The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.'---Euripides.

VOL. XXII] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1871. [NO. 1.

The Examiner

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TERMS.

Ten Shillings per annum in advance, or Twelve Shillings when not paid in advance.

ALMANAC FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 5h. 11 m., p. m., W.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 2h. 44m., a. m., S. E.
New Moon, 20th day, 8h. 19m., p. m., N. W.
First Quarter, 28th day, 9h. 2m., a. m. S W.

D M	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock.	Moon sets.	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Sun	7 49	4 18	3 39	1 31	6 29	29
2	Mon	49	19	4 17	3 34	7 28	30
3	Tues	49	20	45	3 36	8 28	31
4	Wed	49	21	5 12	5 37	9 3	32
5	Thur	49	22	39	6 36	9 44	33
6	Frid	48	23	6 6	9 31	10 23	35
7	Sat	48	25	32	8 20	11 2	37
8	Sun	48	26	57	9 4	11 40	38
9	Mon	47	27	7 22	9 40	A. 15	40
10	Tues	47	29	47	10 12	0 55	42
11	Wed	7 46	30	8 11	10 38	1 35	44
12	Thurs	46	31	34	11 2	2 18	45
13	Frid	45	32	57	11 27	3 6	47
14	Sat	45	34	19	11 53	4 11	49
15	Sun	44	35	40	A. 21	5 30	51
16	Mon	43	36	10 1	1 5	6 52	53
17	Tues	42	38	21	0 31	8 3	56
18	Wed	42	40	41	2 19	9 2	58
19	Thur	42	41	59	3 17	9 54	59
20	Frid	41	42	11 17	4 23	10 39	9 1
21	Sat	40	44	35	5 35	11 23	4
22	Sun	39	45	51	6 46	morn	6
23	Mon	38	46	12 7	7 49	0 4	8
24	Tues	37	48	22	9 7	0 41	11
25	Wed	36	49	36	10 33	1 18	13
26	Thur	37	50	49	11 9	1 50	15
27	Frid	34	52	13 1	morn.	2 36	18
28	Sat	33	54	13	0 19	3 23	21
29	Sun	32	55	24	1 20	4 20	23
30	Mon	31	57	33	2 23	5 29	26
31	Tues	7 29	4 58	13 42	3 35	6 37	9 29

Business Cards.

HENRY J. GAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE IN
Des Brisay's Block
(next Apothecarie's Hall,)
QUEEN STREET,

RESIDENCE.—North American Hotel.
Charlottetown, Aug 3, 1870.

MR. A. SMYTHE.
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
Has Removed his Academy to Water St.,
(Opposite the late Telegraph Office.)

Pianoforte and Melodeon Tuning punctually attended to.
July 25, 1870. 1y

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

A. McNEILL,
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER.
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
May 31, 1869. tf

STHR D. SHAW,
Attorney-at-Law, &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Great George and Dorchester Streets.
Opposite City Hotel. Formerly occupied as a Law Office by Charles Palmer, Esq., and recently by H. J. Cundall, Esq.
CHARLOTTETOWN.
March 21, 1870. 1 yr

H. HASZARD,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P.E.I.

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country will receive prompt attention.
April 26, 1869

A. HERMANS,
Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,
Dorchester Street,
(Next to "Examiner" Office.)

BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand

A neat Assortment of
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS
&c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

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Bell Fittings, &., &c.,

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch

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SAYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,
Sold Cheaper than ever.
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MONTREAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,
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Subscribed and Invested Capital, - £1,965,000 *Sterling.*

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Head Office, 45 Wall Street, New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - -	$400,000 00
Surplus, - - - - - - -	326,399 94
Total Assets, 1st Jan'y, 1870, - - -	$726,399 94

Risks against loss or damage by FIRE accepted on every description of property. Apply to

FENTON T. NEWBERY, General Agent for P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, April 25, 1870.

PRIZE MEDALS,
1862 AND 1851;
F. S. CLEAVER
Begs respectfully to recommend the following articles of
TOILET SOAP AND PERFUMERY
Manufactured and Imported by him.

All of which may be relied on for their genuine quality, as many years' increasing patronage will testify, rendering unnecessary any further comment. In non-angular tablets, White Glycerine Soap, richly perfumed Lettuce Milk Soap, Floral Soaps, Spermaceti Soap, Otto of Rose Cold Cream Soap, Centfleurs Toilet Soap, Prize Medal Honey Soap, Almond, Palm, Glycerine, Sunflower, Mallow and every description of Toilet Soaps, Musk and Treble Scented Brown Windsor, Improved and Extra Scented ditto.

THE LATEST NOVELITIES

F. S. Cleaver's Hyacinth Toilet Soap, F. S. Cleaver's Musk Rose Windsor Soap, Military and Naval Toilet Soap, Plate Rouge Soap. F. S. Cleaver's Honey Pomade for the Hair, F. S. Cleaver's Floral Pomades for the hair, Saponaceous Tooth Powder, Glycerine Shaving Squares, Cosmetiques, &c. The Scent of the Period, also Jockey Club Boquet, Kiss Me Quick, Frangipanni, Ess Boquet, Millefleurs, Mangolia Rondelitia, Ylangilang, May Blossom, New Mown Hay, As You Like It, &c., &c.

For Family Use, the following Soaps, in 1 lb. Bars—Family Brown Windsor, Almond Glycerine, Family Honey Soap, Rose, Elder Flower &c. Chambers' Castor Oil Pomatum, Marrow Oil, Bears' Grease, Bears' Marrow. Crystallized Cream. Lavendar Water, Eau de Cologne, Viole Powder.

CAUTION.—Owing to the recent introduction of Soap made from Cocoa Nut Oil, F. S. Cleaver feels it incumbent on him to remark that he entirely abstains from the use of that pernicious article in any Soap bearing his name, the only advantage of which is to enable the maker to produce soap at less cost, and with a smooth and ivory-like appearance, which treacherous and superficial qualification is to be avoided; as a soap so made possesses a much more powerful alkali than genuine English-made soap; and like many other things, beautiful to behold, leaves its sting behind, by causing a severe irritation to the skin—particularly if used for shaving. It likewise produces a faint, sickly, and disagreeable smell, as the hands of any person who has used it can testify.

Manufactory, 32 and 33, Red Lion Street, London, W. C. Depot, 243, Rue St. Dennis, Paris. Sold by

W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building.
Oct. 28, 1869

SALT. SALT.
FOR SALE, 600 Bushels LIVERPOOL SALT, in bulk. Also, 2000 SACKS, ex Bark *CLIFTON.*
JAMES C. POPE.
Ch'town, August 1, 1870.

Wool. Wool.
CASH paid for WOOL, on delivery, at the Store of
H. J. CALLBECK.
Ch'town, May 30, 1870.

BROOMS & PAILS.
50 doz. Pails,
50 do. Brooms,
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.
Sept. 26 1870. 1m

Just Arrived
AND NOW OFFERED CHEAPER THAN EVER,
HOUSEHOLD - FURNITURE
IN VARIETY.

Latest styles in Walnut, Mahogany, Chestnut, Butternut, Maple and Birch, selected personally in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, this season.

PICTURE - FRAMES, in all the latest styles. Round, Oval, and Square; Gilt, Walnut, and Rustico; Plane and Ornamental.

Second - hand Pianos and Melodeons sold at a bargain.

JOHN NEWSON.
Queen Square, Ch'town,
Sept. 26, 1870.

CAUTION.

DON'T waste your money in buying BOGUS Wool or Mowing Machine Oil, when you can get the pure Olive or Sweet Oil much cheaper at the

'CITY HARDWARE STORE,'
BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.
August 22, 1870.

WANTED.

WANTED, a Steady, Sober Man, who can read and write, to act as fireman at the Gas Works. Good wages and constant employment will be given. None need apply who cannot produce a good character for sobriety, &c., &c.

WM. MURPHY.
Dec. 5, 1870.

MONTREAL HEARTHSTONE.
GREAT OFFER TO CLUBS.
50 Cents for Six Months. $1 for 1 Year,
WITH PRESENTS TO EACH CLUB.
ONLY ONE CLUB FROM EACH POST OFFICE IN THIS OFFER.

WHO WILL BE IN THE CLUB?

The "Montreal Hearthstone" is one of the finest Eight Page Periodicals published. Subscribe for it Support Home Papers, and establish Home Literature.

Send for a Specimen Copy.

We intend to have Subscribers from every Post Office if we have to pay for them, and have determined to make an offer that will set Agents to work for us everywhere.

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For a Club of Twelve, at $1 00 each, we will send 12 copies of the "Hearthstone" for one year —52 numbers — and a set of Nickel Silver Teaspoons to each Subscriber and two sets of spoons and an extra copy of the paper to getter up of Club.

Any person getting up a Club can send in five half yearly subscribers at a time, and we will, on receipt of names and money, send the papers and two sets of Teaspoons, or one extra copy of the paper to the getter-up of Club; or they can send in three yearly Subscribers at a time, and we will send papers and presents to Subscribers, and send present to getter up of Club as soon as Club is complete.

Only one Club will be received from each Post Office on these terms, as our object is to establish subscriptions at every Post Office so that we can fill out at regular rates, as we hope every Subscriber, on these low terms will endeavor to get others for us. All persons desiring to get the paper at this low offer must go into a Club at once, or else it will be filled without them. We cannot make anything on this offer, but we feel certain that from every Post Office where we get one Club, we can secure others at regular rates.

Subscription will commence at date, or with No 8, as desired,—No. 8 having the first chapter of the great story, 'The Evil Eye; or, the Red Doctor."

Our paper is one of the finest periodicals published, and we are giving you Club rates that we will never offer again; so go to work and get up your Clubs. We pay you well to do so.

Send all communications to

NORTHUP & Co.,
Publishers of "The Montreal Hearthstone,"
No. 70, St. Francois Xavier Street,
Montreal, P. Q.
Ch'town, Nov. 14, 1870.

Do Not Ruin Your
EYE-SIGHT
By Wearing Common Spectacles;
Nine-tenths of all Eye Disease
IS CAUSED BY
Wearing Improper Glasses.
Lazarus & Morris'
PERFECTED
SPECTACLES
AND EYE-GLASSES.

For which I am the SOLE AGENT, are the most Perfect and Beautiful Ever Offered.

They will cause a continuous and abiding improvement in the Eyes, and assist your sight most brilliantly.

W. R. WATSON,
Sole Agent for Charlottetown
Ch'town, November 7, 1870

Just Received
400 Yads WATR PROOF CLOTH,
HEARTZ & SON.
Nov. 29, 1869.

HOW RALPH BIRTON SPENT HIS CHRISTMAS EVE.

A Tale of the Season.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

WHICH IS ABOUT A BALL AND ANOTHER RESOLUTION.

For some time after we left him, Mr Birton stood entranced by the window, gazing in upon the cozy picture of a cheerful home, and the, to him, silent pantomime of love that was being enacted within. Forgetful of everything else, the lone man's heart was drawn into the scene, and he yearned to be an actor in such another; and the while his thoughts were carried back to the bygone, loving, childish days of his now lost Maude.

At length, when the old man's tale was told, and the two within had lapsed into silence, Ralph caused the *tete-a-tete* to be interrupted, as we have seen, and then proceeded on his way to the house of his head clerk. On arriving there he was warmly welcomed by Mr Gowar and his wife, who, nevertheless, looked somewhat surprised at the visit, even after Mr. Birton had apologized for the intrusion, and explained by saying that feeling lonely, and knowing that they were entertaining a few guests he thought that, perhaps, they would not mind his making himself also of the party.

"Oh, certainly not; we are only too proud and delighted to have you, if a young folks' romp won't bore you. Allow me to assist you off with your overcoat, and dismiss your driver."

'Thank you. Have you a place where I can stow away, until I leave, a few parcels which I have in the sleigh?'

'Yes, certainly'

So the packages—less bulky, but more numerous and valuable, perhaps, than those left at old Joe's—were brought in, and the driver dismissed; and then Ralph went up with his host to the scene of festivities. As they stood for a moment at the door before entering Ralph felt anything but a merry subject for a merry meeting. His thoughts flew back to the last Christmas party he was at, when he himself played the host, but the hostess, of whom he had been so proud, disappeared.

Their advent checked for a moment the proceedings going on within, where the little ones were having their *Sir Roger* before being dismissed for the night; and a right merry dance they were making of it, headed by Miss Gowar—a tall, shapely girl, with dark violet eyes, and fair hair—and young Courtney, her acknowledged lover

'My daughter Charlotte, Mr. Birton,' said her father, as, at a sign from him, she joined them.

'Allow me to bid my father's kindest friend welcome to our house,' said Charlotte, unaffectedly and gracefully extending her hand,' 'and thank him sincerely for the honor he does us Do you care for children, Mr. Birton?' she continued

Ralph saw that his presence had cast a damper upon the spirits of the younger ones, and determined not to allow it to continue, he answered—'Yes, I am very fond of them and must not allow my entrance to interrupt their merriment. Will you join their dance with me?' said he, turning to Mrs. Gowar; and they fell into the middle of the line, and, though the dance moved on a little stiffly at first, Ralph had the happy knack of making everyone about him feel at their ease; and in a short while the romp was swinging on as wildly as ever. And when it was over, a wee maiden, scarcely a yard in height, with big eyes, and long golden curl brushed back from her forehead, and confined in a roundabout comb, and bit of blue ribbon, came up to him and said,

'Good night. I like 'ou; what's 'our name?'

Ralph snatched up the diminutive bundle of tarlatan, and kissed its owner over and over. Then the children disappeared, and the party went on with their elders. Ralph danced, now with Mrs. Gowar, now with Charlotte, and again with others of her young friends, standing up for all the square dances, though he declared himself unequal to the round, and in spite of himself, enjoyed his evening thoroughly; but, as soon as supper was over, he quietly bade good night to his hosts and their daughter, saying to Mr Gowar—who reminded him of his parcels, and begged to be allowed to send for a sleigh—'No, no, the night is clear and starlight, and I shall enjoy the walk. Those parcels will perhaps be acceptable to Mrs Gowar and Charlotte Good night.' And, without waiting for an answer, he shook his host's hand and stepped out into the night.

For a few minutes he walked quickly on over the crisp and crackling snow, with his mind rather in a whirl, and not thinking of anything in particular. Then drawing his cigar case from his pocket, he lit a cigar, and his thoughts commenced to assume a definite shape. Suddenly the Christmas midnight chimes rang out clear and full into the frosty air:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Involuntarily, like the echo from his mother's voice, and the far-off distant years of his boyhood, the words of the joyful Christmas hymn floated through his brain,

"God and sinners reconciled."

he repeated, 'and shall not sinners be reconciled one towards another? and that, too, when they are of one kin and one flesh.' 'Seventy times seven,' said his heart. 'Lord, I see my course, grant me grace and strength, for Thy dear Son's sake, to follow it. He, too, must be forgiven and received back with her. To-morrow—nay to-night, I shall write;' and hastening on he soon arrived at his own house. Scarcely had he time to put his latch-key into the lock, when Mrs. Brooks flung open the door, and welcomed him in with a smile—half of fear, half of joy—upon her face, and with eyes very red with weeping; but Ralph was too much wrapt in his new resolve to notice either her promptness or her appearance.

'Please, sir, there's a letter on your desk in the library for you; a lady left it.'

'A note for me?'

'Yes, sir; a lady left it.'

And Ralph passed into the drawing-room, followed by Mrs. Brooks.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW A WILFUL DAUGHTER REPENTED, AND CAME HOME, AND HAD A DREAM WITH A FAIR ENDING.

Our readers will now look in with us upon a couple of tenement chambers in a retired quarter of New York, a short while before our story opens. *Without*, a chilly, raw, wet December evening. The vane on the neighboring steeple jerking fitfully round in the gusty air to every point of the compass, though principally to the N between N. E. and N. W., gray, murkey clouds scudding swift and threatening across the sky, and ever and anon discharging themselves in cold dashes of rain, which are angrily hurled upon unprotected heads by the gale which is whistling among the chimney-tops above, and noisily twisting and snatching at the skirts and umbrellas below, with a wild joy, as of a demon, at the mischief he is causing. Everyone in the street who has a home to go to, hurrying thitherward with cloak or coat wrapt tightly round and buttoned to the chin; while those who are homeless shrink cowering for shelter into protected alleys and gateways.

Within, a room half-warmed by a couple of small logs burning in the stove, half-lighted by a solitary candle dimly flickering in the constant draughts, which cause it to gutter and waste all too speedily. The room itself appears neatly kept and shows marks of a cultivated mind in its superintendence; for though the furniture and ornaments are poor, yet there is nothing vulgar or common in their choice and arrangement. In one corner is a little railed bed, wherein lies in peaceful slumber a fair-haired baby-girl; by the candle-stick lies some unfinished sewing, the needle and thread still sticking in it. But it is by the scene in the centre of the room that our attention is at once riveted, for there is a plain coffin, still unclosed, wherein lie the earthly remains of what must once have been a very handsome man. Still young when death struck him, the hard lines of sin and sorrow had not yet become so deeply cut upon his features as to be ineradicable, and the soothing hand of the dumb angel had smoothed them nearly away, and left him much more resembling the dashing spendthrift, Willie Dacres, who, in days gone by, had carried by storm the loving heart of Maude Birton, than the desperate sinning Will, who had drunk himself into the grave and broken Maude Dacres' heart. Yet, with all his faults and neglect of her, she loved him still, and now the only sound that broke the silence of that room, except the fitful wail of the storm outside, and the dismal rattle of the loose-fitting windows, was her violent sobbing, as, bathed in tears, she knelt by the pale corpse and kissed over and over again the chiselled features, and arranged the curly locks of dark brown hair and heavy dark moustache.

Truly, there come times in the lives of some of us when it seems as if God and man had alike forsaken us—when we forget what is left to us, and remember only what is lost and gone—when the smile of the idle passer in the street seems a cruel mockery, and the eager glow of blooming health a sin—when the fair warp of sunlight, woven by the Graces into our lives seems a bitter delusion, and only the Fates' dark wolf fee's real. Pluto drives wildly and relentlessly down the gloomy road to Avernus; while Proserpine, in despair, loses consciousness and self control, and, frantic and distracted, madly flings away the beautiful flowers of hope gathered in brighter hours. Then, most terrible of all, the Tempter struggles to undermine the foundations set upon faith; and the poor, weak, human soul fails—utterly fails of hope—and lies panting, soiled, and draggled in the very Slough of Despond if it ceases to look upward to the Cross, and grasp it with the dying energy of despair; and even when faith is held firm, and the darkness is prevented from becoming Cimmerian by the sure knowledge of the satisfying rest for the weary which lies beyond; still, even then, the iron may enter into the soul and cause it to writhe in very agony.

Poor Maude! Bitter the lessons she had learned since she left her father's home!—bitter the cup she had now drained to the dregs!—the reaction after the excitement of the flight from home—the repentance—the sorrow—the silence of her father—her letters all unanswered—her husband's weeks of neglect and moments of fondness—her jewels sold—nothing left her but her needle to support herself and child; and so, for four years, had she struggled on, only sustained by a new love which had shone into her soul for One who also had known want in this world of ours, but is now able and ever ready to succor and sustain those who turn to Him. She knew that if she would abandon her husband and return home that her father would receive and forgive her. 'But how can I do that?' she said, 'Have I not sworn to love and to cherish and to obey him through health and through sickness through wealth and through poverty, until death us do part? No; I cannot, I will not, return alone.'

But now he was gone—gone forever—and she was left alone with her babe in the heart of the great city amidst hundreds of thousands, with not one to care for her, and it seemed to her as if she were sunk and about to be overwhelmed in a great gulf of despair and helplessness.

'I did not return home while Willie was living; father will think that it is poverty and want which drive me there now. How can I go? Oh, my father! if you but knew how I have loved you all these years, and sorrowed for our seperation and for the pain I have caused you, you would receive me back once more to your love, and I would nestle there contented, and never leave it more, but strive to make you forget and be happy again; for, oh! it is bitter to be alone and unloved'

'Don't 'ou cry so, mamma; I loves 'ou, so I does,' and a pair of baby-arms stole softly round her neck, and a loving kiss was printed on her cheeks. 'Papa's gone to heaven.'

Maude answered by pressing her child closer to her bosom, and murmured, 'Yet not alone or unloved, for He and you are with me, Effie; and for you, my darling, I will arise and will return unto my father, and will tell him how I have sinned and sorrowed, and he can do with us what seemeth good in his sight.'

So the dead was returned unto the earth, her few remaining things were sold, and the proceeds served to carry Maude and her babe to the city of her early home in the West.

On the Christmas-eve of our story, and while Ralph Birton was out on his labors of love, a humble hired sleigh drove up to his house, and a woman with a child in her arms got out, and mounting the steps which led to the door, timidly sounded the bell.

It were difficult, indeed, to paint, even in words, the various thoughts, feelings and emotions which had passed through Maude's brain, or had struggled and wrestled for the mastery in her bosom, during the journey to her old home. How grief, and hope, and fear had alternately obtained the upper hand, as her mind ran upon the past, the present, or the future. And now as she laid her hand upon the bell, after all their dreadful riot, each passion seemed only to have gathered strength for fiercer struggling—pent in her bosom their prison seemed too small; and, exhausted in the war, her poor heart panted and fluttered, and beat its bruised wings against the walls of its dungeon, until it seemed as though the strife within must kill her.

'Aid me now, oh God! for my child—for Thy Son's sake.' She just had time to pray when the door was opened, and Mrs Brooks stood befor her. She breathed a sigh of relief, for she had feared lest one of the other servants should answer her summons, and she would fain hide from them the shame which lay heavy upon her.

'Is Mr Birton in!' she asked, with as calm a voice as she could command.

'No, he's gone out;' and Mrs. Brooks was unceremoniously closing the door in her face—for the little housekeeper had scarcely yet recovered from the petulancy caused by her unappreciated dinner—when Maude, looking full upon her, said, 'Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Brooks?'

Mrs. Brooks was not given to fainting; but as she realized the truth she experienced the queerest sensations she had known for many a day and it was as much as she could do to exclaim, in a tone half gasp, half scream. 'Oh! Miss Maude, is that you?' and then she burst out crying.

'Yes, Brooks; but is my father not at home?'

'No, miss, he has just gone out. But, oh! come in, come in; its himself will be glad to see you, and welcome you back, I know. He's an altered man since you left, miss—not the same at all. Why, this very night he could'nt eat his dinner with thinking of you, and I had seen everything made so nice myself, just to tempt him, but it was no use. But you must be hungry now yourself, miss. Let me help you off with your things, and get you something to eat. Oh, dear! this isn't the way you used to dress in the old times No, indeed! But you must have seen trouble since!

'Ma, I'se so hungry. Will we soon be at grandpapa's?' fretfully murmured the child, now just waking.

'Yes, Effie, deary, soon, now,' answered Maude, as she stooped to place her on the floor.

'Oh, the dear, precious litttle darling!' exclaimed Mrs Brooks, snatching her up in her arms, 'and she's hungry, is she? Well, I'll get her some supper in a minute Will you give me a kiss, pet? Well, if she ain't the living image of her grandmother! Step in here into the dining-room, miss—(even the babe could not make her think of Mrs Dacres as anything but Miss Maude), and I'll have supper laid out in a minute

'Not for me, Brooks. I'll not eat till my father comes home; but you may get something for my baby, and bring me a pen and ink, and some paper, and don't mention my return to the others.' The last direction was useless; one of them had overheard the scene at the door, and the news that Miss Maude was back had already spread to the servants' hall; so that as soon as Mrs Brooks entered, she was beseiged with questions. Nevertheless she parried conscientiously their queries. 'Deary me, can't you leave a body alone? Never you mind, you'll find out all about it soon enough. Here, help me bring up these things. Leave them in the pantry.'

In the meanwhile Maude was left alone in the dining-room of her father's house. At last she was back again to the happy home of her infancy, which she had left so wilfully, and to which she now returned so penitent. And how memory flew back and filled her brain with tumultuous thoughts as she gazed once more on the well-remembered furniture, pictures and plate? What scenes from her happy, laughing child-hood and maidenhood arose from the buried past, and flitted, one after another, rapidly through her imagination! How vividly she saw the image of her too-indulgent father's well-remembered form before her, as her eyes fell upon his accustomed seat! How many loving scenes and expressions, long since forgotten, came trooping once more into light!

'Is this grandpapa's, mamma?' interrupted Effie.

'Yes, my darling.'

'Then where is he? Why don't he come?'

Before Maude could answer, Mrs. Brooks entered with a salver, laden with a cold collation which, settling down, she apologized for, saying that there was nothing warm in the house; but that, in a few minutes, she would have some hot coffee ready. Then, bustling out again, she went to fetch the writing materials, while Maude gave her little daughter, whose eyes were fairly dancing at the sight of the sumptuous repast before her, something to eat. The housekeeper however, was back in a minute, and, placing the paper, &c, upon the table, she insisted upon being allowed to attend upon Miss Effie herself.

So Maude, who had already arranged in her own mind how she should act to discover her father's sentiments towards her, left her baby to Mrs. Brooks' care, and sitting down, succeeded, after many unsatisfactory attempts, in completing this note:—

DEAREST FATHER.

If I, so unworthy of the name of daughter, may still dare to call you by that loved title to-night, after so long a time, I come back and fling myself on your mercy for forgiveness; and oh, dear father, remember the father of the Prodigal Son, and pity your once erring but now repentant daughter, who, in all her wilfulness and wanderings, has always loved you with an infinite longing, and wept day and night bitter, bitter tears of sorrow for the gulf that for five long years has lain between you and her. Willie is dead; but it is not because I am poorer and more in want now than when he lived that I have returned; for, for more than three years, I have supported, by my needle, my baby Effie and myself—but, oh! my father, I yearn to fling myself at your feet and implore your forgiveness and blessing; for I love you with a love stronger and more purified than of old, and daily—hourly—pray to be allowed to consecrate the poor remains of my life in endeavors to efface the old memories of sorrow from your heart, and make some amends for all the pain which I have caused you.

In hope and fear,
I remain, your sorrowful and loving daughter,

MAUDE.

This she folded up and addressed to her father, and it was taken by Mrs. Brooks and laid upon the desk in the library. Then commenced a weary, anxious waiting for her father's return.

Tired and fagged though she was with her long journey, anxiety and suspense prevented her from closing her eyes. Mrs. Brooks gave up in despair of making her go to bed, even after she had induced her to allow Effie to be put to sleep.

Ten o'clock, and still she was waiting.—wearily, anxiously, patiently waiting, terribly bored by poor Mrs. Brooks' bustling loquaciousness—and wondering, though in a dim aimless sort of way, where her father could be. 'He used not in the old times to be out so late. I wonder if he is much changed? How will he receive me? what will he say? Oh, how I wish he would come;' but the only answer to her thoughts was the tramp of a solitary pedestrian, crunching the hard-frozen snow under foot as he advanced towards the house, and Maude half-started up, as she thought it might be her father; but the walker passed by, and the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, and silence fell again upon the house, and the restless sickness of hope and fear upon her heart.

Eleven o'clock. Silence was falling upon the house—even Mrs Brooks' tongue was lapsing into quiet—and nought was heard but the ticking of the heavy bronze clock upon the mantle-piece, and the occasional jingle of the bells of some passing sleigh, with the noisy merriment of its occupants. Slowly the tension of Maude's nerves was relaxing—tired nature was resuming its sway.

Twelve o'clock. Maude, to Mrs. Brooks' great satisfaction, was falling off into a doze.

Cling clang, ding dong, hard and strong, low and clear—how the bells rang out in the frosty air, ringing out their Christmas chimes! telling the world that the day had broke which, eighteen hundred years ago and more, had brought to sinful, sorrowful mankind good tiding of great joy; and the great church-bells were telling it in their wild and joyous clangor with ringing tones from metal tongues gleefully to one another, and sending the message over the snow to all mankind in the towns and hamlets round about—and their sound floated into the room where Maude lay, and mingled with her dream.

As she fell asleep, the noises and sensations of the railway train persistently re-enacted themselves within her drowsy brain—the shrill, screaming whistle of the engine, the jerks of starting, and then the rumble and rattle of the ever rapidly-increasing motion of the cars, while the engine snorted angrily, and its bell was kept ringing in a strange warning way; and, then, in her corner of the car, whither she had shrunk from observation, she suddenly seemed to know that her father was the driver of the engine, and that he was going at a terrible speed—houses, trees, fences, barns, stations flew by—faster still and faster; while the mad excitement seized upon the passengers, and some wept, and others laughed as they glared and pointed at her; and then, in that way in which we know things in dreams, she knew that the reason of that terrible speed was that her husband was fleeing from her father in a train in front, and that the latter was determined to run him down, though he should kill himself and all his passengers in the attempt; but, of a sudden, she felt that the train in front had disappeared, and then the short, jolting motion of the railway carriages faded, and changed into the easier, undulating motion of a vessel, in which she was being borne away to sea, and there was no one with her on board but her daughter Effie, and the crew, and these looked askance at her, and said one to another, 'Yes; if she had come sooner she might have saved the old man's life; but his heart was broken.' Then the land faded out of sight, and the birds and the sea-weed were left behind, and the ocean was glassy green. After that the icebergs rose around them, and sailed by, and clashed and splintered against each other, sometimes with great shocks like booming cannon, and anon with a ringing, silvery sound, sweet and low, and lasting long, and all the while Effie clung weeping to her. 'Yes, this is far enough' said the sailors, 'we will leave her here.' So they sailed alongside a floating island of ice, and quietly, unmoved and passionless, she left the ship—for she knew it was her fate—and she entered the iceberg, and, lo! she was once more in her father's house! And as she raised her eyes, and looked round in wonder and amazement, mingled with sorrowful regret for the past, behold! her father advanced to meet her, and clasping her in his strong arms, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, while he murmured 'Maude dear Maude, home at last; I knew you'd come.' 'Yes, father, never again to wander,' she answered as she opened her eyes and saw that, in its conclusion, her dream was true.

Great festivities are to be held, and many hearts made glad (not forgetting old Joe and Effie's) this coming Christmas-eve, at the fine old house where willing homage is hourly paid to Queen Effie, who, her mother