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LIFEINRETROSPECT

Dr. Talmage Calls the Roll of Many Stirring was the cup of God's consolation. And the faith; henceforth there is laid up for Memories.

Drawing Helpful Lessons From Past Experiences and Vicissitudes of Life--Advantages of the Early Home Teachings and Surroundings.

Washington, May 7 .- This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meaning of life's victssitudes. The text the fire burned.'

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate. In a small island off the coast of Nova

Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord ing, watchful of all your ways, exultant Potatoes, per bag. 80 advantages, and I want to bind in an- heard. Peace came to your heart. In the over your success without saying much, other sheaf all your past adversities. It is breath of the hill and in the waterfall's although the old people do talk it over a precious harvest, and I must be cau- dash you heard the voice of God's love; by themselves, his trembling hand on tious how I swing the scythe.

Our Early Surroundings.

was far up town. That old house in the now as you started then. I rouse your take that child out of your arms? Why, city may have been demolished or changed | soul by that reminiscence. light, the mother at the evening stand, the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven! Jesus wipes away the tear! the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had you once were. I must gather up the was one round of frolic and mirth. Your had not been ransacked by trouble, nor and there has been music in the distance had sickness broken it, and no lamb had you unconsciously find yourselves keepa warmer sheepfold than the home in ing step to the music, so, when you which your childhood nestled.

for fruit that was not quite ripe, because life grew brighter, until after awhile sudthat cool grass or in the rag carpeted hall save my child!" of the farmhouse, through which there The world seemed going out in darkcame the breath of new mown hay or the ness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't blossom of buckwheat.

Memories of Home. beautiful plants and flowers brought could have taken that little one in your from across the seas, but not one of them arms and with it leaped the grave, how sunflower that stood sentinel along the go, your land and your storehou garden walk and the forget-me-nots play- how gladly you would have allowed them ing hide and seek mid the long grass. to depart if you could only have kept The father who used to come in sun- that one treasure! burned from the field and sit-down on But one day there came up a chill the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his blast that swept through the bedroom,

coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal from destruction. ages of light and darkness watching the Perhaps your last sorrow was a finan-You rejoiced and you trembled at the of you on your lucrative profession or

had a stupendous mission.

other pangs, has the pang of a child's light for your eye and a glad and glorious Hay, clover, per ton ... 8 00 iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad and triumphant religion for your soul?

tory. You found one day you were in the sympathy ever since, has suddenly be- Eggs, new laid. wrong road; you could not sleep at come silent forever. And now sometimes, night; there was just one word that whenever in sudden annoyance and withseemed to sob through your banking out deliberation you say, "I will go and or your bedroom, and that word was "I have no mother." Or the father, with the clouds and the trees hailed you with that staff which you now keep as a famgladness; you came into the house of ily relic, his memory embalmed in grate-Among the greatest advantages of your God. You remember how your hand ful hearts-is taken away forever. Or past life were an early home and its sur- trembled as you took up the cup of the there was your companion in life, sharer roundings. The bad men of the day, for communion. You remember the old min- of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the most part, dip their heated passions ister who consecrated it, and you remem- the heart an old ruin, where the ill out of the boiling spring of an unhappy ber the church officials who carried it winds blow over a wide wilderness of home. We are not surprised to find that | through the aisle; you remember the old | desolation, the sands of the desert driving | Byron's heart was a concentration of sin people who at the close of the service across the place which once bloomed like Cattle, choice to extra. \$5 25 to \$5 35 love and then to Daisy was quite sufwhen we hear his mother was abandoned took your hand in theirs in congratulat- the garden of God. And Abraham and that she made sport of his infirmity | ing sympathy, as much as to say, "Wel- mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machand often called him "the lame brat." come home, you lost prodigal," and, pelah. As you were moving along your He who has vicious parents has to fight | though those hands be all withered away, path in life, suddenly, right before you, every inch of his way if he would main- that communion Sabbath is resurrected was an open grave. People looked down, tain his integrity and at last reach the to-day. It is resurrected with all its pray- and they saw it was only a few feet wide, home of the good in heaven. Perhaps ers and songs and tears and sermons and but to you it was a cavern, down which your early home was in a city. It may transfiguration. Have you kept those went all your hopes and all your expectahave been when Pennsylvania avenue, vows? Have you been a backslider? God tions. But cheer up, in the name of the Washington, was residential, as now it is help you. This day kneel at the foot of Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is

into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege But I must not spend any more of my could. He is going to array it in a white day as follows: Wheat futures dull. R. to you, for there was more meaning in time in going over the advantages of robe and palm branch and have it all W., 5s 9%d May, 5s 7%d July, 5s 7%d that small house than there is in a gran- your life. I just put them in one great ready to greet you at your coming home. September. Maize quiet; new 3s 51/4d, ite mansion or a turreted cathedral. sheaf, and I call them up in your mem- Blessed the broken heart that Jesus old 3s 61/4d. Futures dull; 3s 51/4d May Looking back, you see it as though it ory with one loud harvest song, such as heals! Blessed the importunate cry that and July, 3s 61/4d September. Flour, were yesterday-the sitting room, where the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weep- 17s 9d. the loved one sat by the plain lamp blood bought immortals on earth! Praise ing eye from which the soft hand of

In the Shadows.

But some of you have not always had your father with firm voice commanding a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what a soothing salve to heal it. If you were sorrows of your past life. But how shall wronged in the street, your father was I do it? You say that is impossible, as always ready to protect you. The year you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two-the greatest trouble was an April shower, first trouble and the last trouble. As more sunshine than shower. The heart when you are walking along the street started life, your very life was a musical Perhaps you were brought up in the time beat. The air was full of joy and country. You stand now to-day in mem- hilarity. With the bright clear oar you ory under the old tree. You clubbed it made the boat skip. You went on, and you couldn't wait any longer. You hear | denly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" the brook rumbling along over the peb- and quick as the sunshine you halted, bles. You step again into the furrow you grew pale, you confronted your first where your father in his shirt sleeves sorrow. You had no idea that the flush shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten on your child's cheek was an unhealthy the swallows from the rafters of the barn flush. You said it cannot be anything and take just one egg and silence your serious. Death in slippered feet walked conscience by saying they will not miss round about the cradle. You did not hear it. You take a drink again out of the the tread. But after awhile the truth very bucket that the old well fetched flashed on you. You walked the floor. up. You go for the cows at night and Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout find them pushing their heads through hand, have wrenched that child from the the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy destroyer! You went to your room, and streets you wish you were home again on you said: "God, save my child! God,

bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, You may have in your windows now never to see them again sparkle. If you

and instantly all the lights went out, iscence of Augustus Ceasar was, address-and there was darkness—thick, murky, ing his attendants, "Have I played my

brow may have gone to his everlasting Ah, it was your first trouble. How did The mother who used to sit at the you get over it? God comforted you. You door a little bent over, cap and spectacles have been a better man ever since. You on, her face mellowing with the vicissi- have been a better woman ever since. In tudes of many years, may have put down the jar of the closing gate of the sepulis Psalms xxxix, 3, "While I was musing her gray head on the pillow in the valley, cher you heard the clanging of the openbut forget that home you never will. ing gate of heaven, and you felt an irre-Have you thanked God for it? Have you sistible drawing heavenward. You have rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? been spiritually better ever since that Oh, thank God for a Christian father! night when the little one for the last Thank God for a Christian mother! time put its arms around your neck and Thank God for an early Christian altar said: "Good night, papa; good night, at which you were taught to kneel! mamma. Meet me in heaven.

I bring to mind another passage in the row. What was it? Perhaps it was sick- amount affoat to Europe, is 67,786,000 history of your life. The day came when ness. The child's tread on the stair or the bushels, an increase of 1,322,000 bushels you set up your own household. The days tick of the watch on the stand disturbed for the week. A year ago the total was passed along in quiet blessedness. You you. Through the long weary days you 62,128,000 bushels, or 5,658,000 bushels twain sat at the table morning and night counted the figures in the carpet or the less than at the present time. and talked over your plans for the future. | flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weari-The most insignificant affair in your life ness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning became the subject of mutual consulta- pangs! Would God it were morning, tion and advisement. You were so happy would God it were night, was your freyou felt you never could be any happier. | quent cry. But you are better, or perhaps One day a dark cloud hovered over your even well. Have you thanked God that dwelling, and it got darker and darker, to-day you can come out in the fresh but out of that cloud the shining messen- air; that you are in your place to hear ger of God descended to incarnate an God's name and to sing God's praise and immortal spirit. Two little feet started to implore God's help and to ask God's on an eternal journey, and you were to forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's all our diseases and redeemeth our lives

starting out of a newly-created creature. cial embarrassment. I congratulate some responsibility that in your possession an occupation, on ornate apparel, on a comimmortal treasure was placed. You modious residence-everything you put prayed and rejoiced and wept and won- your hands on seems to turn to gold. But dered. You were earnest in supplication there are others of you who are like the that you might lead it through life into ship on which Paul sailed where two seas the kingdom of God. There was a tremor met, and you are broken by the violence in your earnestness. There was a double of the waves. By an unadvised indorseinterest about that home. There was an ment, or by a conjunction of unforeseen additional interest why you should stay events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless there and be faithful, and when in a few panic, you have been flung headlong, months your house was filled with the and where you once dispensed great charmusic of the child's laughter you were ities now you have hard work to win struck through with the fact that you your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity Have you kept that vow? Have you and that through your trials some of you neglected any of these duties? Is your have made investments which will conhome as much to you as it used to be? tinue after the last bank of this world Have those anticipations been gratified? has exploded and the silver and gold are God help you in your solemn remin- molten in the fires of a burning world? iscence, and let his mercy fall upon your Have you, amid all your losses and dissoul, if your kindness has been ill couragements, forgot that there was requited. God have mercy on the parent bread on your table this morning and on the wrinkles of whose face is written that there shall be a shelter for your the story of a child's sin. God have mercy head from the storm, and there is air for on the mother who, in addition to her your lungs and blood for your heart and Hay, timothy, per ton. \$11 00 to \$12 50

sounds in this sad world, but the saddest Perhaps your last trouble was a ber- Straw, loose, per ton . . 4 00 sound that is ever heard is the breaking eavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and I find another point in your life his- which has been a source of the quickest house or through your office or your shop tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for voice less tender, but with heart as lov- Apples, per brl \$2 50 to \$4 00 commercial, and Canal street, New York, mercy and start again for heaven. Start not going to forsake you. Did the Lord he is going to shelter it better than you

The Closing of Life. Some years ago I was salling down the St. John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said. "All this is interval | the central figure at the annual meeting land, and it is the richest land in all the in London on Monday of the British & provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Foreign Sailors' Society at the Mansion Scotia," "What," said I, "do vou mean | House. by 'interval land?' " "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the of Col. Cotton of Ottawa, is dead. He year. Spring freshets come down, and all was stationed at Battleford, N.W.T., and these plains are overflowed with water, and the water leaves rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest han I know of elsewhere." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church, and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone-the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way-that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness and the largest harvest for time and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land!

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena. the same island, 20 years after. Napoleon's months. dying reminiscence was one of delirium -"Tete d'armee"-"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she

came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dving in memory as the old ivy and the yellow could let your property go, your houses

Jesus Christ." And then the historian

Jesus Christ." And then the historian Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an day. Toronto was chosen as the place for that is confirmation strong enough for the look of the anything underhand in his life, he would that the sound that the says, she fell into a sound sleep for an day. Toronto was chosen as the place for that is confirmation strong enough for the look of the anything underhand in his life, he would be says, she fell into a sound sleep for an day. Toronto was chosen as the place for that is confirmation strong enough for the look of the hour and woke amid the songs of angels. holding the next session in 1901. In the anything. He cannot even endure the then die, if it should be so!

impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But part well on the stage of life?" and they God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. answered in the affirmative, and he said, As you took up the bitter cup to put it "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and The dying reminiscence of Paul the forthwith, as by the hand of angels, an- apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, other cup was put into your hands. It I have finished my course, I have kept as you have sometimes lifted the head of me a crown of righteousness, which the a wounded soldier and poured wine into Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me easy to see from his absorbed manhis lips, so God puts his left arm under in that day, and not to me only, but to ner, from his fits of deep thought and shall say: your head and with his right hand he all them that love his appearing." abstraction, that his mind was elsepours into your lips the wine of his com- Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and where; and once-Daisy never forgot

fort and his consolation, and you looked great surroundings. Paul uttered his dyat the empty cradle and looked at your ing reminiscence looking up through the broken heart, and you looked at the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even dying pillow may be the closing of a useso. Father, for so it seemeth good in thy ful life and the opening of a glorious

MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat Cables Are Steady-The Visible Supply of Wheat-Local Markets Very Quiet-Prices. Liverpool, May 9 .- Wheat futures closed the same as Saturday.

Visible and Affoat, The visible supply of wheat in the Thank God for an early Christian home! But I must come to your latest sor- United States and Canada, together with

Leading Wheat Markets.

1	Following	were	the clo	sing pr	ices at
Ì	important cen	tres y	esterda	y:	
	. (lash.	May.	July.	Sept.
H	Chicago		\$ 70%	\$ 71%	\$ 711/8
1	New York		781/4	761/2	751/4
1	Milwaukee				
ı	St. Louis		76	7136	
1	Toledo		74	73%	
ı	Detroit	7434	7436		
ŧ	Duluth, No. 1				
8	Northern	72	721/4	731/8	
ğ	Duluth, No. 1				
ı	hard	75			
1	Minneapolis.		6934	70%	6834
	Toronto, red.	80			
١					

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

GRAIN.					
1	Wheat, white, bu \$0	711/2	to	\$	
1	Wheat, red, bu	7136			
1	Wheat, Fife, spring, bu.	67			6
	Wheat, goose, bu	6514			
	Barley, bu	43			
	Peas, bu	621/2			
	Oats, bu	373/2			8
ì	Rye, bu	50			
	Buckwheat. bu	55	+		
	SEEDS.				
	Red clover, bu\$3	00	to	\$3	5
		00		0	

Alsike, choice to fancy, 3 80

Alsike, good, No. 2.... 3 50 Alsike, good, No. 3. . . . 3 00 Timothy, bu...... 1 20 Beans, white, bu..... 80 HAY AND STRAW.

Straw, sheaf, per ton ... 7 00 DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter, lb. rolls \$0 14 to \$ 17 "My dear, Daisy,' he said, "is a man

Chickens, per pair. \$0 75 to \$0 90 Daisy. Turkeys, per lb. 12 FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Cheese Markets.

Utica, N.Y., May 9.-The sales cheese at the Utica Board of Trade vesterday were as follows: Large white, 40 60 at 91/sc; small colored, 254 at 81/sc, 25 to be nothing more than the bursting of at 8%c and 284 at 8%c; small white, a bottle of champagne; but the incident Once he stole in gently, while she was 186 at 8%c and 135 at 9c. There were did not pass from Daisy's mind. He 893 boxes sold on commission.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

- 1	Castile, Choice to Czera		~0	-	
1	Cattle, good to choice	4	00		
-	Calves				
:	Sheep, choice to extra !	5	15		
.		4	75		
	Lambs, choice to extra (6	15		
,					
1	Lambs, common to fair.	5	25		
	Hogs, medium and heavy				
	Hogs, Yorkers				
3	Pigs				

Liverpool Markets. Liverpool, May 9 .- Prices closed vester-

NEWS IN BRIEF SPACE

The secretary of the Dominion Breeders' Association claims injury has been done to the trade by some breeders selling grade cattle for thoroughbreds. United States Ambassador Choate was

Major John Cotton, youngest brother

Mounted Police. of Belleville in 1890, died on Monday an allegory. It was not for the merry morning, after a month's illness. De- month of May that her husband sighed. ceased was born in Bristol, England, 70 Then it flashed suddenly across her years ago, and came to Belleville in 1857. that, just as she was called by the A case of smallpox has appeared at name of a flower, "Daisy," other people Hawkesbury village, Prescott County. The were called by name "May." victim is Joseph Beaudry, from Chute a The thought flashed on her mind with Blondeau, who was a mill hand at Haw-

Presbyterian Synod.

Toronto, May 9 .- The Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston opened life, when we have to look over all our in Knox Church last evening. The retirpast existence. What a moment that will | ing moderator, Rev. J. T. Gracey of be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence | Gananoque, preached the annual sermon on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying | prior to the election of Rev. Alex. Gilray of Toronto as moderator for the next 12 May a common one in England?"

The Synod meets this morning at 9.30. There will be three sederunts, and the prise, that he let the book he held in same number to-morrow.

Toronto for Next Session.

tus Ceasar against the dying reminiscence ronto was elected a member of the ad- From that hour her unhappiness deep- I love her?" he thought; and he received a member of the ad- From that hour her unhappiness deepof the apostle Paul. The dying remin- visory board.

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

was not a very difficult one. It was and his love from his own wife. I will that hour; it was the early dawn of the merning, and she was frightened-there she fancied some one was breaking into the girl, sadly, "that will make her arouse him. Even in the midst of her my wedding-ring; why steal from me fear she could not help watching him that which I value a thousand times as he slept—the handsome, haggard more than life itself? I shall know face; with its deep lines of pain. She what to say to her, if I ever find her." touched him lightly, speaking in a

woman, this sweet Daisy, and she felt very much inclined to throw down the written these verses?" her little foot on the ground. "What did he mean? Who was his Daisy, if I find you crying over my love-his love!-on whom he had called rhymes," he said.

in a veice like sweetest music-in a voice that even on their wedding-day he your own?" had never used to her?" "My love! my love! Oh, how I have missed you!"

there with him. Of whom was he speaking? She did not even know that his voice could take such loving, tender tones; and, as all these thoughts passed through her mind, she stood still, looking fixedly at him, forgetting everything else in this one wonder. "Why are you looking at me so,

Daisy?" he asked. "What is the mat-She had forgotten the fancied noise,

the house-breakers, and all else; his words seemed to rouse her, "What do I want?" she repeated, with the vacant air of one who had forgotten her message. "I came to tell 88 you that-that I heard a strange noise, and I fear there are thieves in the

"You have not hurried on your mis-50 | sion, Daisy," he said, with a good-tem-8 00 pered laugh; "they have had time to get 4 20 in while you have been looking at me." "You amazed me," she said, in her earnest, straightforward way. "Do you 1 85 know what you said before you were quite awake?"

"No," he replied: "that I certainly do

"Caro," she asked, "who is this love whom you have missed so terribly?" 14 accountable for what he says in his 13 sleep-for his dreams?" "Were you dreaming?" asked earnest

15 "I suppose I must have been," he replied with an uneasy laugh. "Then, Caro, I would rather be the

one you love in your waking hours. It When Sir Clinton examined into the

cause of the noise, it was discovered had a love, or he could not dream of "No one writes verses to us, do they her; that it was not herself, the difference in his voice when he spoke of his 5 15 ficient to show her, even if nothing else did. Then, if he had another love, why

had he married her? 6 25 She was more puzzled than ever. An-6 15 other time Sir Clinton had been unwell 6 00 for some days; he had a kind of low 4 15 fever, caught through the heat and the 4 05 enervating weather. He refused to call 3 95 in a doctor, declaring that he could cure was well now, the child thrivinghimself. The fever made him low and everything at rest, and the old fever him to his room, and Daisy put aside all the face of his love, was all back again. her doubts and her fears to devote her- He wandered to and fro like a ghost.

> "I am weary, I am weary, Waiting for the May."

It was evident to her that he had read it wept over it, and fallen asleep with was superintendent of the Northwest the tears still wet on his face. What could it mean? She felt quite sure that Mr. George S. Tickell, who was Mayor in some way or other, the words were

> a jealous pang, that showed her how the sweetest sound!

he married me?" she thought. When he was awake and looking a little better, she, sitting by his side, raised her eyes suddenly to his. "Caro," she said, "is the name of the words duty and honor; he tried to life; she had seen little of the world,

He was so completely taken by surhis hand fall to the ground. Buffalo, May 9.—The biennial session and then, with slow steps, quitted the

far-off England whom he loved-some one who had taken his heart from her? "It is a great shame" said simple Daisy. "I am his wife and he ought to love me better than any one else on than being a thief to take a man's heart

find her out, and when I know her, I

"If she has any good in her," thought ashamed of herself. I shall say to her:

"'You would not steal my money, Another time Daisy went to her huswhisper. Suddenly his face lighted up. band's study to find some paper he had "My love! my love!" he cried. "Oh, mislaid, and on his desk, hardly dried, lay a copy of verses. She read them-Then his dazed, half-waking eyes fell such passionate, despairing verses, that on the face of Daisy. His voice chang- they brought tears to her tender eyes; ed to a tone of cold, indifferent sur- and she was so deeply engrossed in reading them that she forgot the object

"Is that you, Daisy? You startled she was in search of. A shadow falling over the page roused her and she looked was a warm-hearted, impetuous up, her eyes filled with tears, "Caro," she said, "did you-have you

> He laughed awkwardly. "I shall begin to fancy myself a poet

> "But you did write them-they are "Yes; such as they are, they are my

own," he replied. "Caro," she said, very gravely, "I wish not that you would write such verses to me but that I knew to whom

reason," he said, laughingly. "This is written with reason; it written to some one whom you love

very much, and from whom you are parted." "It is a waste of time to contradict ladies," he said.

"And in your case it would also be a waste of truth," she retorted. "They are beautiful verses-sad, passionate, sweet verses. I shall never forget them

but I wish that I had never seen them,

Caro."

She walked away as she spoke, and Sir Clinton looked after her. He was positively growing interested in her, this sweet, petulant, impulsive Daisy, who said what she thought, and whose thoughts were strangely true. Her character began to interest him. He had only thought of her as a simple, loving girl, tender and pure of heart, earnest of purpose; but she was growing positively piquant. She loved him, and she was jealous of him; yet knowing nothing of his history, it was only of a

shadow that she was jealous. "If I had know her first-if I had never seen May," he thought to himself, "I should have loved Daisy."

And from that time, although he had no idea of loving her, from that hour Sir Clinton Adair felt a great respect for his wife. Daisy had quite recovered from her illness now; she had never been so well or so beautiful. He heard her singing all day long to the boy, he heard her laugh and talk to him as though he could understand, and he 90 one you love in your dreams than the began to perceive that when he entered the room where mother and child were, seems to me the dream-love has the the sweet song and laughter were hushed, the playful young mother became dignified. He noticed, too, that after a time Daisy ceased to enumerate baby's charms and wonders to him.

dressing the little one. my darling?" she was saying: "no one writes sad, sweet, loving words to us." that tears fell from her eyes on baby's unconscious face.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The fever of unrest was on him. Daisy

desponding, at times a little disposed to had returned to him. There could be no remble in his speech. There was noth- more tranquility-the old, haunting pasing to cause alarm, or even to confine sionate love, the longing to look on self to him. She read to him one morn- There were times when he raised his ing from the book of Irish ballads he face drearily to the summer heavens, liked so much: she was called away, asking why this curse of a passionate and left it in his hands. She was ab- love had fallen on him?-why his life. sent some little time. When she re- more than that of other men, should be scared face. turned, he had lain his face on the book haunted by this fierce, mad love? He and had fallen into a deep sleep. She was like a ship without a helm; he seemraised his head, and found the page wet ed to have lost the art of governing with tears. Then she looked at what himself; the distinction between right he had been reading. It was the same and wrong had, in some measure, faded ballad that had touched him so much from his mind; he was growing careless replied. of honor, and loyalty, and good faith; he followed one phantom-it was the weird one of his love. When ladies, forgetting the law of honesty, steal, society is kind enough to call their sin by the name of kleptomania; when a man, in ungovernable rage, murders another. insanity comes to the rescue; for all sin excuses are found and new words chosen. If there could be any excuse for Sir A project suddenly presented Clinton Adair, it was that his passion- her, and afterward took deep r. ate love had driven him mad-he was mind. She, his wife, was amnot himself. He had loved her so deeply, so madly, his disapointment had was not, she said to hers been so great, he had suffered so much, curiosity; it was not a wome it was no wonder that the delicate bal- sire to know-it was real, ance of brain and reason was disturbed. Interest in him, real love for kesbury two weeks before being taken dearly she loved this husband who did If, before Heaven or man, there was not love her. She said the word over any excuse for his sin, it lay in the fact to England without another w not love her. She said the word over any excuse for his sin, it lay in the lact then when ber mother came and over again, "May." Why, it had that his love and his sorrow had dazed then when ber mother came him. Strongly as the fit of mania re-"Ah, me! If he loved a May, why has turns to the unhappy lunatic, strongly Would go after him.

> think of wife and child; but they were faint efforts, that fell dead-he must see feasible, but easy. She would go He said no more than that to him-self. He never imagined what he was names," he said, as he turned away, and then, with slow steps, quitted the room.
>
> "I am not jealous," said Daisy, "but that is confirmation strong enough for the face that made his beauty and the made his beauty and the made his beauty and the was straightforward; she we go to the address; she remembered what he was go to the address; she remembered what excuse he was to make for his constant then the had nothing to do but ask for duct; only to see her, to look on the anything underhand in his life.

worked for her, so that the long years seemed but as one day. He would have worked so for Lady May. He bit his lips and clenched his hands as he remembered that he himself had placed the barrier between himself and his fair young love. Still, he must see her. His wife's sweet, sad face, her tender voice, his child's infant loveliness, the good impulses of his own heart-all were as

nothing to him; he must see her! "When I was a boy," he thought to himself, "I wondered at the love stories of old. I could not imagine that a woman's fair face had led to a thirty years' war-I could not understand the wailing of Oenone for her lost Paris: but now I understand-I would wage war for twice thirty years if I could

He must see her! He closed his eyes to rest, and as of old, she was there before him; he opened them, only to have her resemblance in everything he saw. He had reached that state when nothing but the sight of her face and the sound of her voice would quiet and soothe him. He must go! Even Daisy, whose heart was filled with the anguish of slighted love and the fire of jealousy - even she, the unloved, neglected wife, pitied him. He wandered like a ghost to and fro; his handsome face had grown haggard and pale; he could not eat, sleep or rest; his eyes had a sad, far-off look; his voice had lost its ring. The day came when Daisy herself noticed how ill he was, and spoke to him

"You are right," he said; "the place does not suit me, Daisy; it is too warm, too enervating-the cold of the English air suites me better. I think I shall go to England, and make arrangements for your coming."

"The air of Seville suits the little one," she said; "he is not very strong, and the doctor said the other day it would be as well if we kept him in the south of France for a time at least." Sir Clinton looked up with an air of

"You had better remain here," he said, "for another year or so; you will not be lonely with your mother and the

Her heart beat with a sudden, flerce pang of jealousy. He wanted to be away from her; he wanted to go back to England without her; he cared nothing for her child and herself. She controlled herself by a great effort. "You would like to go back to England, then," she said, "without me?" "For a time," he replied, "a short

time. If Seville suits the boy, there is no need to take him away from it." "And you?" she said; "shall you be able to do without me?" He looked up absently, not quite understanding what she meant.

"Shall you not miss me, Caro, and want me with you?" she asked. "Oh, yes, of course," he replied, with the most careless indifference; "but that will not matter, you know." "Certainly not," promptly replied Daisy, in a voice of bitter pain. Both

pain and bitterness passed unnoticed by "I shall start soon," he said. Now that the ice was broken, he was all impatience to be gone. "And, Daisy, I will take a courier home with me to bring your mother back." "I thank you," she replied. "And,

course, you have no idea when you shall "No, not the least; but if your mother is here, you will find the time pass very pleasantly. You must be sure to send to me in England for anything you want " "I shall want nothing," replied Daily,

"You will send your letters to the same address-'Mr. Clifton, care of Messrs. Coooper, Thavies Inn." Daisy looked up in his face.

"I thought," she said, "that even the poorest people in England had homes of

"Then where is yours? Why must I not write there?-why must I send to the care of some one else?"

"Why, Daisy," he cried, amne ?

her vehemence, "you are gr "Do you call it curiosity w. asks where her husband's he He looked up impatiently. "I do not know what has you," he said, and he had nev so harshly to her before. "Iknow you. Daisy: you are not like yo self; you tease me; you ask question

She looked up at him with a pale Caro?" she asked. "I do not like to be teased," he said "I am not patient, Daisy." "And I have been too patient," she

Sir Clinton frowned angrily and left Daisy sought refuge in a burst o

not a child, and I will not be treated like one. I will know more of his affeirs than I have ever done. I will know he goes to England and leaves me

would go after him. fever patient, the fever of his love refind him? He had, apparently, no home; turned to him. He made some little but she could hear of him at Messrs. stand against it; he tried to think of Cooper's. She did not know much of

"Was it ever given to man to love as she had followed him to England for ened-also her determination to know membered the beautiful story of Jarob [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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