Summerside Journal
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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JOB PRINTING
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Summerside Markets.

February 27, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20
Hay per Ton	70s a 80s
Straw per cwt.	1s 3d
Pine Boards	10
Spruce Boards	4s a 6s

Charlottetown Markets.

February 27, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 5d
Butter	13d a 15d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 3s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 6d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m., from 2 p. m., to 4 p.m.

Mails.
Winter Arrangement.

THE Mails for the neighboring Provinces and the United States will, until further notice, be closed at this Office every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, will be closed every alternate Thursday and Saturday, at 7 p. m., as follows, viz:—

Thursday,	Dec 12, 1867	Saturday,	Feb 22, 1868.
Saturday,	do 14 do	Thursday,	Mch 5, do
Thursday,	do 26 do	Saturday,	do 7, do
Saturday,	do 28 do	Thursday,	do 19, do
Thursday,	Jan 9 1868	Saturday,	do 21, do
Saturday,	do 11 do	Thursday	April 2, do
Thursday,	do 23 do	Saturday,	do 4, do
Saturday,	do 25 do	Thursday,	do 16, do
Thursday,	Feb 6 do	Saturday,	do 18, do
Saturday,	do 8 do	Thursday,	do 30, do
Thursday,	do 20 do	Saturday,	May 2, do

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, via Bedeque, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday, at 9, a. m.

Letters to be registered and newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN, P. M. G.
General Post Office, }
Ch'town, 7th Dec., 1867. }

Ladies Sewing Circle.

THE LADIES of the SUMMERSIDE WESLEYAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION have established a SEWING CIRCLE, assembling on Tuesday afternoons, at Messrs. Strong's Hall. Preparation for a BAZAAR towards liquidating debt on the Church is the object. Contributions of material or money will be gladly received.

President—Mrs. R. A. Strong.
Vice President—Mrs. Richardson,
Secretary—Mrs. Alex. McRae,
Treasurer—Mrs. CharlesStrong.
Summerside, Nov. 14, 1867

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S .....P. E. ISLAND

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET
GEORGE ALLEY.
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

KITSON CASEY, M D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND
October 12, 1865.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARD
WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Morchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island.

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.
Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26. 1867.

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867 —1y

Cash, Cash, Cash.
R. T. HOLMAN still pays the HIGHEST PRICE in Cash for OATS.
Summerside, Dec 12, 1867—3m

Business Cards.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Persanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

Something to Know.
THAT well-known Establishment, Prince of Wales Boarding House, at the east corner of Kent and Queen Streets, formerly kept by Mr. John Holman, has been re-opened by the Subscriber. Transient and permanent boarders accommodated; satisfaction guaranteed. There are good stables on the premises; and as hay and oats will be kept constantly on hand, with a trustworthy man in attendance, travellers would do well to call at the Old Stand.
E. C. WHITLOCK.
Charlottetown, Nov 14, 1867—3m n27

Fountain House Hotel,
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9. King Square, St. John, N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in the City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.
FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, ---------- $1 00
One Week, -------- 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week. ------ $3 25 to $4 50
The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867 1y

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

Diameter.	Diameter.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867.y

PRINCE COUNTY
Tobacco Factory
THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY
In Summerside,
that he is now enabled to turn out an article of
Natural Leaf Tobacco.
equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT, and will sell nearly
Twenty per cent. Cheaper
than it can be imported into the Island.
FLAT OR ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.
Try it and judge for yourselves.
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.
Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.
Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.
PATRICK REILLY.
Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

BRING ALONG YOUR HORSES!
SMITHS FORGE.
THE subscriber having engaged the services of a good HORSE SHOER and CARRIAGE and SLEIGH MOUNTER, he is now prepared to execute all such work, as well as all other work in his line of business, at his Forge (Sutherland's old stand) on Water Street, opposite the store of Colin McLennan, Esq.
NEWTON LEE.
Summerside, Nov 21, 1867. 3m

POETRY.

LOOK ALOFT.

WHEN sorrows and doubts are gathered around thee,
Clouds darkly obscuring thy sky,
Look aloft, look beyond, there's a break in the clouds,
'Twill be sunshine and joy by-and-by.

When gathering gloom, and when sickening fears
Bring tears from thy wandering eye,
Look aloft and discover the bright star of hope
'Twill be sunshine and joy by-and by.

When heaven seems distant or lost from thy view,
And calls from thy bosom a sigh,
Look aloft, for behold the bright rainbow is there
'Twill be sunshine and joy by-and by.

When gathering mists of the river of death
Are dimming thy lustrous eye,
Look aloft, look beyond, there's a break in the clouds,
Twill be sunshine and joy by-and-by.

Select Literature.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

CHAPTER I.

EVELYN GRANTLY was beautiful, affectionate and winning; no human being in possession of the five senses commonly allotted to mortals, could for a moment maintain the contrary. But—alas! there is a "but" to everything agreeable or pleasant to the eye here below, and our heroine was no exception to the rule. Evelyn was wilful; there was a spice of obstinacy in her character, inherited from her only remaining parent, which had caused her many tears when a child, forgotten as soon as shed; and many a battle royal, as she grew older, with old Squire Grantly, her father, whose idol she was. In nearly all these engagements she came off with flying colors. There were times, indeed, when the Squire's inate high principles and sense of duty to his child, obliged him notwithstanding the promptings of his loving old heart, to hold out stoutly against his young tyrant; but, strange to say, he never enjoyed his triumph. He could not bear to see the passion of tears he had provoked, and felt at the time he would willingly give anything, even to the half of his possessions, if he could only find a reasonable excuse for relenting. He indemnified himself, however, by petting and spoiling Evelyn to his heart's content for a week following what he considered his ignominious victory.

Thus the child grew up by turns a plaything and a torment, and ending by becoming the acknowledged ruler of all around her. Once, indeed, at the suggestion of some sarcastic female relatives, who unreservedly told the Squire his girl was being ruined, and predicted for her all sorts of dreadful fates, he decided, after many struggles, to send his daughter to a boarding school. He left her there himself, and returned home with a heavy heart—it was miserable and desolate. He had no longer any employment—at least it seemed so; no one to order him about; no one to tease him; no companion in his rides; in fact, it was whispered, he neither ate, nor drank, nor slept for several days. He wandered about, the picture of unhappiness, never once speaking to Evelyn's old nurse; he even feared to meet her, dreading her tears and mournful aspect, which reproached him more bitterly than words, for having deprived her of her darling.

During these days of darkness the Squire seemed to be endued with the singular faculty of looking at the past with the eyes and thoughts of another being; he constantly saw portrayed before him a harsh-looking, stout, red-faced tyrant, taking advantage of a beautiful, loving, meek child, denying her many an innocent pleasure, causing her to cry pitifully until her little heart was ready to break; and, moreover, this tyrant, in order to gratify some old Gorgons as cruel as himself, and to persecute this poor lamb, had immured her in a sort of prison, shut up the free, happy bird, clipped her wings, and consigned her to the tender mercies of strangers. No longer could she sing merrily about the house like a little lark; no longer had she a kind old father, round whose neck she would throw her arms, and say she must have a ride that morning, and must go her own favorite way; and if he made any objection, kiss his rough, stubbly face, and then indeed it was all over with him; off they would scamper together over the breezy downs. Now her poor pony was as disconsolate as himself; how he would prick up his ears and turn round when the Squire entered the stable, thinking it was his young mistress, with a sweet cake mayhap, or some delicious young green stuff, gathered at the risk of his delectation; and then, on perceiving it was only the insignificant old Squire, with nothing in his hand to gratify the pony's sweet tooth, he would turn from him, and down to zero would go his ears, and his hopes.

Things certainly could not well be worse. The Squire, the nurse, the pony, and a great, lazy, hulking Newfoundland dog, were rapidly dying of grief. The first-named victim was convinced of it on the sixth day from the departure of Evelyn. On the seventh morning, as he was gloomily disposing of his breakfast, the post-bag was brought in. He seized it impatiently; perhaps there was another letter from his child. One had already come, certainly not a very creditable production in point of penmanship, but it had the air of being written under supervision; even the old Squire's eyes discovered a letter here and there carefully erased, and the spot smoothed over. The letter merely said how happy the writer was, and sent her love to nurse, and hoped the pony and dog were well.

This clean, careful little scrawl was treasured, and read and re-read, and sent to nurse to be perused; the latter we fear did not appreciate it sufficiently, for she informed a fellow servant confidentially, she was quite sure tyranny of the most dreadful character had been used to induce Evelyn to write it; she knew well how the dear child wrote when left alone." The letter was sent back to her master with her respects, and finally deposited by him in a receptacle, from which it was frequently taken to be perused.

On the seventh morning, as we have said, the Squire looked for a second letter; the post-bag was opened quickly, there were uninteresting blue-looking documents and newspapers, all of which were either thrown aside or fell heedlessly to the ground.

A blank, disappointed look was passing over the Squire's countenance; he peered closely into the bag—yes, there was an ill-folded, badly-fastened, imperfectly-directed letter sticking in one of the corners. It was indeed a blotted scrawl, evidently surreptitiously written and posted. It ran thus:—

"DEAR OLD PAPA,—Take me home, or I'll run away."

Nothing more, except the child's name was written in it. Up bounded the Squire and down came the bell-rope.

"The carriage—quick! Do you hear? The carriage, without a moment's delay," he roared to the astonished servant.

Before he quitted the house the Squire sent for the nurse. Unwillingly she obeyed the summons: was she going to be dismissed, or was her young lady ill—perhaps dying?

"Nurse," said he, and he spoke gently now, "I am going to bring young Evelyn home."

He said no more, off drove the carriage, and before night the dear child was brought home, to the great indignation of the school-mistress, although she pocketed a clear half-year's account, and to the scandal of all the "female Gorgons" connected with the family, who made the squire a target, for some months for letters of indignation and astonishment at his insane conduct; but he and Evelyn laughed over them, and then consigned them to the flames.

"To think of them making you walk quietly along, and sit up without speaking at your dinner, and not leave the table until you had finished, and go to bed when you were not sleepy! Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, I was a monster to trust you to them."

This speech generally followed the burning of one of the letters fired at the Squire; and Evelyn, when he was longer than usual seeking a similitude, whereunto liken himself, would wildly jump upon his knees, and throwing her arms round him, exclaim, "Never mind, papa, I am all the happier for it."

CHAPTER II.

It was well for Evelyn that, soon after this occurrence, a distant relative, dying, left the sole guardianship of his orphan boy to Squire Grantly, expressing a wish that he might study for a few years with his present tutor, Mr. Agnew, a man of the trust reposed in him. Both came to reside with the squire; and very soon the latter, by coaxing and persuading, got Evelyn to study with his young ward, who was many years her junior. This, and a request from the spoilt girl some time after for further instruction, secretly delighted her father, who had begun to have some serious qualms of conscience respecting her education.

One morning, shortly after Evelyn's seventeenth birthday, her father received a letter which appeared to agitate him—a very unusual occurrence, for before and since the letter written by his daughter requesting him to fetch her from school, only the ordinary quantum of bills and commonplace epistles had arrived. After remaining two hours shut up with Mr. Agnew in a sanctum strangely called a study, Evelyn was summoned. Happily she was passing the sunny hours at the time, attending to her birds and flowers, and merrily her sweet voice was humming some favorite air. Lightly she tripped into the old study, her golden locks, her clear blue eyes, her laughing, dimpled mouth, and slight youthful figure contrasting strangely with the rusty old armour, the worm-eaten old volumes, the heavy antique furniture, and last, not least, with the sunburnt, grizzly old squire himself.

Suddenly Evelyn stopped her singing, and her smiling face became grave, as she perceived that something more serious than usual was the matter.

"Dear papa," she exclaimed, "what is it? Tell me what has occurred to vex you."

Her arms were in a moment round his neck, and her cheek pressed on his.

"Evelyn, darling," said he, "I can never part with you. What am I to do?"

"Part with me, dear papa!" she exclaimed: "I should think not. But do tell me why you seem so sad?"

"You will never love me again, Evelyn, if I do," he replied. "I little thought this day would ever come; but a promise rashly made need not be kept."

"But what is it, papa?" she inquired. "I cannot understand what you mean. If you have made a promise, and the fulfilment of it in any way depends on me, be assured I shall help you to keep it. But what is it?"

"Bless you, my child, for that speech," said her father. "Listen, darling; I must tell you a story first. I have told you many a one in years gone by, sitting as we are now, with your little arms round me, and your little soft cheek resting against my hard, rough old face. The story I am going to tell you now is quite different from any of them. I made them all up myself, Evelyn, and you never knew it."

"Ah, but I often suspected it, papa," said Evelyn; "for, when I 'got my senses,' as nurse says, I knew there were no such dreadful old hobgoblins and monsters, and——"

"We must not mind those stories now," interrupted the squire. "She who ought to have told you stories went to heaven when you were a little helpless baby; so they were the best I could invent. Now, my child, listen to me, and give me all your attention.

"Many years ago there were two young men who were great friends; they went to school together as boys, and to the same college when they became men. They were alike in many things, but differed much in others; while one was an only son, and likely to be a wealthy man without any exertion of his own, the other was the eldest of many children, and totally dependant on himself; he was also very clever and very good, whilst the rich man's son was rather stupid; but I don't think he was very bad.

"On one occasion these young men were spending the vacation together, and the rich young man, his father, his mother, and his friend, were taking a stroll over some high cliffs by the sea. In a moment the only son, in trying to reach a plant, disappeared over the most precipitous part.

"The mother witnessed the accident and fainted; the father, an old man, was perfectly helpless; he crept to the edge, and straining his eyes, perceived his only and beloved child clinging far below to some frail, half-withered roots.

"Think, dear Evelyn, what his agony must have been! He knew the weak roots could bear his son's weight long; then he saw him in the desperate struggle for his life clutch madly at something else, the root held by his left hand giving way. Another moment, and he would be in the boiling surf below; the unfortunate young man felt he could not hold on much longer.

"The father wailed piteously and closed his eyes, that he might not witness the frightful death of his son.

"The poor man's son, who had not been thought of in these moments of human agony, had descended the cliff at the risk of losing his life at each step. There was a little rugged platform at a short distance from his friend, who was suspended almost in mid-air—if he could only reach that!

"He *did* reach it—how, he never knew; neither did the rich man's son, whom he rescued from a horrible death, and who was almost paralysed with fear; but both firmly believed in the aid of some preternatural agency.

"Not only was the only son's life saved, but the lives of his parents also, for they never could have survived his loss."

"And how did they reward him?" asked Evelyn. "Surely nothing could repay such courageous, such noble conduct. Oh papa, how I should have liked to know him! But how was he repaid?"

"Evelyn, darling, he was never rewarded," replied her father. "He firmly refused everything. He only begged that, if possible, in future years there might be a closer union of the families—that a child of his might marry a child of his friend's; and a solemn compact was entered into."

"Well, papa, and did the rich young man keep his word?" said Evelyn.

"My child, you must answer that question," he replied. "The poor man has returned from a far country, and this morning the rich man has had a letter to remind him of his promise. Is he to keep it, Evelyn?"

The squire had not once looked at his child during this recital. As he asked the puzzled, half-terrified look

Evelyn was very pale indeed; her arms no longer clasped his neck—they had fallen listlessly by her side. He felt even her light form grow heavier, her eyes were averted from his, no sound issued from her lips. Never before had he seen his child thus.

"Speak, my darling!" said he; "only speak to me. You shall never marry any one you cannot like—no, not even if it cost me life, honor, and everything."

A flood of tears came to Evelyn's relief.

"But he saved your life, my dear father! I can never forget that. I will do all I can to help you. Come, we'll try to be happy again," she said, and a smile of inexpressible sweetness irradiated her countenance like a rainbow, through her tears.

For some weeks after this scene both father and daughter were more pensive and silent than they had ever been before, and Evelyn did not once pay a visit to the study, which looked out on her favorite flower garden. The old tutor made some anxious inquiries, but soon desisted, while her birds and flowers were sadly neglected.

(To be continued.)

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—The following paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer has been set to music in England. It is the best we have ever seen in any language—there is nothing wanting and nothing redundant:

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come, Thy perfect will
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfil;
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand;
Now and forever unto Thee,
The kingdom, power and glory be.
Amen.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE EXHUMED.—The London *Times* publishes an interesting letter in regard to the discoveries at Jerusalem, from which we select the following: "The colossal foundtions of the temple wall, which are 'stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,' laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of 90 feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the place of Zion and the temple of Moriah is now proved to have been upward of 150 feet. If this be, as it seems, the accent to the House of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no spirit in her. The pinnacle of the temple on which the tempter placed the Saviour has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of 130 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration. If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth. Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the south-east corner of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harem, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements and the services of the temple. The great work of complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grand Vizer to this country, and the representations made to the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up as they have been by the energy, the wisdom,