

to crown her success, Milicent could not have striven more bravely and untiringly. Life had taught her many bitter lessons: in the days of her exuberant prosperity, it had been no part of her business to seek after self-knowledge; the pride, impatience of censure, and lofty self-esteem, which had wounded the perceptions of her lover, had seemed to Milicent but the assertion of her inalienable rights. Since then, in solemn night-seasons, in lonely hours of unexpecting prayer, in the strife of the London streets, she had turned an humble and earnest search upon her own heart, and life had a new aim and a holier motive. She was not unhappy in her present life; no one interested themselves in the inner current of her existence; but it would have been of little worth, if dependent upon notice or recognition. Sometimes, indeed, after some circumstance had proved her power over former faults, Milicent's cheek would flush, and involuntary tears filled her eyes.

"Does he love me yet? Thank God, I am worthier of his love than when he gave it!" a new sorrow was about to fall on Milicent—Lilly, long languishing, became seriously ill, and the physician who attended her gave small hopes of her life.

"I fear she would never have lived to womanhood," he said; though country air, and such indulgence as the rich can only give, might have prolonged her life.

"If Lilly dies," thought Milicent, "God help me then! Can I bear life without a single charm?"

To labour by day and watch by night, was the order of her life for several weeks. Her energetic and passionate heart seeming to endow her with superhuman strength.

"Do not pity me so much," she said with a smile to the compassionate physician; "I could neither rest nor sleep while hope is possible. Pity me when this suspense is over, when I may find out that I have done too much. I do not think Lilly will die. He that knoweth the heart will not break it."

One evening, when Milicent returned from her lessons, she found Mr Halford sitting in Lilly's room, and amusing the sick child. A more unwelcome sight could not have presented itself; she had carefully concealed her abode from him, distrustful of his visits and addresses. She paused at the threshold of the door, uncertain what to do.

"Good heavens, Tyrell, can it be you?" cried Mr Halford, rising and approaching her precipitately. "Milicent, is this the proof of your fitness for a hard life?" He spoke with so much emotion, that Milicent was touched.

"My life and I work admirably together, Mr Halford," she said smiling, and giving him her hand, "until my sister was ill. It is anxiety and watching that makes me look so ill, if that is what you accuse me with. When Lilly is better," she added, approaching the bed, and leaning tenderly over it, "I shall be better too, we pine in sympathy."

"She will never be better here!" said Mr Halford, with vehemence. "This close atmosphere and wretched locality would nip the stoutest life in the bud, much more a tender blossom like this. Give her back pure air, Milicent, and the enjoyments to which she has been accustomed and is pining after. I am come to urge you to save her life. I have learned everything from your physician: it rests with you to refuse, and reproach yourself for having thrown away the certain hope of her salvation. Milicent, for her sake—for mine—I love you better than life!"

Milicent forcibly withdrew the hand he had seized; she was pale as death, and trembling with excitement.

"This before the child!" she murmured; "O cruel!"

"She does not hear us—she is in a heavy sleep. On my soul's honour, Milicent, I tell you Dr. Convers assured me that she may yet be saved. Will you kill her? Is it impossible to love me?" He tried to clasp her in his arms, but her gesture of indignation withheld him.

"You would buy a slave, not win a wife," said Milicent huskily. "Mr Halford, are you a man and a gentleman, and can use such arguments? My God, what shall I do?" She paced the room in an agony, heightened by her lover's impassioned expostulations.

"Never—never!" she cried at length; "anything rather than this perjury of body and soul! I can never love you! Let this suffice you, Mr Halford; my will is fixed. Yes: my misery, even to desolation, before I lie against God and my love. Do you understand me? I will speak more plainly. You have often heard Mr Forrester's name in my uncle's family. I have loved him from a child—no other man can be my husband."

Milicent stood erect; her fine pale face seemed inspired; then, turning from Mr Halford, she fell on her knees beside the bed. "Lilly, my darling, you will not die; God will give you back to me!"

Mr Halford was silenced, but not finally. I have said he was not a man of sensitive honor; and Milicent's beauty and character, beyond all her opposition, stimulated his passion to the highest. The scene just related was repeated again and again, until any heart less firm, or courage less noble than Milicent's, would have

yielded under the weary conflict. Mentally and physically she was exhausted: but one hope sustained her sinking strength—in spite of Dr. Convers fears and the disadvantages of her position, Lilly was slowly, but certainly improving. When well enough to be moved, they would change their quarters secretly, and escape this shameful and bootless persecution.

Winter had set in once more, and Milicent had arrived one morning, weary and ill, at the house of one of her pupils. The young lady was not ready for her lesson, and the teacher sat down by the piano to wait. She was looking listlessly round the room, when her eye fell upon a letter lying on a table near her. She uttered no exclamation, but the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and her pulses beat with a passionate force long since subdued, she had thought. The letter was to the mistress of the house, and in Luke Forrester's handwriting. She still held the letter in her hand, her eyes devouring the cover, and burning with an almost uncontrollable desire to read the enclosure, when the lady to whom it was addressed entered the room. Milicent dropped the letter; she looked pale as death; her glittering eyes seemed to throw a strange light over her passive face—every faculty was concentrated into that of hearing.

"Madam, she said at length, with a great effort, 'excuse what must seem strange to you. I thought I heard the voice, and recognised the footsteps of an old friend of my father's. This is his writing. Is Mr Forrester in the house?' The lady smiled, and looked behind her.

"I had been sent by my friend to beg an interview, to explain a little as he commanded; but he has no faith in his ambassador. My dear Miss Tyrrell, is this your father's friend?"

Milicent! There was an intense depth of passion and pity in the accent. Did he love her still? What withheld her from throwing herself into his yearning arms, now that that doubt was solved?

"My love—my wife—am I forgiven?"

What need of more, when every reader glimpses the vulgar details? Love loses its tender bloom under the common hand. That Luke had sought Milicent from the time he learned she had left her uncle's family up to the present hour, resolved once more to urge the heart he could not believe was false to him, had found her nobler, we know—perfected, he said—requires nothing more than statement; and if I yielded to my bent, and described at length the happiness of their after lives, which seemed the fruition of youth's golden hopes, it might excite the sneer of the incredulous, and throw the doubt of fiction over all.

MANKIND NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

It is a curious thing that the man, in all England, whose duty it is to know most about crime, has been heard to say, that he finds more and more to excuse in men, and thinks better of human nature, even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable courses. It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow men. Misanthropical people have, in most cases, been made misanthropes by hoping too much. But go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise your way; and, even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow-man.

GREEK AFFECTION FOR FOREIGNERS.

To say the truth, the Greeks like none but Greeks. If they like foreigners, it is in the same way that the sportsman loves game. They shew the same affection to the French, the English, and the Russians, by cheating them uniformly in everything, by selling impartially to them all articles at double the price at which they sell them to Greeks. In giving small-change, a Greek would think he had lost caste if he did not cheat you in giving you back change for a five-franc piece. When you perceive it, and mention it to him, he repairs his mistake, and smiles amiably, as much as to say: "We understand one another; you guessed that I was a rogue; you are a man of sense, perhaps a bit of a rogue yourself; we were made to understand one another." A Greek coffee-house keeper is by no means embarrassed when a Frenchman and a Greek, who have taken coffee at the same table, come at the same time to pay him, the one twopence, the other a penny. If you made any observation upon it to him, he would answer; "The Greeks do not eat up one another."—Abbott's Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day.

FROM PUNCH.

BEST SECONDS.—Quakers or friends that give information to the police, so that you are not allowed to fight.

Can a man be shaved in his absence?—Certainly, if man and wife are one flesh, and the lady goes to a linen draper's.

NEW WORKS.

From Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses; the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Kouli and Scutari.—By a Lady Volunteer.

EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES.

In this work we have a plain and affecting record of the noble services of the self-devoted women who, quitting the ease and luxury of their native English homes, went forth full of the strength of hope and blessed with the influence of Christianity, to minister at the bed of daily suffering, and to soothe the last agonies of the bed of death. The name of Miss Nightingale will for ever remain a melodious sound; a sound evoking the fullest sympathy and the deepest admiration from the national heart.—And the noble instincts of that peerless woman were nobly seconded by a noble sisterhood. We pass scenes and incidents of preparation for the voyage, of arrival and heartsickening delay, and at once come to the English hospital at Scutari.

Two days after my arrival, Miss Nightingale sent for me to go with her round the hospital, (Miss Nightingale generally visited her special cases at night.) We went round the whole of the second story, into many of the wards and into one of the upper corridors. It seemed an endless walk, and it was one not easily forgotten. As we slowly passed along, the silence was profound; very seldom did a moan or cry from those multitudes of deeply suffering ones fall on our ears. A dim light burnt here and there. Miss Nightingale carried her lantern, which she would set down before she bent over any of the patients. I much admired Miss Nightingale's manner to the men—it was so tender and kind. All the corridors were thickly lined with beds laid on low tressels raised a few inches from the ground. In the wards a divan runs round the room, and on this were laid the straw beds, and the sufferers on them. The hospital was crowded to its fullest extent.

The building, which has since been reckoned to hold, with comfort, seventeen hundred men, then held between three and four thousand.—Miss Nightingale assigned me my work—it was half A corridor, the whole of B, half C, the whole of I (on the third story), and all the wards leading out of these respective corridors; in each corridor there was fifteen of these, except in number I, where there was only six.—This work I was to share with another lady and one nurse. The number of patients under our charge was, as far as I could reckon, about fifteen hundred. Miss Nightingale told us only to attend to those in the division of those surgeons who wished for our services. She said the staff-surgeon of the division was willing we should work under him, and she charged us never to do anything for the patients without the leave of the doctors. When we had gone round the hospital, we came out of A. corridor upon the main guard. The blast of cold air from the entrance was refreshing after the overpowering smell of the wards. The corridors of the lower story were under the charge of Miss E., from Miss Sellen's assisted by nurses; the remainder of A, under sister M. S., of the Bermondsey nuns; the upper corridors, except No. 1, under another nun. Several nurses were engaged in different divisions of C corridor; the rest in the diet kitchen. It seems simply impossible to describe Scutari hospital at this time. Far abler pens have tried, and all in some measure, failed; for what an eye-witness saw was past describing. Even those who read the harrowing accounts in the Times and elsewhere could not have imagined the full horror of the reality. As we passed the corridors, we asked ourselves if it was not some terrible dream. When we awoke in the morning, our hearts sank down at the thought of the woe we must witness that day. At night we lay down wearied beyond expression; but not so much from physical fatigue, though that was great, as from the sickness of heart from living amidst that mass of hopeless suffering.—On all sides prevailed the utmost confusion—whose fault it was I cannot tell—clear heads have tried to discover in vain; probably the blame should have been shared by all the departments of the hospital.

And yet time, with the indomitable perseverance of woman's gentle and enduring spirit, soon stilled all the confusion into order; assuage hopeless suffering to heroic endurance.

[To be Continued.]

GHOSTS.—The driving away of ghosts was among the ancients a distinct branch of business, in which certain old women of the lower order were employed. For this purpose they had peculiar forms of adjuration, such as we meet with in ancient writers. Epimenides was among those who drew up those formulas.—Suidas informs us that he left in verse the mysteries of ghost-laying. The ancients also believed that dogs had an especial power of discovering ghosts and driving them away with their barking. Horapollo tells us that dogs, more than any other animals, observe the gods not to the wooden, golden, or silver images, but the very emanations of the divinities themselves, which they perceive by the sharpness of their scent.—The Navaracher.

The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

From the Fredericton Head Quarters.
DISSOLUTION OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY!—RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY!

On Thursday morning last the people of Fredericton (generally) were delighted to hear that the members of the Executive Council, one and all, tendered their resignation to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor on the previous evening. We learn that on the Saturday previous His Excellency caused a memorandum to be laid before the Council intimating his intention to exercise his prerogative, and dissolve the House of Assembly, in order that the people may have an opportunity of constitutionally expressing their opinion upon the prohibitory liquor law. The Council were struck with consternation. It was a contingency that never entered into their calculations. Just before the fatal document came they had settled the knotty point whether Mr Attorney General or Mr Secretary should proceed to England to procure the money for railways—it was decided in favour of the former, as under no circumstances could the eminent financial talents of the Hon. Secretary be dispensed with in New Brunswick. Mr Johnson was about snatching the seat of Chief Commissioner of Railways, and was tapping Mr Smith on the shoulder in a patronising manner, saying "You shall have my silk gown, my boy!" Mr Steeves was preparing for his *scientific* tour, to inspect public works, and Mr Brown had gone so far in preparation for another tramp that he actually paid nine pence for a new cotton handkerchief to bundle his changes in. Mr Wark was plodding over a mighty educational scheme, which he intended to submit to the legislature somewhere about the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three. Mr Watters was not thinking of anything in particular, as he had not got done blushing over his new honours. Mr J. A. Harding had just returned to St. John with the promise of the office of Postmaster General. Cutler, and several others, were hovering round locking out for straw. Brother Ted was to have been Registrar of King's College, as soon as brother Charles could find time to resign. And the great luminary who presides over the Reporter was expecting the office of Clerk of the Executive Council. This was the state of affairs when the Governor's missile was received. A fire-brand thrown into a powder manufactory could not have caused greater consternation. Visages were lengthened and eyes dilated. Remonstrances were resorted to, but the Governor was firm, and after four days of mortal agony the Council gave up the ghost!

No one can dispute the prerogative of the Governor to dissolve the House, and appeal to the people, whenever circumstances render it necessary, and the only question now at issue is, has he done right? did circumstances call for the exercise of this power now! We contend that he acted right, and will directly give our reasons. We contend that His Excellency has acted nobly and disinterestedly,—that he was actuated solely by one motive, the good of the people, and it is the people themselves who must be his judges.

Here, then, are the reasons which, no doubt, actuated His Excellency in this important crisis:—

First.—The Prohibitory Act was introduced into the House of Assembly by a member of the Executive Council, and not only so, but by the Secretary of the Province—by the man under whose peculiar care the finances of the Province was placed, and that, too, immediately after a financial scheme for the next four years had been submitted to the Legislature, and a Revenue Bill forming part of that scheme was passed, thereby cutting off about one-fourth of the revenue provided for in that Bill!

Second.—The advocates of the prohibitory law contended that it was constitutional simply because it was supported by a majority of the people, constitutionally expressed through their representatives, whereas the people as yet have never had an opportunity of expressing their sentiments on the subject.

Third.—The law is oppressive, and cannot be carried out without tyranny of the grossest kind, and a system of espionage utterly repugnant to the feelings of the British people, and adopted in no other part of the Empire.

Fourth.—A majority of the members who supported the law in 1855, and who opposed its repeal at the last session, are habitual tipplers, but yielded in the meanest manner to the threats and pressure of a turbulent and fanatical faction, proved to be in a minority by the recent elections in St. John and York.

Fifth.—Because three members of the Government opposed the passing of the Bill in 1855, and yet advised His Excellency to give his assent to what they had denounced, and what two of them again denounced in unmeasured terms at the session of 1856, and be-