

Marston! The hot blood rushed over Gerald's face. Was Delphine Marston a relative of the injured man? Oh! he must now see and talk to Delphine—he must ask her a thousand questions! Rushing to his sister's room—how could he wait till morning?—he knocked, and was delighted to find that Connie, like himself, had been keeping vigil.

"What has happened, Gerald?" cried she.

"Read," he answered, thrusting the letter into her hand. "You remember what anniversary this is, I am sure. Now must I not see and question her?"

"Her? Whom do you mean, Gerald?" asked Connie.

"Miss Marston. I must find out whether it is she to whom I am enjoined to pay six thousand pounds, the sum set apart and named in our cousin's will to be disposed of hereafter."

"Well, I suppose you must," admitted his sister, reluctantly. "Poor Horace! What a sad secret to carry with him through life!"

The result of this conversation was that Connie Oakley was preparing to accompany her brother next morning when she learned that he had already gone out. Yes, he had flown to Delphine's lodgings, and was now standing before her, agitated, handsome, enraptured. Delphine was alone, for her mother had ventured out this sunny winter's day; and she was no less agitated than he at this unexpected interview. Her color came and went, her slender fingers trembled.

And at sight of her all the young man's prudence was swept away. Did she care for him ever so little? Why should she be so moved at seeing him again? And she looked divinely fair, inexpressibly lovely! No; he could not live without her! He felt that his was an affection which, though born in a moment, would live to eternity. Since it was so, why should he delay his entreaty for her love in return?"

"Miss Marston; Delphine!" said he suddenly, with passionate fervor. "I came here this morning to ask you two questions."

"Yes?" she articulated, by way of rejoinder, striving to maintain some appearance of polite indifference, though how her heart thrilled at hearing the word "Delphine" from his lips. And then he drew nearer to her; he took her hand.

"Have you no guessed, dearest," he whispered, "that I would ask for your hand—your love—and give you my name—my whole heart—all that I have in return?"

No! she had never dared to make so improbable a conjecture as this, and she lay speechless with rapture in his arms. "It was bliss too deep for words—too great to imagine as her own. A good many minutes elapsed ere she was composed enough to look up and whisper back to him the confession that her affection, like his own, had sprung up from the very dawn of their acquaintance."

"We will christen that corner of the Square Paradise Corner, beloved Delphine," said Gerald, as he told her over again, in fervent words, the story of his love.

It was long before he or she remembered that other question he had come to make. What was her father's Christian name? And had she ever heard him tell the reason of his quitting England?

"For a great sorrow which befel him in his youth—a cruel suspicion. His name was Wilfred," answered Delphine.

"Oh, Delphine," exclaimed Gerald, "I have a story to tell, and you a fortune to receive—you and your mother." And, her hand in his, the blissful girl listened to the tale of his cousin Horace's great fault and life-long repentance.

What an unimagined surprise it was for Mrs. Marston on her return home to find Delphine seated with Gerald Oakley, both of them looking so transfigured with their new-born happiness that she knew what words had been spoken between them, even before her daughter threw herself into her arms, weeping tears of joy. But this was not all. She was to hear also that her child was no longer without a portion, and well she knew that her daughter's love would provide that her own future years should be gladdened by ease and joy.

But there was no need for Delphine's care in this matter since her betrothed was eager to take every burden from her dear shoulders.

"Is she not my mother too?" said he. "Can I do enough to repay my poor cousin's wrong? Be sure your dear mother shall have a like provision to that my cousin wished set apart for any near relative of Wilfred Marston. What is the use of so much wealth if I am not to make those I love happy?"

And so Mrs. Marston left the baker's shop for a pretty home of her own in the country; and Connie, reconciled to the idea of receiving Delphine as a sister, acted as chief bridesmaid at the wedding.

I have it on good authority, reader, that as soon as Delphine's first lovely little girl was born she used to prattle to the child about the place where she first met "dear papa;" and that as soon as ever the young lady could run alone she and Gerald took her to the London square and showed her the "PARADISE CORNER."

M.A.

"He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is under a far greater deception."

"Men of great talents, whether poets or historians, seldom escape the attacks of those who, without ever favoring the world with any production of their own, take delight in criticising the works of others."—Don Quixote.

The Snow-fall.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow has begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night
Has been heaping field and highway
With silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock.
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed in deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carara,
Came Cuckoo's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

Rebuked.

An insolent and haughty manner affected because of one's wealth or position in society is always evidence of a coarse nature, and seldom receives an undeserved rebuke. A young lady pupil of the late Prof. Morren made herself particularly obnoxious by her insolent bearing.

"I knew her mother in France," said the professor, whose broken English there is no need of producing here, "and she was a most exquisitely modest and unassuming woman. But the daughter was so insolent that she had to have a lesson, so I said to her,

"Will you be so good as to remain after the lesson? I have something to tell you."

"She stays, and in her haughtiest manner she says, 'You wish to speak to me?'"

"Yes. You are Miss So-and-So?"

"Yes."

"And you live at No. — Beacon street?"

"Yes."

"And your father is Mr. So-and-So?"

"Yes."

"And your mother is the lovely and sweet Mrs. So-and-So I have met in France?"

"Well?"

"Oh! I said. 'You are sure there is no mistake?'"

"No mistake! What do you mean?"

"I am exceedingly surprised that you come of such a family, and so well born."

"Sir!"

"I am much surprised. I have been sure you came of a new-rich family, some parvenu."

"Sir!"

"You think, mademoiselle, I said, softening my manner, 'that haughtiness is aristocratic. Now you will pardon an old man if I remind you that the contrary is true. I have known your mother so long that I dare to be frank with you. You have been very insolent in the class.'

"Insolent, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. You have mistaken this for a mark of aristocracy. So does the daughter of the money-lender. You had much better copy your mother, your gentle lady mother."

"I made her my best bow, and left her to think about it. And she was a good girl afterward; a very good girl."

It is a pity this wise reproof could not be read by many a young girl to-day who foolishly fancies she is asserting her social position by an insolence which only proves that she is not sufficiently sure of her standing to cease to be troubled about it. It takes a good many generations to set one socially so high that one does not need to condescend to any human being.—*Boston Courier.*

A Gentleman.

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman until you first find a man. To be a gentleman is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits.

A gentleman is just a gentleman, no more, no less—a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Sir Philip Sydney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water that was to quench his dying thirst in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things." And Dr. Isaac Barlow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of gentlemen, pointedly says: "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world."