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CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

The day following there was a simple funeral, in a solitary burial-place, seldom used, and lying within a short distance of the spot where the body was found. Mr. Lorraine defrayed the expenses out of his own pocket, saw that everything was decently, though simply arranged, and himself read the beautiful burial service over the coffin. He had now no doubt in his mind that the drowned woman was the mother of the infant left under his care, and that by destroying herself she had simply carried out her desperate determination.

All attempts to identify her, however, continued without avail. Inquiries were made on every side, advertisements inserted in the local newspapers, without the slightest result; no one came forward to give any information. But by this time the minister's mind was quite made up. He would keep the child, and, with God's blessing, rear her as his own; he would justify the unhappy mother's dependence on his charity and loving kindness.

So it came to pass that late in the gloaming of the old bachelor's life the cry of a child was heard in the lonely house; and somehow or other, despite Solomon Mucklebackit's prognostications, the house became brighter and merrier for the sound. Solomon himself soon fell under the spell, and when a little warm with whisky he would allude to the child, with a comic sense of possession, as "oor bairn."

At last, one day, there was a quiet christening in the old kirk, where Mr. Lorraine had officiated so many years. Mysie held the infant in her arms, while Solomon stood at hand, blinking through his horn spectacles, and the minister performed the simple ceremony.

After long and tender deliberation the minister had fixed upon a name, which he now gave to the poor little castaway, who had neither father nor mother, nor any kinsfolk in the world after whom she could be called.

He christened her Marjorie Annan.

Marjorie, after that other beloved Marjorie, who had long before joined —or so he dreamed—the bright celestial band; Annan, after that troubled water wherein the miserable mother had plunged and died.

CHAPTER IV.

ON A BRIGHT morning of early spring, between sixteen and seventeen years after the events described in the first chapters of this story, a golden-haired young girl might have been seen tripping down the High street of the market town of Dumfries. Her dress was prettily if not over-fashionably cut, a straw hat shaded her bright blue eyes, and her boots and gloves were those of a lady. Under her arm she carried several books—school books, to all intents and purposes.

By her side, talking to her eagerly, was a young man about three years her senior.

From time to time as she tripped along with her companion she had to stop and exchange words with passers-by who greeted her by name; and from many of the shop doors and windows friendly heads nodded and bright faces beamed. It was clear that she was well known in the little town, and a general favorite. Indeed, there were few of the residents within a radius of ten miles round Dumfries who did not know something of Majorie Annan, the foster-child and adopted daughter of Mr. Lorraine.

Her companion, John Sutherland, was fair complexioned and very pale. He was plainly clad in a suit of dark tweed, and wore a wide-awake hat. His whole aspect betokened delicate health, and there was a sad light in his blue eyes which told of a thoughtful spirit lodging within. His manners were gentle and retiring in the extreme.

"When did you come back?" Marjorie had asked, after some previous conversation.

"Last night, by the express from London," answered the young man. "I'm going down to see the old folk tonight. Shall you be at the manse?"

Marjorie nodded, smiling gayly.

"And how did you like London?" she demanded. "Did you see the queen? and Westminster Abbey? and did you go to the great tabernacle to hear Spurgeon preach?"

"No, Marjorie. My time was short, and most of my spare time was spent among the pictures; but when I saw them, thousands upon thousands of masterpieces, it made me despair of ever becoming a painter. I thought to myself, maybe it would be better, after all, to bide at home, and stick to weaving like my father."

As he spoke, Marjorie paused at the corner of a quiet street, and held out her hand.

"I must go to my lesson. Goodby."

"How are you going down? By the wagonette?"

"Yes, Johnnie."

"So am I; we can go together. Goodby till then!"

And with a warm squeeze of the hand the young man walked away. Marjorie stood looking after him for a moment with a pleasant smile; then she turned and walked down the street. She had not many yards to go before she paused before a dingy-looking house, on the door of which was a brass plate with the inscription:

M. LEON CAUSSIDIERE,
Professor of Languages.

She rang the bell, and the door was opened almost immediately by a Scotch servant in petticoat and short gown, who greeted her with a familiar smile. Answering the smile with a friendly nod, Marjorie tripped along the lobby and knocked at an inner door, which stood ajar. A clear, musical voice, with an unmistakable foreign accent, cried, "Come in," and she entered.

The room was a plainly furnished parlor, at the center-table of which a young man sat writing. The table was littered with writing materials, books, and journals, and in the window recess was another table, also strewn with books.

The young man, who was smoking a cigarette, looked up as Majorie entered.

"Ah, is it you, Mademoiselle Marjorie!" he exclaimed, smiling pleasantly. "I did not expect you so early, and I was just smoking my cigarette. You do not mind the smoke? No? Then, with your permission, I will smoke on."

He spoke English fluently, though his accent was unmistakable, and his pronunciation of certain words peculiar. Personally, he was tall and handsome, with black hair worn very long, black mustache, and clean-shaven chin. His forehead was high and thoughtful, his eyes bright but sunken, his complexion swarthy. He was dressed shabbily, but somewhat showily, in a coat of brown velvet, shirt with turn-down collar loose at the throat, and a crimson tie shapen like a true lover's knot. He carried a pince-nez, secured to his person by a piece of elastic, disused while writing or reading, but fixed on the nose at other times. Through this pince-nez he now regarded Marjorie with a very decided look of admiration.

"I came early, monsieur," said Marjorie, "because I cannot come in the afternoon. I am going home, and I shall not be back in Dumfries till Monday. Can you give me my lesson now, please?"

"Certainly," answered the Frenchman; "I was only writing my French correspondence, but I can finish that when you are gone. Will you sit there, mademoiselle, in the arm-chair? No? Then in this other? We will begin at once."

Marjorie sat down and opened her books. The Frenchman, taking the arm-chair she had refused, regarded her quietly and keenly.

"Now read, if you please," he said, with a wave of the hand. "Begin—where you left off yesterday."

Marjorie obeyed and read aloud in a clear voice from an easy French reading-book. From time to time the teacher interrupted her, correcting her pronunciation.

"You advance, mademoiselle," he said presently. "Ah, yes, you are so quick, so intelligent. Now translate."

In this portion of her task also the girl acquitted herself well, and when she had finished, the young man nodded approvingly.

"Now let us converse—in French, if you please."

But here Marjorie was at a loss, not knowing what to talk about. She finally took the weather as a topic, and advanced the proposition that it was a very fine day, but that there would soon be rain. Her master responded, and, urged to higher flights of imagination, Marjorie hoped that it would not rain till she reached home, as the public wagonette in which she was to travel was an open one, and she did not want to get wet. In this brilliant strain the conversation proceeded, Marjorie stumbling over the construction of her sentences and getting very puzzled over the other's voluble answers when they extended to any length. But at last the lesson was over, and the teacher expressed himself well pleased.

"And now," he said, with a smile, "we will talk the English again before you go. Will you tell me something about yourself, mademoiselle? I have seen you so often, and yet I know so little. For myself, I am almost a recluse, and go about not at all. Tell me, then, about yourself, your guardian, your home."

"I don't know what to tell you, monsieur," answered Marjorie.

"Call me not 'monsieur,' but 'Monsieur Leon.' 'Monsieur' is so formal—so cold."

"Monsieur Leon."

"That is better. Now answer me, if you please. You have no father, no mother?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"No, monsieur——"

"Monsieur Leon."

"No, Monsieur Leon."

"Ah, that is sad—sad to be an orphan, alone in the world! I myself have no father, but I have a mother whom I adore. And you live with your guardian always?"

"Yes, monsieur—Monsieur Leon. He is my guardian and my foster-father; and Solomon is my foster-father, too."

"Solomon?"

"Solomon is our clerk and sexton He lives in the manse. He was living there when the minister found me, nearly seventeen years ago."

The young Frenchman had arisen and stood facing Marjorie Annan.

"Ah, yes, I have heard," he said. "And you have dwelt all these years, mignonne, alone with those two old men?"

"Yes, Monsieur Leon."

"It is terrible—it is not right! You, who are so young and pretty; they, who are so old and dreary! And you have never seen the world—never travelled from your native land! Never? You have lived in a desert, you have never known what it is to live! But you are a child, and it is not too late. You will see the world some day, will you not? You will find some one to love you, to care for you, and you will bid adieu to this triste Scotland, once and forever!"

As he spoke very volubly, he bent his face close to hers, smiling eagerly, while his breath touched her cheek. She blushed slightly, and drooped her eyes for a moment; then she looked up quite steadily, and said:

"I should not care to leave my home. Mr. Lorraine took me to Edinburgh once, but I soon wearied, and was glad to come back to Annandale."

"Edinburgh!" cried Monsieur Leon, with a contemptuous gesture. "A city where the sun never shines, and it rains six days out of seven, what you call a Scotch mist! You should see my country, la belle France, and Paris, the queen of cities of the world! There all is light and gay; it is Paradise on earth. Would you not like to see Paris, Mademoiselle Marjorie?"

"Yes, monsieur, maybe I should," replied Marjorie; "but I'm not caring much for the town. But I was forgetting something, though," she added. "Mr. Lorraine told me to give you this."

So saying, she drew forth a small silk purse, and drawing thence two sovereigns, placed them on the table.

"Put them back into your purse, if you please."

"But I have not paid you anything, and I owe you for ten lessons."

"Never mind that, mademoiselle," answered the Frenchman. "Some other time, if you insist, but not today. It is reward enough for me to have such a pupil. Take the money and buy yourself a keepsake to remind you of me."

But Marjorie shook her little head firmly and answered:

"Please do not ask me, Monsieur Leon. My guardian would be very angry, and he sent me the money to pay you."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, as you please, only I would not have you think that I teach you for the money's sake—ah, no. You have brought light and sunshine to my heart in my exile; when you come I forget my sorrows, and, when you go away I am full of gloom. Ah, you smile, but it is true."

"Good-bye, now, Monsieur Leon," said Marjorie, moving toward the door, for she felt embarrassed and almost frightened by the ardent looks of her teacher.

"Good-bye. You will come again on Monday, will you not?"

"Yes, Monsieur Leon."

And Marjorie left the room and passed out into the sunny street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"No Fish."

Fine as are the salmon of New Foundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis's "Caribou-Shooting in Newfoundland" will show: Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir, no fish, sir."

Presently, when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horison, he saw, not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a swish of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish."

"Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen-pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

So Tricky.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey comes acrost er man dat's 'bu' 'nuff honest dey gets skyaht an' says 'he's playin' a pow'ful deep game.'" — Washington Star.

Gum chewing is not a modern habit. Way back in the time of the Vedas the Hindoo maidens chewed gum. But then, they were uncivilized and knew no better.

In England 511 boys and 489 girls is the normal proportion of births a year to every thousand of population.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MUSIC IN THE CHURCHES" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, II. Chron. 5:13 as Follows: "It Came Even to Pass the Singers Were as One to Make One Sound in the Praise of the Lord."

THE temple was done. It was the very chorus of all magnificence and pomp. Splendor crowded against splendor. It was the diamond necklace of the earth. From the huge pillars crowned with leaves and flowers and rows of pomegranate wrought out in burnished metal, down even to the tongs and snuffers made out of pure gold, everything was as complete as the God-directed architect could make it. It seemed as if a vision from heaven had alighted on the mountains. The day for dedication came. Tradition says that there were in and around about the temple on that day two hundred thousand silver trumpets, forty thousand harps, forty thousand timbrels, and two hundred thousand singers; so that all modern demonstrations at Dusseldorf or Boston seem nothing compared with that. As this great sound surged up amid the precious stones of the temple, it must have seemed like the River of Life dashing against the amethyst of the wall of heaven. The sound arose, and God, as if to show that he was well pleased with the music which his children make in all ages, dropped into the midst of the temple a cloud of glory so overpowering that the officiating priests were obliged to stop in the midst of the services.

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that in the beginning; "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," that the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angel stood to celebrate the creation was the birthplace of song. The stars that glitter at night are only so many keys of celestial pearl, on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insect humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music. While visiting Blackwell's Island, I heard, coming from a window of the lunatic asylum, a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason, and I have come to believe that even the deranged and disordered elements of nature would make music to our ear, if we only had acuteness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are discordant and repulsive make harmony in God's ear. You know that you may come so near to an orchestra that the sounds are painful instead of pleasurable, and I think that we stand so near devastating storm and frightful whirlwind, we cannot hear that which makes to God's ear and the ear of the spirits above us a music as complete as it is tremendous.

I propose to speak about sacred music, first showing its importance and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement.

I draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commanded it. Through Paul he tells us to admonish one another to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; through David he cries out: "Sing ye to God, all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages I might name, proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed, I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray. God not only asks for the human voice, but for the instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal and the harp and the trumpet. And I suppose that in the last days of the church the harp, the lute, the trumpet, and all the instruments of music that have given their chief aid to the theater and bacchanal, will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ and then sounded in the church's triumph on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with your voices. Praise him with stringed instruments and with organs.

I draw another argument for the importance of this exercise from the impressiveness of the exercise. You know something of what secular music has achieved. You know it has made its impression upon governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiring national air is worth thirty thousand men as a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth a thousand muskets. In the earlier part of our civil war the government proposed to economize in bands of music, and some of the regiments disbanded their musical instruments; but the generals in the army sent word to Washington: "You are making a very great mistake. We are falling back and falling back. We have not enough music." I have to tell you that no nation or church can afford to severely economize in music.

Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony, and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

Many of you are illustrations of what a sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the warning and the argument of the pulpit, but when, in the sweet words of Charles Wesley or John Newton or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your soul, then you surrendered, as an armed castle that could not be taken by a host, lifts its windows to listen to a harp's trill. * * *

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music, and the first is that it has been impressed into the service of Satan. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized, and lawfully so. The drawing room, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste and the production of harmless amusement and the improvement of talent, have become very forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey Gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's. In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fifing of the wind as well as the long-meter psalm of the thunder. But while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the head, and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of error. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hand an instrument and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the church and applied to the purposes of sin.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sang would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voices. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale or come in at the close a bar behind. There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian school, and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music in God's ear than the most artistic performance when the heart is wanting. God calls on the beasts, on the cattle, on the dragons, to praise him, and we ought not to be behind the cattle and the dragons.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by delegation. Churches have said, "O, what an easy time we shall have. The minister will do the preaching, and the choir will do the singing, and we will have nothing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land where the people are not expected to sing. The whole work is done by delegation of four or six or ten persons, and the audience are silent. In such a church in Syracuse, an old elder persisted in singing, and so the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the elder if he would not stop. You know that in many churches the choir are expected to do all the singing, and the great mass of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice you are interfering. In that church they stand, the four, with opera-glasses dangling at their side, singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," with the same spirit that, the night before on the stage, they took their part in the Grand Duchess or Don Giovanni.

My Christian friends, have we a right to delegate to others the discharge of this duty which God demands of us? Suppose that four wood-thrushes propose to do all the singing some bright day, when the woods are ringing with bird voices. It is decided that four wood-thrushes shall do all of the singing of the forest. Let all other voices keep silent. How beautifully the four warble! It is really fine music. But how long will it you keep the forest still? Why, Christ won't come into that forest and look up, as he looked through the olives, and he would wave his hand and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and, keeping time with the stroke of innumerable wings, there would be five thousand bird voices leaping into the harmony. Suppose this delegation of musical performance were tried in heaven; suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper Temple. Hush now! thrones and dominions and principalities. David, be still, though you were the "sweet singer of Israel." Paul, keep quiet, though you have won that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter, keep still, though this is the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Four spirits will do all the singing. But how long would heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some glorified Methodist from under the altar. "Praise the Lord!" would sing the martyrs from among the thrones. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" a great multitude of redeemed spirits would cry—myriads of voices coming into the harmony, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand breaking forth into one acclamation. Stop that loud singing! Stop! Oh, no; they cannot hear me. You might as well try to drown the thunder of the sky, or beat back the roar of the sea, for every soul in heaven has resolved to do its own singing. Alas! that we should have tried on earth that which they cannot do in heaven, and, instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the Most High God, delegating perhaps to unconsecrated men and women this most solemn and most delightful service.

Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity! There is nothing makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During my recent absence I preached to a large audience, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark. People do not sleep at a coronation. Do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning. In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuses us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when, upright, we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative.

We want to rouse all our families upon this subject. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing school. Childish petulance, obduracy and intractability would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on Sabbath day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord. After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river, and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all the families in our church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought until our families sing as they ought.

There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by his Spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into music, and when the conductor takes his place on the Sabbath Day there will be a great host of voices rushing into the harmony. My Christian friends, if we have no taste for this service on earth, what will we do in heaven, where they all sing, and sing forever? I would that our singing to-day might be like the Saturday night rehearsal for the Sabbath morning in the skies, and we might begin now, by the strength and by the help of God, to discharge a duty which none of us has fully performed. And now what more appropriate thing can I do than to give out the Doxology of the heavens, "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory forever!"

QUEER FABRICS.

There is a firm in Venice which is turning out glass bonnets by the thousand and several other European factories are showing remarkable results in this particular industry. The Infanta Mercedes, sister of the little king of Spain, recently received from the Venetian factory a white ball dress of spun glass as pliable as silk. Many society women with a whim for the curious have similar gowns.

Queen Victoria owns a more marvelous robe. In 1877 the empress of Brazil sent her a gown woven from a certain spider's web which for fineness of texture and beauty surpasses the loveliest silk. A drachm of web reaches 200 miles and is proportionately stronger than a bar of tempered steel. A web of equal thickness would support seventy-four tons, while steel would break at fifty tons. These spiders when at work eat seventy-eight times their own weight every day and produce only a little web.

Louis XIV. has a coat made of spiders' web which was a great curiosity in those days. Le Bon, a great beau of Languedoc, had, some 200 years ago, webs woven into gloves and stockings.

In one of Gilbert's funny "Bab Ballads" there is a story of two noted dukes, one of whom wore silver underclothing and the other pewter. The Japanese make underclothing of a much cheaper commodity—paper—finely crisped and grained. This is cut, sewed together as cloth would be, and where buttonholes are necessary linen is used for strengthening the paper. The material is strong and flexible and light, weighing about ninety grains to the square foot. The Japanese also make umbrellas of paper which even after it has become wet is hard to tear.

To Get Rid of Flies.

Pope Stephen (A. D. 890) drove away a plague of locusts by sprinkling the fields with holy water, while St. Bernard destroyed an innumerable multitude of flies which filled his church and interrupted his sermon by simply pronouncing the words excommunicate eas ("I excommunicate them").—Cornhill Magazine.