Literary Miscellany.

SPARROWS.

A motley growd had gathered in the street To listen to sweet words of hope and love; The city's dust was blown around their feet, But all the sky was weary blue above, And 'twixt the city's dust and heaven's blue A flock of soft-winged, twittering sparrows flew.

"God sees the sparrow fall," the good man said, And at the word a thousand eyes, upturn-

ing, Gazed on the fluttering, wild birds overhead With sudden tenderness and upward yearning. And even as they looked a sweet, swift

troubles. song Burst from the feathered choir upon the

throng. " And since the sparrows praise, why should

not we?" The preacher said: and straightway, at

his words, his words, The voice of song arose triumphantly, Men, women, children, singing with the

A song of praise so fervent; full- and clear, I deem the saints themselves had enjoyed to

hear. At length the choral ceased, and all the

throng With hushed and humbled hearts went on

their way, And in some hearts the echo of that song Made heavenly music till their dying day, If God a simple sparrow's fall doth see, Then surely his sweet care is over me.

VEZO

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XII!-(Continued)

"You were saying that you wished to nsk a favor of me, Mr. Derrick?" inter-sposed my Lady quietly. "What is it I can do for you ?"

"Well your jean do' this," returned he roughly, "you can cease to set your wait-ing maid. Mary, against me, as you have bitherto done. I am not a bad match for her, as she knows, in point of money; and if she finds hersels able to put up with little starts of temper, and not to grudge me a drop o' drink at times, why, what is that to you?'

"Have you told her, may I ask, of what you have been telling me, Mr. Derrick?" "Yes; at least I told her 1 was a widow

er; I never felt a call to tell her more; she would not understand. look you! She asked me what this leaden locket was I wear about my neck, with this poor broken piece of stick in it, and something withered ching-ing to it still, and I told her it was a charm against the ague. Now, you-1'll wager you can tell me what it holds."

"No, not I. How should I know," inquired my lady hurriedly. "You do know, anyway. This fellow is

that the sort of man to early charms, you think; and all that's sacred to him in the world or out of it hangs on his love that's drowned. This, then, must be some token -were there not fuscilias upon either side the porch where first they mot? There, now, you have it, I can see."

died is still alive, and being so, has become "You plucked, perhaps, a piece of fuschia an enemy more terrible than any who should week her life; o.e who, by simply saying, "This is my wife," would thereby dishonor her, disgrace her children, and even shame when you plighted troth," murmured my dady. "Ay, when we plighted troth," answered

the other mournfully; "and breaking a twig in twain, all blossoming then, but now-see the memory of that righteous man whose tomb she had just visited, and wept over with such hollest tears. And yet with teneach dried to dust-each kent a half. I have seen far up the hills in Mexico, a piece lerness, though mixed with a certain awe and shrinking, does my Lady look upon of the une Gross that's held to be the rich. est possession that the church calls her own those time-worn words, notwithstanding that in those parts; well, that's not sure; it may be or it mayn't be what they term it; but them. The first is what is called a lovethis poor twig has never been out of my sight or reach, and so I kiss and worship letter, a note filled with foolish fondness expressed with vehence, but without coarse-

back, to avoid a meeting. At the same these thirty years, and although he seeks — time, the suspicion added to my Lady's But that shall never be 1 shall tell Mary already. Heaven help Eer! and yet, urgent

and perilous as they were, it was not of them that she first thought when she found herself once more in her own room. There are no circumstances, however transmous, with power to quench the susceptibilities of woe, as rising from her chair, she paced the the substances of the susceptibilities of the susceptibilities of the substances of the susceptibilities of the susceptibilities of the susceptibilities of the susceptible to such as the substances of the substances of the susceptible to such as the substances of the s

dear to her were closing in around Lady dear to her were closing in around Lady Lisgard, and, calm as she looked, she knew it well—well as the wily salmon that poises motionless, and seemingly unconscious of his peril, in the red pool, below which the gelar more than a state of the source of the awhile and shed some bitter tears. Her Why say: 'In three years' time, Sir Robert,

door is locked, for none must see her wish-ing "Good bye," and the windows are wide to the air, which blows the flame of her to the air, which blows the flame of her to the air, which blows the flame of her to the air, which blows the flame of her to the air, which blows the flame of her to the air, which blows the flame of her the air the air the air the air the air the blows the flame of her the air air, poor lady. A waft of wind that has swept some snowy steppe would have been grateful to her throbbing brow that April night: and as for light, a very little is enough for her purpose. Those few old letters che is reading, taken from a secret drawer in my Lady's desk, are as familiar to her as her prayers, and sile seems to hold

them as sacred. Yet one is not even a let-ter, but only a piece of folded note paper, ed and worn, almost as though the Shadow for which she sighed was really night her torn at the creases, and yellow-nay, yellower than mere age could possibly have turned it. It has been damaged by sea-water. anxious eyes, not softened by her tears.

Within it are two locks of hair, quite white, and a few words in faded ink, Frank Meade and Rachel M-ade, with a date of five and thirty years ago.

hirty years ago. She takes out the silver tresses, and look-ng on them reverently for a few moments, windmill on the hill. But presently, 'Foring on them reverently for a few moments, kisses them, and then puts them back in the give me these black thoughts,' prayed she secret drawer—but not the writing; that she bolds above the lamp until it has caught fire, and watches until it is quite consumed, and the last spark has gone out. Then she brings forth from the source biding place tree two have not done it, then haply the last spark has gone out. Then she some good, and have not done it, then happy brings forth from the same hiding place two letters, evidently both by the same hand— a very unclerkly one—ill spelled and ill-composed, but which have been to ber more dear than any written for a quarter of a cen-there is wrong, and prompted by the devils dear than any written for a quarter of a cen-tury; for they were letters of a dead man, written, the one when he was her accepted the written and promoted by the devil, but what is right and which is wrong in this? (once more her eyes fell pitcously

lover, the other after he became her hus upon the locket in her handy-"Hord help band. They are letters of the Dend no nie in this trial," Here Walter's ringing voice was heard dpon the lawn beneath: "Never mind pull ing up the rings, Letty; they are the best burglar-trap a householder can lay; only longer; for he who was thought to have oring in the mallets and balls."

"My Walter !" exclaimed my Lady, startnever!" the sacredness of Death is no longer on self to think, she kept repeating that sad

been a witness to her late interview, or worse, a listener to the conversation? It instantly the wind whiled all away. My not impossible. By crouching down behind a low stone wall, next Sir Bobert's tomb, a rerson in the Abbey grounds, without doubt, could have overheard, and even, with ed my Lady's heart to think of it. Yet caution, might have watched them. It chill-ged my Lady's, heart to think of it. Yet what could be more unlikely? What ser-vant of hers would have ventured upon such an outrage? Could Mary Foster have so far forgotten herself, actuated by an impressi-ble curiosity to hear what her mistres and her lover could have to say to each other at that strange time and place? It was much more probable that some domestic about to use the short cut through the churchyard, had seen her coming from it, and hastened back, to avoid a meeting. At the same pect." A greater library than Gibbon's had been bought with some of the money Lady Henrietta brought to the Harleys. Near the top of the Marylebone High Street roubles. These were serious and pressing enough to the married to this man whom you would wed.' was the old Manor House, and a few hun-He shall not bring another sin upon himself dred yards to the south the famous Harleian

them that she first thought when she found herself once more in her own room. There are no circumstances, however tremendous, with power to quench the susceptibilities of women; their feelings must have way, no matter how dangerous the indulgence in them, how immediate the necessity for action, The meshes of a net which threat-cyed destruction to herself and all that were deam to her were closing in around Lady counted now, the Trustees of the British Museum were able to acquire the manuscripts in 1753 for 10,0002. It cost Lord Oxford considerable more; but no calculahis peril, in the red pool, below which the wave, and now I see him storm-tossed in the Oxford consucrate more; but no calcula-fisherman has set the spreading chare; but see of sin, certain to sink, without a plank tion can arrive at more than a guess as to but this poet ancient love of his to which to the sum, for the first Earl of Oxford also tide of woes that is setting in upon her—a spring tide that may reach Heaven knows forth to aid him. Ah me, what base return! how far—and seek the inland Past. It is Why did I not cleave to him, although I the last time that she will ever visit it, and though thim dead as he to me. Why was I control consult of the set the set the set the set though the him the him the set of the the set the set of the set the set of the set the set of t George 11, came to the throne. At first the square was called after the Lord Treas-At first urer, Oxford; but this name was eventually confined to the street which, leading from to the air, vince view the flame of her reading-lamp hither and thither. She needs air, poor lady. A waft of wind that has swept some snowy steppe would have been Rahn once merce h could with my poor lost Road. Oxford Street, now one of the longrom Stratford Place to Tottenham Court Bond, perhaps not quite so far. There the village of St. Giles diverted it towards the South, and New Oxford Street is a recen mprovement. The Manor of St Marylebone came to

base uses. The gardens were celebrated My Lady's once plump face looked pinchfor their beauty, and for the resort which eventually gave them so had a name. Though Pepys praises them, in Gay's time they were in disrepute. It is nearly a centpeered timorous as a hare's to left and right as though the tenantless room held some ury since they were closed, and it would be very difficult to recall their fashionable one who could read her secret soul. Then bowers in the dingy brickwork of Beaumont Street and Devonshire Street. There is still sitting down upon a sofa, with her hands a little of the picturesque about the so-called 'Parish Chapel," immortalized by Hogarth in his picture of the "Rake's Marriage." It contains a monument to Gibbs, whose monument to the Dake of Newcastle we noticed above, but who is best remembered now by the beautiful portico of St. Martin's, which he designed, Small as the church was, it was once, all that the parish possessed, and a melancholy account has come down to us of the dutics of the curate in the early years of the last century. A manuscript, preserv

 Henry Rewsons
 Aurora
 Ivo Holso
 " 31st,

 Benj, Elliston
 haron
 One Horse
 " 31st,

 J.ns. Scrivener
 Toronto City
 Do
 " 21st,

 do
 Do
 " 21st,

 ed appropriately enough among the Harlei an Collection, gives some account of the funeral of Mr. Randolph Ford who became curate in 1711, and continued to hold the office until his death thirteen years later.

Jos. Berger . Augustus C. Husbaud..... An anecdote was related at the grave, in which it was stated that on a single Sunday Mr. Ford's duties were as follows :- He he gan the day by marrying six couple-perhaps Hogarth's Rake among them---then he read service and preached, churching six David Edwards

 David Edwards.
 Laskay.

 Jacob Stump.
 Vaughan

 Thomas Mounce.
 City of Toronto

 John Bray.
 Toronto City.

 John Bray.
 St. Andrew's.

 John Barnes.
 St. Andrew's.

 Foot
 Oct. 19th,

 John Barnes.
 Toronto City.

 ing up with hasts. "Have I forgotten you, women after service; in the afternoon he then. My proud Sir Richard, too, disagain read the prayers and preached a ser-graced, dishonored, shall men call you mon, and then the real duties of the day hever!" As though she dared not trust her tized twenty-six ch.ldren at the front, and John Muleaughy..... Foot self to think, she kept repeating that sad wcrd; then thrusting the dear token in the in the fireplace, ready for the match, she set in the fireplace, ready for the match, she set



•4 5th,

" 21st, " 22nd,

" 30th, "

..... Nov. 12th,

16

do Do " 21st, Vaughan..... Foot. " 22nd, City of Toronto One Horse July 26th,

Finally, the Phosphpdyne maintains a certain corne of activity in the previously debilitated derree of activity in the previously debilitated nervous system; its use enables all debilitated organs to retarn to their sound state and perform their natural functions. Persons suffering from Nervous Debility, or any of the hundred symp-toms which this distressing disease assumes, may rest assured of an effectual and even speedy cure by the judicious use of this most invaluable remedy.

Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne

IS SOLD ONLY IN CASES AT 105. 6D. BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PA-TENT MEDICINE VENDERS THROUGHOU THE GLOBE

TEXT MEDICINE VENDERS THROUGHOUT THE GLOUE; Full Directions tor Use, in the English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Porthuguese, Danish, Russian: Turkish, Persiaen, Hundostani, Madrasse, Bengalee, Chinese and Japanese Lan-guages, accompany each case. I = CAUTION — The large and increasing de-mand for DR. Britgent's Phosenuoxyne has led to several imitations under similar names; pur-chasers of this medicine should therefore be careful to observe that each case boars the British Governucut Stamp, with the words Dr. BITENT's PROSPIDOTXN' curraved thereon (white letters on red ground), and that the same words are also blown in the bottle. Every case bears the trade mark and signature of Patentee. The public are also purificularly cautioned against purchasing spurious initiations imported from the Unite States, and are requested to note the

EXPORT AGENTS.

THE BUSSELL WATCH

Is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the

accompanying cut repre-sents in proper proportions

THE \$25 RUSSELL HUNTING

LEVER WATCH,

"And would you have me, then, advise this woman—being my faithful friend as well as my servant—to unité her fortunes with a man who, from his own lips I learn, is hopeless, reckless, godless, a drunkard and a gambler"----

and a gambler" STortyre and Furies I" broke forth the other impatiently, "will you dant to use what i fiave just now told you against my-belf! Beware, beware, proud woman, how you cross a desperate man ! Since my life is worthless, as you paint it, you may be sure that I shall hold the risk of losing it lighter than better men; there is nothing that I dare not do to those who cross me."

"I have no fear for myself, sir, and least of all things, Ralph Derrick, do I fear death," answered my lady calmly. "Yet willingly I promise that I will never breathe must be as dead to me now as I deemed him one syllable to human ear of what you have said to-night."

"So far so well, my lady. When I found you here, I was on my way to court your waiting-woman, but she does not expect me. She has written me her answer "Yes" or "No" before this, and I shall get it to-morow in London; it was agreed between us the should do so. I was to have started to own this afternoon, but I overslept myself -not but that I got up early enough, as Master Walter will witness-and missed the can not. He knew it, noble heart, End was rain from Dalwynch, I am going thither content. He knew that in thiat drawer 1 kept these very things that came on shore c-night; but, in the meantime, I thought I could come back and take a farewell kiss from Mary, and her "Yes" from her own lips. I will receive no other answer, and if with me when ----- O Ralph, Ralph Ralph !" such should reach me, I will know from whom it comes. The matter is in your hands, I know; come, let us part frieads."

"God forbid we should part enemies," re-plied my lady fervently, "I will wrong you in nothing, but be assured I shall do my duty at all hazards." If Ellipt

And be assured I shall have my way, Lady Lisgard, at all risks," returned the other grimly, "Are you to proud to take my hand at parting ?"

For a single instant my Lady hesitated

across Sir Robert Lisgard's grave. CHAPTER XIV ONCE MORE IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER. As my Lady left the churchyard, by the wicket-gate, she caught the flutter of alfemble dress that flitted on before her, and vanish-cd in the regions that belong to the domes-tics. Was it possible that anybody had
atom, reading the words with greediness, as though, as the flames consumed them one by one, the remainder had grown more the Sibyl's books. There was more to try her yet. The last thing that the little drawer contained had yet to be the sittle drawer contained had yet to be to her in the churchyard. Within, although tics, Was it possible that anybody had
atom, reading the words with greediness, as though, as the flames consumed them one by one, the remainder had grown more dition of the great wealth possessed " This cenotapli was erected by his daughter, "the Harley family, and whose daughter Lady Margaret brought it to the Bentincks. It is necessary to put all these names together to account for Harley and Holles, Hennicita 10 cts, 20 cts, 30 cts, 38 cts, 40 cts, 60 cts, 75 cts and 90 cts.

angel singing : O'er the hill and o'er the vale, Come three kings together.

Alas, alas I to think with what terror I heard him sing it the last time. He may not be more changed within, perhaps, than he is without; since, notwithstanding what he said about his looks, I knew him again the said about his looks, I knew him again the pow, all will go well---saye for him and me. hind coly this poor token, but the man that was my husband; nay, who is, the man that lonce loved, nay, who is, the man that lonce loved, nay, who is, the man that lonce loved, nay, who is, the man that long low now; the with those two words, 'Farewell, Lucy.' said about his looks, I knew him again the pow, all will go well---saye for him and me. hundred years ago; and only the patient how, all will go well--save for him and me. Is this too much to ask. . . . For-give, forgive, 1 know not what 1 said, Teach me to be humble, patient under every and through bustling streeets, can trace the blow, and no more valu regrets. 1 must act at once. What did Arthur say. The matter lay in my own hands,' said he, mututed the parish....Saturday Review. first moment my eye lit upon him on vonder lawn. I wonder whether he would have known me, supposing he had snatched away my veil. Merciful Heaven, what a risk was that ! nay, is not every moment that he re-mains at Mirk a risk | What if he heard the

whether this man should stay at Mirk or hot. How little did he know with what name of Gavestone coupled with mine. I am truth he spoke! And I must speak to Mary without delay; for that I alone could stop her marriage with this man. How true again! Well, I will do it." to be before. God knows 1 pity him from the bottom of my heart; and also"—here she paused--"yes, and also that 1 do not

Then my Lady washed her owollen eyes, and smoothed her hair, all tangled and es-caped from its sober bonds, unturned the door key, and having rung her bell, awaited with the lamp so placed that it threw her for her beden at the coming of the writing love him-no not him, though I love the man that wrote these words. I never conman that wrote these words. I hever con-cealed it, no, never, from my—Sir Robert himself, I said: 'I have no love to give you all glong, only respect, devotion, duty.' And those, Heaven knows, I gave. If all together, and a hundred other gracious feel-ings added could have made up love, then Sir Robert would have had that; but they face in shadow, the coming of her waitingmaid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MANOR OF TYBURN.

(CONCLUDED.)

By far the largest part of the old manor My Lady shook with sobs; and then, in her is now occupied by the estate which Sir John Austen sold so cheap. The bayer was John Holles, Duke of Nowcaste. In the statesman's transept of Westminster Ab agony, mistaking the noise of her own pas-sion for some interruption from without, started up from the desk on which she had

started up from the desk on which the had thrown hersell, and listened. Nothing was to be heard, save a faint peal of laughter from the croquet-ground, where Walter and the two young ladies were endeavoring to play by lantern-light—a frolic she had heard them planning at dinner-time. Yet even that slight tidings from the burn all ploofs," she murmured, as though repeating some authoritative command of another. Then with a steady hand she took the letters, and burned them to the had For a single instant my Lady nearance, i then reaching out her fingers, they meet his own stretched out at fullest length, for the tomb lay between them. They shock liands

and the second s



LEVER WAIGH, In sterling silver case and gold points, full jowelled, warranted for five years— together with a gold-plated Albert chain—which will be sent to any part of Can-ada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express. W. E. CORNELL, Watch Importer, 83 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

GAMES. TOYS, &C., FOR SALE AT