

me? She must be the most selfish creature in the world if she can resist my Kathleen when pleading for her poor, down-trodden, oppressed father!

This note his griefed and disgusted daughter burnt as soon as she had perused it. No one else must be permitted to know how low he had fallen, and how utterly unsuccessful her efforts to reclaim him had proved. Two heart-stricken to find relief in tears, she was sitting on the floor in front of a fireless grate, with her head resting on the cushions of a chair, when Frank and his sister entered unannounced. The servant-girl, finding that there was but little chance of obtaining her wages, had helped herself to the contents of the larder, and departed, so that Kathleen was absolutely alone when her friends arrived.

She could no longer oppose to the entreaties of her friends the assertion that it was her duty to remain here. The father for whom she had sacrificed her own happiness, had robbed and deserted her; and but for Frank's unswerving affection, she would have left herself alone in the world.

While Rosamond gathered together her few articles of wearing apparel, Frank soothed and caressed her. He owed her some reparation for the doubts he had been nourishing; and, with resistless impetuosity, he insisted that she should at once permit him to prove his regret by giving him a title to protect her from humbug.

Kathleen pleaded for time, and reminded him that in wedding her he wedded disgrace, but to such objection he could not be induced to listen; and Lord Glanore, who, with Norah and the Major, joined them as soon as they arrived in town, strongly advocated his ardent wishes.

As your nearest male relative, dear Kathleen," he said, "I may be allowed a voice in the matter. Frank's devotion certainly deserves the reward he prays for; and your father's future, as far as he deserves it, shall be cared for by me. Don't let his bad conduct cast a blight upon two lives—your own and your father's. Recollect that my cousin has positively refused your daughter's attentions, and put it out of your power to do anything more for him."

Still Kathleen hesitated, but it was for Frank's sake more than her own. She had nothing to give him but her love; even for her trousseau she must be indebted to the kindness of friends; and while her heart swelled with a grateful sense of his disinterested affection, her pride revolted at the obligations forced upon her.

However, Frank would not listen to any more refusals; and Lord Glanore, in the most delicate manner, engaged Norah and Rosamond to select an appropriate trousseau for his little kinswoman. Within a week she was quietly married at St. James's. Pleasedly, to the happy Frank, starting directly after the ceremony for Ireland, whither her bridesmaids and Allice likewise accompanied her, the Viscount and his friend speedily following. By a strange and startling coincidence, the tidings of James Troilhan's death in a street row reached Lord Glanore just after the ceremony, but he wisely kept the secret till Kathleen recovered her health and spirits, and could bear to hear it with sorrowful resignation.

Mrs. Carroll was delighted when the party arrived. A glance showed her that all was well between Rosamond and the Viscount; and Norah, though still unusually quiet, smiled so tenderly at the Major's droll speeches, that she shrewdly suspected another wedding on the tapis.

Some discussion arose as to where the bride and bridegroom should take up their abode for the few days they proposed remaining in Dublin, before taking possession of their own house at Kilsenny. Mrs. Carroll insisted that Rosamond and Norah should stay with her, but her house was not large enough to accommodate them all.

"Allie will go and ascertain whether our old lodgings are empty," said Frank; but Allice with a look of curious significance, shook her head. "This very well the rooms were for a makeshift, but not for the proudest bride of the season. Mother Frank; and sure there's Illigan will be to had not for away that's more fitting to ask your friends to come and see ye in."

For once the young man eluded at his comparative poverty, and hit his lip while she was speaking; but quietly recovering himself, he answered good humouredly, "You forget, Allice, that we cannot afford to launch out into any extravagances."

"I'm not so sure of that," she said, nodding her head significantly. "May be Miss Kathleen gave ye more than her hand when she married ye. I've a notion that my dear old mother's will comes into effect now; and that Mr. Robinson's mysterious heiress is found at last. Every one looked astonished; but Allice, wiping away a few tears, went on.

"Deed, my dears, it has been a troublesome secret to keep; but I was sworn to be silent till Miss Kathleen married. And now everything has turned out just as the master hoped it would when he left Mister Frank the house in Galway, close to the miserable woman that pretended to shelter the orphan, but made her life a burthen to her."

a corner by your hearthstone for old Allice, as ye've, God bless ye for it, for ever since I came pertaining poverty to the cottage in Ilfalloway?"

"Nay, Allice!" Rosamond interposed, with a blush. "Have you forgotten your promise to Lord Glanore?"

"Sure, dear, I've not, and I'm heartily thankful to his lordship for his offer; but I'm thinking that if he has you, he'll be quite content; and my heart clings to the little lady that has the blood of my old master in her veins!"

"Thanks, dear, kind old Allice, thanks," exclaimed Frank.

So it was settled that Allice should remain with Kathleen and Frank; though, by-and-by, when bonny boys and girls blessed the union of Rosamond and her noble husband, she was as often to be found in their nursery as in the one over which she held undivided sway.

When the Viscount led his English Rose to the altar, Norah gave her hand to Major Colbye. Miss Delany strongly opposed a marriage which would separate her from the only creature for whom she felt a spark of affection. But the Major's regiment was under orders for India, and as Norah would not be left behind, she wrung from her aunt an unwilling consent.

From this time forward, Miss Delany never quitted her farm. She refused the civilities which Kathleen, generously compassionate the lonely woman, would have offered to her, and devoted herself to getting and saving money. Norah and her husband, never the most provident of couples, would often have been thankful for a little pecuniary assistance from their wealthy relatives; but she never proffered any, and it was to Kathleen they owed the magnificent gifts that often came across the sea. When Miss Delany died, it was found that she had amassed sufficient property to warrant Major Colbye in selling out, and bringing his lady back to her own country. Though still the eldest of men, he contrives to be a most devoted husband, and often declares that there are but two in the world who can rival him in happiness—his old friend, Glanore, and Frank Dalton.

To them, life is a time for work as well as enjoyment. In their different spheres, they continue to effect much good to those about them. Charles Trevelhan, Viscount Glanore, still thinks with compunction of many wasted hours in the past, and dates his redemption from the hour when his Rosamond first bloomed on his view; while Frank—his conscience untroubled by such painful memories—still playfully calls his pretty Kathleen by the name under which he first learned to know her, the Lady of the Sharnocks; declaring that, to the spell lurking in the magic leaves which bound her hair, he owes all the happiness and prosperity of the life her love dignifies and blesses.

THE END.

THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A little red Rose bloomed all alone
In a basket by the doorway;
And the Wind came by with a pitying moan,
And thus to the Dowerie cried:

"You are choked with dust from the sandy hedge,
Now get what a petrel's wing
I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge,
And let the breeze come through!"

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!"
Said the Rose in deep dismay;
But the Wind is always rude and rough,
And of course he had his way.

And the breeze blew soft on its little red Rose;
But now she was so afraid,
For the naughty boys—her ancient foes—
Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the Wind, when he came again,
And looked at the trembling flower,
"You are out of place; it is very plain
You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be," said the shuddering Rose;
"No sorrow I ever had known,
Till you came here to break my repose;
Now please to let me alone."

But the will of the Wind is as strong as death,
He plucked her up with his mighty breath,
And away to the tower he flew.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride
For a rose so weak and small;
Alas, her leaves on every side
Began to scatter and fall.

"Now, what is this?" said the wondering Wind,
As the rose in fragments fell;
"This pretty stem is all I find—
I am sure I meant it well!"

"It means just this—that a meddling friend,
To hurt the matter he aimed to mend,
And kill where he meant to cure."

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAMB-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

But the Girlfowl had grown so old and stupid that when Tom asked her the way to Shiny Wall, she could not tell him, and he had to wait until there came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens; and Tom thought them much prettier than Lady Girlfowl, and so perhaps they were; for Mother Carey had had a great deal of fresh experience between the time that she invented them, and the time that she invented them. They fitted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skipped from wave to wave, hitting up their little feet behind them so daintily, and whispering to each other so tenderly, that Tom felt in love with them at once, and called them to know the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you. We are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends us out over all the seas, to show the good birds the way home."

Tom was delighted, and swam off to them, after he had made his bow to the Girlfowl. But she would not return his bow; but held herself bolt upright, and wept tears of oil as she sang:

"And so the poor stone was left all alone;
With a fall-in-hubby."

saw a very curious sight. On the rabbit burrows on the shore there gathered hundreds and hundreds of hoodlackers, such as you see in Cambridge, and they made such a noise, that Tom came on shore and went up to see what was the matter.

And there he found them holding their great canoes, which they hold every year in the North; and all their stump-orators were speeching; and for a tribune, the speaker stood on an old sheep's skull.

And they cawed and cawed, and boasted of all the clever things they had done; how many lambs' eyes they had plucked out, and how many dead bullocks they had eaten, and how many young grouse they had swallowed whole, and how many grouse-eggs they had flown away with stuck on the point of their bills, which is the hoodlacker's particularly clever feat, of which he is as proud as a peacock is of doing the hokum-bum; and what that is, I won't tell you.

And after a while the birds began to gather at Allfallowness, in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air; swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, harolds and garguays, snows and gossanders, divers and loons, grebes and dovekeys, auks and razorbills, gannets and petrels, skuas and terns, with gulls beyond all naming or numbering; and they paddled and washed and splashed and combed and brushed themselves on the sand, till the shore was white with feathers; and they quacked and creaked and gabbled and chattered and screeamed and whooped as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer. All you might have heard them ten miles off; and lucky it was for them that there was no one to hear them but the old keeper, who lived all alone upon the Ness, in a turf hut thatched with heather and fringed round with great stones slung across the roof by bent-ropes, lest the winter gales should blow the hut right away. But he never minded the birds nor hurt them, because they were not in season; indeed, he minded but two things in the whole world, and those were, his Bible and his grouse; for he was as good an old Scotchman as ever knit stockings on a winter's night; only, when all the birds were going, he toddled out, and took of his cap to them, and wished them a merry journey and a safe return; and then gathered up all the feathers which they had left, and cleaned them to sell down south, and make feather-beds for stuffy people to lie on.

Then the petrels asked this bird and that whether they would take Tom to Shiny Wall; but one set was going to Sutherland, and one to Norway, and one to the Spitzbergen, and one to Iceland, and one to Greenland; but none would go to Shiny Wall. So the good-natural petrels said that they would show him part of the way themselves, but they were only going as far as Jan Mayen's land, and after that he must shift for himself.

And then all the birds rose up, and streamed away in long black lines, north and north-west, and north-west, across the bright blue summer sky, and their cry was like ten thousand packs of hounds, and ten thousand pots of bells. Only the petrels stayed behind, and killed the young rabbits, and laid their eggs in the rabbit-burrows; which was rough practice, certainly; but a man must see to his own family.

And as Tom and the petrels went north-eastward, it began to blow right hard; for the old gentleman in the gray great-coat, who looks after the big copper boiler, in the Gulf of Mexico, had got behind-hand with his work; so Mother Carey had sent an electric message to him for help. His hind was as white as the snow for she was very very old—in fact, as old as anything which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong.

And, when she saw Tom, she looked at him very kindly.

"What do you want, my little man? It is long since I have seen a water-baby here."

Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Norwether.

"You ought to know yourself, for you have been there already."
"Have I, ma'am? I'm sure I forget all about it."
"Then look at me."
And, as Tom looked her into her great blue eyes, he recollected the way perfectly.

"Now, was not that strange?"
"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more; I hear you are very busy."
"I am never more busy than I am now," she said, without stirring a finger.

"I heard, ma'am, that you were always making new beasts out of oil."

"So people fancy. But I am not going to trouble myself to make things, my little dear. I sit here and make them make themselves."

"You are a very queer bird, indeed," thought Tom. "And he was quite right."

"That is a grand trick of good old Mother Carey's, and a grand answer, which she has had occasion to make several times to impertinent people.

There was once, for instance, a fairy who was so clever that she found out how to make butterflies. I don't mean sham ones; no; but real live ones, which would fly, and eat, and lay eggs, and do everything that they ought; and she was so proud of her skill that they went flying straight off to the North Pole, to boast to Mother Carey how she could make butterflies.

middle of them and wink at the fairies; and I dare say they were very much amused; for anything's fun in the country.

And there the good whales lay, the happy sleepy beasts, upon the still oily sea. They were all right whales, you must know, and finners, and razor-backs, and bottle-noses, and spotted sea-anteaters with long ivory horns. But the sperm whales are such rascals, ramping, roaring, rump-rolling fellows, that, if Mother Carey let them in, there would be no more peace in Peacepool. So she packs them away in a great pond by themselves at the South Pole, two hundred and sixty-three miles south-south-east of Mount Erebus, the great volcano in the ice; and there they butt each other with their ugly noses, day and night from year's end to year's end.

But here there were only good quiet beasts, lying about like the black bulls of sheep, and breathing every now and then jets of white steam, or scolding round with their huge mouths open, for the sea-monks to swim down their throats. There were no trawlers there, to trawl their poor old backs, or swordfish to stab their stomachs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ice-sharks to bite lumps out of their sides, or whalers to harpoon and lance them. They were quite safe and happy there; and all they had to do was to wait quietly in Peacepool, till Mother Carey sent for them to make them out of old beasts into new.

Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Muddley Carey.

"There she sits in the middle," said the whale.

Tom looked; but he could see nothing in the middle of the pool, but one peaked iceberg and he said so.

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, "as you will find when you get to her. There she sits making old beasts into new all the year round."

"How does she do that?"
"That's her concern, not mine," said the old whale; and yawned so wide (for he was very large) that there swam into his mouth 913 sea-monks, 15,814 jelly-fish no bigger than plum-buns, a string of sardines nine yards long, and forty-three little ice-creams, who gave each other a jangling pluck-off round, ticked their legs under their stomachs, and determined to the decency, like Julia's Caesar.

"I suppose," said Tom, "she cuts up a great whale like you into a whole shoal of porpoises?"
At which the old whale laughed so violently that he coughed up all the creatures who swam away again very thankful at having escaped out of that terrible whalebone net of his, from which borne no traveller returns; and Tom went on to the iceberg, wondering.

And, when he came near it, it took the form of the greatest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne, there swam away, out and out into the sea, millions of new-born creatures, of more shapes and colours than man ever dreamed of. And they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of the sea-water all day long.

He expected, of course—like some grown-up people who ought to know better—to find her sulking, pouting, frowning, coddling, besting, flogging, plaining, hammering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to make anything.

But, instead of that, she sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great dark blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself. Her hair was as white as the snow for she was very very old—in fact, as old as anything which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SKETCHES of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity. A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest continuance in its lowest estate. Solitude is like a window curtain; it pleases an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light. The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. The difficulty in life, is the same as the difficulty in grammar; to know when to make the exception to the rules. HAPPY the child who is suffered to be, and content to be, what God meant it to be—a child while childhood lasts.

It is no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the penitence is not to go fast, but to be regular. The efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives for performing it. Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other folk will talk so, whatever they ought to do. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get over his feelings and repent. But opposite to temper, spite on the soul; it crawls into the scrape, and there one bad word be followed by another, and there will soon be a conflagration.

Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and sorrow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence, when the clouds of rain from that retrospects the flowers which its lead in the desert; upon every periodical shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live by its light, so should all his works be written. None liveth for himself.

MISS A may think a cheerful home and smiling face dearer than to make good men and women than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are—Mother, Home, and Heaven; and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle and smiling smile, which brightens by the presence of it, but none of the nearest nature for heaven. We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never fade.

A LEAF from the tree by a casual gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who knows how its fellows? Who is said that it is gone? Thus it is with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are struck with grief when a loved one is taken and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal dew is drawn dry, the flowers are faded, the stern gate of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted springs, and time the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the sepulchre without making a single echo by his footstep.

LOVE at First Sight.—A Fable.—A woman was walking one day, and looked at her and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? My mother told me never to love a stranger." She said, "You are so good and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an angry face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman, and said, "Why do you follow me?" She answered, "Because I am in love with you, why do you follow another woman?"

WIT AND HUMOUR.

SLEAZE.—The witness snoring's wit.
A LITTLE boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.
A PANDORA'S Weakness.—Pandering a garrulous, PARTRIVELY Speaking.—Using the Dutch language.
MOTTS for GIBBERING.—Honest tea is the best preparation for a good dinner.

WHAT STATE is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-h-o-h-o.
Those who visit the 'aunts of dissipation often wheel-up at their uncle's.
Ope-ous you have seen a rope walk, but did you ever see a magic lantern slide?

The servants in the bathing establishment of Lunenburg are spoken of as senseless.
To TRAVELLERS.—The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.
MORTAL.—An instrument to some people of rendering ideas as audible and of rendering virtuous inevitable.

HUMILIATING FOR HUMANITY.—The greatest mark finds a match in a little bit of wood tipped with brimstone.
Why is an heir-apparent to a throne like an umbrella in dry weather?—Because he is ready for the next rain.

I CAUGHT her softly by the arm—my gentle blue-eye Kate. She squealed: "Let go, you careless fool; you hurt my yonematin."
FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Ladies will dress their heads this season with anybody's hair but their own. Months are to be worn slightly apart.

STOCKING BREVITARY.—All over the country the clock is more striking as it strikes; and what is worse, the public cry after it when they stop.
LADY.—A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your papa has got a new pair of legs."

THEY will probably become a ladylike accomplishment, owing no doubt, to the revolutions in the Tichborne case. Judy knows a lady who can not only crochet beautifully, but she can eat fat too.
NOT HIS FABLE.—Waiter (to cook): "George, gon in No. 3 says as his potentoin ain't good—says as he'll eat all got black eyes in 'em." (George read Mrs. Patrick): "Bedad, them, it's no fault of mine. Sure the spectacles have been 'tighnted' after I put 'em in the pot!"

A LEGISLATOR in Missouri estimates the dog crop of the United States at 21,000,000. Each pup, he says costs a year, making a total of \$168,000,000. There would buy 1,311,000,000 cocktails. Of these 16,000,000 are annually and bite 16,000 people, furnishing about 30,000 items to the local reporters.
WIT is meant by hearing false witness? was one of the questions at a late examination of the Windsor Inland School. A little girl replied, "It is, when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amid a general titter, in which he could not help joining.

The police in London are very vigilant. If you have anything stolen you run after the thief and bring him back for identification. If the stolen property is found on him, they clamp off his hand on your door step. By paying a sum equal to half of it, of course you can do your own killing and keep the body.
A JUDGE in Iowa attempted to settle the disputed ownership of a calf. Solomon-fashion, by depositing the animal midway between the residences of the contending parties, and asking the direction it took. The calf, who was not posted in the Scriptures, looked at him and bounded over the fence, and was in the next township before the counsel had time to move the area of judgment.

Many Post-boys.—Confidential Housekeeper: "That young person" having called about the Under-Housemaid's Situation; "But she says, 'M'm, she haven't a character from her last place.'"—Misses: "And excuse me to take her without a written guarantee?" Good Gracious Mrs. Holburn has the Woman her Intellect?—Housekeeper: "Well, M'm, she have something tied up in a bundle!"
A YOUNG gentleman entered the Adams Express office not long ago, and desired to send a package of letters to a young lady. The clerk, wishing to know the risk, inquired what they were worth. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then, with moulching air, replied, "Well, I can't say exactly now; a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

A HUMOROUS exclamation says a fancy farmer of Scott county, Ky., has built a \$2,000 hog pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam and lighted with gas. The troughs are of mahogany, the walls are of brick, and furnished with plush cushions. Whenever a hog is led out to execution chloroform is administered. This must be the same farmer who reported to the general assembly his magnificent operations have been as follows: My outfit have eaten an my crops, and my hired men have eaten up my cattle."

(To be continued.)