

A HIGHLAND PICTURE.

A still secluded glen,
A sky clear and splendid,
Great mountains, crystal-crowned,
Standing as warders round,
Guarding the calm profound—
The silence deep as when
God's six days' work was ended.

A sunny day in Spring;
The young green leaves expanding
On elm and hawthorn fair,
Wooded by the balmy air,
In smiling beauty, where
The twisted woodbines cling
And solemn pines are standing.

Here is the eagle's home,
His chosen place of dwelling;
Here, where the old hills keep
Their everlasting sleep
In silence vast and deep,
At will the king-birds roam,
Their subjects awe-compelling.

Here too may we find rest
Afar from crowded places,
Where is the world's rule now
'Neath which our souls did bow?
We smile and wonder how
We owned its stern behest
And trod its narrow spaces.

Tired hearts overwrought with care,
Urged ways of trouble forecasting,
Workers in close towns pent,
Strangers to sweet content,
Whose strength is well-nigh spent,
Would that ye all might share
The pleasures of our resting!

SUNNANA J.

THE ODOUR OF PINKS.

Pembroke Carroll opened his eyes upon an early summer morning within the walls of his boyhood's home. The house, a fine old mansion, had descended through a long line of Carrolls from father to son until the death of Pem's father, when it was discovered that the debts had eaten up the estate, and Pem was left with two sisters to support, his whole stock in trade being a good education, robust health, and an indomitable will. He had that sort of pride which would neither allow his sisters to want, nor to share his labour, and, besides this, he had set his heart upon having the old home for his own. Since he could not inherit it as his father and grandfather had done, it should be by the might of his own hands. To this end he worked hard in his profession, building slowly but well, and yet it was harder than anyone else could know. But his will was strong.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he would say, and so each temptation passed.

His sisters married, and went far away, leaving him quite alone, though a touseau and marriage settlement for each took a large slice from the loaf put by. But at last the home was his—fairly earned and hardly won.

When he awoke in the morning the birds were singing in the elm-trees by the window, the sun was shining, and there was peace in his heart.

Throwing on a dressing-gown, he hastened to the window and looked out.

He was startled from his reverie by the appearance of a slender young girl, in a white morning dress and pretty garden hat, who came out of the adjoining house, armed with a basket and a huge pair of shears, the latter seeming about half as tall as herself. She ran down the path until she came to where the pinks bloomed on either side; then she paused, put down her basket, tossed aside the shears, and buried her small nose in the hearts of about six pinks, one after another, before she stopped to take breath. Then she sat down and began to talk to the flowers and scold the bees, flourishing her shears about by way of emphasis.

"So, Miss Picotee, you are out at last with four blooms, you lazy thing! But never mind—you are so beautiful I cannot scold you; and besides, I'm so glad to see you at last I won't say a word. One—two—three—four—six great snowballs of sweetness on that lovely white carnation. And then—Oh, you dear, great, velvety, cardinal beauty! Really, I never knew anything before so bold as you are, you saucy bee, taking my finest pinks for your rocking chairs! I wonder you are not afraid of me and my cruel shears. For my part, I'm just dying of envy, for I'd like to sit in a pink, and be rocked about by the wind myself!" And then she fell to clipping the flowers, placing them carefully in the basket, and humming with the bees.

From bed to bed she went, cutting the stems with lavish hand, yet so abundant was the bloom, nothing was missed.

It was not until her pleasant task was completed, and she disappeared within the house, that Pembroke recollected he must hasten to his office.

All that he knew of the neighbours was that a Mr. Corson had purchased the house next his. A few days later a friend dropped in at his office just as he was about leaving for home.

Mr. Mason was chatty and friendly, with an exclamatory style of speaking which rendered his simplest sentences emphatic.

"You are next door to the Corsons now, Carroll, happy fellow!" he said. "The young ladies are quite the rage. Eldest—lovely girl!—is engaged to Squire Lynn. The second, Miss Laura—a perfect beauty, by the way—captured me long ago, though I can't tell why, since she is evidently inclined to favour young Sinclair. The third, Kate, is a bright, wholesome, sensibly-appearing girl, but rather young, and inclined to be shy; you will always find her near her mother. The fourth is away at school, and there is one, the oldest of all, who is married and settled. Miss Corson is a wonderful musician—wonderful! Miss Laura paints like—like—well, almost like an old master. Miss Kate has no especial forte, but she cultivates flowers to

perfection, and especially affects pinks. But what I meant to say was that I'm going to call at the house this evening, and if you'll go, I'll drop in for you, Carroll. I met the Corsons a few evenings ago, and I was speaking of you and your buying back your old home, and Mrs. Corson seemed wonderfully interested—said she wanted to meet you. She asked me to bring you in. Splendid place to spend an evening. Music always, and such music! Games sometimes, very interesting conversation, and all manner of trifles in the way of refreshment. One evening a salad; another, if it chances to be warm—an ice. Fruit often, and sometimes nothing more than a cup of delicious coffee; but no matter how simple the thing is, it is served—well, like something you might read about, you know. Fruit or nuts come in on the most curious old plates, and coffee—well, it's worth while to drink from Mrs. Corson's china. And then the lady herself is so witty, without seeming to know it. Why, many a young man who cares nothing for the ladies, is fond of dropping in just to hear Mrs. Corson's conversation. And her husband, you know, is just as fond of her as possible."

"No, I don't know," said Pembroke, beginning to think he was receiving rather a large dose of the Corson family, when he was really interested in only a small portion of it. "But I'd rather like to know," he added; "and Mason, if you will be kind enough to call for me, I shall be glad to make Mrs. Corson's acquaintance."

Evening came, and Pem was ushered into Mrs. Corson's drawing-room, the prettiest room he had ever seen in his life; it was so bright and harmonious.

He found Kate by her mother's side, and, after mutual congratulations concerning desirable neighbours, he turned the conversation upon flowers. It was so easy to converse with Mrs. Corson, who was pleasant, gentle, and motherly, though young; and he was soon telling her of his fondness for pinks, of his mother's present loneliness; and then a sudden feeling of shame caused him to stop short, for his eyes were wet. But he took courage when he saw that only Kate and her mother observed it, and their faces were earnest and sympathetic as well as their replies.

"The very next thing to be done to your place," Mrs. Corson said, brightly, a little later, "is to plant plenty of pinks, though I believe they are shy of bloom after transplanting, particularly the old hardy sorts. But Kate will tell you all about it, and she must send you pinks from our own garden, until they have time to bloom in yours. Is it too late to grow pinks this season, dear?"

"Too late for very much show this year," Kate replied. "There are a few free-blooming varieties that do not mind being transplanted, if it is done with care; we have many of these, and can spare all Mr. Carroll will need. Then, seeds sown now will blossom early next summer."

Pembroke thanked her, and then it occurred to her for the first time that she might have offered too much, and she glanced quickly into her mother's face for approval.

"Do not forget to attend to this, my dear," Mrs. Corson answered, with an approving smile; and, rising, she pulled two or three pinks from the bouquet which stood near, and presented them to Pembroke. Then some one called her away, and he began to converse with Kate in her absence, the warm colour coming and going in the young girl's cheeks, at the very thought of being left alone to entertain a comparative stranger. Then there was music, and Kate glided away, drawing near to where her mother sat, and he spoke no more with her that evening.

In the morning he watched the pinks from his window with renewed interest; watched, too, for the young girl, who was wont to gather their morning bloom; but she failed to make her appearance, and he went down stairs disappointed. Upon his return at evening, he found a large bouquet of pinks awaiting him, and a note, not from Kate, but Mrs. Corson.

"Last night," she wrote, "when I promised Kate would send you some pinks, it did not occur to me that it might not be customary for ladies to send bouquets to gentlemen, except, perhaps, in the case of long friendship. I do not fear to transgress this rule, and send you these for your mother's sake, and because I was glad to hear you speak of her so tenderly."

At church, on Sunday, Pembroke glanced over to the pew occupied by the Corsons, and saw that father, mother, and three daughters were there, the ladies all charmingly attired; Kate the simplest of the four, and with pinks in her bonnet—deep cardinal and white. As she turned to speak to her mother—she was always beside her mother—Pem saw that she wore a large cluster of natural pinks at her throat.

When they left church, he paused to thank Mrs. Corson for her gift, and then, for Kate seemed the odd one of the family, he found himself walking with her down the street towards home, her father and mother leading the way, and her two sisters following. He spoke of his happiness in being once more in his old home, only it seemed somewhat lonely; and then they talked, as usual, upon flowers.

"Miss Kate," he said, as they neared her home, "would you please allow me to walk with you to church this evening? I mean, too, for you to come and sit with me in my own pew. Positively I am too forlorn to say my prayers alone! Will you not take pity on me?"

"I will walk with you to church with pleasure," she said, seeming to consider it a very

serious affair; "and if mamma does not think it best for me to sit in your pew, you must sit in ours."

Mamma made no objection. She was not given to match-making in any way, but she liked Pembroke, and she felt he was a man to be trusted. So Kate, with pinks in her hair and at her throat, walked soberly to church by Pem's side. When they reached his pew there were strangers in it; but there was just room for two more, and as there were not prayer-books enough for all, Kate and Pembroke were obliged to use one between them. He glanced down upon the pretty, blushing face at his side, feeling a deep pleasure in having her almost to himself for the time. It was quite warm, and in fanning herself Kate wafted the perfume of the pinks toward him, fairly intoxicating him with their sweetness; so it is doubtful if he followed strictly all the prayers, although his heart was filled with earnest thanksgiving.

They walked slowly homeward, and as they turned into their own street, Kate said, "Mamma does not like us to invite gentlemen to the house on Sunday nights, so I cannot ask you to come in. But all other evenings we receive."

"Thanks; I will come soon if I may—perhaps to-morrow evening. And for to-night, please give me the pinks you have worn to-day."

"They are beginning to fade," she said.

"Still I wish them. Perhaps I seem to you an insufferable beggar; and yet, until I met you, I had not asked the gift of a flower of anyone since I was a child."

Without a word, she unfastened the flowers and laid them in his hand, and he, carrying the rôle of beggar still farther, asked her to pin them in his button-hole. She looked up a moment; she stood just within the gate, where the moon shone clearly upon her shy, girlish face, while he was in the shadow. She felt he asked much; but he spoke so soberly, and seemed so sincere, she had not the heart to refuse him. So she pinned the pinks upon his coat in silence, her hands trembling a trifle as she did so.

"I cannot make you understand how much I thank you for all your gentleness to me," he said. "Only that I am so deeply your debtor already, I should be tempted to ask one thing more. This granted, the day would be a perfect one to me." He paused, and she looked so sweetly thoughtful, so staidly discreet, so unconscious altogether, he grew bolder, adding, "It has been, oh, so long! since my mother gave me pinks and kissed me; yet ever since, the two gifts have been associated in my mind. I have had so few of either in my life, that I am tempted—"

He paused, for though she spoke no word, she looked up into his face so shocked and frightened and distressed, he bitterly repented having spoken in such a manner.

"Forgive me!" he said, presently. "I would not have pained you so much for the world, believe me. I cannot tell you how deeply interested in you I am; how—My dear child! if I do not say good-night at once I shall frighten you more than ever. Only assure me that I am quite forgiven; I cannot go without that."

She put out her hand to him in silence; he pressed it in his, touched it gently to his lips as he said good-night, and was gone. And far into the night this grave man sat and thought of his home, in which Kate appeared as its guardian spirit, and all was peace and harmony.

In the days that followed he met her often, but never again alone. And when the rumour reached him that Mrs. Corson and Kate were to leave town for a few weeks, he went over at once and had an interview with Mrs. Corson, and telling her of his love for her daughter, begged permission to woo her for his wife. For answer, she gave consent, but counselled him against haste.

"I am going to take Kate away for a month," she said, "and I do not wish you to speak to her upon this subject until our return. This absence will prove you both; not that I doubt your sincerity, but this sudden passion is so unlike any former act of your life, and marriage is a step that should be taken with caution."

With this he was obliged to be content. He saw Kate but once before her departure, and not knowing the precise time of her return, he was apprized of it by seeing that demure young lady out among the garden beds one evening when he went home to dinner. Mrs. Corson, looking out, saw the expression of his face when he discovered Kate, and was at once convinced that his determination was unchanged. Directly after dinner he called, and the two went out into the garden to inspect the flowers. They gathered a few pinks, and then Kate sat down on a bench near the beds, and Pembroke told her that old, sweet story—the first time in his life that he had told it to any woman, yet Kate laughed he told it well. Perhaps it was because it was the first time she had ever heard it; but the perfume of the pinks was not sweeter than this story seemed to her.

So it came about that Kate Corson married before either of her sisters, and in due time she came to reign over Pembroke Carroll's home. Under her dominion it grew brighter and lovelier to him than it had ever seemed in the days of his boyhood, and he declares it was all owing to those blessed pinks that he came to know how sweet and fair his wife was.

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HEARTH AND HOME.

Books are the most discreet of all friends: they visit us without intrusion, and, though often rudely put aside, are as prompt to serve and please as ever.

We put too much value on the transient, and too little on the permanent. The things that are seen, are transient; the things that are not seen, are permanent. Eternal immovable things are the things that we reach by our thoughts and by our imaginations; while the things which we are handling, and for which we sacrifice all else, are transient.

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success. If by one wrong deed we could accomplish the liberation of millions, and in no other way, we ought to feel that this good, for which perhaps we had prayed with an agony of desire, was denied us by Heaven, and reserved for other times and other lands.

THE minds of the incoming generations are as free from the possession of positive error as of positive truth, and they have capacities that may be qualified to discriminate between them. Instil into them the love of truth, as the supreme good; teach them, as a matter of conscience and duty, never to rehearse what is believed not to be understood; lead them from antecedent to sequence, from cause to effect, from element to combinations, and minds will be reared which will discover truth, not because they were originally stronger or better minds, but because from their position it will be more easy to discern it.

A WORKING-MAN in Manchester recently gave an "object lesson" that was full of meaning. Taking a loaf of bread, to represent the wages of his fellow-workmen, he cut off a moderate slice, saying to his audience, "This is what you give to the city government." A larger slice, which he then cut off, he said, "This is what you give to the general government." Then, with a vigorous flourish of his knife, he cut three-quarters of the loaf, saying, "This is what you give the brewer." Only a thin slice then remained, the greater part of which he set aside for the public-house, leaving only a few crumbs. "And this you keep to support yourself and family."

PEOPLE despise each other too much. There is really some good in almost everyone—something admirable in most. The stiff and solemn, serious man may be a model of integrity and purity, though the gay Bohemian grins at him. The Bohemian, at whose approach the sober man shudders, may really be warm-hearted, generous and self-sacrificing, though many libations flush his face, and he seldom saves enough to buy himself the coffin for which he makes himself prematurely ready. The business man, whom others think a man of shillings and pence, doubtless fought in his very youth an Apollon of discouragement, and is secretly more tender-hearted and charitable than he dare let the world know.

A PHILOSOPHER, like all philosophers, was poor, at times he was hungry; at times he was ragged. He offered to a pasha to teach his donkey to read in five years. But during the difficult task he was to be clothed in purple and fine linen, fed on the best, and lodged in a palace. If he failed, the penalty was death. One day an old friend met him leading the donkey to the grove where lessons were supposed to be given, and he said, "Surely you do not expect that ass to read?" The philosopher, putting his thumb to his nose, winked one of his eyes and said nothing. "But," continued the friend, "if you fail at the end of five years you will surely be strangled." "My friend," responded the philosopher, "you forget that in that time the ass may die."

THAT every living being has distinctive traits of character is evident from the difference that exists in children. One has a taste for going abroad, another for staying at home; one for books, another for games; one wishes to hear stories, another wants to see things done; one is fond of drawing, the other cannot draw at all, but he can make a machine. This difference, as you advance, becomes more pronounced. You are more distinct of your conceptions of what you can do—more decided in avoiding things which you cannot and do not wish to do. Now, I cannot but conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursuing it, freeing yourself from all importunities of your friends to be something which they like, and insisting upon that thing which you like and do, and in which you are tolerably certain of success.

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