

of Heaven, as are the same passions and sentiments among the wealthy classes?"

"True, true! but while love cannot be bought, *men can*, and sometimes women too, and the strongest and purest love is sometimes looked upon with cold suspicion, and spurned as mercenary and hypocritical."

"There are so many cases in which professions of love on the part of those in poor circumstances for the wealthy, are hollow and false, that it is no wonder there should be suspicions sometimes, when there is dissimilarity of worldly circumstances; but there is no necessity that such dissimilarity should be any barrier to the exercise of the purest affection; but even that being admitted, there may be other reasons for the rejection of proffered love, that would reflect on neither the purity of motives nor sincerity of attachment on the part of the suitor. But it appears to me we are getting away from business, my uncle suggested that I ask you to take charge of the estate, which has just fallen into my hands, will you undertake it?"

"I will with pleasure; and since you wish to be very generous in the remuneration for such services, I will leave that matter wholly to yourself; but, will you believe me, while I have done my utmost to secure to you your rights in the possession of the estate, I have sometimes wished that it had been given to some one else. I know it was an unworthy and selfish thought, but the estate seemed to rise up between me and the only woman I had ever loved. O, Alicia, believe me, from the time I first beheld you in a momentary glance, on the cars, your image has ever been present with me. I loved you before I knew who you were or what were your circumstances in life. I have refrained from declaring my passion before you knew that your title to the estate was secure, because it might be thought that I was taking advantage of the knowledge I possessed from mercenary motives. Now, since you have entered into possession of the estate, the inequality of our worldly circumstances had almost suppressed the expression of my feelings. May I hope that at some future time at least, when I have proved myself worthy, and have risen to a higher position in life, I may claim the first place in your heart?"

"Just then Mr. Dennison entered the room and prevented a reply to his declaration, but a gentle pressure of his hand as it clasped hers, and the look of tenderness that met his own gaze told him that his suit was not unfavorably received."

To be continued.

SELECTED.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

With tragic air the lovelorn heir
Once chased the chaste Lonsie;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed
His sighs of woeful size;
"Oh, hear me here, for lo, most low,
I rise before your eyes.

This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I for aye shall feel,
'Tho' mean may be its mien!"

"You know I cannot tell you no."
The maid made answer true—
"I love you aught—as sure I ought—
"To you 'tis due I do!"

Since you are won, Oh, fairest one,
The marriage rite is right—
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
This night," exclaimed the knight.

—Eugene Fields.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

BY PERSIS.

Silence reigns in the little cottage. The shutters are closed, and from the knob of the front door hangs a streamer of black crape. Footsteps are light and voices toned down to a whisper. The master of the cottage is dead, and in the

modest parlor his earthly remains now lie, awaiting interment, and Mrs. Eggleston weeps in all the anguish of widowhood. She rejoices that one comfort remains to her—her darling boy. Already his arms are around her as he pleads, "Mother, don't cry, I am with you. I am almost a man now, and I am going to take care of you and be your comfort and help you to bear your troubles."

A year has passed, and sad and lonely the widow sits in her parlor and dreams of the happiness which might have been hers had her husband been spared. Something very much like dissatisfaction takes possession of her while she feels like saying, "Why was it thus?"

A light step in the porch is heard and Gerald bounds up. His face flushed and his eye flushed. "Oh! mother, I have got a place at last!" he exclaimed. "At least, I haven't got it yet, but I can if you will let me. Here, read the advertisement." He thrust a paper in her hand and pointed to the following:—

Wanted.—In a wholesale liquor house, a boy that is willing to make himself generally useful. Salary first year \$100. Apply to No. 418 ——— St.

As the mother read the advertisement her face showed a marked contrast to that of the son, for her heart sank as she thought of the temptations to which her boy would be exposed. Conscience whispered, "don't let him go. Trust in God who has taken care of you thus far and who has promised to be 'a father to the fatherless.'"

"I am sorry it is in a liquor store, Gerald, I would rather you should not apply for it," she said.

"Not apply for it, mother?" he exclaimed. "I have applied, and who do you suppose is the owner of the store? Why, Mr. Brooks, who belongs to our church, and everybody thinks well of him. He is so rich and he gives away so much money that nobody stops to ask how he made it."

"Yes, but think of it yourself, my son. How would you like to become a drunkard?"

"But, mother, Mr. Brooks is not a drunkard, and he has been selling liquor for a long time. He says he knew father, and when I told him I wanted to make money to take care of you, he spoke so kindly, and said I was a fine boy, and if I did well he would give me \$150 the first year."

With many misgivings the widow consented, and Gerald entered on his duties next morning. Why was it that the widow's morning prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was offered with less faith than ever before? She had shown that she could not trust God, and leaned upon a broken reed. Did it pierce her through? We shall see.

Years have passed. Gerald is now a man. The widow is in the same little parlor. There is a careworn, anxious look upon her face, and there are grey hairs smoothed back under her cap. There is a footstep at the door as before, but oh! how different from the joyous bound with which Gerald entered when last we saw him. There are strong traces of dissipation upon his face and the widow throws her arms around him in an agony of grief, as he mutters incoherently about "a treat," and "just a wee drop too much."

"Oh! that I had borne the bitterest poverty rather than come to this," cried the widow, as her distrust of God came up before her.

Silence reigned again in the cottage. Death has again visited the dwelling of the widow. She weeps again, but this time she mourns her darling boy. He fills a drunkard's grave, and the widow is left with no support, but that of her Father. She sees it all now, but can only pray for forgiveness, and trust in Him for pardon.

Henceforth she must live a lonely life, but she has found true consolation in the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Household.

THE RAINING TREE.—The island of Picro is one of the largest in the Canary group; it has received its name on account of its iron-bound soil, through which no streams flow. It has but very few wells, and these not good. But in the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but resolved itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are daily supplied.