

Oh! do not let the word depart, . And close thine eyes against the light. Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou would st be saved-Why not to-night? To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long-deluded sight; This is the time. Uh, then, be wise ! Theou would'st be saved— Why not to-night? Our God in pity lingers still, And wilt thou thus his love requite? Renounce, at length, thy stubborn will: Thou would'st be saved-Why not to-night? The world has nothing left to give-It has no new, no nure delight: Oh ! try the life which Christians live. Thou would st be saved-Why not to-night? Our blessed Lord refuses none Who would to him their souls unite ; Then be the work of grace begun ! Thou would'st be saved-Why not to-night ?

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus : Who'll he the next His cross to hear; Some one is ready, some one is waiting : Who'll be the next a crown to wear.

REFRAIN. Who'll be the next; Who'll be the next; Who'll be the next to follow Jesus ; Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus-Follow His weary, bleeding feet; Who'll be the next lo tay every burden Down at the Father's mercy scat .-- REF

master.

corn.

Who'll be next to follow Jesus ; Who'll be the next to praise his name Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption. Sing, Hallelujah ! praise the Lamb. --- REF. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus : Down through the Jordan's rolling tide Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed Singing npon the other side.—Rkr

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXV-(Continued)

Some men, when crussed or " put out," take, like Sir Richard Lisgard, to whistling melodies, surely a very mild and harmless of the abyss with earnest gaze, as though torm of irritation. Others rap out a thunder-clap of an oath or two, which leaves their firmament as serene as ever. Nothing, a sigh, he wandered on, no longer again, calm the wrath of some folks but pedestrian exercise; ghost-wise, they take to "walking" and gradually their angry passions exude. This last was the case with Mr. Ralph Derrick, Mariner and Gold-digger. When deeply annoyed, and some exceptional barrier existed to his throwing the weightiest substance that happened to be at hand at the head of his enemy, or burying some lethal weapon in his vitals, Ralph took to walking like the Wandering Jew. The treatment he had lately received at Captain 1 isgard, s hands, the knavery of Mr. Jack Withers, and the more than suspected collusion of his late comrade, Mr. Blanquette, united to put him out of humor with the world. His previous opinions, as imported from Cariboo, before he met with Captain, that everybody was more or less of a scoundrel, had met with the amplest confirmation. He was more determined to take his own way than ever, and let him

dook to it that crossed him. her sons and daughters. If a family of Be Bitter, indeed, had been his thoughts as children are blessed with an intelligent he had been borne along with that rabble rout on foot from Epsom Downs, Deceived mother, who is dainty and refined in her by those whom he had trusted, insulted by him whom he had loved, and robbed of that manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawingwealth, to which he ascribed a greater imroom and an entirely different person in postance than ever, as the summum bonum. and indeed the only good thing that was her everyday life, but who is a true worth gaining, he had stopped in Lordon mother and always a tender, charming Nelody kind words pouring in that ophenoidear's sad ear; Ent all of us all journing mother and always a tender, charming but a sufficient time to pack up his scanty wardrobe, then started off egain on foot again more than ever beat upon leading a new life, not, indeed, in a penetential sense, (although some are so audacious to aver that it is a kind of mortification,) but in other words, to marry. Mistress Forest was as fond of him, he thought, and with, and try to be more mannerly, when she some justice, as any woman was very likely, stops to give them a kind word and pleasto be; and he was resolved not to be haulked of her by the machinations of Sir Richard Lisgard, or the cajolments of his mother. After the payments of all his bets he would yet have left a sum that to one in Mary's position would seem considerable; for he could sell Many Laws, after his recent performanc, for a great deal of money, to the half which he rather suspected Mr. Blanquette would never venture to lay claim. Yes; he would go down to the place where she had told him her father still dwelt, and would dazzle him with such offers as would scarcely fail to induce him to add the weight of his authority to his own proposals; and there being no particular hurry about the matter, and, as I have said, walking being consonant to his feelings when in wrath, Ralph Derrick had taken his way to Coveton on foot. It was a long distance, and would have involved several days of, such travel under any circumstances, and he did not hurry himself at all. At many a wayside inn, where he stopped to drink, and found the landlord given that way, and to be good company, he stayed for the day and night. and even longer. And often he left the high-road, and took those short-cuts across country which, like "raw haste," are gen-erally "half sisters to delay." This was especially the case when he began to draw ar the sea. Those who have passed much of their time upon that element (voluntarily) the roar of ocean attracts as the trumpetblast the guondam charger, and mile after mile did Derrick stride along the cliff-top wherever it was practicable, and by the shore, notwithstanding that his indulgence in that fancy doubled his journey. His way lay now over a great waste of moorland, elastic to the tread, and over which the wind swept almost as unresisted as on the ocean from whence it came. Here and there, it whistled through a bare thorn, but what few trees there were had hidden themselves in sunken hollows, and stood therein huddled together, with only their shivering tops above the surface. Nothing was to be seen inland save "a level waste of rounded gray," broken now and again by a church spire or a scattered hamlet, but the seaward view was very From that moorland height, you fine. looked upon two fair islands, spread like a raised map beneath. How years elapsed before they met. Cobbett, picturesque and sequestered they looked; when he reached England, found her now like two miniature but independent worlds, to either of which a man who On their meeting, without saying a word had nad enough and to spare of turmoil of about it, she placed in his hand the life might retire with some fitting mate, and peacefully end days. Surely, thought unbroken. He obtained his discharge Ralph, he had somewhere seen those two from the army, and married the brave same islands before | As he stood and and thrifty woman. She made him an gazed, his thoughts went wandering over | admirable wife. Never was he tired of archipelagoes of garden-ground in tropic speaking her praises, and whatever comseas; over rocky islets sawn from iron-bound coasts by the jugged waves; and over mounds of sand, which the ocean had inspiration.

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thrust back into the jaws of rivers, and suffered man to call them Laud, and dwell there. But these were none of thuse. As he went on more slowly, searching through the long gallery of his mind for the picture which he knew was there, and half bewild ered by the shifting scenes, he was startled by a noise like distant thunder. The sky was almost without a cloud, and the sea although running high, and dashing with pettish screech against the cliffs. was not so rough but that the fishing-smacks, of which there was quite a fleet in motion, carried all sail; moreover, the thunderous direction made its sonrce apparent. An enormous hole, like half-a-dozen gravel-pits mitting toil, lay the churning sea. It was a gruesome sight to mark the solid earth--just where a peaceful cornfield met the heart of the round world itself away, after the same manner. "The Devil's Cau-dron!" exclaimed Ralph excitedly, yes, such was the name by which the place was known. A Cauldron it might well be called, where the black waters, were seet !ing and even now, while in storm-time there would be such wild work as no mere witches

could rise, but only the Fiend himself, their Did the mad waves, finding themselves sitting beneath. The f. and y.c.d. went thus imprisoned, ever leap up? Yes: now into hysterics, and the author of the he remembered all. Thirty years ago, last tragedy impaled her thumb on the fish autumn, he had seen those islands once before from shipboard, and had had them in view for a whole day. The wind, which was dead against the vessel, had kept her off and on that dangerous coast, had eventually risen to storm, and sunk her with all on board, save him alone. The last time he had seen that little light-house, it had ing down to collect a specimen of that flashed in vain its fiery warning through sheets of blinding foam. The captain had told him, hours before, what sort of shore awaited them, if ever the "North Starr" should be driven upon those pitless cliffs, on which Derrick himself was now standing and, now 'n particular, he had mentioned the Devil's Cauldron, which was spouting foam yonder, he said, like a Leviathan, a quarter of a mile inland over the standing Ralph lay down at full lenght upon the thymy moor, and peesed over the brink

what lay beneath them. Then rising with

springy tread, until presently the cliff-top became dotted with white verandaed houses.

looking down upon a little bay, that ran up

into the land between steep banks, well

clothed with trees and shrubs; whereby he

knew that he had come to his journey's end,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

and that this must needs be Coveton.

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A Girl's Pic-nic.

The girls got up a hen pic-nic last week, and had a glorious time of it altogether. They had lots of ten and sugar and milk (which all got sour,) but no matches and plenty of pickles, sponge cake and butter, but no bread. Add to sound was not upon the seaward side, hut this that each of the girls got her mother inland. A feW score rapid strides in that to bring a roast turkey, so as to astonish the rest of the grls and show that she could do things in style, and though they had no knives and forks they had ormous hole, the natra-source grave pro-in one, but deep as a mine, was gaping there; and at the bottom, whither it had tunnelled through years of patient unre-tunnelled through years of patient unremissariat was well organized and a source of such harmony, pleasure and sat sfac-tion to all concerned in preparation. just where a peacetul commend met me moorland---thus invaded by its insiduous foe, whose horrid mean seemed to have some-thing of malicious greed as well as exulta-tion in it, as thought if lusted to cat the heart of the round world itself away, after the some manner "The Devil's Caulpickles, and sponge cake, decided to amuse themselves as best they could the remainder of the day One girl undertook to fish, and, having put on her gloves, introduced a hook to her worm, but the fierce animal gave a squirm, and with a territic yell she dropped the wild beast right down the back of a friend and young companion dear, who was

hook and fainted at the sight of the blood. After this one of the girls stepped into a swamp about half way up to Increars, and another got a beetle into her ear, and a third earthed a horrid snake seven inches long, and while a de-voted member of the company was stoop-ing down to collect a specimen of that rare and beautiful plant, the sorrer, Mr. Kehoe's merino ram stole upon her and butted her over a seven rail fence, irre-trievably ruining a seven dollar thing to make a dress puff out behind. Then they went home to see what was good for sunburns, and pretended that they had had such a glorious time, until they had had such a glo her ears, and another got a bectle into her ear, and a third earthed a horrid snake seven inches long, and while a devoted member of the company was stoopdiscovered that during their absence four real ducks of fellows from town had visited their houses, and found that they were not at home. And now it is scarce-ly safe to say "pic-nic" to one of those he could fathom its dark depths, and mark

girls. -The motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday-school card was: "Get thee behind me, satan." There were Gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why did you not, "said the mother

"when you were tempted to touch them, say, "Get thee behind me Satan ?"

for the Ladies. NOBODY! -It is hard for a young mother, who Left there, nobody's daughter, ' Child of disgrace and shame,-Nobody ever taught her A mother's sweet, saving name, " has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature. to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators who copy her morals With the arts and the gold of hell t by critical imitators who copy her morals Stitching with ceaseless labor, To earn her pitiful bread ; Begging a crust of a neighbor, And getting a curse instead ! and manners. As the mother is, so are All through the long, bot summer, All through the cold, dark time. With fingers that numb and number Grow white as the fost's white rime Nobody wer conceiving The throb of that warm, young life, Nobody ever believing The strain of that terrible strife l

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habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men, and noisy, busy boys will always tone down their voices and step quietly, ant smile-for a true woman will never fail to say and do all the kind, pleasant things she can, that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of tomorrow. Think of it dear sisters, and guard well your home treasures.

Cobbett's Courtship.

The celebrated William Cobbett, the author of so many useful works, and who became member for Oldham, was originally a private soldier in the English army, and served in America in the War of Independence. It was when quite a young man, and while quartered in New Brunswick, that Cobbet met the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for about an hour one evening. Shortly afterward, in the dead of winter, when the snow lay several feet thick on the ground, he chanced in his walk at break of day, to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there was she, out in the cold, scrubbing at a wash-tub. The action made her mistress of Cobbett's heart for over. No sooner was he out of hearing than he exclaimed: "That's the girl for reaction of artillery, and then only thirteen. To his intense chagrin, the artillery was ordered to England, and she had to go with her father. Cobbett by this time had managed to save one hundred and fifty guineas as a foot-soldier-the produce of extra work. Considering that

cefler. H roprietor. Woolwich, to which his sweetheart was bound, was a gay place, and that she there might find many suitors who, moved by her beauty, night tempt her by their wealth, and unwilling that she should hurt herself with hard work, he sent her all his precious guineas, and prayed that she might use them freelyfor he could get plenty more-to buy good cloths, and live in pleasant lodgings, and be as happy as she could until pread he was able to join her. Four long How years elapsed before they met. Cobbett, maid-of-all-work at five pounds a year.

Price 50 cents. "Edith Lyle," by Mrs. Mary J. Bolmes, authio of "Tempost and Sunshine," etc. Price 75 cents.



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