

from about his neck they saw that Molly was dead.

They would so willingly have kept him on, at least for a day or two till he should have recovered somewhat from the shock of the first sad awakening, but the old man was firm. The little attic room was his for a week or two longer and then—why, then there was the "House," he said; the dreaded law of separation had lost all power to hurt him now; he would just take one more look at her and then go home.

They went with him to where she lay, the matron and the doctor; not the friendly young doctor of the morning, but another whose face looked unsatisfied and tired. Something had gone amiss with his life-springs of late, and since then he had ceased to believe in the divine possibility of good, either human or divine, and now he eyed Timothy with a half-curious, half-pitying gaze.

The latter shed no tears, had shed none indeed since first they broke the news to him; the comfort of them might come later, perhaps, and there was time enough.

He stood by her side now, perfectly composed and calm, scanning earnestly each still feature as though to learn it the better by heart. Then he laid his honest, old, work-worn hand on hers and kept it there for a moment.

"The ring," whispered the doctor to the matron, "it may buy him a drop of comfort at least. Let him have it."

She hesitated; then touching Timothy gently on the arm she pointed to it.

"You will like to have it, perhaps?" she asked softly.

He glanced down at it, such a poor little line of gold, worn thin in long and loving service for him, and shook his head.

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered gratefully. "You're very kind, but I'd rather not. Come good or ill my old woman would never part with that, and I won't take it from her now." He hesitated for a moment, then gaining courage as he looked into the matron's sympathetic face, he continued:

"If I might make so bold, ma'am, would you let me have my dear girl's bonnet?"

Very tenderly she gave it to him, such a poor old rusty thing, and he received it reverently as we do something that is sacred and very precious; then with a grateful "thank you, ma'am," he turned to leave the room. He glanced toward the doctor as though to bid him good-bye too, but he had moved off from them, and seemed busy over something at the further end of the ward. So Timothy went away.

He had almost reached the great outer hall when he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him and his own name spoken, and turning round he saw the doctor.

The latter looked at him silently for a moment, and there was an expression on his face that had been wanting there of late.

"Will you shake hands with me?" said the doctor.—[A. M. Cameron, in the Ladies' Journal.]

### The Old House.

The old lawn, the old trees,  
That years have left behind,  
The garden all abloom with flowers,  
I often see in mind.

The jessamine and columbine,  
Their graceful tendrils flung  
Around the old veranda post,  
Where the robins raised their young.

The old house in tottering age,  
Grown gray with family cares,  
Ghosts gather round thy hearth at night,  
Walk up and down the stairs.

Time unlocks treasure vaults to those  
Whose right it is to come,  
But to the curious stranger  
The dear old walls stand dumb.

And down the empty fireplaces  
The east wind makes its moan;  
Come out and softly close the door,  
Leave the old house alone.

The best dressing for vegetables when they are at their best is butter, pepper and salt.



### Life's Opportunities.

Opportunity often seems only another word for responsibility; because in this strange life of ours much that we have a chance to do becomes a clear and positive duty. "Each day, each week, each month, each year is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you." This from Canon Farrar, which puts each division of time with its glorious chances in the light of a great gift, also suggests the absolute duty of making the most and the best of such a gift. As years roll on, and life presses with its burdens of cares, griefs, and duties, it is an encouraging thought that every period of time may be regarded as a new chance to start afresh, with better aims, more deserving purposes, and higher aspirations than those of yesterday or the day before. It is a great help to garner in the memory the helpful thoughts and suggestions of others. In the hurry of every day's work and absorbing anxieties, there is too frequently but little time to puzzle out many of the perplexing problems that vaguely hint their own significance, yet elude distinct and satisfying definition. Then in the carefully written book, or the sensible article in the paper or magazine, out flashes the very sentence needed to set matters forth in a clear, convincing, wholesome light. Sir Walter Scott preaches a whole sermon in less than two lines of print, in saying "Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges." How many a man worries over the work and entanglements of a business career. How many women fret and murmur over the enforced exertion involved in housekeeping and maternal responsibilities. Yet what would life become if suddenly the ability to prosecute business utterly failed the busy, driving man, who after all is privileged in that he can attend to the necessary, legitimate work of mixing with other men, and taking his chance in the great, restless, throbbing world of barter and of trade. And if the mother—alas for some of them!—should all at once find herself released from a large portion of household duties and the ceaseless toil incident to the grand position of wife and mother, and that perchance through the removal of some of the members of the dear household circle, how would both heart and hands long and suffer for the beloved privilege of ministering to the usual requirements of each and every one, and of each and every day.

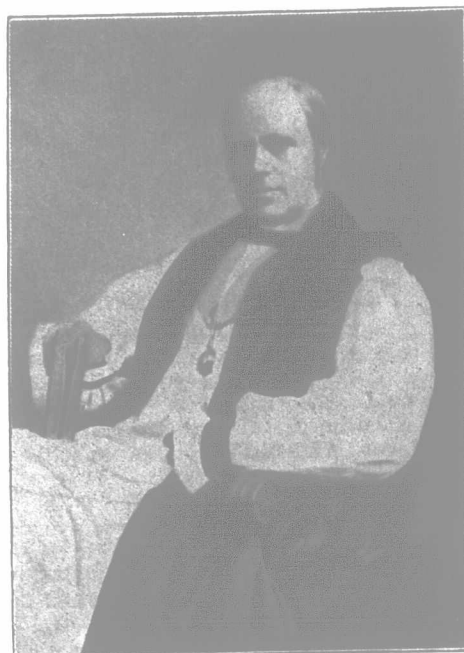
Responsibility and care are looked at time and again as mortal enemies, but they are not: they are helps and friends in driving out discontent, keeping the springs of life and action in healthful play; and let them but be missed awhile, and only too gladly and thankfully the energies would spring to the daily task with never a suspicion of a murmur or complaint. Sooner or later the fact reveals itself that there is but very little satisfaction or benefit in living a selfish, one-sided kind of life. We need support and help from each other all the way along. Never a day but some new chance offers itself to make living a bit easier for someone else. No one so humble or unlearned but they can shoulder one of life's most sacred and binding duties—that of helping someone else. A most excellent rule for everyone to consider, but whose author we do not know, is this: "The best recipe for going through life in a commendable way is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others in the world." It truly, as is often crudely remarked, takes all kinds to make a world.

"And God, who studies each separate soul,  
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole."

There can be but little doubt that as life draws toward the close, the chief gratification of retrospect will be in remembering such good and kindly deeds as may have been done for others, and it might have been said that the recipe quoted above was not only the most commendable way to go through life, but was also the most satisfactory, and the one that would pay the best in the long run. There is so much heartache, so much hidden sorrow, small chance exists of offering an unwelcome or unneeded kindness to either rich or poor. Riches are powerless to make happiness of themselves, and are equally powerless to ward off sickness, danger, or death. Pleasure can never satisfy the soul, and a disposition to shirk the stern duties and responsibilities, as well as the golden opportunities life affords, will only end in sorrow and disappointment at last.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know  
Shalt bless the earth; while in the world above,  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

—Selected.  
HOPE.



The Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, D. D.,

Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England.

### The Aim.

O Thou who lovest not alone  
The swift success, the instant goal,  
But has a lenient eye to mark  
The failures of the inconstant soul.

Consider not my little worth,—  
The mean achievement, scamped in act,  
The high resolve and low result,  
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.  
Let this be something in thy sight:—  
I have not, in the slothful dark,  
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul  
To earth's low ease will yield consent.  
I praise Thee for my will to strive,  
I bless my god of discontent.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in The Book of The Rose.

### An Occasional Paper.

#### ABOUT SOME PEOPLE.

The visit to Canada of a personage of such great importance as His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is too noteworthy to be passed over in silence, nearly every paper issuing from the press having heralded it, and having told us, some one thing, some another, of the career of the distinguished man to whom has been accorded the crowning honor of holding the very highest position in the Anglican Church. His is an office which dates back to A. D. 597, and which has been occupied through the centuries by ninety-four prelates before him, amongst them many such as St. Augustine, Cuthbert, Lanfranc, Anselm and Thomas a Becket, with whom history has made us familiar. As Primate of all England, Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson takes official precedence over every one of the King's subjects, whether Duke, Premier, or Lord High Chancellor. Amongst his prerogatives, we are told, is that of heading the Commission of Great Dignitaries, who form a species of Council of Regency in the event of some time intervening between the death of a sovereign and the assumption of the reigns of Government by his or her successor. This was a contingency which did arise, and was so met by the Primate of that day, when some days elapsed between the death of Queen Anne and the arrival of George, Elector of Hanover, to take possession of the throne of England. Not only officially, but because of Royal preference and appreciation, has Dr. Davidson become the spiritual adviser of the royal family of England. The late Queen Victoria, to whom His Grace administered the last rites of the church, and also their present majesties, have always recognized him as such, besides admitting him to a closer intimacy than has ever been enjoyed by any one of his predecessors; and to Dr. Davidson has, from time to time, been committed the duty of preparing several of the younger members of the royal family for confirmation.

#### AS A PREACHER.

Although, as he himself candidly acknowledged, Dr. Davidson possessed "no special preaching gifts, and, therefore, would not attempt to offer to his clergy any disquisition upon what sermons ought to be," yet to the clear judgment and keen instincts of Queen Victoria, Dr. Davidson appealed as "a preacher after her own heart." She showed, in many ways, her appreciation of his "earnest exposition of Christian truths, his simple, unargumentative style, his avoidance of controversial matter, and his sympathetic understanding of the needs of the soul," all expressed "in a mellow voice and with a dignified, unpretentious manner." With her well-known insight into character, Queen Victoria marked also Dr. Davidson's unswerving devotion to the work and duty which lay nearest to his hand. What wonder, then, that she, step by step, opened up the way to his career of almost uninterrupted success? The present Primate has had his full share of criticism; but like the stolid Scotchman he is, he has pursued his way with national caution, displaying, the while, much wise reticence and tact, as well as a broadness of view which could appreciate the pulpit oratory of a Spurgeon, and not be in the least disconcerted at the unconscious humor of a remark which afterwards found its way into Punch, as a joke at his expense, namely, that "he could not be considered an ornamental bishop;" the speaker's intention being rather to emphasize the value of their Diocesan as a worker of unsparing activity.

The early experiences of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as a hard-working Curate at Dartford, have been perhaps a helpful factor in dealing with the difficulties of the clergy in both his former dioceses, Rochester and Winchester. The exigencies of his present position entail upon His Grace a life in a palace of almost regal splendor, with chamberlains, purse-bearers, secretaries, etc.—a household on a princely scale, maintained at a costly expenditure. But when he was Bishop of Rochester, he chose to live in "unlovely Kennington," as being in the heart of his diocese, using "third-class" by rail, and the top of omnibus and tram-car, as being the most convenient and