After the Wedding.

MAMMA MUSES:

th, to the very last hour I'd my doubts d my fears. mmer in Devon-that hot-headed penni- terely, "are the wild grapes ready for pres lover!

serving?" wall is well; I have not been so happy the newspaper into the window seat; ". de they know how a mother's anxieties haven't thought of them since you went

mock us as heartless intriguers! No atter, 'tis done. had a girl ever prospect serener or fairer? of clustered grapes, full of subtle perfume, in her third season! A triumph well rned and well won.

began to separate them from their stems with rely she looked! As Guy said, like a mistdeft, quick fingers. t, the poor child was, if aught, just a trifle pale. vered, and fancied the noon of hot August

ed at the last that her strength or her urage would fail. though so slight, the Tressillian pride never deserts us, on trial, in woman or ne of the Reason's most envied and shin-

R BUCCOS 108perfect reward of a patient and long- grapes." rsued plan. Ah, well, that's a word of most various

sanings, b youth, though so ardent and confident, sy to a giri's early dreams and emotional a thing of long years, not a month or a ason; romances and raptures endure but a though youth votes the cool voice of exrienced reason ad that it dominates all ere the end of

fe which they fancy a flow of fortuitous ule by a passionate clasp and in pire by

e play.

we have tried it, nous autres, have proved and know it. se in which rapture's illusion and dreams herein the solidities, banned by the airuilding poet, d the sole lasting foundation for practical

wrence, now, stood at the altar in place Lord Aura, heeks would have rosily flushed and her res have shone bright nat babies and fools would call happiness. oor little Laura! ay she will laugh over it gayly and own I as right.

ad she paled at his kiss. And suppose I nd gone past?

pose! she'd have shrunk at my words and arned stiller and colder. well, she'll yet learn, and thank Heaven e's settled -at last!

SBETH'S MISSIONARY. e butcher's bill, papa!"

side, the locusts were piping shrilly the blue cups of the morning glory the bland September sunshine steeped hing in yellow brightness. Within, antry parson sat at his deak with divers indry sheets of sermon-paper scattered him, half a dozen reference books his elbow, and his head clasped between his two hands, after a fashion involved considerable rumpling of his

ay hair. ?" said the parson, letting his head, ere, out of custody, and coming slowly rom the world of polemies, as he stared pretty, slender girl in faded calico and out ribbons, who stood beside him ominous-looking piece of paper in

butcher's till, papa," said Polly " and he's waiting, please."

my dear "-the parson laid down his d took the bill into his hand with a air-" we've had no butcher's meat onth. We have striven to be in the Fenn !" gree economical."

, I know, papa," said Polly, knitting murmured Lisbeth, sotto voce, as Polly sty brows ; " but we ordered three of beefsteak the day the district naries dined here, and there was the or that Sabbatarian Society day, and ening the bishop was here—don't you

remember, my child—I remember," country parson, with a sigh. "Hosis an agreeable duty, and one that od Book enjoins upon us, but it costs Polly- it costs money. Put down child, and tell Neighbor Brisket will attend to it at my earliest con-

blue-eyed Polly hesitated. "And the was here this morning, papa, and the has really mounted up beyond every-And he says that he hopes you will to settle up at once, and that hereafter determined to do business only on a cash basis."

Reverend Mr. Fenn smiled a sickly

en I am afraid, Polly," said he, "that 't do much business with me. For so s the vestry are so dilatory with their

nts-" s, paps, that's just what I told him," olly; but he says that business is busi-

is right, my dear," said the parson, am wrong; but it is through no fault . Now run away, and leave me to my

Fenn silently withdrew, with her brows still knitted, as if she were hopeless of comprehending the proof the world's ways. The butcher, aproned and burly, stood at the door, a impersonation of the fate which Polly neither ignore nor avert.

fell, miss?" said the butcher. apa will attend to it at his earliest con-

nce, Mr. Brisket," faltered Polly. at his earliest convenience has been a mortal long time a comin', miss," bled Mr. Brisket. "And times is dull 've got notes to meet." m very sorry, Mr. Brisket, but-"

Fain't no good standin' here," said the er, irritably scratching his head. ha' knowed what answer I should ha' ore I crossed the threshold. But its on a poor man, that's what it is, and as calls themselves gentry hadn't to eat if they can't pay. I'll call again ay week, miss, and then-"

with this the butcher whisked himself edly." under the arch of morning-glory vines, the locusts were singing and the pink purple cups swung to and fro in the soup."

nervously to and fro in the splint-bot- heightened color and quick, impatient breath. tomed rocker, with a week-old newspaper in "Papa's an angel," said she to herself, "but sisters began to cry and sob, with happy in-dull. her hand, her yellow hair catching the angels never were adapted to get along in this coherence, in each others arms. Ab, I'm heartily glad that the wedding is sunbeams like a coronal of gold as she work a day world." She put her golden head rocked.

and dusted over with pale purple bloom, and

kitchen, where Lisbeth was swaying! Lisbeth flounced out of the room with

into the parlor door for an instant. "Papa is very busy with his 'Thirdly,'" said she, "Lisbeth," said the eldest sister, auswith a roguish twinkle in the deep hazel

eyes, "and he begs you'll be good enough to " Wild grapes ?" repeated Lisbeth, flinging | wait until he's through." The stranger bowed and looked more embarrassed than ever, as he answered-"Oh, shaded her eyes with one hand, as she stood certainly, certainly. I am in no haste what. in the doorway and watched Lisbeth come away. Ob, Polly, how I wish we were rich !"

Polly advanced soberly to a flat wicker tray ever." And Lisbeth went back to her sister. " Polly," said she, "what shall we do? Company to dinner, and nothing to give

them." "But we must have something," said Polly. "I would go to New York and see this new | "Put on your things, Lisbeth. Go out and papa," said Lisbeth, coming up to her play," said Lisbeth, still swaying back and buy a fowl, and a quart of potatoes, and a sister's side, and slipping one arm through loaf of bread. And stop at Mr. Dakin's for Polly's. "And, Polly-" was a country parson's daughter, and so are an ounce of his best tea and a quarter of a

"Oh, you reckless Polly!" said she; "and where are all the funds to come from?" Polly sighed softly. " I shall have to take the dried cherry money," said she, "that I

was saving up for my fall hat and gloves. But it isn't much matter. I dare say I can manage very well with the old ones for a little while longer."

And to think how you toiled all those hot summer days to pick and dry those black oxhearts."

"There's no help for it, dear," said Polly, wretched rags of dyed silk, and cleaning gently. "Get your hat on quick—there's no time to lose."

" But it isn't fair," protested Lisbeth. "Why should all the travelling preachers, and book agents, and mission collectors come here and eat us out of house and home? Why don't they go to Mr. Crocus?"

"I do wonder," cried Lisbeth, impetuously, "if there is any other race of men imposed upon as country ministers are? Mark my words, Polly, I never, never, will marry a-"

across her shoulders. "Do make haste, dear," said she, in accents of gentle entreaty, as she pointed up-

Lisbeth came flying back, with yellow tresses streaming behind, and market basket in her hand.

"There, Polly," cried she, in the clear, light voice of girlhood, as she deposited a plump chicken on the table, "there's your new hat ; and there," as she laid down a packet of groceries, "are your gloves; and here," rattling out the potatoes, "is my last chance for a new blue neck-tie! And I do hope, Polly, that they'll give the missionary the worst kind of a dyspepsia."

"Well, but I do," saucily retorted the girl, as she turned to put away her hat. - Oh, Pol-ly !" Polly turned around with a start, at the

changed tenor of her sister's voice. "What is it, Lisbeth? You're not ill?" Liebeth, with a glowing face, pointed to

extending through from parlor to kitchen, in butler's pantry fashion, was used as a general repository for books and papers. And then, for the first time, Polly perceived that both doors were slightly ajar. "Polly," muttered the girl, hoarsely, "he has heard every word! He couldn't help

narrow wooden stairs to her own room and threw herself, sobbing hysterically, upon the

wretched, chattering tongue. Papa always warned me against giving loose to it; Polly always told me it would get me into trouble. Oh, dear, dear, what must he think? how can I eyer look him in the face?" And with this doleful resume, Lisbeth buried her hot face in the pillows and cried harder than ever.

little more than half an hour, before Polly came fluttering up the stairs, like a sweetbrowed guardian angel.

"Lisbeth," said she, "darling, don't frethair, and come down stairs. Dinner will be on the table directly, and papa is asking for

Lisbeth sat up and pushed the damp fringe come down, Polly."

"But you must, dear; papa would be very is now considerably in arrears. much vexed."

of tears : "never !"

led shamefacedly into the kitchen, where the table was spread, and Polly stood smiling at "Mr. Vincent," said the parson to the tall stranger, "this is my youngest child."

very sorry, sir, and I beg your pardon." "Pray don't mention it," said Mr. Vincent, in genuine distress at the sight of the mortification of this yellow-haired lassie with the deep hazel eyes, and the red, sensi-

And when dinner was over-and here let us mention that Mr. Vincent ate and drank with an excellent appetite, as if no lurking | for Midlothian. shadow of the threatened dyspepsia disturbed his digestion—and the country parson had taken his guest into the study, Polly put her arm round Lisbeth's waist, and drew by this time, the blue and rose-tipted cups deenshire. had all folded themselves into tight little parasolettes, and hidden behind the leaves.

"Lisbeth," said she, " I've got good news for you." "Nothing can be good news any more," "Oh, but listen," soothed Polly.

"A-missionary, I suppose." And poor

"No, dear, he's the Bishop's secretary. And he has heard of papa's learning and zeal and

"It can't be true," said Lisbeth, vaguely.

"Is it possible," cried Polly Fenn, "that it is a whole year since we came to Moreham Rectory ?"

It was a year. Once more the wild grapes were scenting all the woods, once more the golden-rod held up its torches of flame along the course of babbling brooks, and Polly lightly along the garden path, with the yellow sunshine tangled in her hair, and an unwonted moisture in her deep eyes.

"What have you done with Mr. Vincent?" asked Polly, demurely.

"He is walking down by the falls, with

"Well, dearest?" " I-I have something to tell you."

"Couldn't I guess it?" said Polly, laughing. "No. Lisbeth, don't turn your face awayknow it all, darling. He loves you, and you have promised to be his wife." "Polly," said Lisbeth," "I think you

must be a fortune-teller. But, oh, I am so happy! and I can hardly believe that it isn't all a dream."

"But, Lisbeth-" " Well ?"

"I thought you were never, never, going to marry a-"

But Lisbeth's soft little hand pressed over her sister's mouth, and her pleadingly uttered, Please, Polly, don't," stopped the sentence ere it was finished.

And Polly was merciful, and didn't.

The north bridge at Hawick is to be widened at a cost of £1,400.

The British Workman Public House at Hamilton has paid a first dividend at 10 per

The Free Church has taken the initiation in Strachur, Argyllshire, in opening singing

The annual meeting of the Clydesdale Bank was held on Feb. 3, when a dividend of 12 per

cent. was declared. John Downie, the well-known Braeman

seventy-seven. Salmon fishing on the Dee and Don was

commenced on the 11th February, but the results were poor. There are apparently better trade prospects

The steamer Cygnet passed through Urinan Canal on Feb. 7. The Canal has been frozen several weeks.

Arrangements are being made in Duncon Argyllshire, for convertingBlack Park into

Farmers in Whithorn, Wigtown district, who have been forwarding stall fed cattle to "And Liverpool market have had poor returns.

crew more or less affected with scurvy. The members of Court Fair Maid of Perth

of the Ancient Order of Foresters held their annual festival in the Drill Hall on Feb. 7. Steel & Craig, corn factors and merchants,

ties amount to between £60,000 and £70,000. Mr. Donald Munro, writer, Dunoon, has been appointed Procurator-Fiscal for the

A huge halibut was captured recently at Wick, Caithness, which had in its stomach, among other contents, a salmon which weighed 18 lbs.

The oyster and clam fishing on the Mid Lothian coast has been very poor, owing to the want of wind, and prices have a down-

The first publication in Oban, Argyllshire of banns under the new marriage act of 1878

The Deveron Salmon Fishings have been let, on a lease of twelve and a-half years from the end of the present season, to Colonel Moir, Portsoy.

you meant no barm. Get up and braid your | shire, has dug out two sheep that had been covered up in a snow-drift for three weeks. They were quite lively when taken out.

of yellow hair out of her eyes. "I shall not has scarcely been witnessed for forty years in Berwickshire, has retarded farm work which

David Davis, who has for sometime past " Never!" cried Lisbeth, with a fresh burst | been acting as relieving postmaster at Auch- | cause of the depression of the shipping But the country parson himself presently Falls on Feb. 2, fell over a precipics and

whose duty it was to keep the Caledonian management of their property, such as Canal open during the late severe attack of adopting the most recent improvements for frost, has at last been released from his saving fuel. The laborers' strike at Liver-

boats with all their gear, have been conveyed | chosen for it. by rail from Wick to the west coast. This is owing to the closing in the Forth and a year, at her cousin's house in Edinburgh,

freely staged about on the ice for the convenience of visitors.

Sir G. Campbell, M. P., spoke on Feb. 4 at Dysart, Fifeshire, and expressed an earnest hope that Mr. Gladstone would be returned

paper to the Royal Society, Edinburgh, on the mineralogy of Scotland, the special subject being "The Micas, with Analysis of

for the Episcopalian congregation of Lochlee, Forfarshire, as a memorial to his relative, the late Bishop of Brechin.

On February 1, the past pupils of Mr. Haig, Paterson Place Academy, presented him with a purse of a hundred sovereigns, together with a silver salver, on the comple-

"But it is," cried Polly; and then the two on hand is small, the trade prospects are still

Two other Glasgow U. P. churches will follow the example of the Queen's Park congregation in returning to the city liquidators large sums which were contributed to their funds by Mr. J. Morton.

The Conservative Committee of Mid-Lothian reports that the canvass shows a majority of over 300 in favor of the Earl of Dalkeith, who has agreed to contest the county.

Encouraged by the appearance of change in the weather, a band of masons and stonecutters, numbering about forty, have commenced clearing the road to the quarries at Delgaty, Aberdeenshire.

Considerable improvements, alterations

ond enlargements have been begun on the old "Forbes Arms Inn," at New Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, which is again to be converted into a commodious hotel. After a snow storm of about ten weeks'

duration in Perthshire the weather on Feb. 3 and during the whole of the 6th gave signs of something like a general improvement. The Corporation liabilities of Berwick amount to £53,7323 the assets amount to £14,367, leaving a net amount of debt of

£39,366. The burgh rate account shows an income of £1,758, and an expenditure of £1,615. A gentleman belonging to Greenock recently skated from one end of the Windermere Lake to the other, a distance of fifteen

miles, in sixty-six minutes and was not the least fatigued with his exercise. Provost Vass and his fellow-custodiers, the trustees of the Guildry Fund, have set about the task of restoring the pulpit of the old

church at Tain, Ross-shire, originally the gift of the Regent Murray. On Jan. 31, the Rev. Jardine Wallace, of Traquair, delivered a lecture on "The Life

and Writings of Robert Burns," with musical illustrations, in the Public School. At Strathearn, on Feb. 2, snow fell to the depth of several inches. It is eight inches deep on the south side of the Ochils. Farm-

ers are afraid of the straw becoming scarce. as their sheep are entirely hand fed. The fifty-third exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was opened on February 1. at Edinburgh, and, while the number of visitors was scarcely equal to that on the opening day of former exhibitions, the

attendance was regarded as highly satisfactory. On Jan. 29, the Earl of Haddington was entertained to dinner in the Waterloo Hotel by the tenantry on his various estates. The occasion of the dinner was the presentation of His Lordship's portrait, in commemora-

tion of the coming of age of Lord Binning. The Committee of the Association for the Better Endowment of Edinburgh University have adopted a deed of foundation for administering the interest on £1,600 paid to the Association by Dr. Carlyle, of Dumfries, for erecting two bursaries in connection with the University.

There is some prospect of good angling in the Tweed as soon as the weather and the state of the water prove favorable. Large numbers of fish have been seen, while it is understood that the season for spawning, owing to the ley condition of the river, has been delayed.

Mr. Gladstone, in answer to a letter from the Glasgow branch of the Order of Shepherds, asking him to support Mr. Mellor's Bill to amend the English Poor Law Amendment Act affecting friendly societies, writes as follows :- " I shall endeavor, other and immediate duties permitting, to consider carefally the difficult and very interesting question touched on in your letter before giving a vote on it in Parliament."

While the crew of the yawl owned by Skipper William Pirie, Stonehaven, were engaged recently at the white fishing, they discovered that two large sharks had got entangled in their lines. An attempt was made to "board" the first, but, after a pretty tough struggle, this

On the 14th ult. John Noble, a fish dealer. of East Union street, Arbroath, attempted to murder his wife and youngest child. He fired a pistol at the former, wounding her in the Mr. Grant, Mains of Glenbrown, Banff- | fsce, and a number of the pellets lodged in the child's head. When the police arrived Noble shot himself in the head, and all three are now lying dangerously wounded.

At the annual meeting of the Glasgow Shipowners' Association on the 14th Feb., the Chairman, Mr. Allen, said that the shipping tonnage had been increasing in a far greater ratio than the imports and exports of goods. He suspected that this was the real nacraig, in Mull, while visiting Torness interest. Shipowners should do two things -they should abstain from building any more ships, and should for some years to Capt. Sinclair, with H. M. S. Struggler, come exercise the greatest economy in the pool did not augur well for such a policy. A Owing to the frost, a number of fishing more inopportune time could not have been

A visit, which was prolonged to more than formed an era in Mrs. Kemble's life. The City of Edinburgh at that time was at the upon Lochlomond on Feb 1, skating and height of its intellectual grandeur. It was sliding. Portable fires and coffee stalls were the day of Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, the Horners, Alison and all the renowned phalanx that ruled over British literature under the blue and yellow standard of the Edinburgh Review. The ancient city had still its regular winter season of fashionable gayety, during which the elder members of the beau monde were carried through the streets to evening parties in sedan chairs.

A deputation from the Edinburgh School Board, accompanied by the members for the city, waited on the Lord Advocate on Satur-Lord Forbes is about to erect a new church | day, the 8th Feb., and brought under his lordship's notice the necessity of school boards obtaining powers for establishing day industrial schools of the kind approved of by Mr. Cross in his speech at Chelmsford. The Lord Advocate quite admitted the need for some such schools being instituted, but added that the difficulty was whether they should aim at this by State aid or by voluntary effort. He was earnestly desirous of dealing with the question, and hoped to be able to do so in the coming session.

An old Irish soldier who prided himself npon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had During the month of January 11 vessels, of retreated and made good his escape as others an aggregate tonnage of 13,145 tons, were did on that occasion, he replied, "Be jabbers

forth in the splint-bottomed rocker. "Olivia we. I should like to see my own counterfeit | pound of butter." presentment on the stage." "Nonsense," said Polly. "You had a extravagant order. deal better come here and help with these "It's such wretched business to be poor!"

" Why ?" said she.

said Lisbeth. She was a sparkling little creature, after the humming bird type of dameel, with yellow hair curling low over her forehead, intense hazel brown eyes, and a small red mouth with dimples hovering low disillusion will mock her ere reaching shyly in its neighborhood. "Just look at us, Polly, you and me, two girls of nineteen and seventeen, that ought to be enjoying ourselves and having a good time, and here we are, washing and scrubbing, and turning

faded ribbons, and counting every pound of rice and every potato! Even there wild grapes, Polly, that you and I gathered down ould it be did they trust us for setting and by the edges of the swamp, we shouldn't venture on the extravagance of preserving them, if Mrs. Deacon Blodgett hadn't offered which with raiment of sorry romance to supply the sugar on halves. Oh, I do so hate this life! Even Brisket, the butcher, make them welcome, and papa does," said thinks he can insult us with impunity."

> mustn't order any more meat at present." "But we must live," flashed out Lisbeth. "There is salt mackerel," said Polly, "and eggs, and vegetable soups, and Mrs. Pullett always sends us a nice cut of pork and some fresh sausages when they kill their pig. Oh, we shall get along somehow, Lisbeth; anything is better than debt."

"Yes," said Polly, thoughtfully, "we

Lisbeth looked up with sparkling eyes. "Polly," cried she, "why don't they increase papa's salary? Six hundred dollars a year is a shameful pittance for such a man as he is."

Polly shook her head over the grapes. I too recoiled and rebelled in the dead- " Papa isn't a young man any longer, Lisbeth," said she, " and he isn't as modern in his ideas as Mr. Croous." "But he is such a learned man," cried out

Lisbeth, shaking the yellow mane out of her eyes. "And his sermons-oh, Polly, they make me cry, they are so deep and so solemn, and go down into one's heart so! Six hundred dollars a year, Polly, for such work and study as that!" "There is no doubt," said Polly, soberly,

very much underpaid in this country." " I shall never marry a clergyman," cried Lisbeth, with energy. "No, Polly, never! I'd marry a dust-man first! For duet men get their pay, and clergymen don't, and—" Lisbeth stopped short, scarlet and confas-

"but that clergymen are, as a general rule,

ed, in this rhapsody of hers, for, chancing to glance up, she beheld in the doorway a tall and solemn-faced young man, with an umbrella in one hand and a travelling satchel in the other. "We don't want anything, please," said

she, jumping at once to the conclusion that she beheld a book agent, or a vendor of patent polish, or some such itinerant trades-"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman, apparently as much embarrassed as was she

herself; " I must have mistaken the house. was looking for the Reverend Francis " My good gracious! another missionary,"

stepped graciously forward, saying, "You are not mistaken, sir; this is the house. Please to walk into the parlor, and I will speak to papa." The best room of the parsonage was cool

and dark, with green paper shades drawn down, a jar of fragrant dried rose leaves in the fire-place, and a home-braided rug of party-colored cloth laid carefully down before the sofa to hide the darned spot in the carpet. " Not that chair, please," said Polly, color-

ing up to the roots of her hair, as the unwary stranger advanced toward a certain corner; " the leg is broken, and we've glued it, and I'm afraid it's not quite safe. This one is better." While Lisbeth, hiding her face in her

apron, murmurs to herself, " Is there no end to our humiliations? Is our world always to be full of glue and patches, and mends and make-shifts?"

"Lisbeth," said Polly, returning, "go and sall papa." "It's another missionary, I'm sure," said Lisbeth, unwittingly pulling down the sleeves of her brown calico dress. "And I know he'll stay to dinner, and he's got a hungry glare in his eyes, and there's nothing for dinner but barley soup and a cabbage. Oh dear!" with a grimace which made Polly laugh in spite of herself, "I wish the race of

The country parson looked mildly up from the second paragraph of his "Thirdly" as Lisbeth same in, smelling of wild grapes, with an aureole of yellow hair about her

"Papa," said she, " there's a gentleman

missionaries was extinct."

in the parlor to see you, with a carpet-bag and a white neck-tie !" "Ah !" said the clergyman. "A visitor, I suppose. He is most welcome. But I am just at present deep in the thread of a complicated polemic theory. Make my compliments to the gentleman, Lisbeth, and beg his indulgence for a quarter of an hour or so.' And the parson dipped his pen resolutely into the time-stained wooden standish, as if he was determined to settle the subject at

"But, papa!" Lisbeth had caught at his said Lisbeth, with a fresh burst of tears. coat cuff to reclaim him temporarily from the abysses of theological argument. "Yes, my dear," looking absently at her.

"Do you think he'll stay to dinner?"

"I shall invite him, my dear, most assur-Lisbeth's countenance fell. "But, papa,"

heart beating with vague resent- the Rev. Mr. Fenn, with a grave, sweet be rich, darling, and dear, dear papa will turned back into the great sun- smile, " and I doubt not it will suffice."

SCOTCH COLUMN.

mountain guide, died on Feb. 3, at the age of

in Auchterarder. Some of the millowners have got large orders.

public recreation ground.

The ship Aberlemno, of Glasgow, put into Falmouth on Feb. 5, with the whole of the

Glasgow, have stopped payment. The liabili-

burgh, in room of Mr. Robert Scoular, writer.

ward tendency.

icebound position at Auchindorroch.

her out under the morning-glory vines, where, Haughtonite," a new species found in Aber-

Lisbeth opened her eyes very wide at this

"It's a shame!" cried Lisbeth, vehemently.

Polly smiled. "Because Mr. Crocus doesn't

But by this time Polly had tied on her sister's straw flat, and twisted a muslin scarf

ward to the clock. Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed when

" Lisbeth!"

the little wooden cupboard in the wall, which,

it." And flinging her hat in one direction and her scarf in another, Lisbeth fled up the "It's my tongue," sobbed Lisbeth, "my

It seemed an age to her, but it was in reality

came to the rescue, with mild eyes and a firm, perished. gentle voice. "No member of my family must be lacking in courtesy to a guest," said he, taking Lisbeth gently by the hand; and the poor child was

"I am the black sheep of the family, said Lisbeth, hanging her head, " and I'm

tive mouth.

you know who this Mr. Vincent is ?" Lisbeth spoke the word as if it was a dose of quinine.

faltered she, "there's nothing but barley talent, and he has come to offer him a parish near New York, with twelve hundred dollars-"We will serve it with the good old- only think of it, Lisbeth !-twelve hun-dred tion of twenty-five years' teaching in Hading wind.

"We will serve it with the good old- only think of it, Lisbeth!—twelve hun-dred dington.

The polly, with crimsoned cheeks fashioned sauce of welcome, my dear," said dollars a year, and an assistant. We shall dington. have a little rest and ease in his old age."

was exhibited in front of the registrar's office, adrift, the tail of it, however, being retained.

The long severe storm, the like of which

Clyde Canal by ice. It is estimated that fully 6,000 people were

Professor Heddle, St. Andrews, read a

On February 3, consequent on the high wind which prevailed in Haddingtonshire, the snow began to drift, speedily blocking up at various points the cross roads running east and west in the upper districts of the county.

launched on the Clyde. The amount of work those that didn't run are there yet."