impressed with the overwhelming import. made its way slowly through this city of but I should wish a somewhat higher class appeared satisfied with the working of his the fiacre, and they drove back to the hotel. ance of aristocratic society. The clubs boats to her wharf, it seemed as if half of Here Sir Frederic insisted on Neville are fastening upon him a characteristic Canton was affoat on the water. All remaining quiet while he sought the police. anecdote. Going out to dinner recently he around us were acres on acres, yea, square "I know everything as well as you, and learned that an illustrious Duke was to be miles, of junks, moored in blocks and can act for you as well as you could act for of the party. As he encountered the butler squares, with long streets or canals beyourself. I tell you you are more shaken by in the hall he slipped half a sovereign into tween them, while darting hither and don't take care you'll be laid on your beam words to say to the Duke; contrive that I others, carrying passengers or freight. sit next to him." "Thank you," said the These boats are of various sizes and shapes, and are partly covered with bamboo matting, the one or two apartments furnishing space for parlor, kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, woodshed, barn and idol shrine. There multitudes on multitudes of men and women, parents and children, grandparents and babies find a home, each boat often sheltering more souls than Noah had in his ark. There thousands are born, grow up, grow old and die, seldom being on land until carried there for burial. Many of these boats are manned by women and girls, whose large, bare, unbound feet prove that they are not "Chinese ladies," and yet they have learned to "paddle their own cance." Babies are fastened to the deck by strings, and other children wear life preservers of gourds or bamboo to keep them from sinking if they fall overboard, though the parents don't seem to grieve much if one does get drowned. There are larger and more gaily decorated junks called "flower boats," used as floating pleasure houses of no good reputation. A few years ago a typhoon swamped thousands of these small craft, and hundreds of the inmates were drowned .- Correspondent Troy Times.

The flower show—a fashionable ladys,

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