IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"It cannot fail to reassure those who have begun to have fears for the future of religion," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago, "that the observance of Good Friday and Easter should show such a great advance from year to year. This is true to a considerable extent even among those denominations which were at one time most opposed to all 'observance of days.' There is, of course, an occasional voice which gives expression to the old charges of formalism and Pharisaism, but most of the better-informed and thoughtful among religious teachers at the present day, who still cling to the old faith in the Atoning Sacrifice and the actual Resurrection of the Lord, are no longer able to shut their eyes to the immense importance of these anniversaries in keeping ever fresh in Christian souls the memory of those transcendent events upon which all our faith is based. Within the Church itself, it is evident that the appreciation of these chief days of the Christian year was never greater than at present, and the power which lies in the great facts which are then celebrated is marvelously exhibited in the crowds which throng our churches on those days in increasing numbers year by year."

The New York *Churchman* (P. E.), enumerating the advantages of a daily service in the churches, makes a telling point when it says: "Another advantage will not seem too insignificant to find place when we remember how much depends on a clergyman's voice, how greatly a strained or tired voice will lessen the effect of a sermon or address. No doubt it seems at first sight as though the exercise of the voice in public day after day would prove too great a tax upon it. On the other hand, it is an almost universal experience that the regular daily exercise strengthens the vocal cords and enlarges the lungs. It has been noticed that many of the clergy this year have temporarily broken down since Easter. This has been attributed to over-exertion during Lent. No doubt the strain has been great upon many pastors, but it may be questioned whether part of the exhaustion is not attributable to the fact that so many of the clergy are unaccustomed to daily public ministrations. Many Professors lecture several hours each day to large classes, and continue to do so for months at a time. John Wesley said that preaching was the best exercise he knew, and though he began with a delicate constitution, for the last thirty years of his life he rose daily at 4 o'clock, preached two or three sermons during the day, and usually rode twenty-five or thirty miles on horseback into the bargain."

"The moral standards that often prevail in the sports and games of boys are of the greatest peril to character," observes the *Watchman* (Bapt.) of Boston. "Many fathers and mothers look with dismay to the time when the boy reaches the age to come into close association with other boys. The ball club, the boat club, the summer camping out may strengthen his body, but rob him of the finer qualities which would go to make him a good, true-hearted, pure-minded man. Is there anything impracticable in having the sports and games of boys conducted under distinctively Christian influences? Is there anything out of the way in having a boys' club in the church, officered and conducted by Christian young men, who shall set the right standards and a Christian tone? There is a vast field for good work opening here for young men who do not know just how to render special Christian service. The 'Boys' Brigade' in England and Scotland has been most successful in solving this problem of interfusing the relations of boys with Christian ideals. It is not certain whether the plan of the 'Brigade' would succeed equally well in this country. But the idea behind it is a noble one. And it is significant that during the last week meetings were held in two of our largest churches in Boston—Tremont Temple and Clarendon-street—to plan for this work. This movement is in the air. The church of the future will not suffer boys of 14 and 15 to drop out of the Sunday-school and have nothing for them until a few of them are picked up by the Young Men's Christian Associations."

"At the late meeting of the Presbytery in this city," says the New York *Evangelist* (Pres.), "a question was asked which had no answer. It was this: If we are to take the Confession as the standard of orthodoxy by which we are not only to try our brethren, but by which we may be tried ourselves, which Confession is it to be—the one that is two hundred and fifty years old, and that is at this moment the recognized standard, or the new Confession that our Wise Men have been for three years preparing for us, and which in the course of three weeks may be approved by the General Assembly and sent down to the presbyteries for that final vote which is to make it the Confession of the Presbyterian Church? Here we are in a strait betwixt two. Which way shall we turn? Men who are trimmers in politics, and wish to be always on the winning side, sometimes hold back their votes until they see, or think they see, how the tide is going. But even then they may be caught. Now, in the matter of creeds, we do not wish to be too precipitate, whereby we may be caught between the upper and the nether millstone. When the Church shall make up its mind, after long deliberation, what is the faith to be believed, we will accept it as far as we can in good conscience, but until then we do well to be cautious without committing ourselves. For our part, if there are two creeds, and we are required to make a choice, and to swear allegiance to one in preference to the other, we want the one with all the modern improvements."

The New York *Examiner* (Bapt.), speaking of the Pope's approval of the Faribault plan, says: "If the Catholic authorities are really willing to do what they profess themselves ready to do we do not say that a working compromise on the school question cannot be arranged. The Catholic demands the privilege of daily religious instruction for his children. If this is given outside of school hours, to such children only as voluntarily remain, Protestants can afford to yield this much. * * * The Catholic schools that wish to become State schools should be required to submit their management during school hours wholly to the regular educational authorities. Protestant children should not be discouraged from attending them; Protestant teachers should be appointed to them whenever it is advisable; the studies should be made to conform to the regular school standards; all religious emblems should be removed from the schoolrooms and no distinctive dress should be worn by teachers during school hours. * * * If, we say, Archbishop Ireland's plan embraces these features the Pope's approval of it will solve the vexed school question. But only a very credulous person can believe, on the evidence at present available, that this is the plan approved. What the Pope has doubtless approved is a scheme like that tried at Faribault—a sharp trick by which the Catholics hope to escape the financial burdens of their parochial schools, at the same time retaining every advantage those schools now give them; and a later dispatch questions whether he has done more than approve this in special cases."

The New York *Independent*, speaking of the exhibition in that city of the alleged fragment of the arm of St. Ann, says: "The extraordinary thing about these superstitions is that they assume such a peculiar virtue in the relic as fairly amounts to making it a fetich. It is held that God in answer to prayer will give healing to the sick in the presence of the relic, when he will not give it to similar prayer if the relic is absent. God has a regard for the piece of bone such as he does not have for the prayer uttered without its presence. A person afflicted with disease may expect, in the presence of the relic, to be healed, while he cannot expect any such miracle if he is out of reach of the relic. God thus gives special favor to certain persons who are in certain places, and who pray to him there, which he will not give to the most holy and pious people who pray to him elsewhere. He is a respecter of places and persons; and it is not true, now, it seems, that in every country he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is equally accepted of him. Now, this is the very essence of fetichism; it makes prayer unavailable and inefficient unless there is a piece of bone present. Such a doctrine is allowed to be taught by monsignors in the Church, and is encouraged by the Archbishop of Quebec, Cardinal Taschereau, through whose efforts this relic was obtained. He does not represent the better element but the worse in the Catholic Church, as his people are among the most ignorant and backward on the Continent. We expect to see these two tendencies in the Church—the mediæval and the modern—continuing side by side; but it is perfectly clear on which side is the future."

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A PRAYER AT EVENTIDE.

Almighty God, whose matchless love
Is boundless as the sea,
Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling place,
In mercy lend Thine ear.

In sorrow and in grief I come,
To Thee my sins confessing;
Oh, pass me not in anger by,
But pardon my transgressions.

I thank Thee, Lord, for health and strength,
For friends so dear and loving;
For all things pure and beautiful,
That make our earth an Eden.

Oh, let Thy blessings fall like rain
Upon the poor and needy;
Be Thou their guide and comforter
In every time of trial.

And when the hour of death shall come,
Remember me in mercy;
Oh, then receive me to Thyself,
My God and my Redeemer.

E. G. JONES, M. D.
Paterson, N. J., May 14th.

A DIFFERENCE OF A FEW YEARS.

I.

(AT TWENTY.)

Scene: The piazza of a summer hotel.

HE: Thou loveliest rose, from Eden fair,
Oh, Phyllis, love, whom I adore,
Upon my bended knee I swear
To be thy slave forevermore.

SHE: Dear boy, thy words have sweeter ring
Than any words that e'er were said;
I would, my love, thou wert a king,
And I thy humble servant maid!

II.

(AT THIRTY.)

Scene: The breakfast table.

SHE: Apologize, you brutal thing;
Retract at once those words you said.
You seem to think you're a king,
And I an humble servant maid!

HE: Come, mistress Phyllis, have a care!
Think not that I will pardon crave
Upon my bended knee. I swear,
You seem to take me for a slave.

—Henry J. Livermore, in Brooklyn Life.

Flowers for the Bride's Bouquet.

The bride's bouquet should always be made of white flowers, writes H. H. Battles in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In England, eucharis, gardenia, orange blossoms and stephanotis are frequently used; with us, very seldom. The most fashionable bouquet in America consists of white orchids, lily of the valley or of white roses, following in the order named. Lily of the valley is frequently mixed with either orchids or roses, but orchids and roses are seldom used in the same bouquet. They are rival queens that are happiest apart. A pretty idea to arrange the bride's bouquet is to have it composed of several sections, that, after the bride leaves the house, the maid of honor may distribute to those friends whom the bride may wish to honor. The ribbon can remain on the section intended for the bride's mother. At times the bride has a favorite flower, or there is a bit of romance or sentiment attached to some colored flower, such as violet or Jacqueminot rose, and she wishes this included in her bouquet. When they are used let it be a small bunch, partly concealed. After the reception it may be taken from the bouquet and worn on the traveling dress.

The ribbon for the bouquet should be either three yards of three-inch ribbon to match the gown in tone and texture, or twenty or thirty yards of very narrow ribbon, with long bows, the ends extending down at different lengths, with delicate flowers attached to a number of these ends. Sometimes a large bow of ribbon is tied and arranged as though it were coming from the center of the bouquet. The ribbon thus used has no meaning, and is very apt to become soiled by the moisture on the flowers. As the bride's bouquet is always white, those carried by the bridesmaids should, as a contrast, have some color. If the bride, in choosing her attendants, has been fortunate in securing decided blondes and brunettes, strong and beautiful color contrasts can be obtained in both gowns and flowers. The flat cluster, or "rustic bunch," is often used. In arranging such a cluster it is wise to have it arranged carelessly, or rather not to interfere too much with nature.

Children's Throat Troubles.

A child who has always had its own way is not likely to be willing to give it up when it is ailing and miserable, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Bribes and entreaties are of little use then. The wayward will, unused to discipline, is only strengthened by the weakness and weariness of the body. A wise physician said to me not long since that he had known cases where children's lives had been sacrificed because they had not been taught to obey. No doubt any doctor of wide experience could confirm this statement. Is not this a fact to make mothers ask themselves: "Am I preparing my child for sickness as well as health? If not, what can I do toward it now, before it is too late?"

It is usually in diseases of the throat that the greatest difficulty is found in inducing the child to submit to treatment. In diphtheria and scarlet fever it is sometimes impossible to make an application to the tonsils, either with spray or brush, without so exciting and frightening the poor little patient that the consequent exhaustion tells sadly against its chances of recovery.

Accustom a child to open its mouth and have its throat examined. It can be done playfully, giving a sugar alum as a reward when "mother can see way down its throat." The little one will never suspect that he is acquiring a habit which may save his life.

The Grip

Leaves its victims very weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired and to expel all poison from the blood.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

A STAIN

On a nice dress ruins the dress. A woman's face disfigured by any skin blemish ruins her beauty. For the dress there is no remedy, but for the face there is. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON'S LOLO MONTEZ CREME, the skin food, has a world-wide reputation. For the toilet it is indispensable. It prevents the skin from becoming rough and dry, protects it from the sun and wind and keeps it soft and smooth. It also acts as a tonic, keeping the skin healthy, and thereby preventing wrinkles and crowsfeet. Price, 75 cents. MRS. HARRISON'S FACE BLEACH, recommended by the best chemists and physicians for removing tan, freckles, sunburns, blackheads, moth patches, sallowness and all other skin blemishes. Price, $1. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary street, San Francisco. Any lady calling at the parlors of my lady agent, MRS. M. STICE, 525 J street, Sacramento, will receive a sample of my celebrated SKIN FOOD Free! Free!

THE SIEGE OF SUNDA GUNGE.

I.

On the 1st of July, 1857, the Indian mutiny was at its hight. For ten days the little British station at Sunda Gunge had been besieged by the insurgent Sepoys.

The station was divided into two portions—the lower, consisting of the Indian village, and the upper, part of which, including the magazine and the British Residency, was strongly fortified. Within this portion the English residents had retired on the first signal of approaching danger. The rebels fortunately possessed only one small piece of cannon, which had proved quite ineffectual against the walls of the inclosure. Provisions were not scarce, and up to the present moment the garrison had entertained strong hopes of being able to hold out until relief arrived.

Suddenly a new and unexpected danger had arisen.

The town was situated at the foot of a range of hills, and from one particular point upon the slopes outside the walls the well in the middle of the square was visible. This the Sepoys had at length discovered. Their single piece of cannon was at once posted at this point and brought to bear exactly on the well within the town.

The group of spectators looked in silence at the well. The same thought occupied the minds of all. There were women in the garrison and children, and wounded men moaning for water. Water must be had. But how?

Over a fringe of mango trees and the roofs of some low bungalows to the right of the square a knot of dusky figures could be descried at a certain point on the hillside. The dark point marked the spot where the cannon was posted. Even as the spectators looked toward it the cannon boomed—there came a puff of smoke and a flash of fire, and at the same moment the ground about the mouth of the well was torn up by a fierce hail of shot. The gunners were trying their range.

The spectators looked significantly at one another. Four of the group were English sailors—the reet were natives. Of the latter two were water carriers, each of whom carried about his waist a large, hollow belt of skin, capable of containing several gallons of water. There they stood trembling, their dusky faces turning to a sickly yellow as they stared at the space of shattered ground which the storm of shot had torn up all round the mouth of the well. The other natives were all Sikhs; and these, with the impassive courage of their race, looked on calmly and betrayed no emotion.

Of the Englishmen two were private soldiers, the other two were officers—Colonel Dundas, the officer in charge of the garrison, and a young Lieutenant, St. George Vane. The Colonel was a tall, gray man, grave, stern and martial. The Lieutenant was a young man of not more than five or six and twenty, with blue eyes, fair mustache and careless, handsome features.

"This is an awkward business, Vane," the Colonel said. "We might drive these cowards to the well, but they will certainly be blown to pieces, and we shall get no water."

"True," said Vane, reflectingly; "yet—stay! one of us might go out alone and try to bring in water. If they hit him, as they most likely will, three or four others can be ready to rush out and may bring him in, and the water as well, before they have time to load again."

"The cannon is not the only danger," said the Colonel. "They have rifles as well."

"True," said Vane, "but a rifle at that range would most likely miss—a shower of grape is different."

The Colonel hesitated. No commander likes to send brave men on desperate ventures. But he could see no other scheme which would not involve much greater risk of life. And they must reach the well in some way.

"Let me try," said Vane, eagerly. "Give me a few men—a score will volunteer—and we will laugh at these black scoundrels yet."

The Colonel hesitated—but only for a moment. There was no man in the garrison whom he valued and trusted more than St. George Vane. In warfare private feelings must give way to the general good. After a moment the Colonel laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and said briefly:

"Try!"

II.

An hour or two later Vane entered his room. Two figures were sitting on the veranda, not far from his own window, two girls. One of these was a tall, slight girl, pale and light-haired—not handsome, nor even remarkable, except for her eyes, which were large, gray, serious, and, when at rest, deep rather than bright. Her companion, on the other hand, was a girl of singular beauty; a girl with dark hair, dark eyes, rather full, red lips and skin of soft and flower-like bloom. The pale girl was Mary Sulland—the beautiful one was Lenora Dundas. The latter was the Colonel's daughter, Mary Sulland was his ward.

Like all men of her acquaintance, Vane admired Lenora greatly, and sometimes half believed himself in love with her, and whether he were really so or not, he had been accustomed for years to call himself her worshiper. On the other hand, though he liked Mary Sulland very warmly, and would have done anything in his power to give her pleasure, he never told himself that he was in love with her, nor even thought about it.

Both the girls on their side regarded Vane with feelings far different from those of ordinary interest. But it is characteristic of each, that while Lenora never forgot that Vane was a rich man, Mary Sulland never gave the fact a thought.

The two girls alone on the veranda, anxious, restless and uneasy. Over all there hung a cloud of fear, a sense of impending danger, as of the sword hanging by a single thread; the cruel uncertainty as to what is going to happen, which makes the peculiar horror of a passive siege.

Vane, on entering the room, had no knowledge that the two girls were at that moment on the veranda, so near to his own window. He had just been around the station, and had got together with some difficulty half a dozen men who could be spared from active duty at the watch posts on the walls, and these, as he had given orders, were now collected about the door of the room awaiting his arrival. Four were English, two were Sikhs—every man of them to be trusted to the death.

These men he placed on one side of the table, while he himself stood on the other. Then, in a few words, he explained to them the nature of the service for which they were required, adding that he only wished for volunteers, and that any man who disliked the duty might retire at once. Not a man stirred.

"The man that goes out first will run by far the greatest risk. Who will undertake that duty?"

Six right hands immediately saluted. Vane smiled.

"We must draw lots, I see," he said.

"Here are seven of us," he continued. "I am going to deal cards all around. Whichever of us receive a certain card—we will say the knave of spades—will be the man selected."

A hush fell on the six spectators—the hush of rising interest. Except for the slight fluttering noise made by the falling cards, not a sound was to be heard. Such was their absorption that they did not see two faces which came suddenly peeping in upon them through the window of the room.

The two girls on the veranda had been startled by hearing all at once the sound of voices in the room close by them. From their position they could not avoid overhearing every word that passed. They heard the short speech in which Vane announced to the men the danger which threatened the well, and the duty which was expected of them; they heard his appeal for volunteers, and then the cheer which followed. They could see clearly every card as it was dealt. The cards fell slowly, one by one, before each man in turn. The deal went around—card by card, as it appeared, the focus of nine pairs of eager eyes. The second deal went around—no knave of spades as yet appeared. The fourth began; would that complete the circuit of the seven? The pack was growing thin, and expectation deepened now with every card. Where was the knave of spades? It must come soon! Again the cards went around.

No! Not quite. As the last card of the round fell face upward on the table a thrill went through the nerves of the spectators. The two girls at the window shrank back suddenly as if they had been shot. There was the fatal card at last! The lot had fallen to Vane himself!

"That decides it," he said. "I go first. You will meet me at the archway in half an hour from this time. It will then be dusk, and we will give ourselves what chance we can. I shall go out alone; the rest of you will wait under cover of the archway, and will rush out the moment they fire at me. If I fall two of you must bring me in—Sanderson and King can do it. The other four must try to get a bucketful of water each. There will be time for that, I think, though it will be sharp work. Remember, at the archway, with all ready, in half an hour."

III.

The men saluted and filed out. Vane was left alone. He turned, and was about to seat himself at the table when, to his surprise, he saw a figure standing in the window of the room, and he was about to ask her what she wished, when Lenora came hurriedly forward and stood beside him.

"St. George," she said, "you must not go—you shall not go."

As she spoke he thought for the first time of the veranda. She knew what he was going to do. He would much rather that she had not known; but he answered simply, "It is my duty, Lenora."

"Duty!" she repeated with impatience. "Oh, yes—but do not go! Send some one else. Surely there are plenty of men. Do not go, St. George."

Great is the power of beauty, though it be the beauty of Delilah. It could not make a man like Vane forgetful of his duty, or shake for more than a moment his natural resolution. But as he looked down at the lovely lips which tempted him, he did not turn at once away. And yet her words jarred on him. He felt no surprise; he knew Lenora well, but he would have chosen that the girl to whom he gave his love, though she might part from him in agony of mind, would not have had him shirk his duty in face of danger. Love might be dearer to her than life, but honor should be dearer than either.

He was on the point of speaking when there appeared at the window of the room another figure. They both looked up and saw it. It was Mary Sulland. Her face was very pale, and as she came forward a close observer might have seen that she was trembling. But her eyes shone with a strange light, and when she spoke her voice, though low, was thrilling in its distinctness. Her first words showed that she had not overheard, or had not understood, what had already passed between Lenora and St. George.

"We know where you are going," she said, with shining eyes. "Lenora shall not be alone in bidding you God-speed before you go. I have come to do so too;" and, as she spoke, she looked as a Spartan maiden may have looked when she sent her lover forth to death or glory.

At the first sound of her voice Vane started. Their eyes met, and one might have thought that some reflection of the light in hers had flashed into his own. Without a word he took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

IV.

Lenora, with a half hysterical laugh, turned to the window and went out. Mary Sulland was left alone. Suddenly she sank upon a chair and burst into such a passion of tears as shook her very frame.

Her hero? Yes—he was her hero. She made no secret of it now in her own heart. She loved him well. Gladly would she have given her own life for his. But, alas! what could she do?

All at once a wild thought struck her. Her cheek flamed; the old light kindled in her eyes. She started to her feet, pale, eager-eyed and trembling—trembling now with new excitement. She seemed like one possessed by a spirit stronger than her own—by an impulse overmastering and resistless. For a moment or two she stood motionless, her eyes gleaming. Then turning, not to the window, but to the door, she hurried from the room.

She went straight to her own chamber. In a few minutes she came out again. She was now draped in a long, close gray dressing-gown, which completely covered her own dress. Her tall, slight figure thus garmented looked like nothing so much as a gray ghost, and, like a ghost in the failing light of evening, she glided out of her chamber and passed along the passage and down a flight of stairs.

All at once she stopped. Some noise alarmed her. And now she was afraid—afraid, not of what she was about to do, but of being seen and thwarted in the execution of her plan. Presently, all being still she again stole forward. The men were, for the most part, busy at their posts. Fortune favored her. No eye observed her as she stole upon her way.

At last, to her infinite relief, she reached her destination. She stood in the archway which led out into the square. It was still empty. Vane's volunteers had gone in search of the articles required for the adventure, and had not yet arrived. The open court was before her, and there, in the middle of it, was the well.

She knew the archway well. It was a kind of tunnel or covered passage of brickwork some half a dozen yards in length. Near the outer end of the archway there was a buttress, and beyond it a recess or deep niche in the masonry. The niche was close beside the buttress on the side toward the square.

The gray figure reached the buttress, glided into the recess and disappeared.

V.

Five minutes passed—ten minutes. Then the sound of steps was heard, and men entered the archway in a body. Vane was not among them, but immediately afterward he appeared, together with another officer—the surgeon.

By this time the sun had sunk, and but for the rising moon it would have been quite dark. The woodwork which had supported the windless of the well had been shattered by the shot, and now stood in ruins, but the chain remained intact, its end twisted around a broken stump, and the bucket hung in safety inside the opening of the well.

No time was lost. Vane spoke a word or two by way of last directions to the men; then taking a bucket in his hand so that, if by any chance he escaped the shot, he might do his share in bringing in the water, he turned toward the square. That his chance was very slight he knew. And as he turned to go forth into the range of the cannon, his face, though resolute, was grave.

He had already taken a step or two in advance, when he suddenly stopped short. What was that? A soft, gray, ghostly figure started out of the wall in front of him and flitted forth into the open air. Before he had recovered from his amazement it had already reached the well. For the space of an instant it stood there motionless; then, as if desiring rather to attract attention than to shun it, it raised both arms above its head, waved them in the moonlight. In a moment—just as Vane, recovering a little, started out of the archway—the cannon thundered; a storm of shot whistled in the air, plowed up the ground and rattled among the ruined woodwork of the well.

Vane was still outside its range and no shot struck him. But the phantom figure—what of it? He looked and thrilled. What dark thing was that which now lay motionless beside the mouth of the well?

VI.

When the night was past, when the next day shone, when the dial finger marked the hour a little after noon, the garrison of Sunda Gunge was shaken suddenly by strange excitement. First there became audible a noise of wild confusion in the encampment of the Sepoys round the walls. It grew—it gathered volume—it swelled into a tumult. Guns fired, voices yelled, a sound was heard as of the stampede of innumerable feet. Then, drowning every other sound, arose the loud hurrahing of English voices, and this, taken up by those inside the garrison, became in a few minutes a perfect tempest of wild cheering, ringing far and near.

Suddenly — unexpected — relief had come. The rebels were flying in all directions.

As soon as the fact of the relief was certain, Vane stepped out of the crowd and made his way alone and unperceived along the deserted passages to a certain room which lay in the rear of the walled buildings. It was the very room from which the night before a slender, gray-draped figure had stolen softly out.

Just as he reached the door and was hesitating at the threshold, Mrs. Jessop, who had been called out by the noise of the cheering, was seen returning in a state of much excitement. Vane accosted her eagerly, but in low tones. "Is she better? Can I see her yet?" he said.

"She is much better. She is dressed and sitting up. But the noise alarmed her. She does not know the cause of it."

Vane followed her into the room. In a large chair next the window, looking very white and weak, with a bandage round her temples, where the shot had grazed and stunned her, sat Mary Sulland.

He had not seen her since the night before, he had carried her swooning to her room. He had heard with infinite relief that the wound was not dangerous, and, inquiring hourly at her door throughout the night, he had learned that the swoon was passing off and that, with some hours of rest, there would be little to be feared. Yet now, as he stood before her, even the great event which had just happened, was less present to his mind than anxiety to satisfy himself with his own eyes that she was safe. The shock which he had felt at the moment when he had raised her in his arms and caught sight of her white face in the moonlight was with him still. He had felt at that instant a certainty that she was killed.

Amid the storm of shot only one had grazed her; the rest had whistled past her without harm. But where her slender figure had so narrowly escaped, a man, being of larger bulk, would inevitably have been struck down.

During the hours of night, while he had wandered up and down outside her door, too restless to seek for sleep, he had thought of these things. He thought of the girl who had risked her life for his: he had let his memory go back into the past and call to mind all that he had owed to Mary Sulland through the years that he had known her; how all his noblest aspirations, dreams, ambitions, had come from her, or had been fostered and strengthened by her sympathy; and he had wondered how it was that he himself had never realized till now what she had been to him.

The look of inquiry on her face recalled him to himself.

"I am forgetting," he said. "I am glad to be the first to bring you the good news. I see you guess it. Yes, relief has come. The siege is over."

She looked at him with eagerness. One thought filled her mind— it forced a passage to her lips.

"Then you will not have to go again for water?"

As the words escaped her she flushed red. Her action of the night before had hardly been her own—so overmastering had been the impulse that had hurried her away. And now, like a woman, she was troubled by a doubt—what would he think of her? Had she, in thrusting herself between him and danger, forfeited forever his esteem?

He did understand, however—at least partly. He saw that she was troubled, and he took the best course possible to set her at her ease. He meant to regard what she had done as a matter which, between themselves, required no explanation. As for others they knew nothing. The men who had been at the archway had only the vaguest idea of what had passed. The secret was their own.

"No," he said, smiling, "I shall not have to go again. Nor, what is of greater consequence, will you, Mary?"

She answered with a smile. They understood each other. He was bending over her—she was looking up at him. Mrs. Jessop was not near them, and it was almost as if they were alone. From the distance came a noise of voices cheering as if they never meant to stop; but in the room itself there was no sound but their own murmured talk.

"As soon as you are well again," he said, "I shall be very angry with you, Mary. I had a chance of getting the Victoria Cross, but now they will let you have it, I suppose."

She laughed softly, for his words were music to her. But it was not his words alone that thrilled her blood. She had won a richer prize than the Victoria Cross, and now she knew it. For in his eyes, as she looked up at them, she saw the flame of love.—Temple Bar.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Memories of the Great Author and the Ettrick Shepherd.

George Croall of Edinburgh has been relating to a *Scottish Leader* representative some interesting reminiscences of Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd. One of Mr. Croall's earliest recollections is seeing the Forty-second Highlanders march up the Canongate of Edinburgh, with flags flying and pipes skirling, on the return from Waterloo. He was asked what he remembered about Scott.

"Oh, ay! Sir Walter," he replied. "Well do I mind him. Why, I remember, when a youngster, all the excitement created by the 'Scotch Novels' and I can recall hastening to Constable's to buy a copy of 'Quentin Durward' on the morning of its publication."

"That was in 1823 — nearly seventy years ago."

"True enough; it's a long time to look back on now. But a few years later I came into closer touch with Sir Walter. I had the good luck, you know, to be present—as one connected with the musical arrangements of the evening—at the theatrical fund dinner, when Scott first revealed himself as 'The Great Unknown.'"

"Then you heard the famous confession?"

"Yes; I was standing not far from the great novelist when he made it. I remember the speeches well—they were reported, by the way, by my father, who was for forty years sub-editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, and became the doyen of the Scottish dress."

"I suppose the declaration caused great excitement?"

"It did that. The impression had got about somehow that Sir Walter was going to make an important statement, and all the guests of the evening—there were about 300—were in a state of intense, but suppressed, curiosity."

"It was Lord Meadowbank, I think, who first gave the hint of what was coming."

"It was—Lord Meadowbank, the Judge. I remember when he dramatically referred to 'the mighty magician who had rolled back the curtain of time,' as standing revealed, the enthusiasm was something extraordinary. I can picture it all before my eyes now as clear as if it had taken place yesterday—people jumping on chairs and tables, waving glasses and handkerchiefs, and all joining in a wild and deafening burst of cheering at the announcement. And then I can see Sir Walter, in his dress suit, and leaning on his stick, rising at the head of the table—he was Chairman that evening—to respond to the ovation, his playful speech confessing the total and undivided authorship of the Waverly novels, his toasts to Mr. Mackey, the first actor of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and his little joke about 'the small known now, Mr. Bailie.'"

"But you saw more of Scott afterward, did you not?"

"Oh, yes. I was at Abbotsford several times in a professional capacity, as I have mentioned in my musical 'Centenary Souvenir,' published twenty years ago, and once Sir Walter asked me to play him some Scotch music. The last time I saw him was after his return from the continent, when he was close to his end."

And then the veteran discloses how once, somewhere in the thirties, he drank tea with Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," at his farmhouse, Mount Benger, and afterward rode thirty miles of unbroken solitude to Galashiels by moonlight, fording the Ettrick and Yarrow by the way, and doing it all in three hours.

"A plain, genial man was James Hogg at his own table. He spoke broad Scotch and told a lively story about a fox hunt afterward in *Blackwood's Magazine*. A third famous Scottish poet I can recall was Thomas Campbell, whom I saw at the great banquet in the Edinburgh Theater Royal on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the art of printing."

Miscellaneous.

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And with her springtime arts beguile
The sleepy blossoms from their rest,
And truant song-birds to their nest,
To greet my guest.

When baby comes! Now fades from mind
All thought of self. The world grows kind.
Old wounds are heeled, old wrongs forgot,
Sorrow and pain remembered not;
Life holds no blot.

When baby comes! Methinks I see
The winsome face that is to be.
And old-time doubts, and haunting fears,
Are lost in dreams of happier years.
Smiles follow tears.

When baby comes! God make me good,
And rich in grace of motherhood.
Make white this woman's soul of mine,
And meet for this great gift of Thine,
In that glad time.

—Ida Worden Wheeler, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Not a Philanthropist.

Wilton—The enterprise is a promising one, and by straining every nerve for the next ten years I feel that I shall win success.

Hilton—Success. Yes, perhaps; but what kind of success? A mere base, mercenary, sordid, financial success!

Wilton—Yes, that's just the kind I'm after.

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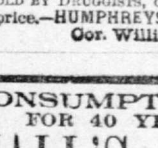

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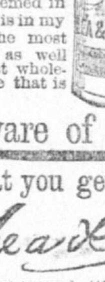

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JAMES D. McALLISTER,
Administrator of the estate of Bridget McAllister, deceased.

Dated May 20, 1892. my21-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF C. H. KREBS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the estate of C. H. Krebs, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix, at the law offices of William A. Gett, Jr., 426½ J street (Sutter Building), Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of Sacramento, State of California.

CHARLOTTE KREBS,
Executrix of the estate of C. H. Krebs, deceased.

Dated May 20, 1892.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Executrix.
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ATHANAS MEYER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the estate of Athanas Meyer, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix at the law offices of William A. Gett, Jr., southwest corner Fifth and J streets, Sutter Building, Sacramento, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

CECELIA K. ANTHONY,
Executrix of the estate of Athanas Meyer, deceased.

Dated April 29, 1892.
W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Executrix.
ap30-5tS