

trusted to remain in the woods, mine must go home at once. Come, Helen, are you ready?"

Yes, she was ready; but so shy and silent one might have fancied that the use of language had become, in some mysterious way, to her a lost art. No one was allowed to disturb or tease her, however, for Dr. Waldemar fairly kept Margaret and Sibyl in a full tide of play and merry talk until home was reached, and once there, Helen's first impulse was to hide away to her own room in an odd mixture of gladness and timidity, and convince herself, if she could, that she was really awake, and not still in the midst of a beautiful dream.

The increasing duskiness in her room reminded her at length that tea would soon be ready; and suddenly remembering Sibyl's tumbled curls, she roused herself to go in search of her. But it was one thing to look for that young lady, and quite another to find her; and after a thorough and unavailing search through the lower rooms, Helen was going slowly upstairs when she met one of the servants.

"Is it Miss Sibyl you are looking for, Miss Helen?" the girl asked. "I think she is with Mrs. Waldemar in her room."

And pausing before Mrs. Waldemar's door, Helen tapped lightly for admittance.

"Come in," said that lady's pleasant voice; and, with a secret consciousness that she would much rather not, Helen opened the door.

The lamps were not lighted, but a wood fire burned brightly on the hearth, and its cheerful light showed Helen that Dr. Waldemar was sitting on the sofa between his mother and Margaret.

"I thought," she began, and then catching the smile on their faces stopped short in great confusion.

With a quick step Dr. Waldemar was by her side.

"We shall have to play 'what is my thought like,' before we can come at yours, I am afraid," he said, with a low laugh, as he drew her to him. "Mother, Margaret, come here and help me to teach this shy child not to be afraid of us."

And now, that the time of the singing of birds has fairly come, we, who have followed Helen through this checkered winter of her life, must leave her; happy in the protecting care of friends, whose love and sympathy will make not only the coming summer, but all the changing seasons of the years that lie beyond, bright and pleasant for her; and who, while cherishing her as the light of their eyes, the dearest treasure of their hearts, will never let her forget that this life, however blessed and beautiful it may be, is but the vestibule of another richer and more enduring; and that all earthly affection, even the deepest and truest, is only a shadow of His, whose word of tender faithfulness is:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

THE END.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LIBRARY AND STUDY.

Within the house, in every room you seem to be surrounded by books; books—quantities of them, in the breakfast room; and in the great and noble library, the lofty room surrounded with books. Here a noble heirloom of the Glyn family, a portrait by Vandyke of Sir Kenelem Digby, hangs over the fireplace. Other interesting pictures light the way, conspicuously an engraving of Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which, however noble as an imitation of the style of Velasquez, fails to give any suggestion of the light and play which glows and gleams from the face of the original in every moment of conversation. You step from the library into the study—it is the anteroom of the library. At the door of the study Mr. Gladstone graciously received us, and made us at home at once in this great workshop of the mind—this scene of so many studies and cares. Here, in order or disorder, were still books, and books, papers, busts, portraits, and every variety of furniture of culture and of taste. We saw very few indications of any care for costly or elegant bindings. Clearly the volumes were there, not as the furniture of the house, but as the furniture of the incessantly acquisitive mind. It is a venerable apartment. At different tables—there are several in the room reserved and set apart for various occupations—the visitor is instantly impressed as by memories of a variety of labour. This is the literary table; here "Juventus Mundi" was written; here the Homeric studies were pursued. "Ah!" sighs Mr. Gladstone, "it is a long time since I sat there!" This is the political table; here the Irish bills and budgets were shaped and fashioned. And here is Mrs. Gladstone's table; here she probably planned her orphanage and the hospital she first called into existence. This is the room where the scholar and the statesman spends the chief portion of his time; there is the theological portion of the library—an ample collection; separate compartments receive the works of Homer and Shakespeare and Dante; and the busts of Sydney Herbert, and Mr. Gladstone's old college friend, the Duke of Newcastle, and Canning and Cobden and Homer bend from the bookcases, and Tennyson looks out from a large bronze medallion—*Leisure Hour*.

THE FOLLY OF WEARING MOURNING.

Sorrow may be none the less true and deep because it thinks from ostentatious parade—from wearing the heart on the sleeve, for daws to peck at—it may feel that the inadequacy of outward signs to give it expression makes any attempt at doing so a mere mockery, and may prefer to conceal itself as far as possible under its wonted exterior. How can real grief be represented fittingly by crape and at-bands? And if no real grief exist, then the whole affair is nothing but a miserable exhibition of humbug and hypocrisy—an appeal to the world for sympathy and commiseration upon false pretences. What sort of sorrow is felt by relatives who say: "Oh! we must put the children into mourning, for Uncle So-and-so, he's left us something in his will;" or else, "I shan't trouble about black, for Cousin Such-a-one—he's left me nothing;" as the case may be? It would surely be more honest for such pretended mourn-

ers as these to assume some signs of rejoicing or woe, according as they do or do not find themselves the possessors of fresh riches. Even when sorrow is really felt, its intensity and duration will not be alike in all cases where the relationship is the same, because no two husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, or other relations will love one another in exactly the same degree; and on this account there must necessarily be something foolish and unreal in a practice which assumes that the depth and extent of regret may be reckoned on according to nearness of kin. More or less of shoppiness and hollowness is almost inseparable from the wearing of mourning, according to the present custom; yet there is that about death which is apt to put human nature essentially out of tune for all that is artificial and sham.

Again, how can anyone who believes in the resurrection reconcile it with his conscience to make everything connected with death dark, gloomy and melancholy? If he has that sure confidence which he professes to have as to the departed being safe from all future dangers, and having passed to a state of bliss far beyond what is attainable upon earth, why does he not rejoice in their happiness. Does he think them out of reach of sympathy because out of sight? Or is he too selfish to let the thought of their gain outweigh that of his own loss. In 1875 a Mourning Reform Association was started by three ladies, and has certainly commended itself to the public mind to some extent, seeing that it now numbers 450 members. It discourages the use of mourning stationery, wearing of crape and putting of children and servants into black; recommends that mourning should be shown by a black band round the arm, or by a black scarf; and aims generally at minimising mourning.—*London Spectator*.

MONOLOGUE FROM LONGFELLOW'S "MICHAEL ANGELO."

Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not! If the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones,
And swing them to their places; if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,
Then were my task completed. Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebastian, holding
Upon his hand the model of a church,
As German artists paint him; and what years,
What weary years, must drag themselves along,
Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle interferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,
Who know nothing of art beyond the colour
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?
I must then the short-coming of my means
Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short sword.

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light
Gone out, that sunshine darkened; all that music
And merriment that used to make our lives
Less melancholy swallowed up in silence,
Like madrigals sung in the street at night.
By passing revellers? It is strange indeed
That he should die before me. 'T is against
The law of nature that the young should die,
And the old live; unless it be that some
Have long been dead who think themselves alive,
Because not buried. Well, what matters it,
Since now that greater light, that was my sun,
Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!
Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me,
And, like a ruined wall, the world around me
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts
Are now my sole companions—thoughts of her,
That like a benediction from the skies
Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.
When men are old, the incessant thought of Death
Follows them like their shadow; sits with them
At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep;
And when they wake already is awake,
And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly
It is in us to make an enemy
Of this importunate follower, not a friend!
To me a friend, and not an enemy.
Has he become since all my friends are dead.

—*March Atlantic*.

WASHINGTON'S WILL.

"It is not generally known," says the Washington correspondent of the "Boston Traveller," "that the original last will and testament of George Washington is now in the possession of Colonel Thompson, of the Washington Pension Office. He obtained it by accident, and in so romantic a manner that the story is worth repeating. During the war he was in command of the Fairfax County Court House, and when the Federal forces took possession they commenced to destroy everything that could aid the enemy. The work of pillage was going on at the court house, where he knew there were many valuable documents stored. He rode up post haste, and reining up his horse before a group of soldiers, he discovered one of the number in the act of lighting his pipe with a large paper yellow with age. He quickly seized it from the soldier's hand, only the edges browned by the fire, and discovered it to be Washington's will. Colonel Thompson has also in his possession, obtained at the same time, the original inventory of the Mount Vernon estate made by Martha Washington. He states that it is his intention to present these valuable relics to the Mount Vernon Association."

VICTOR HUGO has entered on his eighty-second year.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Niagara Park Bill has passed the New York Assembly.

DURING January 147 sailing vessels and 21 steamers were reported lost or missing.

AN attempt was made at Teganrog, Russia, to explode a Jewish bank with dynamite.

THE Malagasy ambassadors have succeeded in concluding a treaty with the United States Government.

TWELVE hundred persons have been arrested in Andalusia for complicity in the Anarchist troubles.

QUEEN VICTORIA will open in person the International Fish Exhibition at South Kensington next May.

A NEW YORK committee have started a movement for the erection of a bronze statue of the late Wm. E. Dodge.

OF the students of Amherst College 65 per cent. are members of the Church, being an increase of 2 per cent. over last year.

ISMAIL, the late Khedive of Egypt, has bought a luxurious mansion at Highgate, England, for \$450,000, where he intends to reside.

A WOMAN named Figuer, an important Nihilist, who arranged the murder of Gen. Steleinkoff at Odessa in 1882, has been arrested.

A PARTY of English tourists while ascending Mont Blanc lately were overtaken by a snowstorm, and, losing their way, fell over a precipice.

M. DE LESSER has embarked for Tunis to direct surveys in connection with the project to convert the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea.

DR. FLEMING STEVENSON's congregation, Rathgar, Dublin, gave the largest contribution, £350, to the Foreign Mission Fund last year.

IT was credible, as it was quite unusual, for the Roman Catholic organ in Dublin to give a fair and full report of Mr. Moody's evangelical discourses on his recent visit.

THE Blue Ribbon temperance movement has reached Calcutta. The organ of the Bala Somaj strongly recommends it, and many young Bengalis now wear the Ribbon.

THERE are strong differences of opinion among Liberal members of Parliament on the Transvaal question. Many believe that England is morally bound to protect the Beuchanans.

THE Women's Missionary Boards of the different denominations in the United States last year gave the noble sum of \$600,000, largely for carrying the gospel to their sisters in heathen lands.

RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, is delivering a course of lectures to the students of Andover Theological Seminary on the "Christian Use of Property."

THE funeral of Comondorous, at Athens, was attended by almost the entire population of the city, the King, and all diplomatic representatives. Premier Tricoupis delivered an oration at the tomb.

THE Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of obscene literature, the "Police News" and "Police Gazette" being so classed. The penalty is not over \$100 nor less than \$25.

THE Town Council of Vienna has resolved to hold an exhibition in 1884 of articles connected with city improvements. Every municipality in Europe, America, and Australia will be invited to send exhibits.

MR. CHARLES STEWART, Tigh-n-duinn, is publishing a new translation of a portion of Ossian in the Oban "Times." He argues that as Macpherson in many instances mistranslated the poems, he could not be their author.

THE British Museum has just acquired an interesting collection of thirty-nine silver objects, which were all found together on the site of Babylon, consisting of fragments of silver dishes, the broken handle of a vase, and coins.

"WHAT can the press do?" was the subject of Professor Witherow's "Carey" lecture last week. He incidentally mentioned that there are 130 towns in Ireland, each with a population over 1,500, in which there is no bookseller's shop.

NEW temperance organizations are the order of the day. A Black Ribbon Society has been founded at Bristol, and a Three Noes Society at Jedburgh. The latter is composed of boys who pledge themselves not to swear smoke, or drink.

MR. GEORGE R. MERRY, writing in the "Academy," says "the majority of the members of learned professions in Scotland have only a superficial knowledge of the 'Doric,' and cannot understand even the language of Burns without the help of a glossary."

A COMMITTEE of influential men has been formed in England to collect subscriptions for a memorial of Richard Trevithick, the inventor of high-pressure steam engines, and probably the locomotive itself, who died penniless and alone at Dartford, Kent, in 1833.

DR. CHARLES MACDONALD, formerly Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast, died on Saturday in the seventieth year of his age. He was a native of Edinburgh, and for a short time was Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages in Edinburgh University.

THE "Protestant Times" states that, although ticks for Pastor Chiniquy's lecture on "Temperance" were placed with the temperance societies, not one was sold by them. It hints that the societies are afraid of offending their Roman Catholic supporters. But surely this cannot be true.

Two thousand five hundred clergymen of the Church of England have signed a protest against the appointment by the Bishop of London, of the Rev. A. Mackenzie, of Ritualistic notoriety, to a new charge in the metropolis. It was at the dying request of the Archbishop of Canterbury that Mr. Mackenzie resigned the benefice of St. Alban's, Holborn.