Not Knowing.

I know not what shall befal me,
God brings a mist o'er my eyes.
And o'er each step in my onward path,
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me
Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in Gods keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance,
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink:
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He has been waiting
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare value.
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble,
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh. restful, blissful ignorance
Tts blessed not to know;
It keeps me still in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
In the bosom that loved me so.

So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might,
Rather walking with God in the dark
Than going alone in the light;
Rather walking with Him by faith,
Than walking alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow,
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I shall send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word, "He knows."

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lillian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

During the morning of the day on which Lady Handcock is expected to arrive, I feel strangely nervous and unsettled. I don't seem to care so much for any one's good opinion as for hers. If Marmaduke's sister refuses to like me, I shall take it very hard indeed, and I do not dare to flatter myself that it may be otherwise. Probably she will be cold and haughty and indifferent, like the generality of grand dames, or, worse still, supercilious and filled with a well-bred mockery only half concealed, like Lady Blanche Going.

As she has written to say they will not arrive until five o'clock, I put on my outdoor things after luncheon and wander forth alone in search of good spirits and a frame of mind so altogether radiant as shall help me to conquer fate towards evening. As at four o'clock, however, I retrace my steps, I am by no means certain I have found anything beyond a brilliant color.

I cross the threshold and move towards the staircase with the laudable intention of robing myself for conquest before their coming, when to my consternation I am met by Tynon, the butler, with the pleasing intelligence that "Sir James and Lady Handcock and Miss Beatoun" have already arrived.

They have entered my doors with no hostess to receive them or bid them welcome! What *will* they think? How awkward it has proved, my going for that stupid walk!

I smother a groan, fling my hat at Tynon, and, just as I am, with my hair slightly disarranged, enter the drawingroom.

At the upper end stands Marmaduke, laughing and talking gayly to a fair-haired, prettily-dressed woman, who, in a lower class of existence, might be termed "buxom." To say she is inclining towards *embonpoint* will, however, sound less shocking to ears polite. I have heard from my husband that she is about thirty years of age, but in the quick glance I take at her I decide she might be any age under that, she is so white and soft and gay.

"Oh! here she is," says 'Duke, gladly, as I enter.

"I am so sorry!" I murmur, with a rising color, coming quickly forward; "but we did not expect you until five o'clock."

As I advance, so does she, and when we meet she lays two small plump, jewelled hands upon my shoulders.

"It was all my fault," she says. smiling. "When you know me better you will understand that I cannot *help* being in a hurry. However, you must forgive me this time, as my appearing at this hour is in itself a flattery, proving how impatient I was to see you." Then regarding me attentively, "Why, what a child!" she cries; "what a baby! and what delicious eyes! Really, Marmaduke, I hardly know whether most to congratulate or—pity you."

She speaks with a curiously pretty accent, putting an emphasis on every third or fourth word that fascinates and pleases the listener.

"*Pity!*" return I, amazedly, making an unsuccessful effort to elude her firm grasp, while the indignant color flames into my cheeks. 'You speak as if—*why* should you *pity* him?"

"Because cannot you fancy what a life you are going to lead him," says her ladyship, with a little arch laugh that wrinkles up her Grecian nose. "Child, I too have eyes, and I can see mischief written in every line of your—*ugly* little face."

I try to feel angry, but cannot. It is in her power to make every word she utters an undeveloped compliment. I succumb at once, and forever, and give myself up to her merry true-hearted influence. Putting my frowns in my pocket, I laugh.

"If you keep on saying these things before 'Duke," I say, "he will find me out, and perhaps in time repent his bargain."

Here I make a little *moue* at my husband, who is standing rather behind his sister, which he returns with interest.

"How do you know I have not found you out long ago? It is my belief I married you for my sins. Harriet, I leave her now in your hands; reform her—if you can."

"Go and look after James," says Lady Handcock. "He always gets into mischief when left by himself. I want to make friends with Phyllis."

By and by Miss Beatoun comes in, and I get through another introduction.

She is hardly as tall as I am, and wonderfully pretty. No need to disbelieve the report that last season all men raved of her. Her eyes are large and dark and soft, her hair a very, very light brown, though hardly golden, and guiltless of dye. A tiny black mole, somewhat like a Queen Anne's patch grows close to her left ear.

As I look at her, I decide hastily she is *more* than pretty—she is attractive. Her whole face is full of light; the very corners of her mouth express unuttered laughter; it is altogether the most *riante*, kissable, loveable face conceivable. Her hands and feet are fairy-like in their proportions.

Nevertheless, her eyes, though unusually soft, betray the coquette; they cannot entirely conceal the mischievous longing for mastery that lurks in their velvet depths.

"Is she not young," Bebe?" asks Lady Handcock, indicating me.

"*Very.* Much younger even that I dared to hope. Of course"—to me—"we all heard you were quite a girl; yet that did not reassure me, as it can be said of most brides, and as a rule they are a disagreeable lot. But you have forgotten to give yourself airs, and that is so novel and delightful—so many young women *will* go in for that sort of thing. I feel," says Miss Beatoun, gayly "I am going to have a delicious autumn, and to be very happy."

"I hope so," I answer, earnestly. "Do you know, Lady Handcock, I quite dreaded your coming?—it kept me awake several nights, thinking perhaps you would be cold and difficult, and would not like me; and now I am so relieved—you cannot fancy what a weight is off my mind."

I say this with such evident feeling that they both laugh heartily, and Bebe gives it as her opinion that I am a "regular darling."

"But you must not call me Lady Handcock," corrects my sister-in-law. "My name is Harriet—or Harry, for the most part. I do not want to be made an old woman just yet, though Bebe *will* tell every one I am her aunt, instead of saying James is her uncle."

"It is the only hold I have over her, you see,' exclaims Bebe, "and I keep it as a threat. But for knowing I have it in my power to say that, she would be under no control. And with mamma so given to itinerent habits, and Harry being my natural *chaperon*, I have to protect myself as best I may."

By dinner hour our party is still further enlarged by Dora, Mark Gore, and Sir George Ashurst, a very fair young man, with an acquiline nose, plump face, and a long white moustache. He at once impresses me with the belief that he is thoroughly good-natured, and altogether incapable of ill-temper of any kind. Perhaps, indeed, if he were to smile a little less frequently, and show some symptoms of having an opinion of his own, it would be an improvement. But what will you? One cannot have everything. And he is chatty and agreeable, and I manage to spend my evenings very comfortably in his society.

The next day Captain Jenkins and Mr. Powell, from the barracks at Chillington, put in an appearance; and a very youthful gentleman, with a calm and cherubic countenance, arrives from London. This latter is in the Hussars, and is full of a modest self-appreciation very much to be admired.

"Well, Chips, so you have come, in spite of all your engagements," says Marmaduke, slapping his fair-haired warrior affectionately upon the shoulder. (His correct name is John Chippinghall Thornton; but his friends and brother officers have elected to call him "Chips" or "Chip," he usually goes by that appelation. Though *why* I have never been able to fathom, as it would be a two palpable flattery to regard this very erratic young man as a "chip of the old block," his father being a peculiarly mild and offensive clergyman, residing in a northern village.)

"What did Lady Emily say to your defection, and Maudie Green, and Carrie, and all the rest of your friends?"

"Oh, I say, now," says Master Chips, with an ingenious blush, "it isn't fair to show me up in this light—is it?—and before Mrs. Carrington, too. She will have no opinion of me if she listens to all *you* say."

"I am only anxious to hear how you tore yourself away from their fascinations."

"Yes, do tell us, Mr. Thornton," say I. "We are so afraid that you have sacrificed yourself to oblige us."

"Don't you believe a word Marmaduke says, Mrs. Carrington: he is always representing me falsely. I shall be unhappy for ever if you won't understand how proud and charmed I was to receive your invitation. Just to show you how he exaggerates, the Carrie and Maud he spoke of are my cousins, and that's the same as sisters, you know."

"Only far more dangerous," I return, laughing.

"Well, at all events they have every one gone off to Germany or country houses, so they must do without me. I couldn't go trotting after 'em everywhere, you know: do enough of that in the spring to last the year. And, besides, I don't much care for any of that lot now."

"No? Tired of them already? What a desperate Don Juan! Really, Chips, I shudder to think where you will end. And who is the idol of the present hour?—something more exquisite still?"

"Not to be named in the same day," says Mr. Thornton, confidingly. "Fact is, she is a sort of connection of your own. Met her last season in town, you know, and—er ——"—an eloquent sigh—"I mean Miss Beatoun.'

Marmaduke bursts out laughing, and so do I.

"Then, you are all right," says Duke. "With your usual luck you have fallen upon your feet. At this instant the same roof covers you and your *innamorata*."

"No!" cries Chips, eagerly. "You don't mean it? Of course you are only joking. You're not in earnest, now, Marmaduke—are you?"

"Seeing is believing," returns Duke. "But if you don't go and dress yourself this very moment you will get no dinner, and lose a good chance of exercising your fascinations upon Miss Beatoun."

Later on he takes her into dinner and is supremely happy; while Messieurs Jenkins and Powell, who have reached their thirty-third year, look on aghast at the young one's "cheek." They are estimable men, and useful in their own way, but refuse to shine in conversation. I *think* they are like each other; I am quite *sure* they like Marmaduke, who draws them out in a wonderful manner, and makes them marvel at their own unwonted brilliancy; while Harriet aids and abets him by her gayety.

At my right hand sits Sir John, a tall, distinguished-looking man, with hair of iron gray, and deep-set eyes. He is grave and remarkably silent—such an utter contrast to his laughter-loving wife, of whom he never appears to take the smallest notice. To me it is a matter of amazement how he can so systematically ignore her, as he seldom addresses to her a word or lets his eyes rest upon her for any length of time.

But for Marmaduke's assertion that they adore each other I would be inclined to think them at daggers drawn, or at least indifferent; and it is only now and then when she speaks to him, and I see his eyes light up and smile and soften, that I can accept the gentler idea.

Not to his wife alone, however, is he reserved; all the rest of the world he treats in a similar manner, and I come to the conclusion he abhors talking, and is a man with no settled taste or pursuits. Hearing, indeed, that his one passion is of making a score, express myself desirious of being informed as to the express nature of the "bullfinch."

"Explorations always fall short," is his reply. "Some day when we are out I will *show* you one. That will be best."

So my ignorance remains unenlightened, and as he calmly returns to his dinner, I do the same, and abandon all hopes of hearing him converse.

Dora is doing the amiable to Sir George Ashurst. Anything so simple or innocent as Dora in her white dress and coral ribbons could hardly be conceived. I am admiring her myself with all my heart, and wondering how it is she does it; and I fancy Sir Mark Gore is doing the same. Once, as she raises the childish questioning blue eyes to her companion's face, and murmurs some pretty speech in her soft treble, I see Sir Mark smile openly. It is only a momentary merriment, however, as directly afterwards he turns to me, suave and charming as ever.

"How becoming white is to your sister!" he says. "It suits her expression so wonderfully. I don't know how it is, but the word *ingenue* always comes to me when I look at her."

"She is very pretty," I return, coldly. I have not yet quite decided on the nature of that smile.

"You do her an injustice. Surely she is more than 'pretty'— a word that means so little in these degenerate days. If I were an artist I should like to paint her as 'Moonlight,' with a bunch of lilies in her hands, and just that dress she is now wearing—*without* the ribbons—and a little stream running at her feet. I have seldom seen so sweet an expression. One could hardly fancy an unkind word coming from those lips, or a hidden motive in her heart."

I think of our "Moonlight's designs upon Marmaduke and the man who is now so loud in her praise. I think of the many and energetic *fracas* between her and Billy and am silent. I don't know why, but I am positive Sir Mark is amused. I color and look up.

"What ages ago it seems since last we met!" says he, promptly.

"Ages? No, months. It was last June we met, I think—and here."

"Oh, that was only the barest glimpse; one could hardly call it a meeting. I was referring to my visit to the Leslies two years ago. You remember that little scene in the High street, at Carston?"

I laugh merrily.

"I do indeed. But for you the *finale* would have been *too* ingenious. I shall always owe you a debt of gratitude for your timely appearance. The saddle turned, I recollect exactly opposite the Bank, and I had a horrid vision of two or three young men gazing at me in eager expectation from some of the windows."

"Yes; and then we met again, and—— Shall I peel one of these for you?"

"Please."

"And I flattered myself you treated me with some degree of graciousness; flattered myself so far that I presumed to send you a little volume of poems I had heard you wish for, and which—you returned. That was rather cruel, was it not?"

"I have always *felt* how rude you must have thought me on that occasion," I reply, hotly. "I did so long to tell you all about it, but could not. It was not my fault, however; I confess I would have kept it if possible: it was papa. He said you should not have sent it, and insisted on its being returned."

"Well, perhaps he was right. Yet it was a very harmless and innocent little volume, after all, containing only the mildest sentiments. (Is that a good one?)"

("Very good, thank you). It was Tennyson's 'Idyls'—I remember perfectly; and it was filled with the prettiest illustrations. Oh, I was so sorry to part with that neat little book! Do you know I was silly enough to cry the day I posted it back to you?"

Sir Mark regards me earnestly, almost curiously. I am laughing at my own past folly, but he does not even smile in sympathy.

"I am sorry any act of mine should have cost you a tear," he says, slowly. "But why did you not write a line to explain all this to me when sending it?"

"*Fancy* the iniquity of such a thing! the very suggestion would have brought down untold wrath upon my poor head. To ask permission to write a letter to a gentleman! Oh, horror?"

"And you would not—but no, of course, you would not," says Sir Mark, rather unintelligibly.

And then I glance at Lady Handcock, and she glances at me. Sir Mark rises to open the door, and I smile and nod gayly at him as I cross the threshold and pass into the lighted hall.

We are all beginning to know each other well, and to be mutually pleased with each other, when, towards the close of the week, Lady Blanche Going joins our party. She is looking considerably handsomer than when last I saw her in town, and is apparently in good humor with herself and all the rest of the world. How long this comfortable state of affairs may last, however, remains a mystery. She brings with her a horse, a pet poodle, and a *very* French maid, who makes herself extremely troublesome, and causes much dissension in the servants' hall.

Sir Mark Gore and her ladyship are evidently old friends, and express a well-bred amount of pleasure on again meeting. Perhaps her ladyship's expressions are by a shade the warmest.

"I had no idea I should meet you here," she winds up, sweetly, when the subject of her satisfaction is exhausted. "Mrs. Carrington when alluding to her other guests, never mentioned your name."

"No? Mrs. Carrington, how unkind of you to dismiss me so completely from your thoughts! 'Never to mention my name!' It is horrible to picture oneself so totally forgotten."

"You could not surely hope to be *always* in my thoughts?" I answer, lightly.

Her ladyship flashes a sharp glance at us from her long dark eyes.

"I might not expect it, certainly; but I am not to be blamed it I cannot help hoping for anything so desirable."

"Vain hope!" return I saucily, "and a foolish one besides. Have you never heard that 'familiarity breeds contempt?' and that 'too much of anything is good for nothing?' Were I to keep you perpetually in my mind I might perhaps end by hating you."

"What an appalling idea!" murmurs Lady Blanche, softly, speaking in that peculiar tone of half-suppressed irony I so greatly detest. "Should anything so dreadful ever occur I doubt if Sir Mark would recover it."

"I don't suppose I should," replies Sir Mark, rather bluntly, as it seems to me, without turning his head in her direction.

There is a moment's rather awkward pause, and then her ladyship laughs lightly, and, crossing the room sits down by Bebe Beatoun.

Her laugh is an unpleasant one, and jars upon me painfully. Her very manner of rising and leaving me alone with Sir Mark has something in it so full of insolent meaning that for the instant I hate her. She makes me feel I have said something foolish—something better left unsaid, though thoroughly unmeant. I color, bite my lip, and, without another word to my companion who is looking black as night, I go out through the open window.

So for the second time the little thorn enters into my heart and pricks me gently. A seed is sown that bears me bitter fruit.

CHAPTER XX.

Nobody seems to mind me in the least (as a hindrance to their rather open flirtations,) though, with the exceptions of Lady Blanche all my guests appear prepossessed in my favor.

I am no good at all as a *chaperon*—looking at that necessary evil in the light of a guardian of morals—as no one, I feel utterly positive, would listen to a word of advice given by me, even had I the courage to speak that word, which I feel sure I have not.

"Tell you why I like you so much," says Bebe to me, one day, with charming candor (we have become great friends by this time); "you have so little of the married woman about you. You don't look the thing at all. Nobody would feel in the least put out if *you* caught them doing anything, even a little bit *ñ-fi*. You'd be afraid to scold, and you are too good-natured to 'preach.' Now there's mamma; *her* eyes strike terror to the hearts of the girls she *chaperons*. Only let her catch you with your hand in the possession of any Detrimental, however delightful, and it is all up with you half an hour later."

"But I suppose your mother is right. I shall remember what you say, and take her as a model from this day forth.

"It isn't *in* you. You would make a horrible mess of it; and you are infinitely nicer as you are. A strong stare is a neccesary ingredient. and you don't possess that. You should be able to wither with a look. I hate being scolded, and I would back mamma, once started, to hold her own against any of those Billingsgate ladies one hears of. I assure you the amount of vituperation our night brougham has concealed about its person is enough, one would think, to turn the color of its cloth. No doubt that is why it requires doing up so often."

"You don't seem any the better for all the indignation."

"No, that is just it. That shows the folly of wasting so much valuable breath. I am a born flirt, and as such I hope I'll die. There! that is extra naughty, is it not? So, out of respect for you, I will unsay it, and hope instead I may depart this life a calm and decorous matron."

"Do you know I never had a flirtation in my life?" I say, almost regretfully.

"No? really! How absurd!" says Bebe, bursting into a much-amused laugh. "That is just what makes you the curious, dear, darling, little child you are. But you need not be so poverty-stricken any longer unless you please, as any one can see how *epris* with you is Sir Mark Gore."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dangerous Edifice.

Great consternation has been caused in Constantinople by a report that the Mosque of St. Sophia is in danger of collapsing; for there is a tradition among the Turks that the fall of this basilica will herald the dismemberment of the empire. The mosque was restored at great expense by the Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1849, under the superintendence of the Italian architect, Fossati. But the work does not appear to have been very well executed, for the grand dome, which is 120 feet in diameter and 250 feet high, is so insecure that, according to the report of the architect who has been called in by the Minister of Public Works, it may fall in at any moment. In other respects the interior of the mosque is in a fairly good state of preservation. Among the many relics preserved in the Mosque of St. Sophia is the carpet upon which Mohammed was wont to pray, and close to the place where this carpet is suspended stands the pulpit from which the Khatib reads the Koran every Friday, holding in his hand a drawn sword as symbolic of St. Sophia having been conquered from the infidel. Another of the relics preserved in St. Sophia is the cradle of our Saviour, which, according to tradition, was brought from Bethlehem, together with a sort of basin, in which His mother washed Him. The walls of the mosque are covered with green slabs, on which verses from the Koran are engraved in letters of gold.

"WHAT is a junction, nurse?" asked a 7-year old fairy the other day at a railway platform. "A junction my dear," answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person indeed, "why, it's a place where two roads separate."

MANITOBA MATTERS.

The Railway's Boom—The Real Estate Fever—Contemptible Trickery.

EGGS are scarce in Winnipeg.

AN early spring is predicted in Manitoba.

WINNIPEG Merchants want transient traders taxed.

GEO. S. MCTAVISH says he is going to be an independent candidate for Lisgar at the next election.

THE South-western Railway authorities are busy preparing for the erection of the proposed permanent depot at Point Douglas.

HANDSOME PRESENT.—James A. Johnson has presented the Methodist body with a site of five acres of land near Brandon for a college.

SOUTH-WESTERN Manitoba is just now attracting considerable attention on account of the wonderful productiveness of the farm lands.

ENOUGH OF THEM.—There are no less than thirty-five real estate offices between the City Hall and the Post Office, Winnipeg, a distance of about two hundred feet.

CORNELIUS MARTINS, a Mennonite, was tried a few days ago before Justice Bradley, of Emerson, on a charge of forging a cheque on Hepburn & Irwin, bankers. He pleaded guilty, but no appearance being made for the prosecution, he was discharged.

SIX Railways are projected to run to or through Rapid City, viz:—Souris & Rocky Mountain Railway, Portage, Westbourne & North-Western Railway, Rapid City Central Railway, Archibald & Rapid City Railway, Manitoba Midland Railway, Brandon & Northern Railway.

CONSIDERABLE Dissatisfaction prevails in Winnipeg Post-office owing to the Corporation not having yet numbered the houses in the public streets. The P. O. Inspector was assured that the work would be accomplished in a month, and he so reported to the Government, and upon the strength of his report the free delivery system was inaugurated.

THE EMIGRANT BUILDINGS.—A medical gentleman has objected to the location of the building the Winnipeg authorities are erecting for the use of newcomers, on the ground of imperfect drainage—the result of which, with between two and three hundred occupants of the building, can be easily conjectured. He expresses the opinion that another site should be chosen, nearer the river, where drainage could be easily secured, and a good supply of water readily and cheaply procured.

THE Winnipeg *Times* has been the victim of two dastardly attempts to injure property. On the first occasion the fly of the large Potter press on which the paper is printed was tampered with, but the fact was discovered in time to prevent any injury being done. Subsequently it was discovered that some one had been tampering with it again, and had also bent a rod so that the press could not be worked until repaired. The perpetrator of the outrage is unknown, but a strong suspicion exists as to his identity. The proprietors promise that on his next visit there will be some smashing done, but the chances are it will be his head and not the press.

A ONE-SIDED "SYNDICATE"—A statement has found its way into print that a "syndicate" of four Peterborough men, formed a few weeks ago to speculate in Manitoba lands, entrusted one of their number with the money subscribed without the execution of the necessary trust deed between the parties, that all the transactions were carried on in the name of the person holding the funds, and that when he was asked for a settlement by his confiding partners he coolly explained that as he had been doing the business in his own name he meant to keep what he had made.

Photographs by Electricity.

London Times.

On Thursday night a demonstration of photography by means of artificial illumination was given in the theatre of the Society of Arts. The lights available included, besides the electric, a Sugg gas-burner of 200-candle power, and F. W. Hart's magnesium lamp. Captain Abney, F. R. S., presided, and there was a crowded attendance. M. H. Van der Weyde, of Regent street, illustrated the progress of taking portraits by means of the electric light, a process of which he is the inventor. Six years ago, he said, he took up the challenge of a despairing London photographer to invent a method of taking good photographs without daylight. After consulting Mr. Wharton Simpson, late editor of the *Photographic News*, he found that all previous attempts at taking portraits by artificial illumination had broken down from an artistic point of view, even the best results presenting a metallic or varnished surface, with glittering high lights, dense shadows, and ghastly reflections. In his disgust, he at first endeavored to condense the actinic rays of London daylight by means of a plano-convex water lens 6½ feet in diameter. The glass plates exploded under the pressure of the 987 pounds of water, nearly drowning him, while the wounds inflicted by the broken glass laid him up for six weeks. Having reconstructed his lens with more deference to hydraulic science, he was mortified to find himself, after all, on the wrong track. He then began experimenting with the magnesium and electric lights; he used a copper reflector lined with silver, and the largest dioptric light-house lens being each 4 feet in diameter. He then found that the question was not to discover a better artificial light, but to turn and twist its diverging rays from a point, so as to concentrate them—make them embrace instead of strike the sitter. In continuing his experiments he sought to obtain, first, parallel rays from the parabolic reflector, and then to condense them into converging rays by the dioptric lens. It was at this time that he hit on the most important point in his invention; it was a small concave mirror, four inches across, placed close to the light, so as to hide it from the sitter and prevent any direct rays from leaving the reflector. After further details, including a claim to have been the first, in 1877, to turn gas into electricity, Mr. Van der Weyde, amid the loud and repeated applause of those present, conducted a series of experiments, each illustrative of some special advantage of his invention.