THE LENOIR TOPIC.

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MOTHER.

The name of mother! sweetest name
That ever fell on mortal ear!
The love of mother! mightiest love
Which heaven permits to flourish here,
Dissect a mother's love and see
The properties it doth contain—
What pearls of love, what gems of hope—
A mother's heart beats not in vain.

A mother's love! it never wanes;
What if her boy an ingrate seems?
The beauty of that wondrous love
Around the thankless offspring beams;
Though in the path of shame he walks,
Though crime hath driven him to the bowl,
A mother's care can yet avail—
A mother's prayers may win his soul.

Not Proven.

CHAPTER I.

There were few prettier pictures than that disclosed in the old rectory-garden on that bright winter-morning. Tip-toe, her arms raised to a branch of growing holly, her glossy hair falling from her fair face over her seal-skin jacket, and her violet eyes sparkling, was May Westleigh, the Rector's daughter, while within a few feet of her, watching her efforts with much amusement and a vast amount of admiration, stood Thomas Mildmay, a handsome young muscular Christian, attired in a tweed suit and felt hat. Suddenly the latter burst forth:

It is the Rector's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear.

"Don't be so absurd, Tom," interrupted the lady, "You are a gallant gentleman, truly, to see a female in distress and not aid her."

"Have I not offered six times at least, May, and been refused?"

"And will be again, sir. This is the most lovely piece of holly I have seen this season, and I am determined that no other fingers than mine shall touch it until I give it to my dear Jack when he comes home this evening. They don't grow holly in India, do they, Tom?"

"No, I think not."

"Then it will be a welcome offering to an English heart, Oh! how glad, how very glad, I shall be to see the dear old fellow."

"If you speak so enthusiastically, May, 'pon my word I shall be jealous," remarked the gentleman.

"Jealous—you! And Jack? Nonsense. Why, Tom, I love him like a brother. We were brought up, you know, as children together."

"So he told me, May, when we met in India, and he gave me the letter of introduction to the rector. Indeed," proceeded Thomas Mildmay, still inspecting the gathering of the holly, which persistently clung to its parent stem, "he spoke so incessantly of you that I fancied——"

"Pray what, sir?"

"That there existed a deeper affection than a brother's and sister's, May."

"Which shows how you were deceived. Talk of women jumping at hasty conclusions! Men are a thousand times worse. There, after all you must lend me your knife, Tom; the branch will not break, it is so tough."

Thomas Mildmay produced it, again offering his services, which, notwithstanding the obstinacy of the holly, were again rejected.

"Cut upward, not downward, May," he cried, suddenly stepping forward; "the knife is sharp."

The warning came too late; the keen blade had dashed through the tough fibres, and penetrated May's white, slender finger.

It was not a very serious cut, but sufficiently so to cause the blood to leap forth. The cry she uttered was echoed by her companion, whose arm quickly encircled her dainty waist as he caught her hand in his.

"O dearest!" he exclaimed in concern, "why did you not permit me?"

"Because," answered May, a little pale, "I said no one should touch this branch but myself, Tom, and no one shall. But see!" and she held the holly towards him—"there is blood upon it, and it is a bad omen."

He glanced at the bough, and truly, fallen on it, as bright as the berries themselves, were the crimson drops.

"Bad omen, May!" he laughed, wrapping her wounded finger in his handkerchief. "What childishness! Why, you are absolutely pale. 'Pon my word, your concern for Jack is already making me jealous."

"Don't let it do that, Tom," she said bravely.

"Why not?" he smiled.

"Because, Tom, you are, I believe, the best-tempered man I ever knew, but—"

"But?" he questioned, fondly regarding her.

"I am sure you love me so truly that, were you jealous of any one, I imagine that you would not be answerable for your actions."

He caught her in his arms and pressed a kiss upon her smooth cheek.

"My darling, you are right," he replied gravely, in his turn. "If I thought I should lose you, or another was seeking to win you from me, I think I should either kill him or myself."

"Now you are talking pure nonsense, Tom, dear. Let us go in," she laughed, and, taking his arm, they moved over the crisp, frosty lawn to the quaint old rectory, a very Jack in the green of ivy which encircled its highest gables. But, even during the embrace, May had kept the holly branch from coming in contact with Thomas Mildmay, and did so still. Was this an omen too?

CHAPTER II.

The clear winter's morning had given place to a bleak, wintry night, and the snow dashed sharp and cutting into the faces of the Rector and his old pupil, John Westmacott, as they whirled along the dreary Scottish road from the railway-station to the rectory.

"Now, Doctor," exclaimed Jack, merrily, "let me take the reins while you tell the news. Remember the road? Aye, every stone of it, as if I had travelled it but yesterday. How kind it was of you on such a night to come and meet me. How jolly I feel to see old Caithness again. What song is that May used to sing about there being no place like home? Neither is there. And how is May—bless her heart! Older, of course; and pretty, I will swear."

"Well," all the change you will find in her, Jack, is for the better; and I have one piece of news that will surprise you, perhaps, but I think I will leave it for May herself to tell, or your own eyes to read."

Why did John Westmacott start and grow anxiously nervous for that news and no other?

"Nay, Doctor," he remarked, "remember how long I have been away, and don't tantalize me. What is it? Does it concern—concern May?"

"Yes, Jack. She is engaged to be married."

John Westmacott gripped the reins so sharply that the horse reared. It gave excuse for his temporary silence; then rather huskily came the interrogation:

"To whom, Doctor?"

"Your friend, Thomas Mildmay."

"My friend!" muttered the ex-pupil between his teeth; "curse him!" Then aloud: "How long has she been engaged, Doctor?"

"Only since you have been on your voyage home, dear boy, or she would have written to tell you. You will have to wish her joy."

"I do, and"—but this under his breath—"him. He has robbed me of her."

It was so. John Westmacott had come back to the home of his childhood, the love of his youth. In those days he had termed her his little wife; laughingly she accepted the title. In nothing had he been more serious. During all his absence, while fighting for that fortune he had realized, amid care and trouble, one idea had upheld him,—the returning to England and marrying May Westleigh. He had never doubted that she knew of and reciprocated his affection. He had come back to find his happiness scattered to the winds.

How he went through the evening that ensued, he never knew. How he calmly kissed the cheek May in all innocence presented to "her brother;" how quietly he listened to the story of the holly-bough; and how he took Thomas Mildmay's hand, was a mystery he never unraveled. All seemed the act of another person, not himself. Only when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May, just before leaving, did he lose his self-control. Flinging out his hands towards her, he cried bitterly:

"May, why have you thus deceived me? You knew I loved you. Why did you not warn me of this? Why let me return to be so cruelly disappointed? Why of all men did you select Thomas Mildmay, who knew my secret? He is a crafty coward to have won you from me; but, by Heaven, he shall rue his treachery."

"Jack!" exclaimed the girl, pale and and alarmed, "what do you mean?"

"That I love you, May; have always loved you—must love you to my dying hour."

Before she had divined his intent, he had taken her in his arms, pressing a kiss on her forehead; then he had gone, and the girl, full of grief, dropped weeping on a chair. A voice aroused her. Looking up, she beheld Thomas Mildmay by her side. His face was very white, his brow contracted his lips compressed.

"May," he said, hoarsely, "I have heard every word. I was yonder," pointing to the conservatory. "What is all this? What does he mean by your deceiving him?"

"Tom, I know no more than you; unless he has taken a childish joke in seriousness. Papa shall set him right."

"No; he has called me a coward, accused me of worse. The task must be mine, and the explanation and apology must be made to-night."

He moved away. She tried to stay him, but for once he was deaf to her voice. The outer door banged, and, striding over the snow, Thomas Mildmay followed John Westmacott, who with a persistency for which an old tutor could not account, refused a bed at the Rectory, and had started for the village.

The snow had ceased, but a tempest of wind had arisen; the leafless trees seemed like wands before it, and the waves were heard breaking in bursts like thunder upon the shore, not a mile distant. The sky was clear and drear, only the earth was white. A mountain-stream, which, when the rains or snows came, swelled into the dimensions of a river, intersected the road leading from the rectory to the village, and on this night it rushed and eddied in whirling foam between its banks and the sea. Spanning its flood was a rustic bridge, about which grew a few firs and larches.

It was here that Thomas Mildmay overtook John Westmacott. What passed between them we need not minutely recount. It was accusation and refutation first, which was speedily followed by angry words, blended with threats. Then there was a blow, a sharp, short struggle, and one man quitted the spot, while the other lay on the river's bank, with his face on the snow, motionless and still—by his side a spray of the holly-branch May Westleigh that morning had gathered.

CHAPTER III.

Not proven. That was the verdict.

John Westmacott, there was good reason to believe, had been murdered, and by Thomas Mildmay. The two young men had quitted the rectory together, each bound for the village. Only one, however, Thomas Mildmay, had arrived at the inn, his clothes in disorder, his manner agitated, his shirt-front blood-stained. The next morning John Westmacott was missing.

Search was made, and not only indications of a severe struggle were discovered on the left bank of the river, but also the impress of a man's body in the snow, a sprig of holly, a gold seal, and a cane, all of which were John Westmacott's property. But the body of John Westmacott was absent.

On being arrested, Thomas Mildmay confessed that he and John Westmacott had fought by the bridge,—upon what matter he refused to state. But he declared that the impress upon the snow was his own; that he had been struck down insensible by his opponent; that, on recovering, he had found himself alone, and, fearing to alarm the inmates of the rectory, had gone to the inn.

Some believed the story. May did from her heart. Nevertheless, circumstantial evidence was against him. On such a night, the body of a man thrown into the river, would have been whirled down to and lost in the ocean like a wisp of straw.

Still, as no body could be found, the direct proof of murder was wanting, the Scotch jury brought in "Not Proven," and with the brand of Cain on his forehead, which only the appearance of John Westmacott in life could remove, the accused was released, condemned mutely, if not openly, by the public voice.

"Then what do you think has become of him?" asked the Rector, sadly, after hearing Thomas Mildmay's recital of the quarrel.

"I cannot imagine, sir, unless he committed suicide," was the rejoinder. "He was mad at the moment. His accusation, his language showed it. He was capable of anything."

"What do you intend doing, my poor boy?"

"I shall go abroad," answered the young man, gloomily. "What becomes of me there is of small consequence."

"Save to me, dear Tom," said May, moving near to him, and lifting her brave eyes to his. "If you go, it shall not be alone. I do not think you guilty. I believe all you have said. I have promised to be your wife and I will be so now as ever, dear."

For some moments his emotion was too great for words. Then, embracing her tenderly, he exclaimed:

"Heaven bless you for those comforting words, my darling. But no; you shall not make this sacrifice; you shall not bear a name shadowed by such a verdict, which implies my guilt, not sufficiently proved for the law to punish, but equally guilty."

* * * * *

Two years had elapsed, during which no intelligence had been heard of John Westmacott, were he living, nor lately of Thomas Mildmay, when, one stormy night, the anniversary of John Westmacott's disappearance, the inmates of the rectory were aroused by the deep, melancholy boom of the minute-gun. It was a sound unfortunately too often heard on that wild, rugged north coast; but its frequency did not deter the inhabitants from quitting their beds, anxious to render aid.

The rector was ever among the first to encourage: nor :ward. On this night, despite his persuasions, for she had grown very delicate, May, her plaid wrapped around her, accompanied him.

The beach, crowded with men, presented an animated scene. Beyond tossed the stormy sea, as black as the sky above, except when the white crests of the waves flashed out, before they broke with a deafening crash upon the shore. Among those waves, gored by then hidden reefs, was the ill-fated ship, rolling as in mortal agony, while clinging to the shrouds and rigging were tiny specks, known to be men, whose numbers, after each sweeping wave, were mournfully lessened.

With difficulty the life-boat was launched, manned by brave-hearted volunteers, and pulled on its mission of rescue.

Twice successfully it made the journey, but the third time, caught by a side wave, it and its freight were hurled pell-mell upon the beach.

"The boat is done for," said the Rector, regarding it, "but, praise heaven, not before all are saved."

"No, no! O, papa, in mercy, look," cried May, catching his arm. "There is yet one on board who has been left behind."

Her words attracted every eye on the beach, and there, holding to the shrouds, was visible the figure of a man. The next instant he had plunged into the boiling sea.

"He would swim it. It is impossible," ejaculated the Doctor. The boat is useless. We have no means to help him, unless any here would risk their lives to meet him with a rope."

There was silence. The rope was ready—the man wanting. They were not cowards, but few there could swim, and those who were able regarded the attempt as pure madness.

Suddenly in their midst stood a man already divested of his coat.

"Fasten the rope around me," he said, quietly. "I am a strong swimmer, and perhaps can do it."

At the sound of his voice May sprang forward with a cry.

"Tom—Tom Mildmay!" she exclaimed. "Oh, no, no—not you."

He smiled encouragingly upon her, watched for the resting wave, and the next instant was battling his way through the billows. In that stormy sea, to follow his course was impossible. They only knew his progress by the telling-out of the rope.

It was a terrible suspense,—to none so much as to May, who leaned half fainting, yet too anxious to lose entire consciousness, on her father's arm.

A quarter of an hour, and the signal was given to pull in. Rapidly it was obeyed. But each haul found the weight heavier, until it was evident that the swimmer or swimmers were no longer able to assist themselves.

So it proved, when by one more haul they were landed. The two were found senseless, clasped in each other's arms with a grip like death.

Anxiously the crowd gathered round, and a murmur of surprise burst from many as in the preserver and preserved they recognized Thomas Mildmay and the supposed murdered man, John Westmacott.

Little remains to be told. John Westmacott, on recovering, heard with considerable emotion who had been his rescuer, and eagerly he explained the mystery of his disappearance on that eventful night.

Maddened by passion, after striking Thomas Mildmay down, he set off to a neighboring seaport, resolving never place foot in the rectory again.

A vessel, when he arrived, was on the point of starting for Norway—a place he had long desired to visit,—and he took passage in her, hoping by travel to find distraction from his misery.

In Norway he had remained until a week back, when chance had thrown into his hands an old newspaper containing Thomas Mildmay's trial.

Shocked and overwhelmed with remorse, he had not lost a moment in returning to Scotland by the first ship that sailed, which, by a singular chain of circumstances, happened to be wrecked on the very part of the coast which he wished to reach.

"You have saved my life, Tom," said he, warmly pressing his friend's palm, "and I am here to prove your innocence. Forgive the past, and," taking May's hand, and himself placing it in the other's, "I pray you may be happy. If your guilt was not proven, your devotion is, and fully merits the reward of May Westleigh's love."—*English Magazine.*

Scotch Students.

The Scotch freshman is a very shy and curious being, all unlike the mirthful lads who come up from Harrow or Rugby with hosts of friends ready made, and with a social and cricketing reputation to keep up. The English University is a continuation on a larger scale of the life they know already; they have already made their mark in one way or another as scholars, or athletics, or whatever it may be; and they fit without difficulty into the place which is ready for them. Everything, on the other hand, is strange to the Scotch freshman; even the Greek alphabet is not always familiar to him; and when a Professor asks him to breakfast he endures agonies of shyness. He comes, perhaps, from a parish school, where he has been the one redeeming feature in the toilsome life of the Dominie. He has for years enjoyed the benefit of all the leisure of that hardworked man, and has gladdened him by his "grip" of mathematics and his skill in Latin prose, an art which lingers in Aberdeenshire villages as the old Etruscan method of granulating goldwork survived in one nook of the Apennines. Full of modest confidence that what Scotchmen have done Scotchmen may do, he sets himself to the study of the Hamiltonian philosophy and grapples with Consciousness and the Concept. This sort of student you will but rarely see in the open air, never, certainly, at football or golf; but in passing through the windy streets one may descry the gleam of the candle by which he and a friend can read Reid's "Active Powers," or, greatly daring, master the laws of Greek accentuation.—*Saturday Review.*

Great Wealth A Great Mockery.

If you are ever tempted to purchase a very large pear, decline the investment or reckon upon a disappointment. You will probably find it woolly, almost tastless, and more like a turnip than a pear. We know, for we have made the experiment in the land where the gigantic pears are grown. Overgrown fruits never seem to us to have the delicate sweetness which may be found in those of the usual dimensions. What is gained in quantity is more than lost in quality. In the same manner great wealth, great honor, and great rank generally turn out to be great shams. Besides the counteracting influences of great care and great temptation, there is the inevitable satiety in too much of anything, which soon renders it tasteless. For sweetness prefer competence to enormous fortune, the esteem of a few to the homage of a multitude, and a quiet condition to a position of eminence and splendor. There is more flavor in enough than in too much. Solomon's proverb bids us prefer the dinner of herbs eaten in peace to the stalled ox consumed amid contention; and his remark is the more practical when we consider how often the fat ox seems of necessity to involve contention, while the herbs are not thought to be worth fighting over. He chose wisely who said; "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Be thou the smaller and the sweeter pear. After all, it is better to have no choice, but leave it all with our Heavenly Father. —*Spurgeon.*

True sympathy is the very essence of Christianity, and every human heart craves it.

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.

How it Feels to be Guillotined.

We know how it feels to be poisoned, to be hanged and to be drowned, but it has been reserved for M. Mondate, an Italian gentleman, to let the world know how it feels to be guillotined. He was in 1873 condemned to death for a crime of which he was innocent. The blade of the guillotine fell, but the wood in the grooves of which it ran had swollen slightly, and the knife stopped barely two centimetres from his neck. While they were repairing this defect a reprieve arrived—the true murderer had been found and had confessed his crime. "It was at 8 A. M., August 17, 1873," says M. Mondate, "that my confessor, l'Abbe Fernia, entered my cell to announce to me that I must die.

When at the touch of his hand upon my shoulders I awakened, I comprehended at once the nature of his errand, and despite my confidence it seems that I turned horribly pale. I would have spoken, but my mouth contracted nervously and no saliva moistened it. A mortal chill suddenly invaded the lower part of my body. By a supreme effort I succeeded in gasping. It is not true!' The priest answered I know not what. I only heard a confused buzzing. Then a sudden thrill of pride shot through me. For some minutes I felt no fear; I stood erect; I said to myself that if I must die I should show them that an innocent man died with courage. I spoke with great rapidity; I was horribly afraid to be silent or to be interrupted; I thanked the Governor of the prison, and asked for something to eat. They brought me a cup of chocolate, but I refused it. Again I had become fully possessed with the horrors of my situation; I had visions what of the scaffold would be like, and mechanically asked the attendants, 'Does it hurt much?' 'Not a bit,' answered somebody, and I saw before me a new person in a gown of black woolen—the executioner. I would have risen, defended myself, asserted my innocence, but I fainted; and when I returned to consciousness I was pinioned in the cart which was entering the death place. I cast a shuddering look at the horrible machine. I had no more connected and coherent thought, and the uprights between which the knife runs seemed as high as the masts of a ship. I was lifted to the platform; I had but one fixed idea—that of resistance. But how could I resist? I was seized and flung down upon the plank. I felt as if I were paralyzed and lay there for an immense time. Then there was a sharp blow on my neck, and I fainted again with the instinctive idea that the knife had struck me. It was not the knife but the upper part of the lunette. When I came to myself I was in the prison hospital."

Thoughts.

Thoughts suggest thoughts, and these thoughts other thoughts, *ad infinitum.*

Thought are invisible and more until they are clothed in language, or embodied in words; then they can both be seen and heard. Without thoughts to direct the orator's speech, the author's pen, or the artist's hand, no work could be accomplished, the world would become a dreary waste and man would soon be annihilated.

Thoughts are like diamonds—they sparkle, no matter how rough and uncouth their setting; and like diamonds, too, they are valued for their brilliancy, and the more highly they are polished the better they shine.

Thoughts belong to their originator until set free and scattered: then they become public property and can never be collected together again as at first. The only way to keep your thoughts is not to divulge them—not even as a secret!

Thoughts expressed, however, whilst they do no harm, do no good. Like a candle hid under a bushel, they burn, but shed no light. Therefore it is best to divulge your good thoughts; but let your impure and evil ones (if any such you have) ever remain in solitary confinement and silence, that they may be smothered and become extinct.

The Medicine of Sunshine.

The world wants more sunshine in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine.—It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveller's gash more of this than wine and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the valleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick-beds. Not a phial full, not a cup full, nor a decanter full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for livercomplaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for falling fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Always put your saddle on the right horse.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

An oak tree is not felled with one blow.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate.—*Rochefoucault.*

Mean souls, like mean pictures, are sometimes found in good-looking frames.

All things come into being by the combination of atoms, and eventually perish by their disintegration.—*Epicurus.*

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In the education of children, bodily health should have primary attention. The tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

A really educated man sometimes will lack that pithiness of phrase always more or less at the command of simply natural persons.

Macaulay said of Mitford that he was the first modern historian who understood that men who wrote in Greek occasionally told lies.

It is only the loveless who descry defects in others; to perceive these, therefore, we must become loveless, but not more than is absolutely necessary.

Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation until he is dead, whereas hers generally takes place in her lifetime.

Said a pompous fellow, brow-beating his auditors: "I have traveled round the world." Replied a wit of the Addisonian school: "So has this cane I hold in my hand, but it is only a stick for all that."

The Athenians erected a large statue of Æsop, and placed him, through a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all.

With every exertion, the best man can do only a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it.

Old age seizes upon an ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house; it was rotten before and must have fallen itself, so that it is no more than one ruin preventing another.

The footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist, who will not recognize God, whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe.

The person who grieves suffers his passion to grow upon him, he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in a case of actual pain, which no one ever endured willingly for any considerable time.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will turn and look surly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a pleasant, kind companion.

It is an admitted fact in Japan and China that the older the tree the better the tea. The shrubs which supply the nobles of Japan with the favorite beverage are said to be, in many instances, 500 years old.

The nutrient property of many of our most delicious fruits is less than one per cent, and yet the most perfect health and strength may be maintained upon a moderate diet of brown bread and fruit. —*World of Science.*

The habit of exaggeration, like dram-drinking, becomes a slavish necessity, and they who practice it pass their lives in a kind of magnifying medium through which they look upon themselves and everything around them.

Be civil and obliging to all, dutiful where God and nature command you; but friend to one, and that friendship keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon earth, and be sure to ground it upon virtue, for no other is either happy or lasting.

If a Brahmin dies, his widow dons a garb either all white or all red. As these ladies of Bombay marry when seven or eight years of age, they are not unfrequently widows at ten, after which they are forced to remain single, and do the drudgery for the household.

Exertion and enjoyment are the two appointed conditions of mortal existence. Either, without the other, is dead and alone. All work and no play is mere misery. All play and no work is also miserable, with the great aggravation of being also contemptible besides.

The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep, and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure. It is the soil which bears fruit in martyrs and which bears nobler fruit in those who lived out their nature—and demi-gods and the prophets of a better time.

If you have no sense of need, how can you pray? Would you knock at the door of charity, and then tell the good man of the house that you require nothing of him? Is not that man an arrant trifler who rings the surgery bell, but tells the surgeon that he has nothing the matter with him, and does not need his care? Prayers that are not based upon a sense of need are mockeries.—*Spurgeon.*