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## The Home Fireside.

### "As a Leaf."

Let me not fall, O Father! as a leaf
Cankered in spring-time gnawed by hideous worms,
Dropping unwelcomed on the springing flowers,
And swept dishonored to a useless grave;
But rather let me, clinging to my place,
Through shower and sunshine, balmy wind and storm,
Wait till the fruit—Thy fruit, Thou gav'st it me,
And I have watched its ripening beauties long—
Be garnered safe. Then, when the little birds—
Those pleasant thoughts of God—have sung their sweet
Farewell to all their happy summer bowers,
And the low sun, still following to the south,
Casts his slant beams on rival harvest gold,
Let me burst forth in color, tint or, tint
Rivaling rainbows; colors each with each
Forming a chord of harmony to the eye—
Creation's glorious hymn made visible!
Such grand old age crowning a happy life
As makes men pause and wonder why they thought
Spring-time so beautiful. This give me, Lord,
To go unto my grave as autumn leaves
Sink radiant to the earth, their work fulfilled,
And warm the roots of future glorious flowers.
—*Frances Eastwood.*

### LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,
Author of "The Double Life," "Tressilian Court," &c., &c.

*(Continued.)*

"It will be very easy to trace him by the child," said the lawyer, cheerfully, as the two gentlemen turned from the ticket office. "We must telegraph to Salisbury and to the intermediate stations, to have him stopped. I should like to see Captain Holm's face when he finds himself arrested on the charge of abduction, just at the moment, too, when he is planning himself upon the success of his manœuvres."

"I am afraid he is deeper than we think" said Colonel Redruth anxiously. "I don't believe we have given him credit for all his shrewdness and cunning. The man is a devil, and he has a devil's cunning!"

It did indeed seem so. Some fifteen minutes later a telegraphic despatch was received by the men, who had waited for it, to the effect that no such person as the gentleman described was in the train mentioned.

"Stumped," said the lawyer, more forcibly than elegantly, a blank look overspreading his face. The colonel groaned aloud.

"Holm certainly went in that train," he said, with a bewildered look. "How comes it that he is not in it?"

"He must have had a private key to the door of his carriage—most all these wild young men carry them—and he has let himself out at some station unobserved, or has descended from the train when it had slackened speed so as to render the movement not absolutely dangerous. Our work promises to become difficult. Captain Holm has foreseen that you will organize a thorough pursuit, and is resolved to outwit his pursuers."

Colonel Redruth took the lawyer's arm, and they went out again upon the platform which was nearly deserted. Here they paced up and down among the soft shadows of the summer night.

"What am I to do?" asked the Indian officer despairingly. "I cannot go home alone to my daughter. I cannot meet her anguished eyes. This child is a part of her very life. After Holm's desertion, when her heart was torn with fears of my displeasure, she fixed all her hopes upon this little one, and the baby grew to be 'life of her life, soul of her soul.' The child is wonderfully lovely. I did not know how much I loved her until to-night. Her dainty baby ways were strangely winning," and the colonel's voice faltered. "And as for Ignatia, the child has slept in her bosom every night since her birth. I cannot go back alone, Weldham—I cannot!"

The lawyer pressed the hand of his friend and client in sympathy. He was greatly moved.

"I will go for you," he said, after a pause. "I will see your daughter and encourage her. Of course we shall recover the child, but we need a little time. I will represent the matter to Mrs. Holm,—to Mrs. Redruth, I should say—and put her in good heart. I have girls of my own, and can show her a father's sympathy. Will you send me?"

"Gladly; but what am I to do?"

"You must go back to London, proceed to Scotland-yard, and obtain an interview with the chief of the police. You must engage a keen detective, and set him upon Captain Holm's track. That done, you had better return to the Larches, and wait for the child to be brought to you. Or, shall I go to Scotland-yard?"

"I will go," said the father. "I cannot face Ignatia without some grounds on which to bid her hope. See her for me, and tell her I am at work. Tell her that her child shall be found and restored to her, if I have to scour all England inch by inch. I will return home in the morning."

In the course of half-an-hour, a train for Twickenham appeared at the station. Mr. Weldham entered it, and departed on his errand of mercy. A little later Colonel Redruth went to London.

The hour was growing rather late when he arrived at the Waterloo Station. But, late though it was, he took a cab, and proceeded directly for Scotland-yard. He was so fortunate as to find the superintendent in his office. The colonel stated his case, and the address of one of the most skillful detectives in the force was given him. Still burning with restless impatience, he hastened to the address given. He found the detective at home and abed. He routed him up, and was admitted into the house and into a dingy little parlour, where he stated his business. The detective was a small, wiry man, with a reticent countenance and a peculiarly quiet manner. Colonel Redruth told him of the relationship existing between Captain Holm and the child, and also informed him that the wife had procured a divorce from her husband, that the Divorce Court had awarded the child to her, and that Captain Holm had stolen the little one for revenge.

"The case is common enough," said the detective. "We have had many of them. We shall run the young man to earth very easily. Do you want him held for trial on a charge of abduction, sir?"

"No. We want no scandal. The divorce proceedings have been kept out of the newspapers, excepting the briefest possible mention that such a suit had been instituted. My daughter's name must be kept out of the papers. No scandal must be created to darken her future. She would never consent to prosecute her late husband. All we want is to recover the child."

"That, I can safely promise, shall come to pass within the week," was the encouraging reply.

Colonel Redruth paid the detective a handsome retaining fee, gave him his address card, and requested to be informed by telegraph the moment the child was found. Then he departed in his cab to an hotel, and retired to a bed-room, but not to sleep. He tossed for a few hours upon his bed until morning dawned, and then arose, dressed, and proceeded again to the Waterloo station. Here he waited for a train to Twickenham, and still in the early gray of the summer morning alighted at the home station. He felt in a hopeful mode as he walked up the pleasant country road. It seemed to him impossible that Captain Holm, encumbered by a young child, who was like a mark set upon him that all men might know him, should evade the pursuit of a skilful and thoroughly trained detective, one of the best in the police force. He had an exaggerated idea of the skill of detectives, as many people have. He regarded them as human bloodhounds, and his faith in the skill of the man he had employed was absolute. He let himself in at the massive door in the tall garden wall of the Larches, and made his way up to the villa. The windows were open to admit the fresh morning air, the curtains fluttered in the breeze, the front door was ajar, and the sound of subdued voices came from the servants quarters. There was an air of depression and gloom about the beautiful little place that infected even Colonel Redruth. He entered the well-lighted, airy hall. As his tread resounded upon the tiled floor, the door of the morning room at his left opened, and Mr. Weldham, worn and weary of aspect, looked out at him with a questioning face.

"It is all right," said the colonel, trying to speak cheerfully. "The detective has no doubt that he will find the child and bring her back. How is Ignatia?"

"She lay in convulsions for hours," said the lawyer, as the colonel followed him into the room. "The doctor gave her an opiate, and she is sleeping. The shock has been terrible for her."

"I knew it would be," sighed the father. "I will go up to her as soon as she wakens. Has the doctor gone?"

"Yes, colonel, but he said he would return about seven o'clock. Ah, the poor young lady has awakened, I hear!"

The sound of a piteous moaning, muffled yet distinct, came to their ears from the room above them. Colonel Redruth's countenance changed. Without a word he dashed from the room, and hurried to the upper chamber where his daughter lay.

The room was cool, bright and pleasant. Ignatia lay in bed moaning, and her attendant, the maid and nurse, was bending over her with a draught of medicine, uttering soothing words which fell upon unheeding ears.

As the colonel entered the room, Ignatia sprang up in the bed and reached out her arms to him, her lovely face white and eager.

"My baby!" she cried out, in a voice that cut to her father's heart. "Where is she! Oh, father, did you find her!"

"Not yet, my darling," answered the father, tremblingly. "The detective is upon the trail. He is sure to find her. He will bring her back to-day or to-morrow.—We have only to be patient, dear."

Ignatia's arms dropped helplessly to her side. Her white face lost its eagerness, and stared up at him with a woefulness and despair he had never seen on my human face.

"You don't know Digby Holm, father," she said, in utter hopelessness. "If you have not found her now, you will never find her. He is more cunning than a serpent. I shall never see her again. She is lost to me forever! My baby! My poor child, that I loved better than my life!"

She fell back upon her pillow, and turned her face to the wall. In an anguish like this, who could comfort her? The colonel bent over her and caressed her, and breathed words of encouragement, but she did not seem to hear him. Presently she fell into a stupor. When she aroused from it, it was only to battle with all the hideous phantasms incident to brain-fever in its worst form.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A VICTORY FOR INFAMY.

For many weeks the life of the bereaved young mother hung in the balance.—Night and day she raved piteously in delirium calling for her child. Her moans, her quick, frightened pleadings, her entreaties to him who had been her husband, and who was now her enemy, were heart-rending. She had gentle women nurses, but Colonel Redruth was gentler and tenderer than them all. It was he who gave her her medicines; it was he who fanned her; he who held her in his arms in loving restraint, when she would have arisen in her white garments and bare feet, impelled by an unreasoning instinct to go forth in search of her lost darling. If she agonized for the lost child, he suffered scarcely less for his. The household went about in list slippers, speaking with hushed voices. The doors were shut softly, the windows were kept darkened. The shadow of death seemed brooding over the place, and no one knew in what moment the destroyer would swoop upon and carry away his victim. Colonel Redruth grew pale and thin and harassed under his many anxieties. He paid no heed to his business affairs. What mattered to him his great estates and heavy bank accounts, when the life of his only child—so infinitely more precious to him than all his wealth—was threatened with extinction? He turned from all the things he had so lately prized, thinking how vain were they all if this greater blessing—his daughter's life—should be taken from him.

It was late in June, in the full flush of the glowing summer, when Ignatia was stricken down with the brain-fever. It was early in August when the crisis of her malady arrived, and she sank, for the first time since the shock of her bereavement, into a deep and refreshing slumber. Her windows were open to admit the air, but the blinds were closed. A sort of twilight filled the chamber. The nurse sat by the bedside, gently fanning the sick girl. The father and doctor stood together at the opposite side of the bed, looking down upon the invalid.

The face on which they looked had changed greatly in the past few weeks. It was thin and ghastly in its whiteness. It looked like the face of a marble statue. The great eyes looked hollow in their deep settings. The brows were deathly fair. The purplish black hair had been saved with difficulty, and it streamed over the pillows all unbound, in more than its former glory. The splendor of Ignatia's beauty was dimmed; but it was not lost. Even the shadow of death could not obscure a loveliness so glorious as hers.

"It is the crisis," whispered the father. "Yes. She will soon awaken from her sleep," returned the doctor, feeling the patient's pulse.

"And will she live?"

"If she wakes sane, she will live."

A choking lump arose in Colonel Redruth's throat. He turned and walked to the window where he stood motionless. The minutes passed. A gentle perspiration appeared upon the marble-like face. The breathing, light as a zephyr, and almost imperceptible, grew heavier. The chest rose and fell under its white coverings. At last the patient stirred feebly and opened her eyes. The doctor beckoned to the father in silence. He came and bent over his child in terrible suspense. "Would she know him? Or was she to die in all her bright young beauty, at the threshold as one might say, of life? It was a terrible moment for the Colonel, as the great, dusky eyes, wandering from object to object, settled finally upon his face. But suddenly a look of tender recognition gleamed from Ignatia's eyes, and a faint, sweet smile flickered about her mouth.

"Father," she whispered, "dear father."

A stifled sob burst from the colonel's lips. In all his soldier experience he had never been unmanned, but now he needed all his self-control to hide his emotion.

"Father," whispered Ignatia feebly, "where is—where is——"

The doctor interposed with a soothing draught, Ignatia took it unquestioningly, and dropped asleep again on the instant.

"She will live," said the doctor.

The Indian officer grasped the hand of the physician in silence.

"You had better keep her quiet for a day or two," said the Doctor. "Don't let her talk of her child at present."

The colonel obeyed the injunction. It was not easy to meet the questioning looks of the poor young mother, and not reply to them when she again awakened in the evening. It was not easy to evade her inquiries when she asked him feebly, the next day to bring her baby to her, but he managed to do both without exciting her alarm.

Her recovery was rapid. Within a week of the crisis of her fever, she was able to sit up in an easy-chair, near her open window, from which she could look out into the garden. In her white gown, with its frills and lace, and with her hair gathered into braids, and with the soft flush of expectancy on her thin cheeks, she looked very girlish and very lovely. There were roses, dewy and odorous, in her lap. She fastened one in her hair and one at her throat.

"Now, Martha," she said, brightly, to her attendant, the child's nurse, "go for my darling. The doctor has kept her away from me lest her prattle should excite me. I cannot wait for her any longer. It excites me more not to see her, and to be listening continually to catch the sound of her light steps or her baby voice in the hall. Poor little birdie! She must think me cruel to keep shut up from her so long. Bring her to me, Martha."

The heavy country face of the nurse grew pale; a strange hesitancy showed in her eyes. She began to move nervously about the dainty chamber, putting away bottles, and clearing the marble shelf above the grate.

"Are you not going, Martha?" asked her young mistress, half impatiently. "How little you comprehend a mother's heart! I am wild to see my little Georgia."

"Yes miss," said Martha, not looking at Ignatia, "I will go."

She went out, but not to the nursery. She hurried swiftly down the stairs, and knocked at the door of an octagon-shaped room opening on the lawn and known as the study.

The colonel's voice bade her enter. He was writing at a desk, but looked up, greeting the woman anxiously, seeming to know instinctively her errand.

"Well?" he said as she came to a halt just within the door.

"Miss Ignatia won't be put off any longer, sir," answered the woman. "She is exciting herself about the child. She has ordered me to bring her."

"I will go to her," said the colonel, sighing.

He rose, and went slowly up the stairs to Ignatia's room, entering it alone.

His daughter looked up at him with a radiant smile. Her countenance fell a little as she saw that he was alone; but she said brightly—

"Come in, father, and sit down by me. Martha has gone for little Georgia. You must see the child's delight when she sees me. I have adorned myself with flowers so that the change in my looks may not frighten my baby; besides, you know how she loves roses."

Colonel Redruth drew a chair near that of Ignatia. His sorrowful gravity chilled her.

"Is—is there anything the matter, father?" she asked, with a sudden tremor of apprehension. "Little Georgia——"

"Do you feel pretty strong, this morning, dear?" asked the Indian officer, gently.

She assented dumbly, a frightened look gathering slowly in her eyes.

"I have bad news for you," said the colonel, taking her fluttering hand in his strong grasp. "Be brave, Ignatia."

"Georgia——"

"Georgia has not been found."

"Not found! Not found."

"No, Ignatia. I have had police detectives on the search for Holm and the child since her abduction. Not a clue has been obtained as to the child's whereabouts. She has been traced to Clapham Junction, and was seen to enter a railway carriage in Holm's arms. She was never seen to come out of this carriage. Holm must have let himself out of the carriage with a private key, but he was not seen to alight at any of the stations. He has been seen at a casino in Germany within a month, but there was no child in his charge. The child has completely disappeared, Ignatia, and the detectives are baffled."

The colonel had deemed it better to impart the truth at a single blow than to reveal it gradually, inflicting a dozen cruel stabs.

Ignatia sat quite stunned for a little while. When a full realization of the terrible truth dawned upon her soul, her anguish was fearful to witness. We will not dwell upon the awful grief. Only one who has been so terribly and strangely bereaved can comprehend her agony.

When she had grown calmer with the calmness of despair, Colonel Redruth said—

"It is well for you to know all, Ignatia, as possibly your knowledge of Holm's character may aid in the search, which is still kept up after a desultory fashion. The detectives think that Holm has carried off the child to the Continent and that he may have placed her in some orphan asylum or child's refuge. Would he be capable of such a proceeding?"

"Yes, he would do anything for revenge," returned Ignatia, decidedly. "His nature was sensitive, cruel, and revengeful. He had a grudge of a thousand years of wanton cruelty and wickedness, which he has avenged; in his desire to be revenged upon people whom he disliked. He had no love for the little one. She was but three months old, you remember, when he abandoned her and me. He had no natural affection. He knew that a reconciliation with me had become utterly impossible, and in his rage he would sacrifice anything, if by so doing he could wound me to the death. Ostracized by his own relatives, cast off by me, burning with hatred, he has, no doubt, revenged himself upon his innocent child."

"It seems incredible that he should be capable of such an act," said the colonel.

"But Captain Holm is no ordinary villain. He had in him the capabilities of an angel. He chose to become a devil. We will not give up the search, Ignatia. We will search the various asylums——"

"You will not find my child," said the young mother, sorrowfully. "Captain Holm is too cunning for us. All I hope now is that we shall hear from him in time offering to let me have her on payment of a sum of money. He is reckless and extravagant, and often desperately in need of money. At some such period, his revenge may yield to his necessities."

The idea was plausible, and the colonel accepted it as a prophecy.

Notwithstanding her burden of grief, the recovery of Ignatia progressed rapidly. The search for the missing child went on, but as no clue to her was discovered, it was permitted to flag, and at last to die out. Colonel Redruth and Ignatia began to look forward with impatience to the expected hour when Captain Holm would propose to exchange his child for a sum of money; for that he would do so sooner or later had grown to be a fixed belief with them. They did not yet know their enemy. By September Ignatia was able to drive out, and to spend hours in the garden and on the lawn where her child had been wont to play, and where every flower reminded her of the lost little one. It was the second week in September. Colonel Redruth had gone up to London, to be absent some hours on business. The afternoon was very sultry. Ignatia, clothed in white, with mourning ribbons at her throat and waist, half reclined in the dim drawing-room. The windows were opened, but the blinds were shut. She was half asleep, or seemed so at least, when suddenly the bell beside the tall gate in the garden wall tinkled sharply. A servant hastened to open it, and then came a tread upon the gravelled walk that startled the bereaved young mother, almost as if it had been a summons from the dead.

"It sounds like his walk," she murmured, beginning to tremble. The step ascended the porch, and a pull at the house-bell followed. A little later, one of the servants appeared, saying doubtfully—

"A gentleman wishes to see you, Miss Ignatia."

"To see me! Show him in," cried Ignatia, eagerly. The servant withdrew, and ushered into the room him whom the divorced young wife expected to see—Captain Holm.

He came in jauntily, hat in hand, his graceful figure slightly bent, a cynical smile upon his handsome face. He closed the door carefully behind the servant, and approached Ignatia, still smiling, an exultant look in his eyes.

Ignatia did not arise at his approach.—As he marked her pallor, her agitation, her air of feeblenes, his expression changed abruptly.

"You have been ill!" he exclaimed.

"I have been very near at death's door," she answered. "It was your hand that brought me there."

"Not mine; but your own," he retorted. "I offered you an alternative. You may remember that you scorned me as if I had been a dog!"

"My child, Digby—where is she?"

"I have come here to talk about her," said Captain Holm, morosely. "I saw your father leave Twickenham for town, and I took advantage of his absence to pay you a last visit."

"I knew you would come!" cried Ignatia, a lovely flush leaping to her cheeks; "I knew that if no consideration of mercy for her or me should prompt your return, you would want,—would want——"

"Money! I usually do want money; but just now I am in funds. My father has so far relented towards me as to make overtures which I find it to my advantage to accept," and Captain Holm flung himself indolently into a chair near that of the lady. "He and my worthy brothers have been so scandalized by the reports of some of my proceedings, and of this last exploit as regards the child—some prying detective having been to my relatives—that he has decided to buy my continued absence from England at any price. He sent an agent to me over in Germany, offering me a captain's commission in a regiment out in Canada, and a decent annual allowance, if I would go away, to return no more. I am tired of England, and should like Canada. I'm sure, my commission is bought, and is in my pocket. Perhaps you would like to see it."

He drew from his breast pocket a document, which he unfolded, displaying it to Ignatia.

"I see," she said. "And you are really going."

"I am really going, unless you should interpose an objection," he answered, a smile like that of a satyr playing about his mouth. "I have come to inquire if you am willing I should go."

"It is nothing to me. I am no longer your wife."

"True," and a dangerous look slipt into the eyes of Captain Holm. "You are not now my wife, but you can become so.—Would you, for the sake of your child—to save her from a life of toil, ignorance and loneliness—would you marry me again?"

Ignatia did not reply. She covered her face with her hands.

"You know her sensitive, loving disposition," pursued Captain Holm, permitting a gleam of exultation to shoot into his eyes; "would you consign her to the care of strangers who would be rough and harsh with her—who would oppress her—who would bring her up as a peasant?—Would you suffer such a wrong to her—your own child?" asked Ignatia, not looking up.

"Would I not?" he demanded, savagely. "She has not a trait of my character—not a point of resemblance to my disposition. I never thought much of children, and this child I regard as a lever to be used in an attack upon you. She was afraid of me and shrank from me as if I had been an ogre. You have fine feelings enough, for us both. A mother, I have heard, cannot endure harm to come to her child. She will sacrifice herself to save the being to whom she gave birth. Is this mere talk, or is it true? Will you marry me to save Georgia from an existence in horrible contrast to your enlightenment, your wealth, your luxury?"

"Digby—Captain Holm—this is awfully cruel."

"Answer."

"Not even to save my child can I perjure myself before Heaven," moaned the anguished young mother.

"You condemn her, then, to ignorance, to misery, to——"

"Digby, have mercy."

"It is you who are merciless," said Captain Holm, his face darkening. "Ignatia, your child lives—she is in safe hands. Search the world over, and you will fail to find her. Her fate is in your own hands. Should she grow up to womanhood, she shall know that it was you who condemned her to her wretched existence. You might have given her a happy childhood, you might have taught and trained her into a noble womanhood, but you would not——"

"I cannot bear it—I cannot," wailed the poor young mother, throwing up her arms in a gesture of abandonment. "My baby that I would have died for!"

"But that you cannot make a sacrifice for," sneered Captain Holm. "Madam, am I to consider your decision as irrevocable?"

"Yes," she answered, moaning. "Not to save her life can I marry you again. But I have money. I will pay you any sum you may demand if you will restore her to me. She is your own child, Digby. Would you condemn her to the life you have pictured? You cannot be guilty of such infamy."

"You don't know me," he said with an oath, rising. "I have your answer, then for all time! You will not save your child?"

"I cannot at the price of my own soul."

"Then save your precious soul at the expense of your own offspring!" cried Captain Holm, savagely. "I can be as merciless to her as you can! I sail for Canada in a fortnight's time! As the continuance of my allowance depends upon my remaining there, I shall not return to England for many years, unless, indeed, I should get into some scrape that might require me to seek another climate. We part, however, madam, to meet again. In the fullness of time I shall return, and I may have the felicity of yet presenting your own child to you! You were of a charitable turn I remember! Possibly in succouring some dingy beggar in London streets, you may yet succour your own child. Possibly, if you could look under the hideous cap of some member of a charity school, you might recognize the golden head of your darling, shaven like a convict's. Perhaps—But your own heart will suggest sufficient possibilities. But of one thing rest assured, all the detectives in England cannot find her. You refused to save her; her doom be on your head."

He raised his hat mockingly and went out, slamming the house door after him, leaving his last words ringing in Ignatia's ears like the knell of doom.

*(To be continued.)*

THE VALUE OF SMALL COURTESIES.—Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance. A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of $20,000, and a comfortable house, left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage. A gentleman known to the writer, once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid-day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibusses, drays, and other ponderous vehicles. When the old gentlemen had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend; and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of $5,000, and a gold watch and chain, had been left to him by a gentleman who "took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will, for an act of unlooked for civility." It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or neat little bundles of crisp notes; but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves to make it worth our while to practice them whenever we find an opportunity.

THE TRAVELLER IN THE SNOW.—A traveller was crossing a mountain height alone, over almost untrodden snow. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path; but with deepening shade and freezing blast at night there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate, his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more pitiless. He stopped to touch it, and found a human form, half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his hands, and cheek, and breathing upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of a living soul; pressing the silent form to the beating pulse of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, and warmth, and energy. He was a man again, instead of a weak creature, succumbing to despairing helplessness, drooping down in dreamless sleep to die. "He saved a brother, and was saved himself."—*English Hearts and English Hands.*

IT would be difficult to improve upon the Irishman's definition of holiness: "To be clane inside." There is a weak spot in any religion that does not make a man clean inside and outside.

MORE than 1,000,000 tons of coal are annually required in London for gas-working purposes alone. This is fully one-sixth of all that is imported by land and water.

CRAMMING is bad for children whether at school or at the table; but for the brain and bed for the stomach.

THE Irish language is the oldest now spoken in Europe.