



CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Causidiere started in surprise; he was not accustomed to such plain speaking.

"Madame is severe," he replied, with a sarcastic smile. "She does not approve of the morals of my nation? No? Yet parbleu! they compare not unfavorably with those of pious Scotland!"

This rebuff rather disconcerted the plain spoken lady, who turned up the path impatiently, while the Frenchman brushed his shoulders and looked loftily indignant. Marjorie, who had watched the preceding passage at arms with no little anxiety, not quite following the conversation, glanced imploringly at Causidiere.

"Don't mind Miss Hetherington," she said, when the lady was out of hearing. "What Mr. Lorraine says of her is true; her bark's waur than her bite, and she means no offense."

"Who is she, my child? Oh, I remember, the eccentric old lady whom you visited yesterday."

Marjorie nodded; and at that moment Mr. Lorraine came down the path, followed by Solomon, and met Miss Hetherington, who began talking to him vehemently.

"She is not very polite," muttered Causidiere; "and see, she is already abusing me to your guardian."

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye! I shall see you, perhaps, later in the day."

"Perhaps. Oh, monsieur, you are not offended?"

"Not at all," replied Causidiere, though the look with which he regarded his late antagonist rather belied his words. "I forgive her for your sake, my child!"

Marjorie did not go to church again that day. She had a headache and kept her room. It was altogether a gloomy afternoon. Mr. Lorraine, secretly troubled in his mind, had difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on his religious duties, and Solomon preserved an invincible taciturnity. So the day passed away, and evening came.

There was no evening service, for Mr. Lorraine was too infirm to conduct three services in one day. After a dismal tea, to which Marjorie came down, the minister sat reading a volume of sermons, and presently Marjorie left the room, put on her hat, and strolled into the garden.

It was a beautiful evening, and the moon was rising over the far-off hills. With her head still aching wearily, the girl wandered out upon the road and into the churchyard. She crept close to the western wall and looked for a long time at one of the tombstones. Then, sighing deeply, she came out and strolled up the village.

The bright weather and the fresh air enticed her on and on till she came to the rural bridge above the Annan Water.

All was still and peaceful; not a sound, not a breath disturbed the Sabbath silence. She leaned over the stone parapet and looked sadly down.

Her thoughts were wandering far away—flowing, flowing with the murmuring stream. She had fallen into a waking dream, when she heard a footstep behind her. She started and uttered a low cry as she saw a dark figure approaching in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XII.

HE figure advanced rapidly, and in a moment Marjorie recognized her tutor.

"Monsieur Causidiere!" she cried.

"Yes," returned the Frenchman in a quietly, "it is I!"

"He took her hand in his, and found it cold and trembling.

"I have frightened you," he said.

"Yes, monsieur; I was startled because I did not hear you coming, and I seemed to be far away."

She seemed strangely sad and preoccupied tonight. After the Frenchman had joined her she relapsed into her former dream; she folded her arms upon the bridge again, and fixed her sad eyes upon the flowing river. Causidiere, partaking of the mood, looked downward, too.

"You love the water, Marjorie?"

"Yes; it is my kith and kin."

"You have been here for hours, have you not? I sought you at the manse in vain."

"I was not here, monsieur. I was in the kirkyard among the graves."

"Among the graves?" returned the Frenchman, looking anxiously at her. "A strange place for you to wander in, my child! It is only when we have seen trouble and lost friends that we seek such places. For me it would be fitting, perhaps, but for you it is different. You are so young and should be so happy."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marjorie. "I am happy enough."

"And yet you sadden the days that should be the brightest by wandering near the dead. Why did you go to the churchyard, little one?"

"Why, monsieur? To see my mother's grave."

"Your mother's grave? I thought you did not know your mother?"

"They say she was my mother," re-

turned Marjorie, quickly. "She was found drowned in Annan Water—was it not dreadful, monsieur?—and she was buried yonder in the kirkyard when I was a little child."

"And you think she was your mother?"

"They say so, monsieur, but I do not think it is true."

"No?"

"I have gone to her grave and stayed by it, and tried to think they are right, but I cannot—I aye come away as I did tonight and look at Annan Water, and feel it more my kin."

"Marjorie!"

"Yes, monsieur!"

"I fancy you are right, child; perhaps your mother lives."

"Ah, you think that?"

"More; she is perhaps watching over you, though she cannot speak. She may reveal herself some day."

"You believe so, monsieur?" repeated Marjorie, her face brightening with joy.

"It is very probable, my child. You are not of the canaille, Marjorie. When I first saw you I knew that; then I heard your story, and it interested me. I thought, 'We are strangely alike—we are like two of a country cast adrift in a foreign land, but our destinies seem to be one. She is exiled from her kindred; I am exiled from my home. She has a kindly heart and will understand me; we must be friends, Marjorie, will we not?'"

He held out his hand, and the girl took it.

"You are very good, monsieur," she answered simply.

"Then you must treat me as a friend, indeed, little one!" he answered. "I will take no money for your lessons. It is a pleasure for me to teach you, and—and Mr. Lorraine is not rich."

"Mr. Lorraine?" said Marjorie, opening her blue eyes; "it is not Mr. Lorraine who pays for my schooling, but Miss Hetherington."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; that is so. Mr. Lorraine did not wish to have me taught beyond my station; but Miss Hetherington said I must learn."

Causidiere seemed to reflect profoundly.

"Miss Hetherington is a philanthropic lady, then?"

"Do you think so, monsieur?"

"Do not you think so, Marjorie, since she is universally kind and generous?"

"Ah," returned Marjorie, "I do not think she is always generous, monsieur; but she is very kind to me. Why she has almost kept me ever since I was a child."

To this the Frenchman did not reply; he seemed somewhat disturbed; he lit a cigar and watched Marjorie through the clouds of smoke. Presently the clock in the church tower struck the hour, and Marjorie started.

"I must be walking home," she said.

She began to move across the bridge, the Frenchman keeping beside her.

They walked steadily onward, and now they reached the door of the inn. Marjorie paused and held forth her hand.

"Good-night, monsieur," she said.

"Good-night!—shall I not walk with you to the manse, little one?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"I would rather walk there alone."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Eh bien! since you wish it I will think you are right. Good-night, my little friend, and au revoir."

He took the hand which she had extended toward him, raised it toward his lips, then patted it as if he had been patting the fingers of a child; it was this air of fatherly friendliness which made her trust him, and which won for him all the sympathy of her affectionate heart.

When Causidiere imprinted a kiss upon her hand she neither blushed nor drew it away, but she said softly:

"Good night, monsieur, God bless you!" at which the Frenchman kissed her hand again, then, turning quickly, entered the inn.

Marjorie turned, too, feeling her kind little heart overflowing, and walked away down the moonlit road. She had not gone many steps when she was abruptly joined by a man. She did not start nor seem surprised; indeed, while she was parting with the Frenchman she had seen John Sutherland watching her from the opposite side of the road.

"Good-evening, Johnnie," said Marjorie, quietly. "Why did you not come forward to speak to Monsieur Causidiere?"

The young man started, but made no answer.

"Johnnie, what is wrong?" she asked.

He paused, and looked at her.

"Marjorie," he said, "tell me what you were doing with that man?"

It was no time for his reproaches; her whole soul rose in revolt.

"With that man?" she repeated, angrily. "Do you mean with Monsieur Causidiere?"

"Yes, with that villainous Frenchman," he returned, driven recklessly onward by his anger. "Why are you always in his company, Marjorie Annan?"

Marjorie drew herself proudly up. Had the Frenchman seen her to them, he would have little doubt as to the stock whence she came.

"I am in his company because I am

his friend," she answered, proudly. "Yes, his friend; and as his friend I will not hear him insulted. Good-night."

She walked quickly away, but in a moment he was again beside her.

"Marjorie, will you not listen to me?"

"No, I will not," returned the girl, angrily. "Whatever you have to say against Monsieur Causidiere you shall not say to me. He was right; you are all against him, and you are the worst of all. Do you think it is just or kind to abuse a man simply because he is a stranger and unfortunate? What has Monsieur Causidiere ever done to you that you should dislike him so much?"

The young man stared at her flushed cheeks and angry eyes; then he exclaimed:

"Marjorie, answer me! Tell me it's not possible, that you care for your man?"

She flushed crimson and turned away.

"I care for anyone," she answered, evasively, "who is alone and who wants a friend. Monsieur Causidiere has been very kind to me—and I am sorry for him."

"You are more than that, Marjorie—but take care, for I know he is a scoundrel."

"How dare you say so?" returned Marjorie. "You are a coward, Johnnie Sutherland. If he were here you would not speak like that."

"I would say the same to him as to you. If he were not a scoundrel he would not entice you from your home."

This was too much for Marjorie. She uttered an indignant exclamation, and, without deigning to reply, hastened rapidly away. This time he did not hasten after her; and almost before he could recover from his surprise she had entered the manse door.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER the scene with Marjorie on Sunday night, Sutherland was in a state of despair; for two days he walked about in misery; on the third day his resolution was fixed and he determined to act. He went up to the castle and sought an interview with Miss Hetherington, to whom he told of the scene which he had had with Marjorie, of her anger against himself, and of her constant meetings with the stranger. Miss Hetherington listened with averted head, and laughed grimly when he had done.

"I see how it is," she said; "'tis the old tale; two lads and a lassie. But I dinna like the French man, Johnnie, no more than yourself. I'll speak with Mr. Lorraine; maybe 'tis his work to keep the bairnie right, though he does his work ill, I'm thinking. You're a good lad, Johnnie, and as to Marjorie, she's a short-sighted cecid not to see wha's her friend."

She spoke lightly and cheerfully; but the moment Sutherland disappeared both her face and manner changed.

"The lad was right," she said. "Love has made him keen sighted, and he has told me the truth. Marjorie is in danger. Now is the time when she needs the care o' kind folk to keep her frae the one false step that ruins all. Marjorie Annan, what shall I do for you, my bairn?"

She stood for a time meditating; then she looked at her watch and found it was still early in the day; she summoned her old servant, ordered her carriage, and a quarter of an hour later was driving away toward the town of Dumfries.

Hardly had she left when the Frenchman came to the castle, and, by dint of bribing the old serving man, Sandy Sloan, with a golden sovereign, was permitted to view the different rooms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RARE WORKS OF ART.

Treasures of the Goncourt Brothers Bring Great Prices.

All the great pictures in the Goncourt collection have now been sold at the Hotel Drouot and have realized 696,000 francs, or £27,840, says a Paris letter. It is to be noted that the brothers Goncourt, as related in the famous diary, often pinched themselves in order to purchase pictures and art objects for their collection. They would undoubtedly be surprised if they were alive to read the prices obtained at the recent sale for old drawings and engravings which they picked up years ago on the Paris quays and elsewhere for a few gold or silver pieces. They were keen dilettanti and knew good works of art when they saw them, but they could hardly have realized that a sketch by the younger Moreau, for which they paid about a dollar, would be purchased years afterwards for hundreds of dollars. There is now every prospect that the Goncourt academy may become an accomplished fact, and that the literary legacies, as well as the poor relations, may receive something worth having out of the estate. When Edmond de Goncourt died it was confidently asserted by many that his artistic collections would not realize \$3,000, whereas his pictures and engravings alone have already brought in more than treble that amount.

Only a Little Premature.

"I can't hear a suit that isn't pending," said a judge to a young lawyer who was seeking advice.

"I know it isn't pending," replied the young man, in some confusion, "but it is about to pend."—The Green Bag.

The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is said to be 122,000, of whom about 25,000 are Roman Catholics, and the same number Protestants.

TALMA'S SERMON.

"CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "The Righteous is Taken Away from the Evil to Come"—Isaiah, Chapter LVII. Verse 1.



WE all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg, in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiments when it said:

I would not live away.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in my house in a festal group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 90 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed, at about 86 years of age, found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out the first politician. Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world at 70, said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet, lest it shorten his days. Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but I now propose to preach to you about the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence. If I were an Agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on terra firma, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive, and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defense, lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not Agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and, therefore, I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing, because it makes one's life-work very compact. Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business; others who are five hours; others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business, and who can return home the quickest, is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock, noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble-field, but, shouldering his scythe, and taking his pitchfork from under the tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done, and well done; and the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Recently, a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to state prison for 15 years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage, the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad, that if one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were school-mates or college-mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a boy was he?" "What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is, the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid-life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a millpond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home, we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction: at about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself down; or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man makes a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in midlife, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been flung of arrogance or wordiness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people, it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked on this life at twenty or thirty years of age.

Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the doors to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse air-brake against railroad collision, and hundreds of hands ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier, who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two. We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave."

"But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation, and I want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up on the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long

enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world in transitu. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning when another year is going; when we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are three hundred and sixty-five miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas day I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning, when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window, as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance, as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents, waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lighthouse.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to enter New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said, "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around, and told me to keep right on the same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of a cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours! Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed, and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

Founder of Red Cross Society.

The name of the man who was the actual cause of the foundation of the Red Cross society, which has done so much to mitigate the horrors of war, is little known to the present generation. However, he is still alive, and unfortunately, it is said, in bad circumstances. His name is Dunant, and he was born in Geneva in 1828. A man of means, he appears to have devoted a large portion of his wealth to works of charity in connection with his native city. The admirable labors of Florence Nightingale, which attracted the attention of all Europe, made a strong impression on M. Dunant, which was further increased by his own participation in the war of Napoleon III against the Austrians in 1859. There he witnessed war in all its horrors, and it resulted in his publishing a book on the subject which at the time attracted much attention. In 1863 he started on a pilgrimage, at his own expense, to various countries, to stir up men into influencing the various governments into a conference which should have for its object the mitigation of the horrors of war. The result was the historic conference in 1864 at Geneva, the outcome of which was the convention which has made modern warfare comparatively humane.

The greatest men have but two words for their life rule—God and country.