

May announced this from a vantage-ground at the back of her aunt's chair; but she need not have been so cunning. Miss Martha's failing eyes were no way keen in the shifting dusk.

"A disappointment!" The old lady sat erect in her chair, and an afflicting idea went whirling through her head. "I hope—May!—you have not refused him!"

"No, no, no!" said May breathless. "Oh, aunty! you make a very great mistake!"

"Do I," said Miss Martha, meekly, in sad bewilderment at this proof of perversity of the heart of man. "Have I really made such a mistake as that? And yet—"

But May was gone; and it was no use to go on talking to the empty walls.

So the little party returned home under a cloud of gloom. As Miss Martha sat down thankfully under her own roof, she called herself an old fool for castle-building and match-making, for worrying herself at her time of life, when she ought to have peace. May felt like a stranger in returning to her home. Something had gone out of her life, and something had come into it, since she had last crossed the threshold of her familiar room; but that was her own affair, and the walls must not know it. Paul looked pale and worn when he took his place at the table with them that evening, as unlike as possible to the joyful Paul who had sat down there on that first evening, now more than a month ago.

He had fallen back so completely under the old shadow, that he was saying to himself, as he ate his bread, that he was a man accursed, who could never expect to be loved. Already here was the working of his evil influence. These friends who had gladly welcomed him had grown cold and constrained. A shadow had come over May, who had been so blithe with him at first. He would take leave of her to-night, and for the future think no more of being happy.

The little brown parlor was full of s'arlight, when Miss Martha went out to talk to old Nanny about the pigs. And Paul snatched the opportunity, and began to say farewell to May. He began so suddenly, she was so utterly without the key to his meaning, that half of his wild things had been said before she began to guess what he was saying.

"I feared I should bring my shadow with me," he was declaring when she caught the drift of his words, "and I tried to keep away, and I could not. The memory of your face haunted me, and brought me back to your side. I love you as no one will ever love you again. What does it matter? You pity me, I know. Some day I may be glad to remember it; but now it cannot help me. For I have been fool enough to hope that I could win your entire love; that you could save me from a curse; that I might live and die as blest a man as love ever made happy. Your pity has twice warned me, and yet I speak to you like this; but it is because you will never see me any more. I chill you with my presence, and I am going away. I trust you may be happy. I hope that Mr. Lee may love and cherish—"

Here Paul paused and panted, and looked able to punish Mr. Lee if the devotion of that unknown rival should be found faulty in its measure. Before he could finish his sentence, the parlour was thrown open, and Bridget thrust herself in, with a sly, subdued grin upon her buxom face.

"There's a gentlemen outbye wants to see ye, Miss. Despert anxious he is, Miss, if you please."

"A gentleman!" said May. With new life dancing at her heart, with an inclination to laugh and to cry, with fear and delight, and a slight sense of the ridiculous all struggling within her at once, she seized upon some flower-pots, and began settling them in their stand, that Bridget might not see her face and the shaking of her hands. A gentleman! Bridget's announcement was as strange as if she had said, "There is a troop of soldiers come to arrest you"; but May did not know at the moment whether it was a strange thing or not. She only wished that Bridget would go away, so that Paul would speak again.

"Yes, Miss. A fine big gentleman wid a spanking horse Mither Lee is his name, an' he says—"

Paul had turned his back on the unwelcome Bridget, and was standing at the open window looking out. When Bridget said, "Mither Lee," he put his hand on the sill, vaulted quickly out, and disappeared.

May sat down, and stared pitifully at her hand-maiden. Had the lass been but away she might have held out a finger to keep Paul by her side; but Bridget's presence was a broad fact, in every sense of the word; and Paul was gone away. Not forever, oh, no, not forever! That would be too mad, when she had not even answered him nor said good-bye.

"He said, Miss," went on Bridget, in her ignorance, "that he would not come in, but axes as a favour that you yourself would spake a word with him outbye."

"Very well; let him wait. Bridget, go for my handkerchief, if you please, on the table, in my drawer, in my room."

Bridget gone, she flew to the window, peeped across the sash, thrust herself across the sash. She could see faintly the moors, the meadows, the white path, the distant stile; but there was no Paul anywhere to be seen.

"Paul!" she whispered softly, "Paul," she wailed more audibly; but he was not lurking anywhere within the reach of a timid voice. She drew back and leaned sickening, against the wall; and then Bridget came back with the handkerchief, and there was nothing to be done but to go out and meet Christopher Lee.

(To be continued.)

When worn down and ready to take your bed, American Co.'s Hop Bitters is what you need to relieve you. See

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Goet's Corner.

"BRACE UP."

(BY PATRICK SARSEFIELD CASSIDY.)

No man e'er sailed life's changeful sea
With prosperous weather all the way,
With sparkling waves, winds fair and free,
And ne'er a dangerous bar nor bay,
All meet their storms, and straits, and shoals,
And drink of danger's desperate cup,
When comes the hour to try men's souls,
Jump to your feet and act,—"Brace up!"

And trouble—well, who does not know
That is the legacy of man?
Life's poison plant, whose vapours blow
Across our paths to blast and ban?
But if in world with cares o'ercast
We sometimes must of sorrow sup,
Let's try to shorten the repast,
Strike for the sunshine, and "brace up."

'Tis well remembered that all men
Their shadows carry with them still,
And now they trudge Depression's glen,
And now they walk Joy's sunlit hill.
When one we meet in pathway drear,
And weak from woe's life-sapping cup,
Let's strike him on the back, and cheer,
And tell him: "Lift your heart; brace up."

None holds the right to scatter gloom,
His shadow over others spread;
Men want to live 'mid light and bloom,
And not in caverns of the dead.
Away, ye scribbling men of grief,
We will not share your coward's cup.
Who steals our cheer is quaking thief—
Contempt on him who won't "brace up."

There's sunshine plenty in the world
To spare the darkest soul a ray,
And then with Hope's brave flag unfurled,
And courage crowned to light the way,
Tell grim misfortune, envy, hate,
We will not drink your wretched cup,
Nor can the most malignant fate
Crush out the man who will "brace up."

"What will you have" the mighty King
Asked the philosopher of old,
"Stand back!" Don't take from me the thing
You cannot give—the sunshine's gold."
A wise philosopher wert thou,
And deep you'd drink of Wisdom's cup;
Let us when sorrow strikes the brow
Step to the sunshine and "brace up."

Inspiring words, most potent phrase,
All life's philosophy you hold,
You tell us, look for brighter days,
You give us courage, brave and bold.
Whate'er the blinding blow we feel,
Whate'er may be the proffered cup,
Oh, let the spirit never kneel
To ill-faced fortune, but "brace up."

—New York Sun.

An anti-clerical congress has lately been holding its meetings at Rom. Its object is to raise opposition to the Church and the clergy in all parts of the world. Among the foreign delegates Mr. Bradlaugh is said to have represented England.

The Congress of the Catholic Circles of French working-men was recently opened at Paris under the presidency of M. de Mun. Among other distinguished foreigners present was Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, well known for his warm sympathies with the working classes and the interest which he has long taken in the improvement of their social condition.

Following is an exact copy of a composition in history by a little ten-year-old girl attending one of the secondary schools of Lancaster, Pa. The thoughts, dates, punctuation and spelling all prove that the little lady is endowed with striking originality: "1. William Penn was born in Boston in 1607. His father was a soap and candle maker but William did not like that trade. Then the government owed his father a large sum of money and when he died it was given all to William Penn. He was the first white man who founded Pennsylvania. He founded Pennsylvania because His name was William Penn. William Penn joined the Quakers but his father did not like it. And he discovered America in the year 1492. 2. George Washington the first president of the United States born in Virginia in the year. When George was a little boy he would never tell a lie. Because he thought it was not nice. It is not nice nether. He studied all kinds of things to be a president. 3. Abraham Lincoln was born in Wales in 1599. His father was a wool-comber, but Abraham did not like that trade. One day Abraham was standing on the rail-road, and a man by the name of Gitue came behind him and shot him. Then he got put in jail for it. But it was not nice of him because he shot him on the rail-road. 4. Roger Williams discovered America 1492."