

[FOR THE PICTORIAL TIMES.]  
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.



In still lone hours when the shades are fall-  
ing,  
Or when my soul is listless or in pain,  
I sing some low refrain,  
Some simple song in wordless tones recalling  
Forgotten things, the phantoms of the past,  
Forever from me cast.

And as I sing, my thoughts are coming, grow-  
ing,  
Like the recurrent music of my song,  
Dwelling on nothing long;  
While in my heart I note the ebb and flowing  
Of subtle feelings—now a stinging grief,  
And then a sweet relief.

I do not guide these currents of emotion,  
I do but mark their movements as they roll  
Within my dreaming soul;  
Like a lone ship adrift amid the ocean,  
My passive mind obeys the rhythmic flow  
Of billows high and low.

One moment a fair object greets my vision,  
And my wild straining eyes are filled with  
tears;  
One moment sudden fears  
Of some grim spectre mock me with derision,  
But soon I lapse into a quieting sense  
Of humble penitence.

It is a middle state of languid dreamings,  
And sharp dread memories of our sin,  
Followed by hopes serene;  
A border land of fitful arctic gleamings  
Betwixt the dazzling glare of light,  
And shadows of the night.

I often thought it is the solemn hour,  
In which our Guardian Angel near us stands,  
And with uplifted hands,  
Upon our heads extends his gentle power,  
And in our hearts, o'er-shadowed by his wings,  
Murmurs delicious things.

We know not oft how near the heavenly  
portals  
Those Angel pinions waft our weary soul,  
How near the invisible goal  
And glimpses of the brows of the Immortals  
We stand, in those still moments when we  
[only seem  
In a quiescent dream.

O unseen powers! To your holy keeping  
I here commit my idle shifting mind,  
As vagrant as the wind,  
And all my thoughts beneath your pinions  
[sleeping,  
My joy will thus be chastened and my pain  
Be turned to joy again.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

### MR. LEMOINE'S PROMISE.

It was a clear bright morning in February, and three men were gathered within a well-stocked country store in southern Louisiana.

The proprietor, Arien Bolio, was well known and liked in the neighborhood, and his choice articles were pronounced far above the average, especially his liquors, of which he claimed to be quite a judge.

On this particular morning he was engaged in sampling some fine brandy, which he had purchased for one of his best customers, a wealthy old French gentleman who resided on a plantation in the village.

Franci Lemoine, the overseer of the plantation, was sitting in the shop awaiting Bolio's leisure, as was also Henri Cramer, an old man, who often strayed

into the store to have a chat with his friend Bolio.

"Now, Mr. Lemoine," said Bolio, "you'll please to taste this brandy for yourself, and see if you can't warrant it for the old gentleman: here's a glass—pour off for yourself, and you, neighbor Cramer, come and give your opinion of it. See it now," he added, as he held it up; "see, Cramer, how fine, see how clear it is! It's from the best vintage in France."

"Ah, yes, we know, friend Bolio," said Mr. Cramer, gazing at it with great satisfaction: "it is the pure thing ha! ha! old French brandy. There is none like it, I say."

"Here, drink it, then," said Bolio, smiling, "it will brighten you up, neighbor."

The old man took the glass and after having partaken of its contents put it down with a gesture of delight and the emphatic word:

"Delicious!"

"Ha! I knew it!" said Bolio, with gratified look; "but Lemoine, what do you say? Why, man, you haven't poured out any! The glass is as dry as when I gave it to you!"

"I know," said Lemoine, shortly, "I don't intend to taste it."

"Pshaw, man! that's nonsense: do you think I want to make you drunk? Why, if you ever had been in the habit of drinking I wouldn't have offered you any. I don't countenance such things. But you've always been a sober fellow, and I this—why I only want you to take a little."

"Well, there's many good people who never have drunk, and who abstain from it altogether as an encouragement to others," said Mr. Cramer; "perhaps Mr. Lemoine acts on that motive."

"I don't deserve a place in that class," said Lemoine, gravely.

"Say, friend Lemoine," said Bolio, severely, "do you blame us as drinkers, if you do, you're off the track. My friend here, as well as myself, can take a little without using it immoderately. You see, Lemoine, the harm is not in the stuff itself, it's in the abuse of it. All things in moderation, man, I say."

"You're right, as regards yourself," said Lemoine, gravely, "but as for me it is a different thing. I have abused it, therefore, I will not touch it again."

"Ah! ah, yes—certainly," said Bolio, thoughtfully, his face expressing his surprise at Lemoine's acknowledgment.

"I suppose," said Lemoine, after a pause, "that you are astonished to hear me plead guilty to the charge of intemperance, for as you have known me for twenty years you have never heard of me taking liquor of any kind."

"You speak truly," said the two men together.

"Previous to my coming here," said Lemoine, sighing, "I had no such record, but quite a different one."

"Ah! ah!" ejaculated Bolio, as if curious of hearing more, but unwilling to question him.

"I will tell it to you, my friends," said Lemoine, "it was only a little thing urged me to amend my ways, the artless words of a little child."

The two men drew up their chairs and taking out their pipes settled themselves to listen to their neighbor's narrative.

"Twenty years ago," began Mr. Lemoine, "I filled a very different position in the world from that which I now occupy."

"I was owner of a vast and productive cotton plantation, and blessed with a sweet, loving wife, and a beautiful little girl, but alas! cursed with the evil habit of intemperance that was to drag me down in the world, blight the happiness of my family, and peril my own soul."

"Little by little my worldly goods began to grow less, my careless expenditures and careless management brought their own fruit, and one cold winter day saw my little family homeless and destitute."

"At the first realization of our con-

dition, my heart repented and I determined to begin a new life and to put aside the habits that had been my ruin.

"The old smile crept back to my poor wife's face, and I myself began to look forward to a life of happiness, but my good resolutions were only built upon sand, for I had put my trust in my own strength and failed to invoke God's help in the struggle."

"Again I yielded to the evil habit, and the misery again came to my young wife's heart. The smile of hope that had come back to her fair face upon my temporary reformation, faded away into the settled anguish of hopeless woe. My little laughing girl of eight years grew old and careworn even in childhood, the merry laugh ceased at my coming, and the child that had once run gleefully forward to greet me, shrank away from me afraid of my strangely a-tored appearance."

"I saw it all afterward though I saw it not then, but afterward, memory brought back the scene with cruel distinctness, searing my brain with the vivid pictures."

For a while Mr. Lemoine paused as if overcome, and his two sympathetic listeners wiped a tear from themselves.

"I remember," continued Mr. Lemoine, "how day by day my young wife's face became more pallid and wan, and her step more joyless and sad. I remembered how her eyes that had been wont to welcome me with rapturous glance, would shrink from meeting mine as if fearing to read therein the truth she dreaded. And her hand would tremble as she led me in, her hand that had been placed so trustfully in mine at the altar rail. Oh, friend—how it all came back when I beheld her white face in the coffin. Then I felt the wretchedness I had made for her, the doom I had laid upon her life."

"It was on a summer day when they buried her. Ah! gladly would I have endured any torture to repair the pain I had inflicted upon my wife, but I knew the strongest wishes of love were powerless to bring back to life her whose heart I had so mercilessly broken."

"So, not with repentance but misery in my heart, I walked out to her grave which was situated in a country cemetery, adjoining the hotel which we called 'home.'"

"It was the evening after the funeral and I felt very gloomy, unconcerned as to my child, and reckless of the past and future."

"The twilight was falling as I neared the lonely spot in which my wife was buried. A tall tree standing at the head of the grave partly hid it from my view as I approached, and it was only when I stood beside the newly made mound that I discovered I was not alone. Kneeling, weeping beside the grave was my little girl, grieving with an intensity few children feel save those whom adverse circumstances force prematurely into the stern sorrows of life."

"Unconscious of my approach the little one sobbed on, and between the pauses of her childish prayer I caught the half-articulated words:

"Oh mamma, mamma, pray for papa that he won't get that way any more."

"The few words had told it all, told how deeply that fear had sunk into the child's heart, and I felt keenly the shame those little lips had involuntarily heaped upon my head. A dread lest perhaps she should be taken from me, and a stronger feeling of parental love surged within my heart. I crept up to her."

"Hush," I said, "don't cry so much but let us ask God to help me keep my good resolution, and there, friends, beside that grave with my little angel's hand clasped in mine I promised God never to yield to intemperance, and that is why I avoid even tasting of what might lead me to temptation."

"You are right, Lemoine," said Bolio

earnestly, "and you have had your reward; a happier faced young woman than your daughter would be hard to find."

"And with Heaven's help I'll never bring a shadow to her sweet face, but ah, if I had only brought the joy to her mother's heart before she died!"

EGLANTINE.

CAPTAIN ADOLPHUS W. GREELY.



Lieut. Greely is the newly appointed Superintendent of the Meteorological Bureau, Washington. His scientific fame rests on his Arctic explorations in the ill-fated "Proteus".

### IMPROVED TENT.

The accompanying engraving illustrates a tent, which is the invention of Mr. Merritt P. McKoon, of El Cajon, San Diego Co., California. As the doorway is placed at the centre of one side, the trunks or cots can be placed crosswise of the tent, and near the ends and end poles, thereby economizing room in the centre of the tent, where it is most desired. This middle room can be occupied by table, chest, chairs, etc. The half-diamond shaped ends form valuable "stow-way" places, or they can be continued to form separate apartments when necessary. The centre or point seam on each end is rope-bound and brass linked over end pole iron spikes at the top of the tent, while the lower end of this rope is left loose for about 20 inches beyond the tent, to becket over ten pin tightly or loosely at will, as dry or wet weather requires.



This anchors the tent firmly and solidly, and insures its standing during the most severe gale. The angular roofing or awning over the doorway is of great value; as either one or both of the door flaps can be attached to the sides of the awning at pleasure, so as to obstruct the entrance of sun, rain, or wind when desired, a most agreeable shelter is provided. The tent presents a neat and most attractive appearance, and is as well adapted for lawn or sea shore use as for actual hard camping service.

It is astonishing how much scorn, indignation and contempt a woman can put into two words. If you do not believe it just listen while she speaks of some one she dislikes as "that man."