

POETRY.

An Ode.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams;
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulosity

We in the eyes lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Build Niniveh with our sighing,

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly hours they are raising,
They had no divine fore-dawning

And, therefore, to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we'll
The glory about us clinging

For we are far with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the soft morning

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling, unknown shores,
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

LITERATURE.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CHASE-KNOX.

CHAPTER XI.

IS FANNY TO BE BLESSED?

M EANTIME Fanny Lovejoy's new-found relations had been giving her a great deal of anxiety. Never had they been so unfortunate, according to Mr. Lovejoy, whose imagination always illuminated the past and the future, and Fanny did not know that he had repeated the same phrase a hundred times under the pressure of present trial.

Hearing nothing of them for several weeks, Fanny had gone to see them, and had found things in this plight. Mr. Lovejoy would have concealed the fact that the gifts of his niece were gone; but Mrs. Lovejoy was bent upon telling, that she might not have it on her mind, and Mr. Lovejoy had covered her retreat by a rapid fire of talk concerning the hopes and expectations of the coming spring.

with me, as they are doing nothing. It would be a nice change for either Ada or Geraldine; and if worked each other we need not be in a hurry to part, you know."

Mr. Lovejoy was delighted. Which of them would Fanny prefer to have? Neither of the girls spoke. Ada looked at her father wistfully, and Geraldine looked at her mother, with an eager light in her eyes, which said plainly, "Let me go."

Mrs. Lovejoy was suffering a pang now in her maternal experience; death had taken her children, and she had parted with them painfully enough, but it was almost more painful to have them choose to go away from her thus. And yet it would be wrong in her to refuse to let one go—never to come back to share her troubles any more, and so never to be her real daughter any more. She knew it would end in this way and in no other. For what had she to share with them? only when Geraldine looked at her so, it broke her heart.

"Ada had better go," said Mr. Lovejoy, seeing that no one spoke. "O father don't send me," Ada found courage to say; I want to stay with you."

"Jerry, you want to go?" said her mother. "Yes, mother," said the girl, frankly; "but it's best, as papa says, for Ada to go. I can get work sooner than Ada. She can't go about to the shops as I can, and she can't help you so well. Let Ada go."

"You shall settle it among yourselves," said Fanny taking her leave of them; "only one of you will come," and she nodded to her young cousins; "you know you needn't stay if you don't like living with me."

And they settled it speedily enough; Ada was to go. It was some consolation to Mrs. Lovejoy that the lot fell to the unwilling Ada, who parted from her old home with regrets and lamentations not very flattering to her new one.

And immediately the seemingly quiet and passive girl was installed in Fanny's cozy home, and became part and parcel of the furniture of Fanny's life. Fanny was very good to her; but she was rather distressed that her gifts made no impression on the girl—not that she wanted gratitude; but her unresponsive acceptance seemed to argue a heart that had no response to make.

But it was not long before Fanny found the spring that unlocked it. When she proposed the smallest kindness to her father or mother, or to her sister Geraldine, the girl's wistful eyes gather od light and her pale face niterity and brightness. Fanny's union with the family became closer every day—closer than she had ever contemplated. Ada was never so happy as when she was allowed to go and see "them at home," and she was therefore allowed to go as often as she chose, or when she was not allowed to go, for she fell rather ill on Fanny's hands, one or other of the family came to see her. Through Ada all the details of their poverty became known to Fanny. The only one of the family concerning whom Ada was reticent was her brother Albert, of him she never spoke at all.

But one day Ada was favoured with a call from Albert, and she happened to be alone to receive him. He came swaggering into the room where she sat reading, and the girl received him coolly, without any of that kindling of eye and face which showed when she was pleased.

"What have you come for?" she said, rising; "is somebody ill?" "No," he said, "why should you think somebody must be ill?" "Lonely wondered what had brought you here," she replied.

"The tram brought me," he answered rudely. Albert Lovejoy's manners were the manners of his set, and they were by no means conciliatory. Ada waited for him to speak after that.

"I'm not welcome to your ladyship, I see," he said mockingly. "I'm come a begging, you suppose, don't you? Come Ada," he added in another tone. I want you to do something for me. I'm terribly down on my luck. I want you to get the old girl to lend me ten or a dozen pounds. My mouth's screw will be paid next week, and I'll pay it back—I will indeed."

"What do you want the money for, Albert?" she said, looking quietly at him all her passiveness gone, and speaking with a decision that seemed quite new in her.

Hesitated she answered. "To make up some money I lost last week; ten pounds out of petty cash. I'm a lucky fellow," he added, with a forced laugh, "am I not? There's no end of a row in our place over anything of the sort—just as if fellows were thieves."

"Did you lose this money or spend it, Albert?" asked his sister. "I've told you I lost it," replied Albert, sulkily. (It was true, he had lost it—at play.) "I'll lose my situation over this paltry piece of business," he went on—"that is, if I can't pay up the money; and I can't afford to lose it. I could do a great deal better for myself, of course; but I can't go out like an unmarried man, and they know it too," he swaggered.

At this juncture Fanny appeared, and both brother and sister kept silence. "How is Emily?" said Fanny, kindly,

when she had shaken hands with Albert, who was her least frequent visitor—in deed, she had never seen him since the Sunday he dined there. "Why did you not bring her with you?"

"Beg to be excused," he said, with an attempt at waggery. Emily cries from morning to night, and the baby from night to morning."

"Dear me!" said Fanny; "they must be ill." "If Emily could be set up a little," said Ada, with the wisdom of fifteen, "the baby would get better, and cease fretting."

Albert laughed, but not pleasantly, and Fanny asked him to be seated, but he continued to stand. "I've been telling Ada what I came for," he said. "I've been very unlucky, and lost ten pounds of my employer's money, and I want you to lend it to me for a week or two."

"Dear me!" said Fanny, reddening; "I'm sorry I've not got so much in the house. It's in the second half of the quarter," she added apologetically. "and you know I draw my income quarterly—that is, Mr. Tenderden brings it to me." Fanny did not say that her quarter's income had not lasted out, so great had been the drafts already made upon her.

"It's very hard," said Albert, in an injured tone. Fanny quite felt she was doing him an injury when he recapitulated the likelihood of his losing his situation and being suspected of dishonesty.

Ada had remained neutral till now. "Mother will be in a fine way if I get disgraced," said her brother, looking at her; and her face became eager in a moment. "What can I do?" asked the helpless Fanny.

Nobody answered her, but Ada, seeing her perplexity, went over to her side and crouched down by her chair. Albert did not offer to go. It was very painful to Fanny, and becoming every moment more painful. She must make a final decision. It was this he was waiting for. Fanny found it impossible to make the decision against him.

"Dear me! dear me!" she kept repeating; and then it occurred to her to say, "but surely the gentleman would wait if it was all explained to him."

"No, I assure you he won't wait; you don't know what business is," said Albert. "The governor is hard as nails. He wouldn't believe I had lost it if I went down on my knees to him."

"Could you wait till to-morrow?" asked Fanny, at the last of her defences, and thinking within herself that she would borrow the money somewhere.

"It'll be all up with me if I wait till to-morrow," he said, thinking that the present opportunity must not be allowed to slip.

Then Fanny rose and went to her desk, and wrote a little note to Philip Tenderden, in which she asked him to give the bearer ten pounds, adding that the said bearer would explain to him the necessities of the case.

Albert accepted the solution, though not very cheerfully, and went away, going straight to Philip's quarters, which, as it took some time, and the evening was far advanced, he did not reach till after that gentleman's return.

Their mutual antagonism was apparent at the first encounter. They did not offer to shake hands. Philip took the note held forth by Albert, and coldly motioned him to a seat. Very coldly he then requested the explanation mentioned in the note.

"I don't know what you mean by an explanation," swaggered Albert. "You will see by reading this;" and Philip handed back to him Fanny's little note.

"The explanation is, that I lost the money, and it was not mine to lose, and must be made good at once," said Albert, sulkily. "But how did you lose it?" asked Philip.

"That's none of your business," said Albert, losing his temper completely. "It's not your money I'm asking a loan of." While this was going on a rapid argument had been passing through Philip's mind. "These people are fleeing Fanny," he thought; "and I ought not to allow her to be fleeced." Then he answered "I cannot let you have this money; Miss Lovejoy has already drawn her quarter's interest, and I must see her before I can advance another."

"You see what she says!" cried Albert, passionately. "I do." "And you won't let me have it?" "I will not."

"I should like to know what right you have to refuse. She can take her money out of your hands any day," was Albert's rejoinder. But Philip stood his ground, and to this he merely bowed.

And Albert took his departure, muttering threats and insinuations, in which Philip caught and winced at the words, "You'll repent of this."

(To be Continued.)

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

We extract the following from the Spirit of Missions—February, 1874.

JAPAN.—VISIT TO CHINA.

OSAKA, JAPAN, Nov. 14, 1873.

Extract from Bishop Williams' Letter. I have just returned from my autumn visit to China. In Hankow there are 10 candidates for Baptism. In Wuchang, they are now building a chapel in a very good situation, and I hope when our brethren commence preaching there, they may be cheered by success in their work.

In Shanghai, eighteen persons were confirmed—three at the Church of our Saviour, under Rev. Mr. Wong, and fifteen at Christ Church, under Rev. Mr. Thomson. Thirteen of the number were pupils of the Boarding-schools under Mr. and Mrs. Thomson.

Another interesting service was the consecration of the chapel at Kong Wai. No one who had not seen the wretched place we occupied as a chapel before, can fully understand the joy felt in getting into such a neat little chapel. You will receive from Mr. Nelson and Mr. Thomson, I hope, accounts of the consecration and confirmation services.

Yours very sincerely

Letter from Rev. C. T. Blanchett.

YEDO, JAPAN, Nov. 10, 1873.

DEAR DOCTOR.—I am happy to inform you that Mr. Cooper and myself arrived here safely on the 11th inst. We had a very pleasant passage—fair weather—and comfortable accommodations, for all of which we are thankful. We were so fortunate as to meet our friend Mr. Newman on the day of our arrival, who informed us that our Bishop wished us to remain here in Yedo with him and the Rev. Messrs. Wright, Shaw, and Newman, while the Rev. Messrs. Morris, Quinby, and Miller, and Dr. Laning are to remain at Osaka. The Bishop is not at home at present. He had gone to Shanghai when we arrived and has not yet returned. We are expecting him back in about a week. We shall make fuller reports after he has come. Mr. Cooper got a teacher for himself, yesterday, and I expect to get one this morning; we all live together in a Buddhist temple, half of which is occupied by a Buddhist Priest—a striking instance of the common saying that "extremes meet." We are all well and trying to make up our minds to our Yedo our future home.

I remain yours sincerely.

Letter from the Rev. W. D. Cooper.

YEDO, Nov. 19, 1873.

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—Mr. Blanchett and I arrived at Yokohama on the 11th. Mr. Newman here intercepted our march and took us to live with him at Yedo. We have since received a letter from Bishop Williams, informing us that we are to be located in this city. We expect the Bishop by the next steamer from Osaka. After I have seen him, I will write you more fully.

My first impressions of Japan are very favourable, the people are extremely polite, and, although they have been greatly imposed upon by ungodly men from Christian lands, they are inclined to receive us kindly.

Faithfully your brother in Christ.

Extract from a Letter of one of the American Missionaries in Japan.

Osaka is situated in a plain of a triangular shape, enclosed by mountains on two sides and the inland Sea on the other. The mountains are, at the nearest point, about six miles off; the sea about three. A river runs through it is hardly more than a brook, which forms a delta sending out a great number of branches or mouths, which form canals running through the city, in which are innumerable junks, and over which are innumerable bridges. The city is almost square, being about three miles across each way. The country just outside is very low, and as level as a table, but in a very high state of cultivation, and there are several very pretty walks among the wheat, barley, and rice fields. The Bishop's house is near the outskirts of the city, so that I have only a five minutes walk to get out in the country. The streets are so narrow that two omnibuses (if there were such things) could not pass one another. As for the houses, if you can imagine a city entirely built of houses, all of which look like Fulton Market in New York, you will form a pretty good idea of Osaka, and of all the Japanese cities. The houses, if small and low, are neat and comfortable within. The Japanese modes of thought and order of words seem just the opposite of the English: e. g. "I wish that you would attend," in Japanese idiom would be, "I you attend would that wish." We have a small variety of palm trees here, and a small orange, something like the Mandarin orange of Naples, but the climate is not at all tropical, but very similar, to that of New York. There is ice and a little snow in winter.

Yesterday, while I was out taking my walk in the country, I saw that I was overtaking two Japanese, and was questioning whether I had better have a talk with them about Christianity, but one of them had rather a scowling face, and I felt a little hesitancy. But, as I came up, the scowling individual asked me where I was coming from? which seems an impertinent question in English, but in Japanese it is all correct,

and it was very politely put. I told him I was out for exercise, which he seemed ready to understand although the Japanese don't believe much in exercise. I supposed he was a farmer, and said that persons of sedentary habits required exercise, but that farmers got plenty of it in their work. Presently he asked me how old I was, which is a question which a Japanese or a Chinaman always puts. I told him, and then asked his age. We then began to talk about how much longer we should have to live. He was ten years older than I, and seemed to think that I wanted to exult over him as having probably more years before me, so I asked him what would become of us when we died? He retorted by putting the same question to me, and asked me what I thought about it; so the question being put, I felt bound to reply, and explained to him, as well as I could, the Christian belief as to sin, the future state and redemption. At first he began to smile as if it was rather a joke, but by degrees he looked more serious. When I spoke of sin he asked me what that was. I, in reply, was going through the Decalogue, when he said all right, he understood. He did not at first quite understand the death of Christ atoning for our sins, but after a little explanation he seemed to understand it and gave me the Japanese word, corresponding exactly to the idea of substitution, that is, of Christ suffering in our stead. When I got near home, I told him if he would like to hear and learn some more, he could come and see me, so he asked me if he should come now. I said, yes. I presently asked him if he could read the Chinese character, which only the educated Japanese understand. He said he could a little, so when we reached the house I got out some Chinese tracts, which are the only kind we have, as it is impossible to get them printed in the Japanese character. I showed him one, and asked him if he could read it. He took it and read it and gave me the meaning with great ease; not that I knew the Chinese myself, but I know the contents of the tracts from its English title. He thanked me very much when I gave him some tract and gave me his name, and where he lived; or rather gave them to my boy, as I could not understand his description of the locality.

Letter from Dr. Laning.

OSAKA, JAPAN, Nov. 14, 1873.

On arriving at Osaka, human nature showed itself in the bustle at the wharf, but the sights and sounds, the costume and language, were ample proof of its being a foreign land.

On Sunday, Services in English and also in Japanese were, as usual, held in the little Chapel. It seemed almost remarkable, as I thought, that in travelling halfway around the world under circumstances and among people of great diversity, no Sunday had occurred when the Church Service, either in part or in whole, has not been used.

The Japanese with whom I have come in contact, whatever may be their faults, seem amiable, polite and humane. Some of the native physicians have a desire for the light of science and diligently pursue study so far as they are able. We have some applicants for relief from physical suffering; and some most pitiable victims of loathsome disease seem grateful for their restoration to health. Bishop Williams having returned from his Chinese visitations (as perhaps you may be already informed), is soon to start for Yedo; when there he intends to try to obtain through Mr. Bingham permission from the Japanese authorities that we be allowed to rent a place in any part of the city for medical or other Mission purposes. How the officials may act in the matter, perhaps it is better, for the sake of hope, not to conjecture. The present location is in that part of the city where foreigners are allowed to live, and away from the Japanese thoroughfare.

The Mission School is in a prosperous condition; the Missionary families are, to the people, examples of Christian virtue and, while patiently laboring and waiting, we trust that in His own good time God may so order, that these groping, wavering millions, as they advance in the knowledge of material things, may also receive the Light which shall be to them guidance here as well as fullness of joy hereafter. Christians at home may imagine, though perhaps not fully realize the depths of spiritual darkness, ignorance, and prejudice to be overcome. God grant that the future may be able to hear glorious testimony as to the beneficence and greatness of their work under Christ thus begun.

Believe me ever truly yours.

— Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered: "Tip 'em a little Latin, General, they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum Sino qua non, Ne plus ultra, Multum in Parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.