

"A Day."

Rise fresh, and the daisies small
Silver the lawn with their starlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and tall.
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare:
Moon, and the sky is a blinding glare:
The flowers have faded while we have strayed,
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade:
Evening shall right the mistake we made.
Morning—'tis chill in the meadow and glade
The last pale rose has died in the west.
The happy hour is long delayed;
Our wandering is but a long unrest:
We will home to the fireside. Home is best.
Nothing but ashes gray? No blest
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this day's long quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall:
Let us creep to bed and forget it all!

THE PASSIONATE VIOLINIST:

A Story of Love, Music and Adventure.

For many days, however, his disorder, seizing as it had done upon the brain, baffled the skill of his physicians; sleep fled from his eyes and the most powerful opiates failed to produce that quiet and repose which were essential to his recovery. Wild and disjointed images filled his mind, and in his delirium the name dearest to his heart was ever on his lips, thus betraying his treasured secret, and deepening the interest with which he was already regarded by those of his fellow students who knew and loved him best. By turns they watched beside him, and although a careful nurse was provided to attend upon him, they seldom left him wholly to her care.

But with the abatement of his fever reason again glimmered feebly on his mind—feebly and faintly, for still he remained unconscious of all that had preceded his illness, and while lying in a sort of dreamy state his eyes followed like those of an infant the moving objects which passed before him, without his being able to systematize or define the vague and fragmentary ideas that floated through his brain. Yet as strength and health by slow degrees re-invigorated his frame the confusion cleared away, dim recollections became distinct, and the indefinite sense of some deep-rooted sorrow which pervaded his mind grew into a vivid reality that brought back the past with its dark shades of pain and disappointment, heightened by contrast with his previous and now remembered hopes. Yet it was long and silently that he struggled with his chaotic thoughts before they assumed that form and method which pictured, as on a map, each incident that had befallen him, and the varying emotions which by turns had tried his heart, since the day on which he left the quiet shelter of his native home.

And toward that pleasant home his thoughts now turned with a yearning desire again to seek its shelter, to meet again his mother's smile of love, and hear her gentle voice whisper peace to his wounded heart. In the loss to him, for if not already another's she had declared in cold calm words her purpose of becoming so—she had formally resigned him, and fondly as he still loved her, pride forbade his seeking by word or deed to shake a resolution which had her affection even dimly reflected back his own, she never would have formed. And so he strove to shut her from his heart, but still her image would intrude; her sunny eyes, her angel smile beamed on him in their beauty, and the low melody of her love breathing voice was ever sounding in his ear, as on that well remembered eve when first he dared to call her his.

While these thoughts were agitating his mind a note was one evening handed him, which, on opening, he found to contain his dismissal from the place he held as leader of the orchestra in the church of St. Antonio, with the sum inclosed which was due him for his past services. A few brief lines stated that this proceeding was in conformity to the command of the Lord Bishop, who had already filled the vacancy caused by his removal with one whom he considered more deserving of his patronage. Giuseppe saw in this act of petty tyranny the revengeful malice of the Countess, and he was stung by it chiefly because it struck at the very basis of his wished for fame as a musician.

It had, however, the effect of determining him to quit a spot which had proved the grave as well as the birth-place of his dearest hopes—and a letter at that time received from his father increased his impatience for the moment to arrive when his recovered strength would permit him to set forth. It conveyed to him the painful intelligence of his mother's illness, and also her desire for his return, that he might spend a month at home before the commencement of winter. No longer wavering or doubtful, his mind speedily recovered its tone, and though the barb still rankled in his heart, his health became soon so far re-established that he was able to commence his journey.

It was at the close of a bright October day, that after an absence of several months, he again approached the early home of his childhood; and with a heart swelling in spite of its many sources of disquiet, with glad expectation he sprang upon the shore the instant the vessel which had borne him swiftly up the Adriatic anchored at the pier. Making his way rapidly towards the well-known summer house, whose simple turret was discernible above the trees, at no great distance from the place where he had disembarked, he found an easy entrance through the sea-ward door, whose secret spring yielded without the aid of a key to his familiar touch. Lightly ascending the stairs, he stood once more in that pleasant chamber which was the scene of many hours of innocent and sweet enjoyment.

The golden sunset filled it, as in former days, with softened light, and the whispering sea breeze played as of yore with the broad vine leaves that curtailed the open casement with their living verdure. There hung his guitar beside the violin which had been the delight of his boyhood; and there lay the very book, a volume of Boccaccio, in which he had last read aloud to his mother, a verdant myrtle sprig still marking the place where he had left it. A vase of withered flowers stood on the table;

they were the flowers he loved best, and he knew well whose hand had placed them there. But now they faded and scentless forms spoke sadly to his heart, since she, who for his sake had culled them to adorn his favorite room, would not have left them there to perish in neglect, had not her feet been chained by illness from seeking fresher blossoms in her garden walks.

"Could she have become more ill—that fond and doting mother? or she might be dead, perchance!" and with the sudden thought a pang of deepest anguish pierced his heart; and he moved towards the door that he might seek his home and learn the worst at once. But he had scarcely advanced a pace when he heard a slow and heavy step ascending the stairs, and in another instant his father stood before him. With a cry of joy Giuseppe rushed forward, and extending his arms would have clasped him in a fond embrace; but with a stern, yet sorrowing look, Pietro repulsed him:

"Away!" he said: "I have no son! he whom I once called so hath made my home desolate, hath cruelly deceived my hopes—betrayed my trust—abused my love; ay, and with pernicious hand destroyed the mother who adored him! Wherefore comes he then to mock with a vain show of affection the wretched father whose age he hath bereaved of joy!"

"Oh, God! what mean these words!" burst in wild yet faltering accents from the pallid lips of the horror-stricken youth, as, falling at the feet of his father, he bathed them with his tears. "Oh! speak to me!" he said, after a moment of convulsive emotion "speak and tell me all! but say not she is no more!"

"She is with the angels, boy; she who so loved thee, and to whose fond heart thy hand guided the arrow of death!" said Pietro in a hoarse whisper, and bending his face upon his hands the strong man wept in bitter agony of spirit.

"Oh, my father! I have done nothing to merit this terrible accusation!" said the wretched youth: "naught to bring misery or death to those whose lives are dearer to me than my own!"

"Thou liest!" fiercely exclaimed Pietro, striking with his clenched fist the surface of the wall. "I tell thee," he said, and a demon seemed to be aroused within him, "thou art thy mother's murderer, and henceforth I disown thee for my son! Hast thou not set at naught the commands and wishes of thy parents, and squandered that time which should have been given to study in the pursuit of a vain art which thou didst solemnly promise to forswear? Nay, break not in upon my speech!" he vociferated, as Giuseppe made an attempt to defend himself; "for, added to all this, thou hast abused the kindness of the powerful prelate whose favor would have been more to thee than a treasury of gold, by basely stealing into the affections of the child he nurtured as his own, whose youth should have protected her from thy boldness, and whose rank should have shown thee the gulf that lay between thy humble self and the forbidden object of thy daring passion. This it is that hath brought shame and disgrace upon thee in the city where thou shouldst have won by thy fair scholarship a goodly name and reputation!" continued the excited father, with flashing eyes and rapid utterance. "This, and more than this (for I will not waste time in detailing that which thou already knowest) hath the reverend Bishop written and sent under his own seal to thy trusting father, deeming it but right that he should have timely warning of the woe which the evil course of his son was about to bring upon him. Yet could I have endured all, and perchance have pardoned thee, but for that last and bitterest drop which thou hast been the means of infusing into my cup of misery; for this report of thy ill doings came to thy mother's ear on the day, when, after dangerous illness, she first arose from her sick couch, and went forth to feed with her own hand, the doves which thou didst rear, because they were thine; ungrateful boy, she loved them; but that fatal letter fell like a blight upon her; she read it and never smiled again, but laid herself meekly down and died of a broken heart."

And again the stern man, softened by grief, bowed down and wept. That touching sight, joined to deep sorrow for his mother's death, conquered the resentment which was swelling in Giuseppe's heart at these unjust and cruel accusations formed, as he well knew, by the Countess Bertha, whose threatened vengeance he scarcely thought would so soon fall upon him.

"My father, listen to me!" exclaimed he in a voice of passionate entreaty, and with tears of deepest anguish coursing down his pale cheeks. "I have been cruelly maligned by those who seek my ruin; let me tell thee all, and thou wilt pity and forgive me."

"Nay, I cannot hear thee!" said the relentless father; "leave me, leave me alone in the home which thou hast made desolate—alone with the memory of my dead. Take this, which perchance thy needs may require, and depart whithersoever thou wilt," and throwing a purse upon the floor he turned away, and without one backward glance towards the son he was casting from his heart, departed from the chamber.

Giuseppe remained motionless for a few minutes, stupified with painful astonishment at the vindictive anger manifested towards him by his father. Stung to the soul by the cruel injustice of the treatment he had received, in not even being permitted to defend himself from the charges urged against him, he rose up and spurning the purse with his foot, prepared to go forth an exile and a wanderer from the home that had sheltered his infancy, and from the face of that only remaining parent, who so cruelly disowned and discarded him in the moment of returning penitence and grief.

With every kindly feeling of affection chilled and outraged by his father's harshness, he passed down those steps, up which he had so often, in the days of his infancy, been borne in the loving arms of him who now spurned him from his threshold, and would have departed he knew not, cared not whither, but for the fond remembrance of that tender mother, whose face he was no more to behold on earth. Even to pour out the sorrow of his breaking heart upon her grave would be to him a solace, and gliding rapidly along the lower extremity of the garden, he entered a small enclosure set apart for a family burial place.

It was thickly planted with trees, among which the birds loved to build, and perfumed with flowers that grew in wild profusion on the turf. When a child he roved there with his mother; she had restrained his little hand from plucking them, show-

ing him how, if unmolested, they would shed their ripened seeds upon the soil, to spring up again, and enamel it still more thickly with their lovely forms. Her tender spirit loved this place—this "gate of life," as in most touching phrase she called it; and many a deep and holy lesson did she there draw from natural objects, with which to impress his youthful heart and mould it to a love of goodness.

As with bitter tears he cast himself upon her grave, how vividly came back those hours to his remembrance—those white winged hours, whose every moment spoke of her tender love—her gentle care—her all-enduring patience with his youthful faults! How heinous to him now appeared each slight offence, each trivial act of disobedience to her wishes, and how he longed to call her back to earth, if but for one brief hour, that he might plead for his forgiveness, and on her loving breast pour forth in tears of penitence his heavy burdened heart!

But the low breeze whispering through the foliage alone answered to his sighs; his mourning voice pierced not the "dull, cold ear of death;" and yet he fondly fancied that her sainted spirit sanctified by its invisible presence the place where her earthly form slept with its kindred dust. The thought was one of comfort to his heart, and rendered still more fervent the prayers for guidance and support which ascended from his stricken soul to the ever open ear of the great and indulgent Father of mankind. Sadly he arose, yet still remained standing, irresolute whither to direct his course, since the home which should have been open to receive him was barred against his entrance, when a tall figure shrouded in a cloak entered the enclosure and advanced towards the grave. It was Pietro, come to weep over the ashes of her he so truly mourned; Giuseppe instantly recognized him, and turned silently to depart, fearful, by addressing him of again arousing that vindictive spirit which had so recently denounced him.

But it seemed as if the common object which had led them both to that hallowed spot had disarmed the father's anger, and rekindled a dormant spark of affection in his heart, for earnestly regarding Giuseppe as he moved slowly away, he opened his arms and extended them silently toward him. Melted by this symptom of returning love the youth threw himself within them and wept upon his father's breast.

"My son!" exclaimed Pietro in a broken voice, "on this sacred spot her precious dust pleads to me for thy forgiveness. Receive it then and leave me. With the dawn of morning depart for Padua, lead a new life, and when time hath softened my sorrows I may once more crave thy presence. Grief hath changed my nature and I yearn for solitude. Go, and leave me alone; thou hast had thy hour of communion with her spirit, and now seek not to disturb mine;" and pushing Giuseppe gently from him, the bereaved man, with a deep groan, prostrated himself upon the new-made grave of his wife.

It seemed to the young man that his father's brain was touched by his affliction, and he lingered, hesitating to obey him; but a sign of peremptory meaning warned him that remonstrance would be vain, so he passed on, and the next minute stood a lonely exile without the walls of his childhood's home. He might have slept that night beneath his father's roof, for this permission was joined with the injunction to depart at dawn for Padua. But thither he could not go; there was anguish in the thought of again revisiting that place of painful memories, and he would not avail himself of the offered hospitality, lest by so doing he might be thought to pledge himself to obedience.

Returning therefore to the vessel which had brought him to Pirano, he sat down upon the deck, apparently watching the motion of the sailors as they busily unloaded its bales of merchandise; but in reality absorbed by the engrossing thoughts which forbade his heeding the various employments of the individuals around him. And there he sat till the busy hum of voices died away upon his ear, and the sound of hurrying steps was hushed in deepest silence. And then throwing himself down upon the oaken planks, he pursued the train of his melancholy musings, till sleep stole upon his senses and wrapt him in forgetfulness.

When he awoke the vessel was speeding rapidly on her course; favored with bland breezes, her prow was cutting the bright wave with a swift and graceful motion, and already the roofs and spires of Pirano had disappeared on the distant horizon. The wind having sprung up in the night, the captain of the small craft had weighed anchor, and left the port without perceiving that Giuseppe remained on board. It mattered not much to him, however, whether the winds and waves waited him; but weary of the vessel's motion, and of the sailor's din, he longed to escape from both and wander away among the green and quiet-solitudes of nature. An opportunity was soon offered him to fulfil this desire, for on the second day of their voyage the vessel anchored at a small town on the Italian coast, when he quitted it and went on shore.

Striking off at once towards the mountain range which appeared in the distance, he walked on as resolutely and earnestly as though he had some great object to attain, though in reality he was reckless of the course he took, and pressed forward impelled only by his desire to be alone, and by the restlessness which ever urges the unhappy to seek for change. Soon he left the populous haunts of man far behind him, at every step plunged deeper and deeper into the wild and mountainous solitudes of nature. His heart bounded with the joyous feeling of one who, after long imprisonment regains his freedom, and he locked with a rapture, long unfelt, upon the dread magnificence of the mountain scenery amid which he roved.

All day he luxuriated with nature—his thirst quenched by the sparkling water which welled from her living springs, and his hunger allayed by the wild fruits which her bounteous hand provided for the dwellers in her forests. Still wandering on till the day declined, he found himself just as before the gates of a monastery, which stood in a green and sheltered vale, half buried in the dark foliage of the ancient grove which surrounded it. There was a tempting look of solitude and peace about it, so attractive to his wearied and weary spirit, that it determined him, for that night at least, to seek rest and shelter within its walls. Advancing therefore to

the gate he rang the bell, and its sonorous peal was almost immediately answered by a grey-haired porter who gave him welcome admittance, and conducted him straightway to the refectory, where he found the monks assembled at their evening meal.

They received him with hospitable greetings, and made room for him at their simple board, furnished with fruits and vegetables from the garden which they cultivated. The deep sadness which marked his countenance and depressed his spirits awakened the sympathy of all and the curiosity of some among that isolated brotherhood; yet while they ministered with assiduity to his comfort, and strove by their kindness to soothe the sorrow that oppressed him, they forebore by impertinent inquiries to offend his feelings, or probe the wound which caused his sufferings. He appreciated their wise forbearance, and was deeply grateful for it; but before he sought his pillow that night he had told the whole story of his trials to the venerable abbot, and derived comfort and support from his Christian sympathy and counsel.

Urged by him he consented to remain for a time an inmate of the monastery; and as day after day passed on in that peaceful asylum the sweet tranquility which pervaded it calmed his troubled spirit, and elevated his thoughts above the tempest of this brief life, to dwell in the serene and blessed atmosphere of heaven. Sustained by the holy hopes and divine promises of religion, he learned to endure not only with patience but with cheerfulness those deep afflictions which had fallen like a sudden cloud upon the opening morning of his life. In constant occupation he found a happy resource against too painful thought, and to fill up the weary hours which might else have hung idly on his hands, he joined the choir of the orchestra and soon his former love for his long neglected art revived with all its wondrous strength and vigor. His skill excited equal wonder and admiration in the brotherhood, among whom there were several master performers, and one who surpassed even himself in execution, and from whom he did not disdain to receive instruction that facilitated his improvement beyond his own most sanguine expectations. Thus calmly, if not happily, wore away the winter with Giuseppe; while in the palace of the Bishop of Padua scenes of a far different nature were enacting.

The Countess Bertha in order to achieve her own end, had, in her last letter to Giuseppe, made statements that were egregiously false. For though it was true, as she had said, that the Count Fernando desired to hasten his marriage with the Lady Lanthe, she had not nor would she yield consent to his wishes. On the contrary, when pressed by her uncle to name the cause why she declined compliance with the Count's request, she unhesitatingly avowed her love for Giuseppe, and averred that to him, and him alone, would she ever give her hand at the altar.

The anger of the Bishop at this declaration, and above all at the firmness with which she adhered to it, may be easily imagined; and its flame was fed by the Countess, whose love for the nameless youth to whom she had humbled herself, was changed into deadly hate, by that cold and decisive letter which was put into her hands by the peasant girl at the fountain. When, therefore, Lanthe resolutely refused to write to Giuseppe the words they dictated, she it was who penned that cruel letter which brought him almost to the gates of the grave. Among her many arts she knew with consummate skill how to imitate to perfection the writing of others, and sanctioned by the Bishop whose earnest wish and purpose it was to break a connection which he deemed so derogatory to his niece, she had succeeded in exactly imitating the writing of Lanthe. Her favorite seal it was not difficult to obtain, and so the fraud proved successful, and struck home almost fatally to the heart it was intended to wound.

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS LIBEL SUIT.

The Sequel to the Mysterious Murder of a Young Woman.

A Detroit despatch says: An interesting and important libel suit terminated in the Superior Court to-day, after two weeks' trial. Two years ago Hugh S. Peoples was charged by the Post and Tribune with having guilty knowledge of the murder of a girl with whom letters and other evidence showed that he had been intimate. The charge was made in a long article giving the details of the evidence then being accumulated by the police authorities and endeavoring to ascertain who was guilty of the murder of the girl, whose body, tied up in a sack, was found floating in the Detroit River in March, 1879. The defence, in justification, claimed that the article was a privileged one, being written in the public interest for the purpose of ferreting out the authors of the murder. Peoples was subsequently arrested, tried and acquitted, the charge not being proved beyond reasonable doubt. He then brought suit for libel, claiming \$50,000. The jury this morning, after half an hour's absence, returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, holding first, that the article complained of was a privileged one; second, that the preponderance of testimony submitted by the defence sustained the charge that Peoples had guilty knowledge of the taking off of the unfortunate girl.

The reports received by the Department of Agriculture show that up to the 31st of October, 1882 153,055 immigrants arrived in Canada, 82,482 of whom remained in the Dominion. This does not include British Columbia, or the arrivals from the United States frontier between Emerson and the Rocky Mountains.

England has informed the Porte that she does not consider the present a convenient moment for entering into negotiations relative to the Egyptian question, and cannot approve of the idea of sending a Turkish commission to Egypt during the continuance of Dufferin's mission in that country.

A learned woman is Miss Ramnabai, a lady of 20, now in Paris. She is a native of India, and can read, write and talk in twelve languages, having a wonderful gift in that way, besides being a thorough scholar in mathematics, astronomy and history. She is studying medicine, and will go to India to practice.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

THE LADS OF PENETANG

Have a March Out From the Reformatory—Their Drill and Mode of Life.

(From the Penetanguishene Herald.)

Headed by their fine band under the leadership of Bandmaster Fitzpatrick, the boys of the reformatory enjoyed a march-out to town last Friday afternoon. Whilst the event must have been quite a treat to the lads it was as well quite a revelation even to many amongst us. The idea of hardship and suffering which we always tend to combine with imprisonment has received quite a severe shock, for there was not, in that respect, in the appearance, dress or manner of the boys anything which savored of prison life. The very fact of the six mile excursion (to our readers at a distance it may be necessary to explain that the reformatory is some three miles from the town), the free march, the inspiring music, would wipe away such impressions. The reformatory is now in fact what it should be, an institution whose principal aim is not the imprisonment, but the proper mental and moral remodeling of its inmates. The adjuncts of prison life do not go with this idea. They are foreign, even contrary to it, and have in the past few years, under the present management, been improved out of existence. The lads on the occasion of their visit had donned their new uniform, dark grey faced with navy blue, very neat in color and decidedly military in style. After marching through the principal streets of the town they were marshalled in front of the Georgian Bay Hotel by the indefatigable Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Stedman, and put through a series of military movements, which were executed with an alertness and precision that must have made the gallant men of the 35th Battalion feel proud of the juvenile infantry. But to say the truth, we were much more interested in the boys' faces than in their facings. You meet everywhere in the ranks a fearless glance, though not bold, a jaunty something in a boy's face that means he is tolerably happy, perfectly at ease, and entirely free from the dogged servility that some people think a necessary in connection with the inmates of institutions of a disciplinary character. From the display made indisputable evidence has been given that the efforts of the superintendent for the past three years have not been fruitless of results, and we congratulate him on the thorough success attendant on these efforts, and at the same time express the hope that he will find it convenient to bring his pupils to town again many times before the winter sets in.

Food Makes the Man.

Speaking roughly, says the Lancet, about three-fourths, by weight, of the body of man is constituted by the fluid he consumes, and the remaining fourth by the solid material he appropriates. It is therefore no figure of speech to say that food makes the man. We might even put the case in a stronger light and affirm that man is his food. It is strictly and literally true that "A man who drinks beer thinks beer." We make this concession to the teetotalers, and will add that good sound beer is by no means a bad thought factor, whatever may be the intellectual value of the commodity commonly sold and consumed under that name! It cannot obviously be a matter of indifference what a man eats and drinks. He is, in fact, choosing his animal and moral character when he selects his food. It is impossible for him to change his inherited nature, simply because modifications of development occupy more than an individual life, but he can help to make the particular stock to which he belongs more or less beery or fleshy or watery, and so on, by the way he feeds. We know the effect the feeding of animals has on their temper and very natures; how the dog fed on raw meat and chained up so that he cannot work off the superfluous nitrogenized material by exercise becomes a savage beast, while the same creature fed on bread and milk would be tame as a lamb. The same law of results is applicable to man, and every living organism is propagated "in its kind" with a physical and mental likeness. This is the underlying principle of development. Happily the truth is beginning, though slowly and imperfectly, to find a recognition it has long been denied.

Paying Debit for a Wife.

A case was heard at Belfast this week in which a man named George Drennan was charged by Sub-Constable Baird with having assaulted his wife and a man named O'Neill. The woman was in hospital and O'Neill did not appear. The extraordinary feature in the case was that the prisoner had actually sold his wife to O'Neill for a penny and a dinner. There was a document drawn up between the prisoner on the one part and O'Neill on the other, treating, among other matters, that for the considerations mentioned, he had agreed to assign and transfer to one Patrick O'Neill all his right, title and estate in his lawfully wedded wife—to wit, the woman now in hospital. The document was as follows: "I, George Drennan, do hereby agree to sell to Patrick O'Neill my wife for the sum of 1d and a dinner." It did not appear the agreement had been fully carried out, as an assault had been committed, as alleged, on the recently sold wife of the prisoner.—Pall Mall Gazette.

About \$10,000 has been collected in Toronto this week towards the endowment fund of Knox College.

The greatest men may sometimes overshoot themselves; but then their very mistakes are so many lessons of instruction.—Tom Brown.

Some men have been arrested for participation in the rioting at Neybah, Vienna. They confess the agitators are distributing money and cigars among the workmen. Eighty persons have been arrested for participating in the rioting on Wednesday. A number have been sentenced to prison.

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