

moned to the thousand and one preliminary annoyances of a hostess, on whom every detail devolves, and whose heart was set on having every arrangement perfect. She could not trust even the French cook to arrange the costly dessert of hot-house fruits, and then the silver could not be given out till the last moment for fear of thieves. "They had such a fright," she told Mrs. Mason, "at the time the oyster boy carried off all the spoons and forks in his can while the cook's back was turned. Now York thieves were getting so ingenious."

Five o'clock train was the dinner-hour, and the whole laborious day had been passed in looking over the valuable woollens in the press, bawling accidents, and making ready for guests that were almost entire strangers, and very uninteresting people, their only title to Mr. Bradford's courtesy being a letter of introduction. Mrs. Bradford was obliged to be polite and entertaining, when her thoughts were with the careless waiter and the elegant dessert-set, a sullen, unpunctual cook, and her fastidious husband. The host, depressed by the losses of the day and hazards of the morrow, noticed every delinquency with double displeasure, to be poured out to the much-enduring Mrs. Bradford as soon as the visitors had departed.

Mrs. Mason thought she had never had so exhausting a day in all her exertions for the poor and the sick as Mrs. Bradford had undergone for people who would never think of her again. Besides, their claim, notwithstanding her sister did not allow it, was to her a sacred and loving bond.

She told her husband of the mishap to the cashmeres as they retired, weary with the platitudes they had been compelled to listen to throughout the evening.

"Well," he said, with very unsympathising indifference, "I don't suppose Ellen thinks

"'Tis better to have had and lost,  
Than never to have had at all."

There's John been lecturing me this morning for not coming back and going into business again. He says there never was a better chance for people with capital at command. What do you think about it?"

"O, no!" Mrs. Mason said, earnestly. "Just see how John is swallowed up in business and business cares from morning till night. Ellen says herself he scarcely takes time to breathe, and fairly talks in his sleep. He looks twice as old as you do, so haggard and anxious."

"But he says it's neglecting my talents, and—oh, he's exceedingly eloquent on the subject—and how you are shut up from society, and everything you used to be so fond of."

"You know I feel about it."

"John must be coining money," mused Mr. Mason, drawing his neck-handkerchief through his hands. "I shouldn't be surprised if he should die a millionaire, if luck doesn't turn against him."

"But what if he does, Philip? I'm sure you cannot envy him. What is the use of dying rich? And there's Harry and his wife will spend as fast as John can make. Then just see what a life Ellen leads: she is looking after the servants from morning till night, yet they break, and injure, and destroy for all that. You can't be serious."

"But I am," said Mr. Mason, "serious in my determination to abide by my choice of years ago. I could not serve two masters any better now. There's the moth and rust of the body and soul they forgot to watch against. Did you hear one sensible, clever thing from anyone at dinner to-day? What did Mrs. Mears discourse upon?"

"The usual topic here: bad servants and high markets, and how particular Mr. Meers was about his table."

"We had the different dishes talked over, and the difference in English and American mutton discussed. Then the stocks and prices current, and, of course, the everlasting subject of wine, a never failing, inexhaustible theme! Longworth's champagne, and that Madeira was going out, rather, and sherry was in great demand, and so on through the whole list. When are we going home, Eliza?"

Mrs. Mason was very much relieved at the change in her husband's tone. She was beginning to believe him in earnest about returning to city life, and was frightened at the prospect for both of them.

Finding that he could not influence his brother-in-law to embark capital in his favourite speculations, Mr. Bradford suffered them to depart in peace. For

himself, he was blind to the inroads that were daily made on health, disposition and domestic happiness by all this heaping up treasure. He intended to stop some time and enjoy himself and his fortune, but that time never seemed to come. The Masons watched the gains and losses, the gathering and the scattering abroad, from their country-house, where plenty and simplicity were united. Their lives were not fretted by daily recurring annoyances and accidents, or shortened by corroding care. Their treasures had long been accumulating where neither "moth" nor "rust" could intrude.

#### DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light,  
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right;"  
Oiling all the household springs,  
Sewing buttons, tying strings,  
Telling Bridget what to do,  
Mending rips on Johnny's shoe;  
Running up and down the stair,  
Tying baby in a chair;  
Cutting meat, spreading bread,  
Dishing out so much per head;  
Eating as she can by chance,  
Giving husband kindly glance;  
Toiling, working, busy life,  
Smart woman,  
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night—  
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,  
Children meet him at the door,  
Pull him in and look him o'er.  
Wife asks, "How the work has gone?"  
Busy times with us at home!"  
Supper done, Dan reads with ease;  
Happy Dan, but one to please.  
Children must be put to bed—  
All the little prayers are said,  
Little shoes placed all in rows,  
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes;  
Easy, noisy, weary life.  
Tired woman,  
Dan's wife.

#### THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR—A STORY.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless!

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended a school in the town of——. Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance, was beclouded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shored off out of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys in better garbs were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead," because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was the most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, and simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

These matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to their higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out words of one and two syllables, and kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever.

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving way to a shade of

unhappy thought and feelings, and it was evident that the great turning point was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take its cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed at the teacher's desk of our school was devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eyes rested with a keen, searching glance, but evidently made little of him during the first day; but on the second day he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling flies on the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.

"No sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher with much severity. Do you realise how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then while your companions are seeking some honourable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you parents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy in a hoarse, subdued voice.

"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"

The boy hung down his head and was silent, but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant the teacher saw that he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and in a kind tone he said:

"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."

George looked wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him, and he thought, too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke over his mind, that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might be a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"

"Because nobody ever helps me," replied the boy. "Nobody ever cares for me, sir, for I am poor."

By degrees the kind-hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:

"You have been wrongly treated, George—very wrongly; but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes—O yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy, he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school-room his face was wet with tears. The scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, and his heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day, George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed his example, and the result was that they found in the unfortunate youth one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he is. And all is the result of one teacher having done his duty.

You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child the more earnest should be your endeavour to lift him up and aid him.