

THOU AND I.

Strange, strange for thee and me
Sadly afar;
Thou safe, beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid the shade.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest-tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost.
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where cure hath no name,
I where 'tis life.
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by life's deathless fount,
I near death's river;
Thou winning wisdom's lore,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust.

PHOEBE CARY.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

A TRIP IN THE STREET CARS.

BY CLARE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Her reflections were cut short by the gong sounding and the car pulling up suddenly. "Here you are, Miss L.—St.," said the conductor. Minnie jumped lightly down in the middle of the road, and the cars started on. Somehow everything looked very strange to her and could the man have made a mistake? And yet he seemed very sure about its being the street, and indicated the corner with his hand. Minnie looked bewilderedly about her. She could only see as far as the pathwalk. The night was very dark, the snow whirling wildly about her, and it was beginning to blow very hard. She tramped her way through the snow to the pathwalk and looked up at the houses. Evidently she was not in St. Antoine St., but how find out where she was?

A lamp-post was flaring unsteadily at the corner of the next street; she determined to make her way there. No doubt the name of the street would be visible and she would, at any rate, be so far wiser than at present. Not a person seemed to be in sight as she tramped on in the soft deep snow accumulating quickly on the pathwalk. She reached the light and looked eagerly up at the fencing on the corner, but alas! no name was there. She stood undecided for a moment whether to turn down the street which ran at right angles to the one she was in, or to walk straight on—both seemed equally hopeless. Just then she saw a manly form approaching, tall and with a quick decided walk that seemed somehow strangely familiar—and yet who could it be? Minnie's heart seemed to stop beating for a moment as he drew nearer. The next minute solved the mystery, the possessor of the "manly form" gave a quick glance, as if wondering exceedingly to see a young lady, standing unprotected and alone, at such an hour, and on such a tempestuous night, and then exclaimed, "Why, is that you, Minnie? How on earth is this, what brings you here to-night? Have you lost your way?"

"I'm so awfully glad you came along," said Minnie fervently, for she had begun to feel a little nervous over her escapade. "No, indeed, I haven't lost my way, but the cars have for me. I took them in Craig St., and told the stupid man where to set me down, and he went and landed me here in a place I am sure I never was in before."

"This is St. Catherine Street," said Willie Gordon. "How on earth could it have come about? Where did you say you took the cars?"

"On Craig Street, where auntie and I have often taken them when we were coming home from going down town."

Willie thought for a moment and then laughed outright. "I see how it is. You've taken the Bleury and St. Catherine street car in mistake for the Craig and St. Antoine St., but it's strange the conductor didn't find out your mistake. Where did you tell him to set you down?"

"At the corner of L—Street," said Minnie.

"Of course, and so he did, only he's put you at the St. Catherine Street corner of it instead of the St. Antoine. Well, you're not so very far from home after all. What a good thing I met you. I went to call on an old college chum of mine to-night, luckily he was n't in, and I was returning to my bachelor's den when I stumbled upon you."

"Standing disconsolate, trying to find out the name of the street," laughed Minnie, all her old gaiety returning for the moment. "Auntie will be in such a state about me!"

"I should think she would," rejoined her companion. "Well, you'll soon be home now, and you can shift all the blame on to the C. P. R. Co's shoulders. Next time you take the cars I expect you'll take care to find out their destination, Miss Minnie."

"I don't suppose I'll get another trip in the street cars for a good long time, if ever," said Minnie. "I start for home to-morrow afternoon."

"Do you, indeed?" said Willie, after a moment's pause. "I had no idea you intended returning so soon."

Now Minnie felt rather hurt at the indifferent manner in which Willie received the news of her departure. It is true she had tried hard to accustom herself to the evident fact that he regarded her with no feeling deeper than that of a passing friend; but still she thought he might evince a little regret that their friendship was so soon to be at an end. Perhaps if she had been looking into his face she might have argued differently from the sudden change of expression produced there by her words; but she was picking her way through along the narrow path between the drifts of snow, and holding her head down to avoid the stinging sleet, so only her ears could bear testimony to the effect her announcement produced. Willie Gordon could command his voice better than his features.

"I've all my traps packed up," returned she, with forced gaiety, determined that if he were indifferent, she certainly would give him no cause to think her otherwise. "To-morrow, at three p.m., sees me off—en route for N—."

"I am sure you are glad to return," said Willie.

"Yes, indeed, I am so glad," returned this mendacious girl, struggling hard to keep the too-ready tears of mortification from her eyes. "Of course, I shall be delighted to see all of them again."

"Yes, and they will all be equally delighted to see you again, no doubt," said Willie, speaking in a half-bitter, rapid manner Minnie had never heard him use before. "I do n't know whether I ought to congratulate you, Miss Browne, as you never alluded to it before me, but your aunt let out the fact of your engagement the other night, and as I may never, perhaps, get another opportunity of doing so, I might as well do it now."

"My engagement! what do you mean, who on earth could have said such a thing," said Minnie, astounded beyond measure at Willie's words.

"Well, you know, I dare say, she let it out thoughtlessly—she did n't, you see, exactly tell me in so many words, but the last evening I went to call at your house—you were out, you know—she had a ring on which kept catching in the wool of the work she was engaged with; she uncovered it and laid it on the table. Mr. Nye came in and took it up."

"This is n't one of yours," he said to her, and she replied, "No, that it was Minnie's engagement-ring, the stone of which had been reset at the jeweler's. She had gone for it that afternoon while out, which accounted for her wearing it."

During the excitement of this recital, Willie and Minnie stood quite still under a lamp post which threw its flickering beams full on Minnie's pretty, earnest face upturned to her companion. She was n't only listening to Willie's hurried explanation of how he had received the false impression, but drawing inferences and putting this and that together after the manner of her sex. This, then, was the key to Willie's sudden and unaccountable neglect after his marked attentions and frequent visits. No doubt he must have thought her a heartless little flirt to have encouraged him as she had, when she was, as he imagined, engaged to another. Light seemed to break in upon her troubled, puzzled face as he finished, and she smiled half-softly, half-mischievously, exclaiming, "Well, such an idea! Why, that was mamma's ring, Mr. Gordon, her engagement-ring that papa gave her; her name's Minnie too. Auntie and uncle always call her Minnie yet—I'm only *Min* you know for distinction's sake. But the idea of your thinking it was *mine*. I never had one in my life—at least of that sort—I never cared enough for any one yet."

Minnie managed to throw a good deal of expression into that last little monosyllable, and Willie was not slow to comprehend it. The walk that remained was quite a short one, for they had already come some distance, but a good deal transpired in it. Minnie often thought afterwards it was the happiest three hundred yards she had ever traversed. Spite of driving sleet and cutting blast every step seemed glorified. They did n't hurry either, and the people who met them marvelled rather to see a young man and woman walking so deliberately along on so inclement a night. Perhaps had they known the circumstances as you and I do, reader, they would n't have turned round and stand as many times as they did; or perhaps they would have done so all the more, there is no knowing. Mrs. Nye, meanwhile, was sitting in her cosy sitting-room, fidgeting woefully over Minnie's non-appearance. She had just communicated to her husband for the seventh time the presentment that something had happened to Minnie. He, poor man, was striving to read the evening papers after vainly trying to convince her "that Minnie was all right, had only been kept to spend the evening." He purchased a few minutes' peace by promising to start at half-past nine in quest of the missing one should she have failed to put it an appearance by that time.

Mrs. Nye was nervously watching the hands of the clock nearing the stipulated mark, forming a strong contrast to her phlegmatic spouse comfortably immersed in the *Star* and *Witness*, when a loud ring was heard causing them both to start, and exclaim in the ungrammatical accent of sudden surprise,

"That's her!"

Mrs. Nye ran down herself to admit her recreant niece, prepared with many vials of expostulation to pour on her devoted head. But the girl's bright, happy expression so different from the clouded, worried look she had worn lately, struck her and she could n't find it in her heart to say any of the cross words ready a minute ago. And then Willie told the tale of the mistake, and

the cars got the scolding after all; but they were n't there to bear it, so it did n't much matter. Willie made up for his late remissness, by stopping till an unheard-of hour that night, earning golden opinions from Mr. and Mrs. Nye, by his winning manner, and clever, sensible speeches.

When he was gone, "Aha, Minnie, said her uncle, 'you'll reverse the proverb and 'off with the new love and on with the old.' No doubt, Jim Rice will be waiting at the station with that little red sleigh of his for you."

"Jim Rice had better bestow his attentions on somebody else, it strikes me," said Mrs. Nye, who was an observant woman in her quiet way. And so it came about that Minnie told them all that very evening, about the ring, and all.

"Poor old ring, I owe you a grudge," said Minnie, twisting it round her finger as she thought how nearly it had misled the only man she ever cared for or ever could care for.

"Then what do you owe the cars Min?" asked her uncle. "They rectified it all by landing you right in his way to show him his mistake; how would it all have ended but for that trip on the cars?"

"Yes, indeed," said Minnie dreamily, watching the gleam and sparkle of the ring in the bright gaslight, "if it had n't been for that trip on the cars. I shall always believe in Kismet now."

ONLY ONE FAULT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"I cannot."

"But dearest Effie, you could if you would."

"Surely I do not need it."

George Arber made no immediate reply. This was his wife's only fault, and he could not be angry with her. He had been married a year, and had found in Effie a loving wife, a true life companion, a source of pure joy and happiness. In their daily life she was soft and loving, managed his household carefully and cleverly, and bore herself with a pleasing grace in society, and yet she had this one fault. Her husband wished her to study a higher, more thoughtful literature, so that she might be in a position to converse with him upon other subjects beyond the routine of their every day life.

"Effie, now do for my sake read this article; you will surely find it interesting."

"I cannot," was her half pouting, half laughing answer.

"But, my dear little wife."

"Well, then, I will not; you know I do not like that stuff."

He cast a sad reproachful look upon her, and she, returning it, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and, looking pleadingly up into his face, said,

"George, you must not be naughty. Do I not do to my utmost to please you and make you happy, everything that lies in my power?"

"Yes; if you would but please me in this trifle."

"You appear to wish me to enter into learned conversations with your friends; but what good would it be? I cannot study such dry stuff. Here I am just as you found me. I love you devotedly, and wish to make you happy; surely, if you loved me, you could look over one fault, or have I yet another you wish me to conquer?"

"No, Effie; only this one."

"Then," cried the young wife, throwing her arms round his neck, "it is foolish of you to fret over such a trifle; perhaps it is a fault, but I cannot help it. You ought to be thankful I have no worse. There, give me a kiss, and say no more about it."

How could any man be angry with such a sprightly, loveable little creature as Effie was. Neither could her husband. He could not reason with her, she would never give him time; directly he broached the subject, she managed under some pretence or other to slip away.

George remained seated for some time after his wife had left the room to look after their little one. When he rose, his eye lighted upon the piano. It was a splendid instrument that he had bought a few months before. Thoughtfully he remained standing, his hand to his forehead; at last an idea struck him, which he immediately acted upon. Taking the tuning key, he opened the piano, and picking out one of the smallest strings in the upper octave of the instrument, he carefully lowered the note half a tone; he then closed it, and went to the office.

When the evening arrived, George returned home early, and after dinner begged his wife to sing a song. Complying, she chose a sweet, pleading melody, full of soul and feeling, and commenced singing it with exquisite taste and warmth. But suddenly she stopped with a shudder, as though a cold thrill had passed through her whole frame.

"What's the matter?" cried George with astonishment.

"Good heavens," cried Effie, still shuddering; "what a fearful discord!"

"But where can it come from?"

"Where? Something must have happened to the piano. Wait a moment."

So saying, she ran her fingers lightly over the keys, and immediately pitched upon the discordant note.

"Only listen," she said.

"Are there any more like it?" asked her husband, while he opened the top of the piano. She ran over the other keys, but all were thoroughly in tune.

"Then we will soon see what is the matter."

"Here it is!" cried Effie, striking the faulty

note lightly, and pointing out the vibrating string.

"But," cried George, "why stop that little melody for the sake of such an insignificant little thing; there, think no more about it, and finish the song."

"How can I sing and play with such a horrible discord?"

"But why not?" said the husband calmly and earnestly. "You will surely not declare that the discord of a single string can cause so much trouble. It is but one fault; look how many other strings there are, all larger, thicker, and louder; oh, it is not possible that this poor single miserable little string can be of so much consequence!"

"Why, George," cried Effie, "I thought you knew more about music. Through one single faulty note, the whole harmony is destroyed."

"Well, that is very extraordinary," said George.

"I see nothing extraordinary about it; a discord is a discord, be it great or little. If the harmony is once destroyed there is no harmony left."

"Well that is very extraordinary," said George again.

"But I hope you understand it now."

"Yes, Effie; and I hope that now you also understand me."

Effie started, and as her eyes met the fixed and earnest gaze of her husband, she at last guessed the full meaning of his words.

"George," she murmured, in a low faltering tone, "you lowered this string purposely."

"Yes, my love, I did; I wished to see whether you could produce pure sweet music from the piano when but one of the tiniest amongst its many strings was not quite in tune."

"You wished to show me that even one fault and the smallest, may destroy the harmony of the household, as this little string has destroyed the harmony of my piano."

"Yes, my dear little wife; and is it not so?"

For some moments the young wife hid her head upon her husband's shoulder, and then, looking up into his face, said, "Tune the note up again, and we will have no more discord."

He did so at once, and as Effie again tried the instrument she found it in perfect harmony. She sang the song through to the end, and then, seating herself by her husband's side promised him to subdue even this "one fault."

DOMESTIC.

CORN OYSTERS.—Nine ears corn, two eggs, two tablespoons flour pepper and salt. Cut the rows of corn lengthwise, and then scrape it off the cob; beat the eggs light, add the flour, pepper and salt, and fry the cakes about the size of an oyster in butter.

MACARONI WITH PARMESAN CHEESE.—Put one-fourth pound of the best Italian macaroni into boiling water with a little salt; when tender, strain into a colander, and rinse with cold water, then lay it on a shallow plated or copper pan, cover it with one-fourth pound of Parmesan cheese, brown in the oven, and serve on the same dish.

STEWED MUSHROOMS.—Put into a stewpan with half-pint of white stock, half a pint of picked, peeled and well-washed mushrooms, add seasoning of salt, pepper, and cayenne; stew till tender, add a roux of butter and flour, and a few drops of lemon juice; dish the food; and pour the sauce over. N.B. A favourite breakfast dish at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the May term.

APPLE MARANGE.—Nine large apples peeled and prepared the same as apple sauce, three tablespoons sugar; cover tight in a stewpan; when done strain through a colander, beat the yolks of four eggs, mix with this the rind of two lemons, put it in the pudding dish and cover it with the whites beaten to a stiff froth with a tablespoon of sugar and juice of one lemon. Place the whole in the oven until the marange is slightly browned.

CODDLED APPLES.—After the smaller fruits are out of season, coddled apples make one of the very best desserts that can be sent to the table. Gather small unripe apples, do not peel them, but cut them into slices from the core; put them in a saucepan and pour on water enough to cover them; cover the saucepan and stir the apples occasionally to prevent burning, and when thoroughly soft, mash them smooth through a sieve. Send to the table in a glass dish, with milk or cream, if you have it, and put the nutmeg and grater on the table for those like the spice.

A SUMMER CUP.—The most delightful summer cup is one to which no temperance man could possibly take objection. If pounded sugar be stewed at the bottom of the goblet, with a few thin slices of the outer yellow rind of the lemon, and—should such a luxury be possible—with a stray sprig of orange blossom; if upon this lemon juice be squeezed, and the beaker be crowned with soda-water and duly handed round the festive circle, the oldest votary of the bowl, who drinks and napses the draught on to his neighbour, will probably confess that there are better things within the reach of art than cocktail and cider cup, and that teetotalers might abandon their invectives, devote their energies, and win by showing him "a yet more excellent way."

KIDNEYS.—(1) *A la brochette.*—Plunge some mutton kidneys in boiling water; open them down the centre, but do not separate them; peel and pass a skewer across them to keep them open, pepper, salt, and dip them into melted butter, broil them over a clear fire on both sides, doing the cut side first; remove the skewers, have ready some maître d'hôtel butter, viz., butter beaten up with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Put a small piece in the hollow of each kidney and serve very hot.

(2) *Fried.*—After plunging in boiling water cut them in thin slices, and fried in hot butter; add pepper, salt, and toss them for a few minutes in rich brown gravy.

(3) *Grilled.*—Prepare them as above, cut each kidney in half, and dip them in egg beaten up with salt and pepper; breadcrumb them, dip them in melted butter; breadcrumb them again, then grill before a slow fire; serve with piquante sauce.

(4) *With Macaroni.*—Cook 2 oz. of macaroni, broken into convenient pieces, in boiling water; skin two or three mutton kidneys, remove the fat, and cut them into thin slices; season with salt, cayenne, and finely-minced herbs; fry them on both sides in butter, then stew them in half a pint of gravy, well flavoured with fresh tomatoes or with *conservé de tomates* and a little basil; dish with a layer of the macaroni over them, the gravy poured over; add pepper, salt, some grated Parmesan cheese; brown with salamander.