The visage of this noty man. At length he raised his eyes to Heaven, And prayed his sin might be forgiven.

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In the very heart of the Lammermoor hills is situated the small village of St Ba thams. About the end of the last centur the Rev. Mr Skedd was its parish minister He was not like some of the ministers of these days, who were called "dry sticks but on the contrary was a most-eloquen preacher in the pulpit, and out of it was famed far and near for his ready wit. On a time he met one of his male parishioners, when the following conversation took place: -""Good mornin,' Thomas how are you this mornin,' and how are all the folk at home?'' To these questions Thomas re-plied, "We're just aboot the auld ordinar," sir, but something singlar has happened in oor hoose last night-ma wife had twins;" to which Mr Skedd replied, "That's not singular, Thomas, that's plural." Like other ministers of that period, Mr Skedd was very poorly paid for his ministerial services, and had enough to do to maintain a to maufacture on a small scale, basmeet. kets and potato creels, which were sold by his wife to the farmer's in the vicinity. Mr Skedd was in the habit of making one basket every week day, and he numbered the days of the week by the number of kaskets he made. He was very absent-minded, and forgot that he had preached on a Thursday in a neighboring parish, and curious to re late his little daughter found him early on a Sabbath morning at work on the sixth creel. error:-

About the aughteen hunder year, When meal and meat were unco dear, When wark and siller, too, were scant, When folk were like to dee for want, E'en folk that ance were rale weel off Could rarely buy a quarter loaf, But be content their gabs to gust Wi' heel o' cheese or bannock crust,

7 And as for beer to aid digestion. Was just a thought clean out the question. Hath! they were glad to help themsel's Wi' halesome draughs frae nature's wells. The bairns that ance had breeks and braw Were dudy and as lean as craws. When mothers herd their wants and wishe Saut tears wad fa' in empty dishes, The men, maist leck, were crowed and worrit, And wished that they were doad and burrit

And e'en wad think that dool and care Cam' scowlin' in the very air 1

In Abbey's auid romatic toon. Where whitadder comes rowin' doon, And lingers in her scaward race, As laith to leave so sweet a place Green grows the grass, the woods how

green, Nature ne'er made a fairer scene ! In the auld manse, half up the brae, A preacher lived for monie a day; Weel versed was he in the Gospel law, And hech ! his stipent was but sma', And here it may as well be said. The preacher's name was Mr Skedd : Ilis wife was somewhat cross and fretit. Gude faith; her barius were nac-ways petil For aft she'd gie'd them monie a lecture, And lounder them past a' conjecture.

Ae morn she said, "Now, Mr Skedd, It's just twal' years since we were wed, The harin is sleepin' in the cradle, The lave hae' gane doon the brae, To pu' the rasps till middle day, Sae now gi'e up your meditation; And take a half-hours recreation; Ye sit and read, ve sit and write. Ye'er drooned in thought frae morn to night, Your mind is ave upon the rax. Nac mair I hear your canty cracks ; Suppose we gang athward the knowe. To where the birks and willows grow.' The guidman ga'e a canty laugh. And soon he gat his hat and staff, Then aff they gaed wi' cannie trudge, Up past the bonnie bawthorn hedge, intil they came up the bank, Where willow wands were waving rank, And then she looked at her guidman, And said, "Twas here our love began And since, though aften sair and sick, I've kept the band ave in the nick, And dune my best in every shape To keep the house 'neath thack and rape. But, now. my dear, you may depend, At last 1've come to my wit's end: The meal's dune, and what is werse, I've no ae penny in my purse." Ho ga'e a kind o'vacant stare, And said. "We'll spend an hour in prayer, "Na, na" quo' she, "the proverb tells, "The Lord helps them that help themsel's Just look at a' that willow wands. If they were placed in nimble hands, Guidman 1 they're supple as the cols, And easy fashioned into creels; And when ance made, I'm free to think They could be seld as quick as wink." "What, what," quo' be "what's that you say ? I'm sure I could make one per day. "Enough," said she, "this afternoon The barins will shed the willows doon ;" Sae Mr Skedd and his guid dame Reversed their stepts and trotted hame.

APPLICATION. A LAY OF ABBEY ST. BATHAMS. | Folk, the kernel of this tale discern And never be too old to learn ; Wise is the saw, I pray attend it-A tarn begun is maist half endid. Jingle and jow St. Batham's hells-The Lord helps them that help themsel's l

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued.)

you seem to feel so unexpected an interest " Besides, the fairest, purest creature up in your humble servant, 1 will make bold to ask a favor of yon." His manner was on carth was she, and sho took all things for pure. Not that there was much against rough and defiant as ever now, like that of mo either, except that I loved good liquor, a sturdy vagrant soliciting alms of a defenceless woman, besides, I only drank for pleasure then, and

besides, 1 only drank for pleasure then, and tencetess woman, now— But let that be. Well, we were married. We lived with the old couple at the cottage, as Lucy wished, partly for their sakes, partly, as I have often thought since sakes, partly, as I have often thought since then, for mine—that I might be kept out of bad company, such as there was plenty of at Bleamouth at that time—poachers, smug-glers and idlers of all sorts. But this was deep to late S there are in the word of the source of th vices, and had enough to do to maintain a large family upon a small income, and was the bound of the bound of

I fell out : that was for poaching—and curse the law, say I, which rich men make for the poor perforce to break. I never poached after I married, but before that time I shot a hare or two; and once—but months ago —there had been a fray with keepers, and I had clubbed my gun, and struck my hardest. I kke the rest. There had been broken bones on both sides, but the matter had blown over, as I thought, when all of a sudden I received certain news that I was marked icr one of the offenders, and that men were com-Subbath morning at work on the sixth creel. The outs and ins of this incident have been turned into rhyme to show that the best samples of the human race may fall into error: a man as me; but I forgot, in my selfish roughness, that it is one thing to be brave Your son. Sir Richard, has put me out, for roughness, that it is one thing to be brave in things that concern one's self, and an-other to be able to bear to see others suffer. 'Ah, Heaven' exclaimed she, 'but this will kill my father 1 To have his honest house entered by men in search of felons, and to see his daughter's husband with gyves upon him—that will be his death, I know.' The form mc; albeit I have let fly a bullet be-grade with a bikewise "

him—that will be his death, I know. The prom me; ander I nave let ny a burnet be-auld wife said so likewise." (They were right, I think, for when we came to break the thing to him, sud warn him of what might happen, although all handowners, forsooth, whose persecution handowners, forsooth, whose persecution was said to excuse what I had done, and to drove me from his native shere, and drownit, he raved like one distracted. 'Let him leave my cottage l' cried he; 'he has work-lt was difficult to associate the depressed ed mischief enough already; he has robbed and solemn speaker of a few minutes back me of my daughter's love, and he would with the passionate and lawless man, his

take from me my good name. Let him huge fingers opening and shutting with net-leave this honest roof l' But were he goes, yous excitement, his eye-halls suffused with I must go, father,' replied Lucy, with her blood, and each hair of his vast beard, as it arms about the old man's neck, and in the end he was brought to see that it must be (TO BE CONTINUED.)

the

THE MANOR OF TYBURN.

Six centuries ago Tyburn was a peaceful

Pound, entered the manor and parish at the

highest level of the road. Thence a sight descent took him to the narrow bridge over

brook, which, winding through meadows

onely church and church-yard of St. John

of Tyburn. The name which calls up now

so many unpleasant associations was then in

accent of gibbet and stake. A "tigh," or enclosure by the burnside, where the Mary

to the church. In an ancient charter at Westminster we have the earliest form of

right and left, here flowed by the

so. So I changed my name to that of Der-ricd, which I bear now, and fled from home to a great seaport, and there, on board an emigrant ship bound for the other side of the world, took passage not only for my-self and wife, but for her parents. It was

village on the road from London towards the west. The traveller who had crossed the Fleet, climbed the steep ascent at Hol-born, and passed the gallows by St. Giles's Bound output the steep ascent at the agreed that all were to begin hie again in a strange land, so that I, 100, might begin at once more with that fair start which 1 had lost in my own country. Thus the poor old man and his wife were torn from the comfortable home that had sheltered them for half century, and forced in their old age to cross the seas. No, not to cross them : would to Heaven they might have been suffered so to do l It was ordained that I, who had thus far caused their wrthchedness, should also be the means of their death. A most terrible storm overtook us at midnight while yet in sight of lights on English land. lebone Vestry Hall stands now, may, accord-ing to Mr. Waller, have given its designation and in the midst of it our vessel sprung a leak. I knew that I had a brave woman for my wife, but then I found she was a heroine; I knew my Lucy was good as she the word. A gift by Offa to the Abbey two hundred years before is recited in this docuwas fair, but then she proved she was an angel. There were men on board who scienamed and wailed like children. She never uttered or shed a tear. She felt that ment, which dates from 951, and the northern boundary of St. Margaret's is mentioned as "Teoburne." In Domesday it is "Tib-urne," and the manor was assessed for five

she was going to heaven with all she loved

(for she always thought the best of every

history is the same, wherever he lives, whatever he does, and however he ends." Pennant relates that Mr. Carew Mildmay ro membered to have shot a woodcock in Cor He stamped his foot upon the ground, as duit Street, there is little now left to remin though he would keep down some rising us of green fields and running water. In the dull season, every second year or so some-body writes to the papers to announce the demon, and his voice once more resumed its hoarseness it had exchanged for something discovery of a walled-up cistern, and the futility and fertility of guessing are displayed almost plaintive throughout his story. "Ralph, Ralph," began my Lady reprov-ingly, and touching his rough sailor's sleeve on each occasion. A stone used to mark the situation of one of these conduits at the with her gloved hand-"And how the deuce should you know unction of Marylebone Lane with Wigmord in blank amazement. "My maid, Mary Foster, told me it was Street. Another was opened in North Aud ley Street last year. A third was discovered in Davies Street not long ago, and two are "Did she? Well, that's no reason why you should call no by it. However, since said to be under Aldborough House, the

mansion at the end of Stratford Place. were probably fed by the Tyburn; and it is owing to their former value to the citizens that the Corporation of London still owns the ground in which they stood.

The Abbess of Barking let the manor suc-cessively to some of the greatest nobles, and before the church was removed the lense had been the property of the Verses, the Lisles, and the Fitzalans. Its later history is almost peculiar from the number of its subdivisions. As early as 1415, on the death of Thomas Fitz Alan, fifth Earl of Arundel, his estates were divided among Berkeleys and Nevilles, Stanleys and How ards. All the best families in England seemed to have a share in St. Marylebone as it was newly called ; but Thomas Hobson whom we have formerly noticed as holding what is now the Portman estate in the adhad narrowly escaped becoming the founder of a great territorial family. But the Crown kept only a portion, that which was hunting ground, and the rest was at first let and afterwards sold. Before the end of the sey enteenth century the manor increased s much in value that what in the reign of the first William had produced fifty two shillings, in the reign of the third William brought in a rental of 900L, and was sold by Sir John Austen for 17,5002. But before another century had gone by the value of the estate had been multiplied by a hundred at the least, and, as an example, Wicklow House, in Cavendish Square, may be ad duced; five or six years ago this one tene ment was sold for 20,000*l*., being 2,500*l* more than the whole estate originally cost the ancestor of its present owner. The subcases gradually fell in towards the close of the last century, and when Regent Street was made, White, the architect of the Port-land estate, and who deserves to be remempered, made the suggestion that Marylebone Park should be taken up and properly laid as Crown property. Few of the former leaseholders are now remembered, though one of them, Peter Hinde, gave his name to Hinde Street, and another, Lord Foley, was able to stop the way when Regent Street, was carried northward towards the new Park. The street which bore his name has diappeared, as well as Foley House, but it was in order that the view from the windows

might not be interrupted that Portland Place was made so wide, and the Langham Hotel now benefits by his obstinacy. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

What is that which no man wants, which if any man has, he would not part for un-told wealth?" "A bald head."



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It wasna' lang ere routh o' wands Were placed in ministerial hands; He scarce took time to take his meals And in sax days he made sax creels

Ac day the guid wife to him went, And cried, "Come, see what Heaven has sent." He gazed, then into raptures flew, His auld meal-ark was heapit fou!

Ac autumn morn afore the dawin', And 'fore the cocks began a-crawin', He raised his head frac aff the pillow And soon began to twist the willow; And on that morn he aft did say, Where there's a will there's aye a way. Now Mrs Skedd, when she arose, Soon filled the bickers fou o' brose; And then she said to daughter Jean, Gae, wipe the cob-webs frac your een, And seek your fayther in the study, And tell him that his breakfast's ready. The lassic ran wi' a' her might, But oh ! she gat an unco fright, She stood transfixed wi' fear and awe, And scarce a single breath could draw. Her eyes seemed as they'd burst their

spheres, Till deluged wi' a flood o' tears, And then she spoke in word of wae, "Fayther, this is the Sabbath day !" The creel fell down atween his knees, His wits came back by slow degrees; He rose and said, "Ye little jade, This week I've only FIVE creels made," Then she cried out, "Auld Nick will tak"

Thursday ye preached at Lockermacus !" He placed his hand upon her head, He looked like one whose life had fled; Ob, 'twas a mournful sight to scan

hides, and valued at fifty-two-shillings. one), and therefore death had no terrors for her. But I—I felt myself a murderer. I did what 1 could to save the two old people, and got them into the only boat that left the bins but it had not parted form us twice its. Ingatestone, which was described in the Surone), and th and therefore death had no terrors for But I—I felt myself a murderer. I did got them into the only boat that left the ship; but it had not parted from us twice its length, before it capsized before our eyes. Lucy had refused to leave me, and when the vessel began to sink, 1 lashed her to a spar, and then myself; and so for a little time we floated. But the great waves drench-ed us through and through, and dashed upon us so that we had hardly time to breather. The spar was not large enough for both cur weights, which sank it too low in the water; weights, which sank it too low in the water; and so 1 secretly unloosed the cords that and so 1 secretly unloosed the cords that fastened me, and clambered to my Lucy's side, and kissed her cold wet cheek, and whispered: 'Farewell Lucy.'" Here the speaker raused, and covered his rough face. My hady, too, was deeply moved. For near a minute, neither spoke. Then the man resumed: 'I slipned into the

rough face. My lady, too, was deeply moved. For near a minute, neither spoke. Then the man resumed: "I slipped into the sea, and struck out aimlessly enough, but with the instinct of a swimmer. Fool that 1 was, to wish to live! Again he paused, but this time, to mutter exceration. "And did not all your care and unselfsh love suffice to save her?" asked the listener tenderly. "No, lady. She was drowned. 1 never expected otherwise in such a sea. The whole ship's company were lost, except my self. When nearly spent, I came upon huge piece of wreck, and held on to it till daylight, when 1 found myselt at sea. I was nearer Heaven at that time than 1 have ever been since, and 1 ought to have per-ished then, when all which made life preci-ous, had already gone; it would have been far better to have died with her than to live without her. But 1 did live. After two days and three nigh's of hunger and thirst, a vessel picked me up, a sodden mass of rags, half-dead and half-mad. They nursed me and made me well—it was a cruck kind ness—and after many days, was able to tell them what had happened. "Ay, then," said they, "the pilot was right who came to us off Falmouth. It was the "North Star" that went to pieces in the storm; you are the sole survivor, man, of all on board. Nothing came on shore that night, or could are the sole survivor, man, of all on board. Nothing came on shore that night, or could are the sole survivor, man, of all on board. Nothing came on shore that night, or could have come on such a coast as that, savo spars and corpses." There was silence for a minuto's space; the strong man's chest labored in vain to give him breath for utterance; in vain his have come on such a coast as that, savo spars and corpses."

the strong man's cuest habited in tank is give him breath for utterance; in vain his horny hand dashed the big tears from his Mead, and at an annual visit of the Corporbrown cheeks; they still rained on. "Alas, poor man !" said my Lady, in a broken and pitiful voice, "I feel for you from my very soul. And when you found your three weeks' bride was dead—1 think metal, and at an attain and that the object without which no civic ceremony was or is complete, was eaten in the Banqueting House at Stratford Place, and then the Lord Mayor and his attendant aldermen hunted a brown checks; they still rained on.

weeks—what then became of you?" "Wens—what then became of you?" "What matters?" asked the man, half-angrily. "It mattered nothing even to my-self. The vessel took me—it was all one to me whither she was bound—to New South Wales. And in the New World 1 did in-ded begin a new life—but it was a far duit Mead. The cisterns were arched over ware arched begin and the Ramenting Hungs was duit Mead. The cisterns were arched over hungs have a far duit Mead. The cisterns were arched over hungs have and how and how and how and how and the Ramenting hungs have a far hungs worse one in the old. I was reckless,hope-less already, and I was not long in becom-ing godless. When that is said, a man's was widened at the same time; and though

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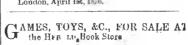
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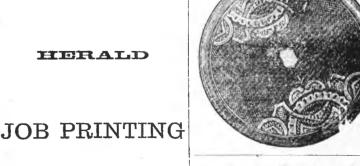
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