

traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down at his wife's side.

"Christiana," he said mournfully, "is it come to this? I have deserved it—I feel that I have—but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissie."

"It was but the thought of a moment," replied Christiana, checking her sobs; "but I am frightened that the idea should ever have entered my mind. If I should cease to love you, Clement, I should die. I would rather die this moment."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband, clasping her in his arms. "But why, my dearest love, have you not told me of this before?"

"It is neither a grateful nor a gracious office for a wife to reprove her husband, or a woman her pastor," replied Christiana, laying his head on her shoulder; "and if I had not been left here alone all day, I think I should hardly have got up my courage now. But if you are not angry, I am glad I have told you all that was in my heart; for indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this long time. And now I must tell you how those two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless."

"No, don't say one word about them, my love," said Clement penitently. "I will never complain again if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons."

"But I must tell you, for I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as anyone. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and had put them all to rights but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in, in great distress, to say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all, and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child's convulsions were indeed frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and meantime Amy had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places."

Amy now put her head into the room. "If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute."

"Missus" arose and went out into the kitchen, and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table, entered the study and locked himself in. Chrissie waited for him a long time, and tapped at the door. It was opened with a warm embrace and a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words spoken on either side, there was a light in the eyes of both husband and wife which showed that the understanding was perfect between them.

But I do think, nevertheless, that men's wives ought to sow on their buttons.

THE DIAMOND BRESTPIN.

"It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna," said George Blakely to his young, proud, extravagant wife. The tone in which he said this showed that her request startled him.

"I know it will. But what are two hundred dollars for a diamond pin?" Mrs. Blakely's voice was half contemptuous. "Mary Edgar's diamonds cost over a thousand dollars."

"Just one thousand dollars more than her husband could afford to pay for them," said Mr. Blakely.

"He's the best judge of that, I presume," retorted his wife. "But that doesn't signify. You can't afford to purchase the diamond pin!"

"I cannot, Anna."

"What do you do with your money, pray, husband?" and her words and tone stung him into a rather harsh

reply. But this only roused her anger, and made her only more unreasonably persistent.

"O, very well," said her too yielding husband at last, "go to Camfield's to-morrow and get the pin. Tell him to send in his account on the 1st of January, and it will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a diamond ring or breastpin, and until she was the owner of one or both she could no longer hold up her head in society. Her husband was receiving taller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum when he married, which was about a year before; and he still occupied the same post, and at the same income.

For a young man in his position he had not married wisely. The handsome face and captivating manner

of a dashing belle bewildered his fancy. He proposed in haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the marriage altar, not a true woman, to be transformed into a true wife, but a weak, capricious, vain creature, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish and narrow-minded to feel the influence of honourable principle.

An extravagant love of dress and ornament characterized her from the beginning, and she would hearken to none of her husband's gently offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income she spent during the first year of their marriage in dress and jewellery.

The demand for a two hundred dollar breastpin coming on young Blakely, as it did, at a time when he had just made the unpleasant discovery of a deficit in his income, when compared with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sadly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough to meet the exigency, and therefore weakly yielded to a demand that should have been met by unflinching refusal.

The 1st of January found Blakely short of funds by considerably more than the price to be paid for the diamond pin. Camfield's bill came in, and must be settled. It would not do for him to hold back in the matter of payment, for the jeweller was an acquaintance of more than one of the directors of the bank, and questions might be asked and inferences drawn prejudicial to his standing. In an evil hour, under distress of mind and strong temptation, the young man made a false entry, which enabled him to abstract two hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

This was only the beginning of a series of defalcations, which ran through many years before the exposure came which always follows such a course of crime. It was easier now to supply the extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual wardrobe and bills for jewellery, for which she had that passion which is characteristic of weak minds, almost reached the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One evening, seven years from the date of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera, when the bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely started and turned pale with a sudden presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw the singular change in his countenance.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening toward the door. Men's voices were now heard, and the tread of heavy feet along the passage. There was a start and a hurried movement by Blakely; then he stood still, as if riveted to the spot.

"Who are they? What is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same moment two men entered the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on a charge of defalcation."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood still and statue-like, his face of an ashen hue.

"George! George! This is false!" exclaimed Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could not stoop to crime."

"It is true," he answered in a low, sad voice.

The words of her husband had stunned her. Blakely. Ere she recovered herself he was gone. She never saw him afterward. That night he passed to his account before a higher tribunal than an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and disgrace.

The story is one of every-day-life. George Blakely is the representative of the class. Not all of them rob banks or defraud their employers; but all of them, to support idle, extravagant wives in costly establishments (costly in comparison with their means), spend more than their earnings or profits, and fall in the end to pay their just obligations.

A modern young lady, fashionably educated, and with modern notions of style, fashion and domestic equipments, is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rosewood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred dollar houses, operas, balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and success in business, are altogether out of the question.

If young men would unite the latter and matrimony, they must look into another circle for wives. A girl who is independent enough to to earn her living as a teacher, or with the needle, is a wife worth a score of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon for success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Useful industry is always honourable, and difference of sex makes no difference in this particular. —T. S. Arthur.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are;
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
O, by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd!
That sister of the past.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things:
Types of those bitter moments
That flit like life's enjoyments
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
That time the fastest spends;
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
Last look of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one,
Who ere the morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers, ye're types of those—
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those the nearest
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath,
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows—
Tell me of change and death!

ANDREW RYCKMAN'S PRAYER.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me,
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold;
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"
Nothing of desert I claim,
Unto me belongeth shame.
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet,
Jasper wall and golden street.
What Then wilt, O, Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elders' song of praise,
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

THERE were 5,406 new books and new editions published in England last year.

A CRISIS is rapidly approaching in Egypt, and affairs wear a grave aspect.

THE Arabs in revolt at Yemen are reported to be defeated by Turkish regulars.

GAMBETTA is endeavouring to bring about a commercial treaty between France and England.

MR. PARNELL has been remanded in Kilmainham gaol another period of three months.

A NUMBER of failures are reported at Lyons, France, and the Paris Bourse is much disturbed.

THE great trial of twenty-one leading Nihilists will begin on February 21st. Sankowski and Melnikoff have appealed.

PREPARATIONS for war are being made in Vienna on a large scale. The arrest of a prominent Nihilist is also reported.

THE committee on the proposed World's Fair, to be held in Boston, have recommended that the project be postponed for the present.