

These answering an Advertisement will center a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

Family Reading.

OUR NELL.

CHAPTER V. (continued)

In the dusk of a showery evening Miss Lettice sat at the open window of the drawing-room. The soft patter of the rain upon the leaves made music without, and Beethoven made music within. Walter was at the piano, playing the Sonata in a flat. Miss Lettice's hands were idle, and her mind, as a rule so firmly under her control, had surrendered itself to the master-musician, to be borne on the tide of melody, hither and thither, and whithersoever he willed. When the solemn forceful chords of the funeral march had died out, and the air seemed empty, as though some presence had departed from it, Walter's voice broke the silence—

"Do you know, I fancy James does not like me as much as I like him."

Miss Lettice felt a painful jar. Was there no purifying power in such passionate harmonies which could sweep, even for a moment, a man's soul clean from his egoism? Her tone was colder than usual as she replied—

"I think he likes you, but perhaps he hardly approves of you."

Walter was idly turning over the leaves of the music-book. The sudden cessation of his occupation, and a certain rigidity of figure, showed that the answer was unexpected, as well as unpleasant. He shut down the piano sharply, came across to the window, and stood in front of Miss Lettice with a look of discontent, which sat oddly on his pleasant face.

"Not approve of me?" he questioned.

Miss Lettice did not answer.

"And why on earth doesn't he approve of me?"

Miss Lettice paused a moment before replying.

"For instance—do you think an earnest parish pastor, devoted to his work, be likely to have much in common with woulda man whosays, as you did at dinner to-day, 'Give me three books—to wit, 'Wilhelm Meister,' 'Shakespeare, and Shelley, and you may make a bonfire of all the rest'?"

Walter ruffled up his hair petulantly. "Perhaps you disapprove of me, also?"

"I have more tolerance than James," said Miss Lettice, adding in a low voice, "perhaps because my convictions have cost me less."

"Well, I must confess, cousin, that you astonish and disappoint me. I had given you both credit for remarkable breadth. If I had had the slightest idea I was shocking you, I should certainly have been careful not to speak so freely. I hope you know that I could not have been guilty of such bad form."

"I assure you that you have not shocked either of us; that was not at all what I meant. Do not begin to try to disguise yourself, for you could not do it, my dear boy," and Miss Lettice smiled up at him cordially.

"Yes," said Walter, "at any rate I am candid." The vexation had quite cleared from his brow, and he threw himself back in a low chair, prepared to enter with zest into a discussion of his faults and virtues. "But, come, tell me exactly what you and James complain of in me."

Miss Lettice did not answer immediately, and Walter continued—

"I cannot believe that you would be so narrow as to condemn me simply because I enjoy 'Wilhelm Meister.' Do you never read Voltaire because of his scepticism? As well say that you can't eat an oyster without swallowing his poisonous beard."

"I do not admit the analogy. If a cup of milk were poisoned, you couldn't drink the milk and leave the poison. However, you have not yet understood my meaning. I quoted your speech as an indication of something important, rather than as important in itself. A man's taste are an infallible key to his character."

"Well, I can't say I agree with you at all. I feel inclined to paraphrase Pope—how does it go?"

In moral books let bigots take delight, He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

I don't see that what a man reads can matter, if he acts rightly; and I don't think you and James can have found out anything very bad about me."

The young man's frank smile and direct gaze would have carried conviction of innocence to a more sceptical person than Miss Lettice. Her answering smile was full and bright.

"Nevertheless, Walter a rudderless vessel is ready for shipwreck. If you do not train your mind to answer readily to the call of principle some day you will find your impulses run away with you at the critical moment when principle and inclination are at issue. Don't drift, my dear boy, whatever you do."

"But, then, you see that's my unlucky temperament. I never do anything else."

"Really, Walter, I have no patience with your incessant bemoanings over your temperament. If you were born with an unfortunate one, make up your mind to the fact like a man, and try to amend it. Our temperaments are none of them perfection—the world would not be the school it is if they were—but they are given to us in order that we may do the best we can with them, and they are all improvable, thank God. Surely, you might get that idea from your favorite, 'Wilhelm Meister.' Self-cultivation is the main idea of the book, as I suppose, it was of the author; and a sickly, heartless, egotistic idea it is. You talk of Shakespeare and Goethe in the same breath. As well compare the creations of Raphael with a child's daub, under which it is necessary to write, 'This is a man! Goethe's figures are throughout the book the mere puppets of Wilhelm's boyhood. They are tickled and supplied with a list of attributes, according to which they act and talk. Shakespeare, on the other hand, makes known to us a world of living men and women, acting out before us their real human joys and sorrows. And the difference is that Goethe took the world to be food for his own personality, while Shakespeare lost his own personality in the interest he took in the world. No, the best thing for you, after all, Walter, would be to forget yourself altogether, if you could. Ah, if you only had to get your own living! How can you endure to idle your life away like this?"

"My dear cousin, only tell me what I could do. I am fit for nothing."

"Fit for nothing, you ridiculous boy! with your talents? Why not study for the bar, as your mother wished you to do?"

The brightness faded from Walter's face for a moment.

"Even my mother, angel as she was, did not understand me. Surely in this case you must admit the question of temperament. You can see how totally unsuited I am for a barrister's career. No one could achieve success in a calling for which he had no taste. With all my respect for James, now, I don't suppose he would have filled his position here so admirably if his inclination had not sided with his choice of a profession."

Miss Lettice looked across at Walter hastily, and, seeing sincerity in his face, smiled somewhat sadly.

"My dear, you do not know what you are talking about. You are greatly mistaken in your conclusions."

Miss Lettice paused, and looked out of the window into the gathering gloom.

Walter felt some curiosity, and waited

in silence. Presently she turned towards him, and said, in impressive grave tones—

"I suppose you could scarcely believe that James had an ambitious temperament. And yet I remember the time when ambition was his ruling passion. When he was your age, Walter, fresh from college, covered with academic honors, with a grand career predicted for him, and eager to fight for a high place in the world, he would have scorned the career which has in reality been his. But there came a time when all the prizes in the world might have been within his reach, and he would not have held out a hand for them. An awakening came to him. That which he had doubted or denied became to him truth, to which he must cling for for very life; and to save himself from what he deemed spiritual wreck, he renounced his ambition for ever, and buried himself in this quiet village. With the ambition he renounced also the joy of a happy love, which had been the hope of years. I may not tell you more; but never speak lightly, Walter, of what has cost more than you can dream."

Walter sprang to his feet.

"You are right, cousin; he is a noble fellow, and I am a good-for-nothing. But surely he made a gigantic mistake. Religion does not demand fanaticism. I should have thought a man of his power would have served its cause better by remaining in the world than by fleeing from it. Tell me one thing—did you believe the sacrifice necessary?"

"He asked advice of no one, and what I have told you, beyond the bare facts, I gather from my knowledge of his character, and not from his confidence. All the world wondered, and pronounced him mad; but who will care to judge? I am content to leave it with him. Come," added Miss Lettice, rising, "let us ring for lights, and we will have some more music."

CHAPTER VI.—NELL IS DISARMED.

At four o'clock the next afternoon, Derwent was again at work on his sketch in the garden at Elm-tree Corner. The afternoon was hot, and though Walter sat in the shade, and a little breeze breathed daintily on him, and gently stirred the leaves, he began to grow thirsty and to contemplate an expedition to the house in quest of a glass of milk. The last touches only remained to be added to the sketch, and he was putting in these, when he discovered a pair of round eyes peeping at him from round the corner of a raspberry cane hard by.

"Halloa, young sir! what are you doing there?" Walter called out, cheerily.

The eyes, which were set in a small round face, continued to stare.

"Come here, you little rascal! and tell me what your name is."

The small figure belonging to the face now emerged from its shelter, and advanced with shy tardiness. Every inch of him that the sun could get at was tanned to as dusky a shade as the fair skin would take, so that the red in his cheeks could not show though the brown; his tangled curls were tanned to match, and he had on a brown frock and a Holland pinafore. He was brown from top to toe, and as round as he was brown, from his face to his sturdy legs. His pinafore, however, was covered with stains of purple juice, and his small fingers were dyed with the same.

"Well," said Walter, "and what's your name?"

After some hanging down of the head, the little fellow whispered, "Bobby."

"And so, Master Bobby, you've been in the currant-bushes on the sly, have you?"

Bobby grinned, and disclosed a row of small purple teeth, as he said—

"It's been helping pick currants with Nell."

Walter shook his fist at him.

"They seem to have known their way into your mouth, you rogue, a good deal better than into the basket."

Walter now resumed his pencil. Bobby cautiously stole nearer, and, finally,

ventured to put his hands on Walter's knee, to attract attention. Walter looked down, and discovered that he was holding out a penny on a little palm that nearly matched it in colour.

"And where did you get that, I should like to know?" said Walter, putting his arm round the child, and drawing him nearer.

"Nell," said Bob, laconically.

"And what are you going to buy with it?"

"Cart and horse."

"And what would you do if I gave you another?"

"Two carts and horse."

"Can you tell me where Nell is now?" asked Derwent.

Bobby stretched out his arm, and pointed to the house.

"Run and ask her if I may come and have a glass of milk, there's a good little man."

Bobby started off at a speed which the roundness of his figure rendered somewhat dangerous. Over he tumbled on the gravel path, and a mournful ail arose. But Derwent picked him up, and comforted him, and carried him on his arms to the kitchen. Nell was ironing at the open window, and Walter set down the child on the sill.

"Here, Miss Nell, I have brought you a peace offering. Bobby and I are good friends, you see, and I'm sure you won't refuse to be friends with me, too."

Nell looked at him and laughed, and Derwent concluded he had found the right way to tame his young savage. But she said nothing, and busied herself in wiping off the superfluous dirt which Bobby's fall had added to his dusty face and hands.

(To be continued.)

A VALUABLE SECRET.

It is related of Franklin that, from the window of his office in Philadelphia, he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house which was erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day, Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant flow of spirits. "It's no secret, doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and tea is sure to be ready; and as we chat in the evening, I find she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word, or give an unkind look to anybody." And Franklin adds:—"What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile, a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

BIRTH.

On the 1st. inst., at the Parsonage, "Welland, the wife of the Rev. Robert "C. Caswall M. A. of a son."

Children's Department

SAFE WITH GOD.

Something round which it may twine God gives every little vine.

Some little nook or sunny bower God gives to every little flower.