

"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

From an old English Parsonage,
Down by the sea,
The sun in the twilight,
A message to me,
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for heaven;
And on through the hours,
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here.
Moment by moment,
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance, are given.
Fear not to-morrow,
Child of the King:
Trust them with Jesus!
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Oh! He would have thee
Daily more free;
Knowing the might
Of thy royal degree.
Ever in waiting,
Glad for His call;
Tranquil in chastening,
Trusting through all.
Comings and goings,
No turmoil need bring;
His all thy future:
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Do it immediately,
Do it with prayer;
Do it reliantly,
Casting all care;
Do it with reverence,
Tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence,
Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings;
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Looking to Jesus,
Ever serene,
Working or suffering,
Be thy demeanour.
In the shade of His presence,
The rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance,
Live out thy psalm.
Strong in His faithfulness,
Praise Him and sing;
Then, as He beckons thee,
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

FOR LIFE

A STORY OF LONDON EXPERIENCE.

PART II.—THE DARKENED LIFE.

Some years passed away; I had taken a partnership in a large practice in a great commercial town. I had had experience of paupers and criminals; and what I saw in the dwellings, —too often the hovels, of the poor, in the workhouse, and in the gaol, deepened the conviction that the drinking customs are the fruitful source of at least eighty per cent. of our disease and crime. I was not content, as some of my medical brethren were, with signing testimonials and certificates to that effect. I was eccentric enough to believe that a man's opinion, to be influential, must be corroborated by his practice; so I adhered to the resolution formed on that memorable night of my student life, whose experiences I have recorded. It may sound strange to my readers, but I can assure them that my plan of total abstinence did not promote my interests in my profession. A man with life and death coming constantly before him, required to deal with their myriad forms, should surely be a man so sober that even the slightest suspicion of tampering with the drunkard's drink should not attach to him. Yet, while I had much respect, I had few patients among the more wealthy classes; and the practice that fell to my share was chiefly among the poor. I found no fault with this; but I could not avoid the mental comment, that the physician is best liked whose prescriptions are most agreeable.

One evening I was suddenly summoned to a very crowded part of the town. The messenger was a slipshod sort of servant or errand-girl. She was crying; and I returned with her to the scene where my services were required.

I passed through a crowd of people at the doorway, up a very dirty staircase into a back room on the second floor. The first object I saw was a large, florid man, lying on the hearth-rug, sleeping the heavy sleep of intoxication. It was a disgusting rather than an alarming sight; for the man looked strong, and was sleeping off the effects of his potations. I had hardly at a glance taken in this, when my attention was called to a bed in the corner, where a young boy lay insensible; and bending over him, calling him by every name of fond endearment, was a little, attenuated woman—the mother I saw at once. I examined the child as I made my inquiries.

"He—he—Oh, sir!—he fell down stairs," said the poor woman, in an agitated voice.

"How long since?"

"Two hours ago I picked him up, and my neighbors helped me up stairs with him. I thought he was stunned, sir, and would soon recover; but he does not move. Oh, Archy, my dear boy!—Archy, love, open your eyes!—My darling, look at your mother—my boy—my boy!"

I put her gently aside with a "hush," and took my seat by the bed. I soon ascertained there was no hope. I sent for a medical friend; but the fall had caused concussion of the brain. The child was dying.

Meanwhile the man on the hearth-rug still slept. I looked at him, and asked how long he had lain there. The errand-girl answered, "Since four o'clock." I calculated the time; it was the time of the child's fall. The mother, in her passion of grief, did not hear me ask these questions. She had become very quiet, white, and cold. Her thin, weary face somehow seemed not unknown to me. Suddenly there was a cry from a cradle in a remote corner. Mechanically the mother took up a wretched, sickly-looking baby, and hushed it on her bosom. In a moment the mist of years rolled away; I saw again before me the wife and mother on whom I had once intruded. I cannot explain how I recognized her, for no change—not death itself—could have been more complete. The blooming little fairy I remembered, with her lambent eyes, was now a withered, sharp-featured, faded woman—her eyes sunk and dim, her hair thin and neglected like her garb; "tired out" was the most expressive description of her looks. The poor feeble baby that tugged at her wrinkled bosom, the dying boy silently passing away on his tattered bed, and the bloated snoring mass wallowing on the hearth-rug, made such a combination of the wretched and the odious, that, accustomed as I was to scenes of misery, it sorely tasked my patience. I approached the reeking heap on the rug and shook him. "Rouse, man!" I said, though to call him "man" seemed a libel on humanity, "and see to your wife and boy." He turned, looked up, rose on his elbow. The wife, with a pitiful cry, like a wounded hare, ran to him—"O Fred!" "Keep off," he muttered stupidly, adding a volley of oaths as he pushed her with his disengaged hand so roughly that she fell back with her head on the edge of the bed, where the unconscious boy lay. She quickly gathered herself up, and the loathsome creature—husband and father, oh me!—turned over and began to snore before the feeble wail of the baby that had shared its mother's fall was stilled.

My medical colleague arrived, but the boy's last breath had been drawn ere he entered the room, and before

the poor mother was aware that hope and help were past. I was unwilling to leave the scene. Poor neighbors came in, and gradually the truth broke upon the hapless mourner's mind. She did not weep. A sudden strength seemed to enter her feeble frame, and a new spirit to possess her. I gazed in wonder at her face, as she clutched her sickly baby to her breast with one hand, and stroked the dead boy's hair with the other, her white lips moving but uttering no word. Suddenly she looked round—her gaze fell on the sleeper—and a gleam of such fierce light leaped from her sunken eyes—such a flash of hatred and scorn as I never can forget. The ill usage of many years—the shattering of every hope—the blasting of every holy emotion, seemed to be expressed in that one glance. She turned away, and I saw she resolutely avoided looking on the rug again.

"How did he fall down stairs?" asked a woman present.

There was a momentary struggle I saw, but the mother moaned out—"The stairs are narrow and steep—and—and—God help me!" she shrieked and fell into a fit. I assisted them a while, but on her recovery I left the room with its peaceful dead—its miserable living. The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "accidental death." The child had gone to help his father up stairs, and his foot had slipped at an awkward turn, it was said, and the fall had proved fatal. There was no evidence to contradict this; but I had my own opinion, strong to me as a demonstration, that the wretched drunkard, quarrelsome as I had seen, had struck the boy and made him fall, and I felt sure that the mother knew this.

I called again after the funeral, but the family had removed. I learned that this Warner had begun life, not only with very good prospects, but good possessions. He was an architect, the only son of a small but prosperous London builder, and inherited his father's business and several houses. I learned that he had been the injury, if not the ruin of many; for that it was his custom, after selling the private houses that he built, to erect a fine gin palace, or a spacious tavern near, and in this way injure the property and the neighborhood. The very first night I had met him he had sold the house his wife and himself lived in, for a public-house; and the consequence was, the value of the whole street was deteriorated. He did not prosper. He met with swindlers in his transactions, and was so often the dupe of others, as well as the victim of his own appetite, that he had to sacrifice his property, raise money at a ruinous rate of interest to complete contracts, and in seven years from the time I first met him he was a ruined man.

He had skill in his business, and came down to superintend the building of a new church in which my practice lay. But his earnings barely supplied his own wants, and his wife and children were in great poverty. I learned that there had been several children between the eldest boy and the present sickly baby, but they were all dead.

As a medical man I knew enough of infant mortality in a drunkard's home: the wickedness and misery of the parents are such, I do not say they kill the children, but I do say, they let them die; nay, they make it next to impossible that they should live. Infant life must be carefully sheltered, otherwise it goes out as surely as a taper held in a high wind.

Once soon after the inquest, I met Mrs Warner. She looked thin, sallow, spiritless. She avoided me, and I saw that from henceforth hers must be a darkened life.

(To be continued.)

MANNERS.

BY J. L. B.

"Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world." *Earl of Chesterfield.*

Manners, a general term signifying becoming behavior, would scarcely be too much dignified by a place among the sciences, or in the still more exalted realm of the fine arts.

Courtesy is at least the "open sesame" to good society, and all who aspire to enter its charmed precincts must know somewhat of its magic.

The world panders much to genius though unadorned by conventional graces, yet genius would be no less resplendent in the royal purple of fine manners, and who shall say how much of its lustre is dimmed by gross behaviour!

Tennyson says manners are "the fruit of a loyal nature, and a noble mind." Thus it would seem, if the graces of the heart are cultivated, good manners will naturally follow. This is true to an extent, yet some observance of the social code is also necessary. That many of its laws are arbitrary, and amount to but little of themselves, may be true, but they originated in some need or convenience, and have been perpetuated by common consent, and it is the part of good sense to submit to them with the grace that comes only from practice.

The lack of a "loyal nature" is no excuse for bad manners, and society will not accept it.

Shams are a shame, but there is no harm, but tact rather, in draping an awkward pine table with dainty muslin and so converting it into a thing of beauty. As well find fault with the clinging vines that hide the scars the storms and lightning have left upon the oak. A rose has much of beauty and fragrance, but with the fairy's gift of moss it becomes indeed the queen of flowers. So graces of manner may hide natural defects or enhance beauty.

Who plead for "naturalness" and frown at "conventionalities" should remember that naturalness, pure and simple, would preclude culture of any sort.

Poets, orators, and philosophers have paid tribute to courtesy. It is, indeed, the *law of the best*, and, if analyzed, will be found to contain both moral and intellectual qualities.

Defect in manners, says Emerson, is usually the defect of pure perceptions. Perfect good-breeding has tact, appropriateness, repose,—the "ignoring eye which does not see the annoyances and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive,"—the happy word that fits the occasion; the serenity that comes from entire possession of self, which is gained by self-respect and independence, not by conceit and arrogance.

Politeness is not an accomplishment to be taken as a post-graduate finish to education, but should be inculcated in childhood so it may become a part of one's personality, and thus attain to the ideal perfection.

But it is the "small sweet courtesies" that make life pleasant. Every one can render these and not be abashed even in the presence of kings, for they are based on the golden rule, and made of self-sacrifice, which gives comeliness and grace to one unversed in court-customs or the etiquette of society. Of such can it be said:

"His actions win such reverence sweet
As hides all measure of the feat."

Character is the base of manners. With sound morality, good intellect, and a right heart, will always be found delicacy, and refinement, and all the winsomeness that comes therefrom. To be honest and frank, it is not necessary to be rough and boorish.