

Mother's Hymns.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended; The singer sleeps at last; While I sit gazing at her arm-chair vacant, And think of days long past.

that of the dainty finish of the lovely features, the sweep of the black lashes over the sparkling grey eyes—eyes so arch, so sweet, so full of lights and shadows that they never looked the same for two minutes together, and the peach-like softness of the exquisite complexion.

I had just taken a long look at her, and was hearing murmurs of admiration all round me, when Sir Reginald turns round and says: "Why, hear is dear Mrs. Neighbour!

For even then they used to tease me about being so much wrapped up in the family; but I suppose it was born in me, for my father and mother had always been like it themselves.

And then to my great surprise, for the family, with all their kindness had a dignified way with them we all admired and liked, this lovely young creature came straight up to me, her hands out, her sweet face all in a glow of delight.

"You dear old thing, I am so glad to see you! Rex has told me such a lot about you; and I want you to wait on me and do everything for me, because I know you will tell me things and help me to do what I ought in this big place."

I was quite flustered-like by being so honored, and wondered how the master would take it; but Sir Reginald, who stood by smiling and had his hand on Lady Dorothy's shoulder and said:

"She is just a bit of a child, Neighbour, you will have to take her in hand, I think; but there could be nobody better than you for that task now," and then for a moment a shadow fell upon his face, and I knew he was thinking of the mother, who ought to have been the one to teach this radiant young thing something of the duties of her position.

I read his thought, and he knew that I did, and gave me a quick look of gratitude; but Lady Dorothy had glided through the hall, and was exclaiming with delight at the many beautiful things in the house; and very soon she called to me to show her to her room upstairs; and once there she would not let me go, but kept me to help her with her dinner toilet, which was just as dainty as if the fairies had been at work upon it.

"I mean you to be my maid," she said in that pretty way of hers, half coaxing, half imperious, which I soon learned to know so well. "Rex says it is so absurd, that you have your own duties to do, and that nobody but a wild Irish girl who had run wild all her life like me, could dream of expecting the housekeeper in a big place like this to be a lady's maid as well. But look here, you dear old thing, I don't want you waiting on. I don't really. I don't mind telling you that at home we are very poor, and we girls did everything for ourselves or each other. It is delightful being rich, and having everything one wants; but I always do my own hair and I can also dress myself when you are busy. But I do want somebody about me that I can talk to; and Rex says I may talk to you, and say anything I like, though I am such a feather-brain. And I must have you because then Rex can always come in and out as he likes. I can't bear him away from me for an hour. It is so dull. Now do be a sweet old darling and say you will do what I want. I'm sure you would if you knew how I had set my heart upon it!"

You my guess I was pretty well astonished at being spoken to like this by my young mistress not an hour after her arrival; and it was a queer thing to be asked to do certainly, but there, there was no resisting her pretty coaxing ways, and to be sure I had plenty of time on my hands, and could easily arrange to have more by handing over a few of my duties to others. And so, somehow, it was all settled wonderfully quickly, and I do think Sir Reginald was pleased, for no one could fail to see that Lady Dorothy was but a child in many ways, and of course I could tell her a great many things, and teach her a bit what was expected of her, without her knowing often that I was trying to teach her anything.

She was wonderfully quick at learning when she chose, and she fascinated everybody she came across, and yet there were things about her which I knew were faults, and which I began to see my master noticed, and looked for time to cure. My lady bated trouble, and loved pleasure just a little bit more than one likes to see. I soon found out that unless I saw to things all over the house in the mistress's department, nobody else would, and though I ruled in her name, I could see that she cared nothing for the management of her house, and only lived in her husband's love, and in the sunshine of her shielded and happy life. And yet how to blame her one did not know, she was so lovely and loveable and altogether charming.

For a week or two no guests came to the house. Visitors were talked of, but some of the friends of my master wanted were still away in Scotland or Norway, and the lady was so happy in

her new home that it seemed almost a pity to make any change. But as days slipped by she began to question me with more interest about the people in the neighbourhood, and to be pleased with the number of callers who visited the Hall to welcome its new mistress.

She and Sir Reginald often rode out together, and one day when I was helping her to change her riding-dress for a soft tea gown before dressing for dinner, she asked me who lived in a certain red brick house which she described, and said she had passed it riding that day, but that her husband could not tell her anything about the residents, as it had been empty when he was last at home.

"So it was," I answered, "it stood empty many years, for it had got out of repair, and the owner would not spend money on it. But it let at last about a year ago to Col. Desborough; people say he got it for an odd song, and it was hardly habitable then, and he has spent a little money on it, just enough to make it to live in," and then I stopped short for I saw my lady was not listening, though she had turned the color of a damask rose.

"Col. Desborough!" she repeated, her eyes dancing and sparkling with what looked like childish mischief. "Are you sure of the name? Was it the Col. Desborough who was so long in India? Have you seen him? Has he the mark of a scar over his right eye?"

"Yes, my lady, I saw him once and remember the mark. I have heard tell that he has been in India. Does your ladyship know him?"

"Know him, I should think I did!" she answered, her face all in a glow, though she was laughing too. "Neighbour, I am going to tell you a secret. I don't think I shall ever tell it to Rex, so be careful of it when you know it. Col. Desborough was at Killarney last year, and I was staying there with an aunt of mine. He honoured me by falling in love with me, and I suppose I was very naughty; but it was dreadfully dull and I liked having somebody to talk to, and I let him come a great deal. But I never cared a bit for him really, and when he asked me to marry him, of course I said no directly; he was in a dreadful way, and said a lot of ugly things that made me very angry with him. And then we had a great big quarrel, and he told me he would make me rue the day I had led him on and played him false. Wasn't that a horrid way of putting it? For I had only had a little fun. But how funny to meet him again now, I think it will be rather amusing! He will see now that I could do better than marry him, though I think he thought he was doing me a great honor once. I shall like playing the part of Lady Dorothy with him, for his Warwick, of Warwick Hall, for his benefit. I have never quite forgiven him, and now perhaps I can have my little bit of revenge."

She heard her husband's voice and ran away laughing and blushing; but as I folded up the things and put the room straight, I felt a strange presentiment of coming evil fall upon me, and heartily did I wish that Col. Desborough had never settled down in our county.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

MINUTE BISCUIT.

One pint of sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Add sufficient flour to make dough just stiff enough to handle. Mix well, cut rapidly and bake in a quick oven.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.

One pint of milk, four egg yolks and whites beaten separately two cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Do not make the batter too stiff, and bake three-quarters of an hour in drippings from roast beef.

POTATO FRY.

Grate six large potatoes to which add three well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, or one coffee-cupful of breadcrumbs, and one teacupful of rich milk. Fry in butter over slow fire and turn as a griddle cake.

FRICANDELLES.

Take cold beef, veal or mutton, hash it very fine and mix with two eggs, some grated onion, melted butter, one or two pounded crackers, pepper and salt. Mould into balls, and fry in butter. Serve with drawn butter flavored with lemon.

A CUSTARD FOR INVALIDS.

A delicate invalid custard is made as follows: Beat up 2 eggs, mix in half point of milk, sugar to taste and some vanilla, lemon or nutmeg flavoring. When well stirred, pour the mixture into a battered bowl, cover with buttered paper and steam in a saucepan of boiling water, which should come about half way up the sides of the bowl, for half an hour. A savory custard is made in the same way, substituting cold beef tea, free from all fat, for the milk, and of course leave out the sugar.

A clergyman in an English town, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with "Mistaken Souls Who Dream of Heaven."

Scorn no man's love though of a mean degree; love is a present for a present for a mighty king.

How little do they see what is who frame their hasty judgment upon that which seems.



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