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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### LESSON FOR APRIL 22ND.

THE TEN VIRGINS.—MATT. XXV. 1-13.

NOTES.—"*Then.*"—When the Son of Man shall come.——"*Virgins.*"—There is no special significance in their being *virgins*. It is a part of the beautiful drapery of the parable; nor is there any special meaning in the number *ten*. The Jews delighted in that number, and it might have been the usual number of the brides-maids.——"*To meet the bridegroom.*"—His is a real coming. The earth as containing the Church universal and all the elect are the bride.——"*For the foolish when they took their lamps took no oil with them.*"—They had, like the wise, plenty of oil in their lamps to start with, but unlike the wise virgins took no vessels or cruses to carry oil with them. These cruses must have been quite heavy and cumbersome; many were elaborately ornamented. It was an act of patience to carry this extra load. The wise took that precaution. The foolish were so because they trusted to luck. They shirked their full responsibility in this vital matter.——"*They all slumbered and slept.*"—Resting in some convenient house by the way where the bridegroom was to pass by, they first *nodded* and then finally dropped off into deep sleep. The virgins are here not blamed for sleeping. They slept while others watched. The night was divided.——"*Trimmed their lamps.*"—Trimmed their wicks, for they had been burning all this while, and refilled them with oil.——"*Peradventure.*"—Let us follow Meyer in the translation of this passage; it is a little more vivid: "Never (shall we give you of our oil); there will certainly not be enough for us and you."——"*The bridegroom came.*"—To the house of the bride to be married.——"*Lord, Lord.*"—Expressive of most urgent entreaty.——"*I know you not.*"—The *verily* introduces here as elsewhere a most emphatic statement. They were not there to welcome him. They had missed their appointment as bridesmaids. Henceforth they were to him as strangers. The penalty is here attached to unfaithfulness not only as a punishment but also to bring into clearer light his reward to the watchful ones.

*Instruction.*—With what strains of exultation the virgins start forth to welcome their Lord! The mighty procession still moves onward. With joy and zeal enthusiastic worshipers march to meet the bridegroom. Who are they that lag behind and beg the strong to carry them? They are the fools who would not fill their pouches with the bread of life, though it was a free gift—fools again, who would not fill their gourds with the water of life, freely given to all that they might thirst no more. Man cannot supply these necessities, only God. Such folly meets us on every side. Both sexes fall into it. Let us warn others and be wise ourselves.

This lesson teaches that "moral preparedness" must be continued until the very hour of the second coming of our Lord. Watchfulness must not be intermittent but lasting till the end. And if by some mishap of our own careless, or through lack of foresight, or through spiritual drowsiness we are off our guard and are surprised, unprepared to give him the reception which is due, then we shall find that this woeful neglect will be punished by exclusion from his Kingdom.

Wisdom we find to-day consists in being far-sighted, in providing for an emergency and then accepting it. The wise virgins had the knowledge that lamps could not burn forever without oil, also that the bridegroom might be indefinitely delayed: then they applied their wits and ingenuity to the solution of the problem. The same problem confronts us: We have the key. It is child's play to find the answer. It requires simply faith and patience.

The folly of the five who took no oil was consummate and audacious in the extreme. In the first place they trusted to sheer luck, hoping that the arrival might be within the petty limit of their lamp capacity. Secondly, they made up their minds to sponge upon their more prudent sisters for supplies when theirs got low. They were not only careless but were perfectly willing to hang on their friends for maintainance. We should take the greatest care lest we unconsciously fall into the same sin. We must fight our own battles, from our own characters, make the decisive step ourselves that shall bring us into the bridal chamber, and not expect others to do it for us. There are some things we are solely responsible for. To keep our temples bright for his coming, is one of them, nay, it is the first.

One of the wisest things the others did was to refuse them. It would have been destruction to them if they had complied. All they could do was to indicate to where oil could be bought. That was a privilege. Each one's oil is good for him, and for him alone. It can save none else. He can simply point and pray as he stretches his finger upward.

Wm. O'Brien has begun a libel suit against T. Cork Constitution.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—There are some roughs from the country who will likely be sent to jail if they come before P. M. Gray again. On Saturday night some of these brave ones made things hideous with their bawls and blasphemies. They had secured several bottles of whiskey in shebeens which prosper under the Scott Act, and became incontrollable after partaking of their contents. The rural lads came in out at night with some town braves, and a rather serious fight ensued. The notorious Joe Reid was in the centre of the fray and received a severe drubbing. The unseemly disturbance was quelled by private citizens. Constable Shields turned up after order had been restored. The Scott Act is the fruitful mother of many an evil.—Orangeville Post.


## ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

### A Matter of Vital Importance.

The following unsolicited opinion from your friends and neighbors, men and women, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver and stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength:

296 McNab St., North, HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head, and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

Mrs. Hughes

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles, I was completely cured.

W. D. Ecklingg

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO, (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs. Jos. Burns

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. H. Goode

GALT, Ont. Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure" I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

John Grass

Inventor of the Maple Leaf Lance-tooth Cross-cut Saw.


A passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway last Thursday plunged into a swollen stream where a bridge had been washed away. About a dozen people were killed or drowned.

J. A. Timmerman was hanged on Friday at Goldendale, Washington Territory, for the murder of Wm. Sterling. The execution drew a crowd larger than a Fourth of July celebration. Timmerman was bold and defiant. He rode from the jail to the gallows through the principal street strapped at the legs and arms. He bade farewell to his friends, saying he would be —if he had ever been nobbled before, and to the priest who offered religious consolation he remarked that he was no hypocrite, and proposed to die as he had lived. His neck was broken by the fall.

A young man visited Wiarton some days ago representing himself as the advance agent of a pantomime troupe. He made arrangements with the officers of the C. O. O. F. to have his troupe visit the village and give a performance under the auspices of that society. He was a hail fellow, well met, and was showed around town by some of the boys. On leaving the village he paid his hotel bill by an order on the company that he pretended to represent. It now turns out that he was a Scott Act informer. The proprietors and bar tenders of the places visited while here and the village hotel and its companions are the winners. The hotel where he put up is slen out the amount of his bill.—Bruce Herald.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"Glad!" say Dick.

"Ah, so am I! Yesterday I was so afraid I had lost you for ever, and now to-day you are mine; an hour ago, and all things looked so dull, so colourless, that it seemed to me"—dreamily—"as if it wasn't much use to be alive! But now"—with a quick change of colour and a radiant smile—"all that is at an end, Dick! Shall I tell auntie all about—about you and me?"

"Of course," says Dick with animation—"the sooner the better. All the world should be told, and at once. The moment I reach home I shall tell my mother."

Dolores shrinks from him.

"Oh, no—not yet—not quite yet!" she says, growing very pale. "Do not tell your mother yet!"

"But why not, my dearest? How you change colour! Surely you are not afraid of my mother?"

"No, no!" hastily; then, with a sad len shamefaced truthfulness and an adorable downward motion of the head—"It's true, though; I am afraid of her."

"But, darling, how absurd! Why, she will be very proud when she finds what a sweet daughter-in-law I am going to give her!"

"Oh, it isn't that!" says Dolores, with a sudden faint flush and a touch of dignity that sits very charmingly upon her and endears her to him the more. "I do not dream that she will object to me; but there is something about her—I cannot explain it; but"—she pauses, and a little curious light comes into her eyes—"I am sure she will do me harm yet!" she says slowly. "She will be the one to destroy my happiness—to——" Again she pauses. She has grown deadly white, and now she raises one hand to her head in a terrified fashion—the pupils of her large eyes have dilated nervously.

"Dolores, what are you saying?" exclaims Bouverie, shocked by her expression.

Taking down her uplifted hand, he holds it closely in his own. His touch seems to sooth her. She sighs painfully, and then all at once the frightened look vanishes, and a smile, sweet, but languid, returns to her lips.

"I have been talking nonsense," she says, with an attempt at lightness. "But still, do you know"—looking at him with a pathetic meaning—"I feel very heavy at heart. Do not tell your mother, Dick, for my sake! Will not our love be all the sweeter if but known to us two alone?" She creeps closer to him, and lays her cheek coaxingly in a childish fashion against his. "Let our secret be a secret for a little while! Only auntie need know—and, after all, auntie is one with us."

"It shall be all exactly as you wish," says Dick, caressing her. "But my father? He at least might know. He will not betray us; and he is very dear to me. Do not forbid him to be a sharer in my joy."

"Our joy!" she says tenderly. "Yes, tell him. But do not let your mother know for a while."

"We'll make it an elopement case, if you like, and then she need never know of our engagement at least," returns Bouverie, laughing.

His change of manner seems to reassure her and rouse her from her vague fears.

"You grow frivolous!" she says assuredly. "It is time, evidently, to think of home."

"But how is your foot now?"—"Really better this time."

"Well, let me bathe it once more, and then we will think of rising up and going on our way."

Again his hat, now in a limp and wretched state, is plunged into the flowing river. Again her little foot is tenderly bathed by the most loving hands in the world. When he has dried it with his pocket-handkerchief, very carefully, lest he should hurt it, he stoops and imprints a kiss upon the snowy arch of that instep.

"Darling foot! My own foot!" he whispers to it very low.

Miss Lorne draws it away from him with a pretty pretence of petulance.

"If you love my foot more than me, I shall be jealous of it and lead it a bad life," she says, with a soft blush. "But"—starting anxiously—"we really must go now! I think"—with some embarrassment—"if you were to go and sit just over there, on that big stone—see it?—with your back to me, I could manage to get on my—my—shoe again!"

"Get on your stocking," says Mr. Bouverie, who scorns subterfuge; "but never mind the shoe—it will only hurt you!"

"Go and sit where I tell you!" orders Miss Lorne, with sudden dignity, very properly taking no notice of his advice. "And be sure you don't turn your head until I give you leave."

She manages to get on the shoe in spite of him, but the walk home is a slow one, and rather painful. However, she will not allow him to come with her farther than the wicket-gate that leads to the shrubberies and thence to the house.

"Why can't I come on with you now and tell Miss Maturin all about it?" asks Dick, who cannot bear to picture her limping all alone to the house. He lingers hopefully, hanging on to the top bar of the gate, as though loath to let her go.

"No; it will be a little shock to her, and I would rather tell her myself. But don't be afraid of that"—sweetly—"I know she will be pleased; only—I have been her baby, you see, for so long, that she will hate to—to divide me with another. Do you know, Dick"—turning to him thoughtfully in the calm twilight, and upraising her lucent eyes to his—"I was going to say to part with me; but you would never try to part auntie and me, would you?"

"I would not indeed," says Dick very earnestly.

"Good-bye now until to-morrow."

She stands on tip-toe and slips her arms round his neck, holds up her face to his without a suspicion of *mauvaise honte*, and kisses him with all the passionate warmth of a loving child.

Then she turns away and goes slowly down the path that leads her from him—slowly always, but presently more slowly still, until at last she comes to a dead stop.

All this he notes, leaning still upon the little rustic gate, and watching her every movement with a jealous care.

When she does come to a standstill, she looks round, and, after a short hesitation, comes back to him and is once again received within his willing arms.

"I have come back," she says, laughing rather shyly, and very much out of breath from her exertion, "because I felt sure you were feeling lonely without me. I knew that because"—she laughs again here rather confusedly, and refuses to let her eyes meet his—"because"—softly—"I felt so awfully lonely without you!"

"My sweet little soul!" says Dick.

"Before I go—for really," whispers she smoothing the short hair from his temples with nervous loving fingers—"say—say it all over again!"

"I love, love, love you!" whispers he back, straining her to his heart, with a true lover's instinct guessing the answer to her vague request.—There is something akin to thankfulness within his heart as he holds her in his arms and looks into her beautiful earnest eyes, and knows the power of the pure love for her that has reached a perfect growth within his heart.

As for her, tremulous tears have risen within her eyes, and, though her smile still lingers, it is now graver, more tender.

"I love you too," she says, in a low voice, "and shall for ever and ever!"

There is something that is almost solemn in her glance as she withdraws herself from his embrace and once more moves away. At the corner she turns and waves to him a last adieu.

Nothing is left him now but the pale far-off shimmer of her white gown as it gleams here and there through the trees lit by the early summer moon that is already sailing tranquilly through the pale blue ether up above. With an almost absurd anxiety he watches the white robe appear and disappear. Now it is here—now gone—now is come again, and now indeed is altogether lost. But all is not lost with it! Hope remains, and love, and the memory of her.

"My love, mine own soul's heart, more dear
Than mine own soul,
Who hath my being between the hands of
her."

A star has come out in the heavens one pale tranquil thing, above in the vast dome. To Dolores, his heart's queen, he likens it as he takes his homeward way.

### CHAPTER IX.

Slowly, a little reluctantly, Mr. Bouverie's love makes her progress to the house. She tries to believe she is in mad haste to tell her tale, yet welcomes gladly any delay that kindly nature offers her. Here she stops beside a flower-bed to pluck a glowing "Anne Boleyn," and beheads it, like its mournful namesake, under a mistaken impression that she wants it to make her room more sweet; and here she lingers to hearken to the singing of some sleepy bird, trying earnestly—oh, cruel child!—to believe it a cry of pain. And anon she stoops to lift a tiny beetle crossing the gravelled pathway, and, laying it tenderly upon the scented grass, speeds it kindly homewards.

All these delays are so many wily devices of hers to lengthen out her road and ward off for a season the impending interview. It had seemed so easy to say she would tell auntie all about it; but, now that the time for telling draws so nigh, it appears to her terribly hard. How is she to begin? What words must she use? What if her news should be unfavourably received? For the first time it occurs to her that auntie is tremendously tall! Yes, it will indeed be difficult to approach her. Oh, if she should laugh at her, and tell her she is a silly baby—too young a child to know what true love means! What then? "The Deluge!" says Miss Lorne to herself.

At the laurustinus her heart had first begun to fail her; now that she is at the hall door there is not left to her so much of the poor shred of courage. She mounts the stone steps, and, with her suffering "Anna Boleyn" clasped to suffocation in her little trembling hand, enters the open door and moves quickly up the grim old hall.

It is half-past six by the big clock—later than she had imagined. But lovers' hours are long. By this time Lallie will be sitting in the drawing-room lost in her *Times*, or perhaps *Belinda*—most probably indeed the latter.

Opening the door with all the outward seeming of a Cæsar, but with a quaking heart, she enters the room. Yes, auntie is here with her *Belinda*, and the fat Skye, and the cat, and tea.

"You have come!" cries Miss Maturin, starting into life, and letting both *Belinda* and the Skye slide from her with a little thud to the floor—treatment the Skye resents with numerous snuffles and a succession of spasmodic barks that threaten to choke him every moment and bring him to an untimely grave.

"How long you have been! Not long really, I suppose; but I am always fussy, you see, and of course I miss you. Foolish old women like me are sure to be troublesome. Come over here, darling, and have your tea."

"I thought you would have finished your tea by this time."

"Well, so I should if you had been with me; but I put it off as long as I could, waiting for you; then I grew greedy"—with a soft laugh.

"Ah, why did you wait?" says Dolores. She draws nearer, and, kneeling down beside Miss Maturin, slips her arms round her waist. "I have been unkind to you, Lallie," she says, in remorseful accents. "I should not have left you alone for such a long, long time."

"Nonsense, my kitten! I have been as happy as possible. Conceited child! Do you then think I cannot live without you?"

"I do—because I know I could not live without you!" In her manner there is a subdued but tender rush of feeling. She draws her auntie's face down close to her and folds her in a warm embrace.

There is something so fervent in the kiss the girl bestows upon her that Miss Maturin is slightly but unconsciously awakened by it to the inevitable ending of this drama. She puts Dolores back from her, and gazes at her earnestly.

"How sweet you are looking!" she says fondly—"but a little pale, as it seems to me. Did your walk fatigue you?"

"Oh, no!"

"You enjoyed it?"

"Very, very much," says Dolores, with unthinking force. Then she colours crimson beneath her aunt's scrutiny, and, rising to her feet, goes over to the window, where her features at least are beyond observation.

Sinking into the cushioned old-fashioned seat, she turns her face eastward and gazes dreamily upon the fast-darkening landscape outside. Slowly the shades of gentle night are descending, spreading a filmy pall over earth and sea, through which the trembling moonbeams soon will make away.

Mingled with the soft calm twilight is a tinge of melancholy—a birth of sorrow, plaintive, vague, shadowy, but felt. It mingles with the air and fills all the dusky corners of the rose-garden. There comes a moan from the ocean, and from the village—far, far away—the solemn tolling of a passing bell.

Miss Maturin has taken up her knitting. The girl, with bent head and graceful white-robed figure, is pondering the subtleties of life and death. A delicate fragrance of dying flowers comes from the pleasaunce without.

With a little sigh, Dolores raises her slender figure into a more upright position, and prepares herself for the moment that shall make a third person a participator in her sweet secret.

"Lallie!" she says very slowly, and then pauses; she draws herself well within the shelter of the lace curtains and waits guiltily for some encouragement to proceed.

"Well, darling?" asks Miss Maturin placidly, picking up a dropped stitch.

"Were—were you ever in love, Lallie?"

Miss Maturin laughs, with a certain sense of amusement. As yet the truth is far from her.

"I had been disappointed in love, and was still pining for the refractory one?" supplies Miss Maturin gaily. "No, no; I never loved any man, I never felt that I should like to love any man. I suppose this confession will make me suffer horribly in your esteem; but the fact is, I had only two offers in all my life, so that my range of choice was not unlimited."

"But those two?" says Dolores, who, being in love herself, feels of course softhearted and inclined to the belief that one of the two discarded ones must surely have been worthy of favour.

"As for them," says Miss Maturin, with quite youthful vivacity, "why, I remember them as though it were only yesterday!"

"What—both of them?" asks Dolores curiously.

"Yes, both," says Miss Maturin, with disgraceful enjoyment in her recollection. "Heavens, what a snuffy old man the first was! He might have been my grandfather then—my father even now. He hadn't a tooth in his venerable head, and his gold-headed stick was the only useful leg he possessed."

"And the other?" asks Dolores; but there is only faint hope in her tone. Had there been any sweet sad recollection in her past, auntie could not have possibly answered her in that jubilant fashion.

"The other! Oh, dear me," says Miss Maturin, laying her knitting down to idle upon her knees, and knitting her brows instead, "when I think of that young man, I always wonder why it was he was allowed to go about alone without a keeper. It couldn't have been want of funds, as he was immensely rich—quite a millionaire, poor soul!"

"What was the matter with him?" asks Dolores, discarding the protection of the lace curtains in her anxiety to hear the true and unvarnished tale of this sad wooer. "Was he——"

"Yes, he was," says Miss Maturin agreeably—"quite mad! He was about the very worst lunatic any one ever saw out of an asylum. If he had been just one shade nearer perfection in his own line of business, he would have made intimate acquaintance with Colney Hatch; but no such luck was mine; he remained a harmless imbecile just to torment me."

With an injured shake of her handsome head, Miss Maturin resumes her stocking.

The girl's gaze still wanders dreamily outwards.

"What an evening it is!" she says at last, in a low voice full of intensest admiration. "See how those pale clouds have dropped, as it were, into the very heart of the ocean! What a perfect mingling! What a clear calm light! Look at that opalescent bar over there!"

"A fair evening indeed!" says Miss Maturin, gazing with a deep satisfaction at the far-off horizon. "A most exquisite mingling! A very bridal of the earth and sky!"

"A bridal?" repeats Dolores softly, flushing a delicate pink. "Shall I ever be a bride, auntie? Do you ever think that some day perhaps I shall?"

"A bride? No, no, it is impossible!" exclaims Miss Maturin, with sudden curious vehemence. She looks askance at her niece, and a quick pallor overspreads her face. One might almost imagine that it was terror itself that blanched it. She sighs heavily, and sinks back in her chair, as one might who has been touched and scorched by a breath of passing fear.

"Why, auntie," says Dolores, gazing at her with large startled eyes, "what is it you say?" Then timidly—"Why should it be impossible? Other girls get married."

"Ay, other girls!" says Miss Maturin, in a low voice akin to a groan. She seems to have lost all her self-control, and the words fall from her as though in despite of her will.

"Am I then different from all the rest?" questions Dolores, with a smile. It is a rather wistful smile. What if Lallie should disapprove of her engagement and look coldly on her Dick?

"Why should you imagine that?" says Miss Maturin hastily. "Tut, child! You must not mind me." She is speaking more lightly now, and has evidently recovered in part her usual manner. "Forget what I have said, or remember only that the very thought of parting with you causes me such pain that words slipped from me that—that were unmeant. To lose you now—after all these years!"

"We should not be parted," says Dolores gravely. "Have I not just told you that I could not live without you? We two shall never part, Lallie, be sure of that!"

"Well, well, sweetheart, the subject grows too much for us, and we ourselves are needlessly thoughtful over a dream that may never be fulfilled. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Miss Maturin, as she says this, smiles faintly.

"Why should it be evil?" asks Dolores, regarding her earnestly—perhaps reproachfully. To call a marriage with Dick an "evil!"

"Why, indeed?" says Miss Maturin, with an attempt at lightness. "But tell me of your walk, darling child. Where did you go? Whom did you meet? Nobody, I fear, in this quiet neighbourhood. Sometimes I am afraid you will learn what loneliness really means during your solitary rambles."

"I was not solitary to-day," says Dolores. "I did meet somebody."

Her pale cheeks glow, and her sensitive mouth trembles as she makes this confession; but to deceive Lallie in any way would be not only abhorrent to her, but indeed utterly impossible.

"I met—Mr. Bouverie." She had almost said "Dick," and now feels remorseful at heart, and as though she has in some way been unkind to her lover by the use of his more formal appellation.

"I am glad of that," says Miss Maturin unsuspiciously. "I like that young man; he is so bright, so natural! Did you meet him soon after you left me?"

"As I got down to the river, he came there too," says Dolores, leaning forward eagerly and speaking with glad interest. "Her beautiful eyes are sparkling; she has found a mine of happiness in those words—"I like that young man." Yes, yes, she knew it! Who could help liking him? "He stayed there with me all the time," she goes on nervously, "until I said I should go home; and then he walked back with me. And he wanted to come in and see you; but——" Her voice dies away.

Miss Maturin makes no reply. She is feeling numbed and sick at heart. Whatever cruel thing is gnawing at her heart is doing its work effectually. The girl's last words are working in her brain. "Three long hours," she says to herself—"three long hours!"


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## NEWS ITEMS.

Jacob Sharp, the New York ex-Alderman, died last week.

The slavery question will be voted on by the Brazilian Parliament in May.

The United States has refused Germany's meditation in the Morocco dispute.

Four thousand Irish emigrants sailed from Queenstown on Thursday for America.

The steamer Rio Janeiro has been wrecked near Montevideo, with 120 passengers lost.

The bursting of a watermain at Peshtigo Friday caused an immense amount of damage.

Mr. James G. Blaine's illness has been decisively pronounced Bright's disease.

Four thousand dollars worth of opium, taken in through Canada, has been seized at San Francisco.

It is said Emperor William left a document strongly insisting on the maintenance of good relations with Russia.

So many Irish emigrants are applying for passages across the Atlantic that the steamship companies cannot accommodate them all.

Zelph Davis, the negro foreman who murdered the outraged little Maggie Sullivan (white) in Chicago, was sentenced to death Saturday.

At a Conservative meeting in Essex, Friday evening, Lord Beaconsfield's nephew, unmingling, delivered a speech against the Rule.

A Washington despatch to The New York Tribune says the Government of the United States will continue to enforce their seal fishery laws in Behring's Sea.

All towns which had over 100,000 people when the last census was taken will under the English local government be considered counties.

A statue of General Gordon, for the section of which the House of Commons has passed a Bill, will be erected in Trafalgar Square at the end of the year.

Determined efforts were made by National League leaders to hold the proclaimed meetings in Ireland on Sunday, and in one places there were serious collisions, any people being wounded.

The London Chronicle says the Pope is about to issue a document inviting priests throughout the world to celebrate, on the 1st Sunday in September, a solemn mass for the souls in purgatory, as the crowning memorial of his jubilee.

German Socialists in Switzerland have parodied Emperor Frederick's amnesty decree and spread 50,000 copies in the principal towns of Germany. Twenty-five persons who had copies in their procession have been arrested at Leipsic.

The Spanish Government and the Opposition have agreed upon a bill for the reorganization of the army. Instead of the conscription system, service in the army will be obligatory upon all citizens. The peace establishment will consist of 100,000 men. This force may be increased to 350,000 by mobilization.

Reports of rich gold discoveriers in Lower California have created much excitement, and prospecting parties have been fitted out and gone to the scene. The San Diego Union has ascertained that a number of experts have been in the Lower California gold fields and have brought back to their employers quiet reports of rich discoveries.

Kennedy Porter, a son of ex-Governor Porter, was shot and probably fatally wounded at Paris, Tenn., on Friday night about 11 o'clock by Will Edmunds. Young Porter had been paying attentions to Edmunds's sister, but Edmunds disliked him and had frequently threatened to kill him if he did not desist.

A local paper publishes interviews with 200 prominent Republicans of Minnesota regarding the workings of high license in the state, where the law has been in effect for eight months. It is agreed that the law has worked well in all the cities. With one exception the replies show that the sentiment is favorable to the retention of the law.

The work of setting up the voters' lists at the Government printing bureau at Ottawa is being done rapidly. Forty printers are employed, but the number will not be increased just now, owing to the limited accommodation. Five hundred pages of the regulation length have been set up already. The work will be concluded in about a year, when the lists will be transmitted to the various returning officers for revision.


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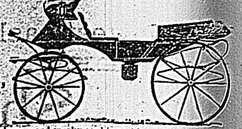

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